

## Worth 111

### Chapter 111: Changing at Will!

The flashing of the purple glow relayed a weird sense of evilness, but that quickly disappeared. Everything returned to normal, and Wang Baole, who had just woken up, was still in a daze. Without a mirror, he had not seen the change in his eyes.

However, very quickly, his breathing quickened. He lowered his head forcefully to inspect his own body, and upon realizing that everything was intact, he immediately stood up to take a few steps to make sure that there was nothing different, apart from being more agile, before heaving a sigh of relief.

*It's great that everything is fine,* Wang Baole thought as he looked around. He had originally been in a valley surrounded by mountains, but the mountains had been completely ruined, and all that remained were rock debris scattered across the area. The mountain peak not far away from his cave had also been flattened.

*What on earth was attacking me just now?*

Everything that happened gave Wang Baole a huge headache, especially as he grew increasingly conscious. The memories of what had occurred resurfaced in his minds, and his facial expression turned awful.

His last memory was of himself sucking the purple glow into the devouring seed, causing his body to vibrate, as he gradually lost consciousness. His face changed thinking about that moment. He widened his eyes in shock when he suddenly realized that, within his body, the Spirit Root no longer existed, and his dantian had been replaced by the devouring seed black hole.

"Gosh, where's my Spirit Root? My nine-inch Spirit Root is gone!" Wang Baole cried out pitifully as he remembered that the Spirit Root had been swallowed by the devouring seed during his battle with the purple glow.

Wang Baole felt as if he had been struck by lightning. He was extremely agitated, wanting to cry but unable to do so.

"The nine-inch Spirit Root that I spent so much effort in obtaining!" Wang Baole was angry and indignant. He immediately checked his body thoroughly, and as he did, he suddenly froze, his breathing quickening.

"That's not right..." Wang Baole sat down quickly and took a deep breath before rechecked the bodily changes that he had felt. Gradually, his gaze fell blank as he sat there dazedly.

"What's going on..."

He noticed that even though there were no Spirit Roots in his body, all his meridians had already transformed into spirit meridians that he had felt when he was breaking through previously!

However, there were also differences. For one, the spirit meridians that he possessed now was purple and giving off a peculiar vibe that Wang Baole could not put his finger on.

This made Wang Baole confused. After a few moments, he tried to activate his cultivation to absorb the surrounding Spirit Qi. However, once he tried to do so, the surrounding Spirit Qi from all directions began spinning with him and doing so at speeds faster and sharper than usual, gathering all at once and surging into Wang Baole's spirit meridians.

What made Wang Baole even more shocked was that even though the Spirit Qi rushed into his body when he previously used the devouring seed to absorb it, it had leaked out continuously. That was why the Qi Fostering Art had arisen, where the Spirit Qi was gathered in one's hands to develop the cultivation technique of making Spirit Stones.

Drawing similarities to the Ancient Martial Arts, the Spirit Qi was a foreign object that was simply used to refine Spirit Stones. In another way, it could be seen as a way of cultivating one's body through the constant flow in and out of the physical self.

It could not be permanently stored within one's body. Wang Baole's Spirit fat was able to store the Spirit Qi temporarily to a certain extent only after the Spirit Qi had been gathered due to a large scale release of the devouring seed's suction force. After the Spirit fat had been digested, it merely strengthened Wang Baole's body. In conclusion, there was not any spirit energy that truly belonged to Wang Baole within his body.

The only spirit energy present was the Spirit Qi absorbed from the external environment when it was needed!

Even if one had reached the Pulse Enrichment realm, they could only temporarily store the Spirit Qi within their body. It was never for long, and it never belonged to their physical body.

However, right now, the surging of Spirit Qi allowed Wang Baole to immediately notice that something was different. As the Spirit Qi entered his body along his meridians, not a single bit of it leaked out. It seemed to be transformed into a Spirit thread, sinking into the black hole formed by the devouring seed after circulating within his meridians.

Wang Baole tested it and realized that if he put his mind to it, he could release the Spirit threads from the devouring seed and circulate it all over its body. With every complete circulation through his meridians, it was like a cycle that absorbed the external Spirit Qi into his body, causing him to become stronger after it integrated into his body.

This hefty process was slow, but it felt completely different from the Ancient Martial Arts. It was as if these Spirit threads completely and thoroughly belonged to him!

The Spirit threads could be transformed and controlled at one's will and thought, appearing like an inseparable part of one's body!

This made Wang Baole hold his breath in shock. After pondering for a moment, his gaze shimmered as he manipulated the Spirit threads within his body to spread out. The moment that the Spirit thread emerged from his body, a suppressive force unique to the True Breath realm rippled into Wang Baole's surroundings, forming a mini hurricane.

*True Breath!*

The emergence of the suppressive force hurricane immediately confirmed Wang Baole's thoughts. He was agitated as he made the realization as to why the True Breath cultivator could suppress the Ancient Martial Arts.

That was because the Spirit Qi of the True Breath belonged to the cultivator. Even if only one thread of the Spirit Qi leaked out, it could somehow integrate with the surrounding Spirit Qi, injecting a fragment of one's will in it to form a suppressive force that the Ancient Martial Arts had no means to resist.

This technique, though different in execution, was similar in theory to how the nine-inch Spirit Root could gather the Spirit Qi to form those waves. However, in terms of execution, it was obvious that the True Breath cultivator controlled the Spirit Qi from within, while the nine-inch Spirit Root guided the Spirit Qi from the outside.

In his exhilaration from feeling the True Breath suppressive force spreading, Wang Baole retrieved a flying sword from his storage bracelet, held it in his hands, and controlled the Spirit thread outside his body, directing it into the flying sword. As he waved the sword, it emitted Dharma rays that rushed forward, but under the will of Wang Baole, the flying sword immediately stopped moving.

It appeared as if an invisible thread was controlling it. Soon, the flying sword was under the control of Wang Baole, speeding up and slowing down according to his will, traveling straight or turning around according to his desire. Even though he was not very deft in his control, it felt like it was on a completely different level compared to the execution of the Ancient Martial Arts.

Before long, Wang Baole put his flying sword away and began laughing heartily and agitatedly toward the sky. He then assessed his physical strength again, and with just a slight movement, he was moving at an extreme speed. With the boost given by the Spirit thread, he was visibly much stronger compared to when his cultivation had been in the Ancient Martial Arts realm.

His strength had also increased significantly with the reinforcement given by the Spirit thread!

The present Wang Baole could be deemed as having experienced a metamorphic change, as he had improved in every aspect!

*Hmm, how many inches is my Spirit Root now? All my meridians have become the spirit meridians, as if the purple glow evolved me, perhaps turning me into a ten-inch!*

Wang Baole delightedly felt for the devouring seed in his dantian. As a ten-inch Spirit Root flashed across his mind, his devouring seed became blur and began morphing soon after. It was no longer a black hole but a ten-inch Spirit Root!

This caused Wang Baole to open his eyes wide. After a few moments, he blinked.

*If I think about becoming ten-inch, it becomes ten-inch. What if I were to think about becoming nine-inch?*

The thought had only just flashed across Wang Baole's mind, but the devouring seed instantly blurred and transformed from the ten-inch Spirit Root into the nine-inch Spirit Root!

*Twenty inches? Thirty inches? A hundred inches!* Wang Baole was filled with amazement and laughed heartily as the devouring seed transformed continuously.

*So, it can change at will!* Wang Baole was excited. After changing it several times, he was delighted as he felt that the arrival of the purple glow had given him such a huge and beneficial transformation, and he could not help but become cocky.

*No matter how capable you are, in front of me, your Grandpa Wang, you'll still have to bow down in defeat!* Wang Baole was in an elevated mood. After he swept away the depressing feelings that he had felt previously, he thought of the resistance toward becoming a True Breath that had been mentioned in the Dao College's jade slip.

*The time I can stay here after becoming a True Breath expert is determined by the Spirit Root. I have no idea how long I was unconscious and no idea how much longer I can stay...*

With this thought, Wang Baole immediately raised his head, looking into the depths of the Spirit Breath Village, in the direction of the fragment mountain.

*The Dao College has treated me very well. If I can bring more materials to them, I will!* Wang Baole made his decision and turned around, dashing toward the fragment mountain at top speed.

Wang Baole was the first person to attain the eight-inch Spirit Root. However, he was not the first to step into the True Breath in this opening. In reality, during his battle with the nine-inch Spirit Root, and the subsequent incident of absorbing the purple glow before falling unconscious, numerous eight-inch Spirit Roots had appeared, and all of them had been captured by people.

At the same time, among the students from the four major Dao Colleges, there were already some who had broken through the Ancient Martial Arts realm and stepped into the True Breath realm. Most of them were below five inches, which meant that they could not stay for long. However, the mission from the Dao College still had to be completed, and they all began the process of breaking through in a location close to the fragment mountain, using their utmost effort to complete their task.

This way, they could rush straight into the fragment mountain the moment they managed to break through. After they had found the materials, they could use the resistive force to bring the materials with them.

However, there were also numerous people who were above five inches that had managed to break through. Some of them were seven-inch, and some of them were not hopeful of attaining Spirit Roots of longer lengths. Therefore, they made use of the time to collect materials from the fragment mountain, which allowed them to complete their task and simultaneously generate benefits for themselves.

Therefore, as Wang Baole neared the fragment mountain, he saw a rowdy scene with over a hundred True Breath cultivators from the four major Dao Colleges who had broken through the Ancient Martial Arts realm. They were either dashing into the fragment mountain or being quickly ejected from the mountains after being enveloped by a magnetic field!

## **Chapter 112: Special Treasure-Hunting Armament**

From afar, the fragment mountain looked majestic, seemingly towering over the skies!

As the largest known fragment of the ancient greenish-bronze sword currently on Earth, it had stood in its position for the past thirty-eight years, witnessing the emergence and birth of cultivation civilization on Earth. In those thirty odd years, there were also many Ancient Martial Arts elites from the four major Dao College who had obtained the rights to visit the mountain, eventually going on to become the pillars of the Federation!

It was extremely imposing. After landing in its current position all those years ago, it had swept the land, resulting in a huge hurricane covering the entire desert, which took several years to completely dissipate. Even after the hurricane had dissipated, the magnetic field still present had formed the Spirit Breath Village, which was well known among cultivators!

Resources, cultivation techniques, pills, Dharma treasures, and numerous treasures that had not been completely discovered by the four major Dao College lay deep within the fragment mountain!

Therefore, every time access to it was opened, students would try their best to enter it to complete their mission to search and explore the mountain!

As Wang Baole proceeded, he looked at the fragment mountain, feeling uncontrollably agitated as his mind and spirit drew heavily toward it. The feeling was compounded as he neared the fragment mountain, for it was too majestic!

It was several times taller in height compared to all the mountains that Wang Baole had seen in his life. He could not even take in the entire mountain before his eyes, and standing in front of it, a feeling of insignificance welled up in his heart.

Cracks of varying depths were also visible on the surface of the fragment mountain. Some had been left behind over thirty years ago, but the majority of them seemed to be from time periods even further back.

Those cracks were akin to the wrinkles on one's face, giving off a vibe of weariness due to age. Looking at them was like looking at the traces of the thousands of years that had passed.

On the surface of the mountain were innumerable shimmering runes. The shimmering rays formed a wave, and even though they were not as bright as compared to when they first emerged, they continued to spread, albeit within a limited area.

At the foot of the mountain, students from the four major Dao Colleges were entering and exiting. The points of entry were the cracks present on the fragment mountain, and among those cracks, there was a large crack that was over seventy feet long and twenty feet wide at the point closest to the ground.

That was the largest entrance, which majority of the students used to access the mountain!

One could see that many people were barging into the mountain, and even more were being ejected rapidly after being surrounded by its magnetic field.

Only a small number of those who were being ejected by the magnetic field left empty handed. The majority of them were carrying some objects, and even though they appeared to be broken fragments, the looks of excitement on the students' faces were obvious.

As part of the four major Dao Colleges' efforts to encourage their students, attractive promises were made in which students could choose to withhold a small portion of whatever they retrieved from the mountain. That was why the students were filled with gusto and excitement in their task.

At the same time, it was also because the objects retrieved from the fragment mountain were unique in that they could not be kept within a storage space. Therefore, the four major Dao Colleges did not need to worry about the students' greed. To a certain degree, everything was still fair and square, making this task a great opportunity for students from the four major Dao Colleges to obtain a chance at changing their fates.

Whether one would obtain this opportunity after becoming a True Breath expert depended on one's luck. Incidents of people obtaining treasures from the mountain were not unheard of—in fact, it had happened every single time that the mountain became accessible. The most well-known incident involved the current President of the Federation, who was previously a student from White Deer Dao College. It was said that he obtained a legendary immortal pill from the mountain many years ago!

These stories of opportunities that happened to others spread among the students, making them ever more willing to give their all to completing their mission when the mountain became accessible.

As he watched the cultivators being ejected from the mountain after being surrounded by the magnetic field, Wang Baole licked his lips and prepared to charge toward the fragment mountain's entrance. However, at that moment, a flurry of activity suddenly erupted near the entrance.

"What's that in his arms? Gosh! It's a plant, and it's still alive!"

"This chap has struck it rich!"

"The plant does not appear to be an immortal pill, but it's obvious that it's a valuable treasure of nature!"

In the commotion, a student from White Deer Dao College covered with a magnetic glow was rapidly ejected from the entrance. He was extremely agitated, and even though he had reached the True Breath realm after obtaining a mere six-inch Spirit Root, he was carrying a three-colored plant in his arms. There was even a fruit on the plant giving off a fragrance.

His appearance immediately caught the attention of everybody. Discussions and whispers rippled through the crowd, and the student from White Deer Dao College, upon realizing that he had been ejected from the fragment mountain, began laughing as he was being swayed in midair.

Having witnessed the scene before their eyes, everyone seemed even more fired up, and the speed at which they charged into the fragment mountain also appeared to multiply.

Wang Baole was similarly fired up after noticing a White Deer Dao College student leaving with the plant in his arms. In his eyes, the impression of the fragment mountain seemed to have changed into a treasure trove.

"Free for all time!" Wang Baole's eyes glowed, and he moved to charge toward the fragment mountain. Very quickly, he overtook many people and stepped into the crack. Upon entering, light rays visibly dampened, but he could still make out details of his environment after adapting to the change in brightness.

The area looked like a large cave abode, with over ten secret chambers which were opened due to their damage. The entrance used by the masses appeared to be a hole made in the wall of the secret chamber of the cave abode.

On the left was a circular path. It was wide—over a thousand feet in width. One could not see its end, and those who had entered the space did not explore the secret chambers surrounding it, instead rushing straight toward the path.

“Isn’t this too empty!?” Wang Baole’s swept his gaze around, looking into the secret chambers. They appeared as if they had been occupied by maggots previously, being completely emptied. There was not even a single piece of debris left on the floor.

It was apparent that the entrance has been completely ravaged by people over the numerous times that the Spirit Breath Village had become accessible over the years. If one wanted to gain something from this place, the only way was in.

Wang Baole did not hesitate one bit. His speed skyrocketed as he charged toward the passage. Along the way, Wang Baole noticed numerous rooms on both sides of the passage. They were all relatively large spaces, but they were all empty. There were also some diverging pathways, making the entire place seem like a maze.

People emerged endlessly from the area, and none of them seemed to be concerned as to whether they would lose their way within this maze.

*It appears that I can only find treasures by going deeper.* Wang Baole looked around but did not slow down as he continued forward. Gradually, sounds of fighting emerged from ahead. Wang Baole’s eyes lit up immediately as he followed the direction of the sound to reach a huge area.

The area looked ruined. Glancing quickly at it, Wang Baole could see fallen structures and unrecognizable tools and objects on the ground. There were tens of students from the four major Dao Colleges picking up the objects as fast as they could, and some seven to eight of them were fighting with each other while screaming.

Every once in a while, there would be people hugging the objects with joy as they were ejected from the cave due to the magnetic field. At the same time, there were also people arriving at the area after Wang Baole, picking up whatever they could see.

*Is this a robbery?*

Witnessing the chaos, Wang Baole blinked several times and rushed ahead. He soon found an object resembling a water pail. Even though it looked like a pail, it was huge and surrounded by rows of tiny, uniform holes. It was obvious that it would leak, but if it was not considered a pail, Wang Baole could not put a finger on its function. Hugging it in his arms, he felt that it could be used as a storage container, which was not a bad idea. He then charged toward another area.

Most people did not have time to snatch objects from each other. However, there were some who seemed to prefer snatching as they left, and Wang Baole met one such person as he was searching.

That person was from Holy River Dao College. He was wreathed with the magnetic field, and it was obvious that he was about to be ejected. However, after noticing a piece of metal the size of a fist in front of Wang Baole, his eyes lit up as he rushed forward to snatch it!

“Daring, huh?” Wang Baole stared. He hugged the water pail and exploded with extreme speed, kicking forcefully at the student from Holy River Dao College. The student roared in pain, and the objects in his arms fell all over the ground.

He immediately grew anxious. He wanted to pick them up, but as he was being surrounded by magnetic field, he was raised into the air uncontrollably. As he roared indignantly and angrily, he was unwillingly ejected.

Wang Baole sighed angrily, stepping ahead to retrieve the objects that had been left behind and storing them in the pail. He then continued searching while running, and after half an hour, Wang Baole left the ruins after searching relentlessly. After passing through three similar areas along the path, the number of people seemed to decrease as well.

The peculiar objects that he had found grew in number. He threw the majority of them into the water pail, accumulating them like a small mountain.

As he advanced, he saw a round ball from afar.

### **Chapter 113: The Emerald Jade Urn**

It would not have mattered if Wang Baole himself did not notice the tumbling scene. However, as he charged forward, he passed by a metal wall lining the path that could reflect his image. Zooming ahead, his gaze swept the area, and he stopped in his tracks instantly after noticing his reflection.

*I'm still as slim and slender as before, huh?*

It was apparent that his idea of ‘slimness’ differed from others’. Looking at his reflection on the metal wall now, he was full of jubilant emotions as he turned his body around, looking at it from all directions in satisfaction

*This water pail is large, making me look fatter than I am. Regardless of that, I'm still so suave.*

The number of students from the four major Dao Colleges seemed to have reduced drastically in number, and toward the end, he was alone.

At this depth, there were numerous odd objects on the ground and in the surrounding rooms. Some of them were broken fly-whisks, some were broken armor, and some were also dull metal pieces...

Besides those objects, Wang Baole also saw damaged bells and copious numbers of pill bottle fragments.

*Why is everything broken?*



Wang Baole was mildly exasperated. Along the way, everything that he saw was in pieces. Other than the pail he was hugging, nothing else was considered complete, and objects like plants, pills, and Dharma treasures seemed to be a mere dream..

*Even if they are broken, I'll take them!*

Unwilling to give them up, Wang Baole felt that there could be something precious among the objects that he had yet to recognize. Therefore, he picked up a few of them and threw them into the pail before continuing forward.

A while later, when Wang Baole wanted to dash past a dimly lit fork in the road on the right of the passage, an eerie chill suddenly escaped from within the forked path. Thereafter, a black figure seemed to flash past at a fast speed.

“Who is it?” Wang Baole noticed the figure from the corner of his eyes and got a fright. He quickly took several steps back to take a closer look, but the side path was extremely quiet, and nothing seemed to have changed about it. It was as if the black figure from previously was just a figment of Wang Baole’s imagination from not taking a clear look.

In his suspicion, Wang Baole was about to retrieve a puppet to take a closer look, but right at that moment, in the dark side path, a light suddenly glowed from within, and the sound of heavy breathing and commotion spread quickly.

Wang Baole grew alert, focusing his attention as he looked on. Immediately, he realized that the glow came from the magnetic field that was surrounding a person. That person was dressed in Ethereal Dao College’s student robe, hugging a silver colored calabash.

“Zhuo Yifan!” Wang Baole shouted the moment he realized who was approaching him. At the same time, he noticed that the True Breath suppressive force that emanated from Zhuo Yifan, which was resisting the magnetic field, was not one from a seven-inch Spirit Root but an eight-inch one.

“Wang Baole!” The person flying past due to the resistance by the magnetic force enveloping him was indeed Zhuo Yifan. His face showed signs of regret and indignation, and he kept turning to look behind him. However, once he heard Wang Baole’s voice, he immediately turned back. After seeing Wang Baole clearly, he was momentarily surprised and began shouting at him as if having thought of something.

“Wang Baole, go over there right now! Zhao Yameng found an altar inside, and it’s filled with many treasures, even corpses!

“Quick! Many are snatching the treasures there!”

Zhuo Yifan could only manage to leave those words before the magnetic force dragged him past Wang Baole toward the exit before disappearing in sight.

Wang Baole’s eyes widened, revealing a brilliant glow, and his breathing hastened.

*Corpses...*

This word exhilarated Wang Baole the most. He knew that Zhuo Yifan was definitely not referring to people from Earth, which meant that the corpses were of the cultivation civilization, individuals who had followed the ancient greenish-bronze sword to the planet!

Compared to cultivation techniques, pills, and other lifeless objects, the corpses of people from cultivation civilization held greater meaning. To the current Federation, the significance was indescribable, and one could imagine that whoever was able to bring a corpse out for the four major Dao Colleges would have done an incredible deed that could not be described by words.

As Wang Baole's mind buzzed with activity, he burst forward, rushing into the side path like a combat vehicle at top speed.

After Wang Baole left, the walls of the side path suddenly warped, and a black skull emerged from it. It looked as if a long time had passed in its rotting process, and only an empty skull remained. It looked toward the direction that Wang Baole was heading in before opening its mouth, revealing rows of sharp teeth, which were a mix of black and yellow, as well as a sticky thread connecting its upper and lower jaw.

Its gruesomeness would have sent chills down the spine of any observer.

It then turned before wriggling back into the wall. Vaguely, life seemed to be injected into the wall, with movements of flesh and blood spreading quickly from within.

No one could notice those changes. However, even though Wang Baole was moving at a high speed, he continually felt that chill that he had felt and the black figure that had flashed past were not figments of his imagination.

Therefore, he did not dare lower his guard despite charging forward.

*So many people have come here before, and none of them mentioned anything about this place being dangerous, but that does not mean that I can be less alert!*

With heightened alert, Wang Baole continued dashing through the fork road. A while later, he heard a loud boom and sounds of people quarreling from an area ahead.

"Zhao Yameng, Chen Mingyu, why are both of you still fighting? Zhuo Yifan has already been ejected, and the both of you are the only ones left from Ethereal Dao College!"

"Zhao Yameng, since you're the one who discovered this place, you can take the calabash along with you. However, I will not let you take the corpse away!"

"Hmm? Someone's coming!"

The instant Wang Baole heard those words, a crack appeared on the furthest wall that Wang Baole could see. It was about twenty feet wide, and a blue glow shone from within.

One could vaguely see that there were a few figures moving about and hear them battling each other. Then, one person rapidly neared the crack, as if wanting to block it.

Wang Baole's eyes flashed, and rather than slowing down, he sped up. With a loud roar, he approached the crack directly, breaking the silence in the air.

He was too fast. As he neared, he took a clear look and saw that inside the crack was a burly, large-sized man dressed in White Deer Branch College's robe. He was carrying a big shield almost the height of his

body, directly blocking the crack. After sensing that Wang Baole was behind him, his pupils constricted, and he roared loudly.

“Scram!”

“You wish!” Wang Baole angrily replied even louder than the burly man. The moment he roared, he formed a fist with his raised right hand. Instantly, Spirit Qi from his surroundings was sucked in, and his glove exploded as he executed a punch!

The Spirit energy within his body also moved and integrated into the glove, causing the glove’s black glow to shimmer even brighter. His speed increased, and its power was also pushed to the extreme. He was like a shooting star, landing heavily on the burly man’s shield with a loud bang.

That was the force of the waves formed by the manipulation of the internal and external Spirit Qi, which far exceeded even that of the nine-inch Spirit Root. The moment it emerged, it was so loud that the earth shook. The large shield in front of the burly man was unable to withstand the force and immediately broke into pieces. Thereafter, the burly man from White Deer Branch College began to spew fresh, red blood from his mouth, screaming in pain as his body curled up, before scrambling hundreds of feet away.

The instant that the man retreated, Wang Baole’s figure emerged from within the crack, stepping into the area that was giving off the blue glow.

After taking a clear look around, Wang Baole’s mind buzzed, his pupils immediately constricted, and he held his breath.

The first thing that he noticed was that the area was oval-shaped, and a black mysterious fog covered a large area of the space, surrounding it in all directions.

Thankfully, the area was bright enough for him to see large canals in the ground. The canals crossed each other, appearing like an array formation!

Within the array formation stood an assembly of statues. Even though most of them were broken, their positions were still visible. They were all kneeling down, their facial expressions extremely devout as if they were praying. As for the direction they were kneeling toward...

A large pentagonal altar made of emerald jade stood in that direction. It had stairs leading up to it and was so large that it occupied more than half of the array formation. Of the entire oval-shaped area, it took up over thirty percent of the area.

Looking closely, there were nine flights of stairs leading up to the altar. There were formation inscriptions carved on every flight of stairs, and at the highest point of the altar, a long spear was floating in midair!

This long spear shimmered, and the spiral markings on it glowed. It seemed to be the only one of its kind in the world, emanating an impressive aura that would surprise one. It was an invaluable treasure!

## **Chapter 114: Attack!**

A blue glow shone from the long spear, brightening up the environment and enveloping the surroundings in it!

“What treasure is that?” Wang Baole inhaled deeply, his heart in turmoil. As the Head Prefect of the Dharmic Armament faculty, he was extremely sensitive toward Dharmic treasures. Now, as he looked at the long spear, a legendary name surfaced in his mind.

“Divine Armament?!”

Even if Wang Baole was the Head Prefect of the Dharmic Armament faculty, he understood little about the Divine Armament. He only knew that the Divine Armament was a legendary object!

Right now, the impression given off by the long spear seemed to indicate to him that it was the legendary Divine Armament!

However, as Wang Baole had never seen the Divine Armament, he was unable to judge it accurately. Nonetheless, he felt that even if the long spear was not the Divine Armament, it would still be an invaluable treasure that was as precious as the Divine Armament!

At the same time, surrounding the long spear were four figures that were dressed in long robes from the ancient times that were obviously not from the era of the Federation. They were seated cross-legged in midair, directly above the pentagonal altar, meditating around the long spear. Without a doubt, they were dead, but even so, their corpses were still floating, and the suppressive force from their bodies was still extremely strong. Wang Baole only took a brief glance, but pain pierced his eyes, causing him to feel physically and emotionally unwell.

Originally, there should have been five, not four, corpses meditating cross-legged around the long spear against the pentagonal altar. The fifth corpse, for some unknown reason, appeared outside the array formation, landing in a corner of the area!

One could see that the fifth corpse belonged to an extraordinarily beautiful young woman. She was already dead, but lying there, she looked as if she was in a deep sleep. If there had not been the smell of death emerging from her body, one could easily have mistaken her for being still alive.

In front of her was a pale-faced and unsteady Zhao Yameng, who seemed to have sustained severe injuries. There was also another youth dressed in Ethereal Dao College’s robes standing there. Surrounding them were seven to eight students from the three other Dao Colleges.

Among them were Li Yi, Wu Fen, and the black-faced youth. The suppressive force released from their bodies clearly indicated that they had broken through with an eight-inch Spirit Root.

Qian Meng, Li Feng, and others whom Wang Baole had seen previously were not present. However, other than the three individuals, the remainder of those present were not weaklings either. Even if they were not eight-inch Spirit Root True Breath experts, they had at least achieved breakthroughs with seven-inch Spirit Roots.

Many things seemed to have happened, but in reality, after Wang Baole barged in and took a look at the environment, the scene before his eyes was one where the people standing on the ground were gasping in shock as they were gripped with emotions as a result of Wang Baole’s arrival.

“Wang Baole!”

“It’s Wang Baole!”

“Damn it! Why is he here?”

Word of Wang Baole’s ferociousness had long spread throughout the Spirit Breath Village. Regardless of whether one had witnessed it with their eyes or merely heard about it, one would know that in the present cohort of Ethereal Dao College, other than Zhao Yameng, Wang Baole was the most powerful!

In terms of attracting hatred and fame, Wang Baole had also far exceeded everyone else, becoming the top person within the four major Dao Colleges!

Compared to the frowns and shock apparent on the others’ faces, Zhao Yameng and the youth from Ethereal Dao College revealed looks of surprise upon seeing Wang Baole.

“Wang Baole, it’s impossible to go near the array formation, so it is almost impossible to bring the objects away. The corpse over there is the result of Zhao Yameng’s immense effort, and it belongs to Ethereal Dao College!” the youth from Ethereal Dao College exclaimed urgently.

Even without the youth speaking, Wang Baole understood the whole situation. His eyes glowed, and he suppressed the shock that he felt toward the long, blue spear as he dashed toward the group of people.

The students from the other Dao Colleges were taken aback, their surprise visible in their eyes. That was especially true for Wu Fen, who immediately spoke in a determined tone.

“Time is running out. Let’s not think too much. Everyone, move! It will belong to whoever manages to snatch it!”

As he spoke, Wu Fen’s glabella parted, and Blood Qi began suffusing into the air. After stepping into the True Breath realm, his Blood Qi contained hints of Spirit Qi, and like a spell, it charged toward Zhao Yameng.

Li Yi’s eyes shimmered as well. Moving quickly, flames emerged from all over her body, and her manner was immensely imposing. The remaining people were not as powerful as the both of them, but they were still True Breath experts who had achieved breakthroughs at the seven-inch Spirit Root stage. The Dharmic treasures that they used were significantly more powerful than when they had been in the Ancient Martial Arts realm. Acting in unison, they all charged toward Zhao Yameng and the other youth from Ethereal Dao College.

At the moment they took action, the black-faced youth from White Deer Branch College suddenly turned his head, and with the compass in his hand, he growled with a low voice as he pointed toward Wang Baole.

“Body, seal!”

A loud boom emerged, and the surrounding Spirit Qi was being drawn in directly toward Wang Baole, suppressing him. At the same time, the burly man who had been knocked away by Wang Baole suddenly howled, retrieving a large sword as he charged toward Wang Baole.

Everything happened simultaneously. Wang Baole appearance had certainly made the situation more intense.

Previously, due to the union of the four major Dao Colleges, coupled with the sheer number of people, everyone had fought for themselves. Furthermore, knowing that Zhao Yameng was going to be expelled from the cave soon, no one put in their full effort as they only wanted to force her away.

Now that Wang Baole has arrived, however, waiting was no longer an option. They immediately activated their trump cards, giving their all.

With a loud boom, fresh blood flowed out from the corners of Zhao Yameng's mouth. She used her hand seals to release array formation seals. As she blocked the others, the Ethereal Dao College youth beside her spurted blood. He wanted to retaliate, but magnetic fields appeared from his body right at this crucial moment. He roared angrily, wanting to bring the corpse away, but that was definitely not possible with the other people present.

Instantly, several numinous treasures were hurled into the air, forcing the youth to give up. Regretfully, he was swept into the air by the magnetic field and pulled toward the exit due to the resistance.

Witnessing the scene, a glow emerged from the eyes of the other people as they charged toward Zhao Yameng once again.

Zhao Yameng was gripped by her emotions. She was utterly weak as she had exerted a lot of effort to retrieve the corpse. She was left without an ounce of energy, and seeing how the corpse that she had tried so hard to retrieve was about to be snatched away, Zhao Yameng grew angry. She wanted to continue blocking the others, but a magnetic field emerged from her body at that very moment.

"Am I destined to only serve to benefit others..." Zhao Yameng sighed lightly, as her body was raised midair due to the magnetic field. However, right at this moment, near the entrance, Wang Baole let out a roar.

With that, he took large steps forward while releasing punches that created hurricanes, and after shattering the array formation seal from the black-faced youth, he waved his right hand.

"Bullying just because of your numbers, huh?" Wang Baole spoke as he released numerous puppets, which covered the entire area and charged toward the others. Flying swords also emerged, forcing the burly man backward and approaching the black-faced youth directly, preventing him from being unable to unleash the array formation again.

Swiftly, Wang Baole stepped hard on the ground with his right foot. As his body erupted forward like an arrow and the ground shook violently, shockwaves filled the air, integrating with the Spirit Qi and spreading ferociously in all directions.

An invisible wave formed, landing directly on the people who were approaching Zhao Yameng, forcing them to stop in their tracks.

Leveraging on this moment where everyone froze, and at the moment when they responded toward the situation, Wang Baole arrived, punching the air before the others forcefully. The Spirit thread within his body emerged, and as it controlled the Spirit Qi from within, the devouring seed and glove were

activated at the same time, influencing the Spirit Qi from the outside. This complicated series of events executed by Wang Baole formed a Spirit Qi hurricane upon the landing of his fist.

Loud booms filled the area, spreading in all directions as the Spirit Qi hurricane rushed forward. Instantly, everyone began to shiver violently and was forced to retreat. At that instant, Wang Baole's puppets rushed out, tightly hugging everyone in sight.

This series of actions were executed neatly without any pauses; the process had been as smooth as flowing water. All the intricacies were well thought out, and seeing that everyone was blocked, Wang Baole approached the corpse as Li Yi and company grew anxious.

"Wang Baole!"

Everyone roared angrily and struggled with all their might, but it was still too late. Wang Baole was so fast that he approached the corpse in a second. He raised his leg, kicking the corpse into the air toward Zhao Yameng, who was being pulled by the magnetic force toward the exit.

Zhao Yameng revealed a pleasant look of surprise as she looked Wang Baole directly in the eye. She activated her hand seals again, pointing with her finger and releasing the remaining energy that she had to form an array formation seal that surrounded the corpse. After grabbing it firmly, she flew toward the exit under the force of the magnetic field and soon disappeared from sight. Only a howl could be heard coming from afar, growing softer with time.

### **Chapter 115: The Savage Li Yi**

Seeing that the corpse was being taken away by Zhao Yameng, Wang Baole was satisfied. Even though the person who had received the corpse was Zhao Yameng, Wang Baole believed in the equality of the Dao College. Furthermore, with Zhao Yameng's integrity, he was sure that his efforts would not be undermined.

After all, Wang Baole knew that if not for his crucial intervention, the corpse could have been taken by somebody else. Now that he had done a significant deed while still having time to stay, Wang Baole was delighted. As he turned to look at the other people, he was taken aback, his pupils constricting.

He could see the obvious rage in all of their eyes, and it was apparent that none of them were going to be friendly.

"Er..." Wang Baole cleared his throat and spoke off his head. "I arrived in a rush just now and did not have the time to greet everyone. I'm guessing that not everyone here knows who I am, so let me introduce myself. I am Wang Baole."

As he spoke, he stepped forward to help the burly man whose shield he had destroyed up from the ground.

The burly man stared at Wang Baole angrily as he shook him off.

"Everyone is loyal toward their own colleges. I am from Ethereal Dao College, so how can I not help in that situation? Therefore, it's unreasonable for you to look at me so angrily, isn't it? Furthermore, I did

not use my most powerful skills against all of you, so why are all of you so angry?" Wang Baole sighed as he looked at the rest of the people.

By that point, all of them had broken free from the puppets. After all, the puppets were at the level of the Ancient Martial Arts, and as True Breath experts, they might have been suppressed but not for long.

After breaking free, they were very depressed. Li Yi, Wu Fen, and the black-faced youth were particularly solemn.

They had recognized Wang Baole as their nemesis. Every single time they fought with him was a losing battle. They looked at each other and noticed the strong desire to take revenge against Wang Baole, which, if not fulfilled, would certainly explode out of control.

Wang Baole was alert. On the surface, he sighed while stowing the broken puppets.

*I'll have to improve these puppets when I get back. Otherwise, they will be of little use in the future.*

After collecting the puppets, Wang Baole realized that Li Yi and the others were still looking at him angrily, and he immediately turned toward them.

"Everyone, if you want to see what I'm truly capable of, then attack. However, let's negotiate. Can all of you not stare at me so intently? I know that I'm handsome, but all this staring is making me embarrassed." Wang Baole lowered his head and spoke bashfully.

The moment he spoke, the facial expressions of the others turned awful. Li Yi in particular rolled her eyes as she gritted her teeth, thinking about how thick-skinned this irritating fatty before her eyes was.

"Punch him! Make him lose his consciousness and strip him naked so that he'll be an embarrassment when he gets out of here!" Li Yi spoke as she jumped into the air. Due to the virtue of possessing a natural fire-type Spirit Body, even though she had not learned any spells despite rising into the True Breath realm, the moment that she charged out, flames emerged from her body. Even though it did not spread into a sea of fire, it wreathed her.

The moment she attacked, a fireball flew out from the position in the middle of her body directly toward Wang Baole. It was impressive as the air seemed to have caught fire as well. The heat wave rolled rapidly toward Wang Baole's face, its manner imposing.

As Li Yi jumped out, the black-faced youth's eyes lit up.

"That's right! That is a feasible idea!" He felt that it was a good idea and pressed his hands on the compass. Instantly, a spiritual force erupted from his body and spread in all directions, forming layers of array formation seals, covering the heavens and earth as it targeted Wang Baole.

Wu Fen felt that Li Yi's temper was too haughty and cruel, but as he still agreed with Li Yi's idea, he immediately retrieved four pills.

In reality, pills were his strong point. The Blood Qi technique that he exhibited previously was a result of him swallowing the pills. Now, his desire to take revenge on Wang Baole was so strong that he swallowed all four pills without thinking twice.



Instantly, he howled, and his skin grew red. Four frightening cracks appeared on his forehead, and frightful auras erupted, charging straight at Wang Baole.

Everyone else released their trump card. Even though some of them were about to be ejected by the magnetic field that appeared on their bodies, they still acted. It was apparent that their anger toward Wang Baole was indescribable, and their desire to strip him naked to embarrass him was extremely strong.

“Vicious! Li Yi, you’re ruthless!” Wang Baole took a deep breath. The consequences were so severe that he did not dare let his guard down. The devouring seed in his body was activated, forming a strong suction force covering the entire area, attracting the spells, Dharmic treasures, and even their physical bodies forcefully toward him. As their aim was altered, everyone’s facial expressions changed as well.

As their bodies struggled against the suction force, Wang Baole’s Spirit threads began winding, boosting his speed as he moved forward. He was significantly faster than normal True Breath experts, directly avoiding Li Yi’s fireball, and appeared right in front of the black-faced youth, punching him with his gloved right hand.

“Fall!” Wang Baole growled with a low voice.

A boom emerged, and even though the black-faced youth who specialized in array formations had reached the True Breath realm, he was still unable to dodge Wang Baole’s punch, which landed on his belly. Wang Baole was too strong, and the black-faced youth felt as if he had been hit by a high-speed train. Fresh blood spewed from his mouth as he lost consciousness, his body being thrown aside.

Even before he landed, Wang Baole waved his hand, and three puppets that looked like students from the Dao Enlightenment faculty were released, charging forward and gripping the youth tightly. After that, Wang Baole turned and sidestepped all the numinous treasures flying toward him, stopping right in front of Wu Fen and throwing a punch at him even before he could react.

“You fall, too!”

Regardless of how hard Wu Fen struggled, and regardless of the numinous treasures that he retrieved, everything was futile. Wang Baole’s punch with his glove was so effortlessly powerful that it instantly decimated everything, landing straight on Wu Fen’s belly.

Wu Fen vomited fresh blood, and as he fell unconscious, he was similarly gripped by several puppets.

Everything happened so quickly, as the surrounding people responded with appalled expressions. A look of ferociousness flashed in Li Yi’s eyes as she approached Wang Baole. Activating her hand seals and bellowing loudly, fire erupted all over her body, forming a fire mouth that tried to swallow Wang Baole.

“Do you think I’m afraid of you?” Upon turning his head, a loud megaphone had already appeared in Wang Baole’s hands. He shouted loudly into the megaphone, amplifying his already deafening roar, causing it to become even more ferocious as it formed a hurricane that charged directly toward the human fireball.

Instantly, the fireball warped and was torn apart by the ferocious sound wave, revealing Li Yi, who shouted as she retreated after being attacked by the sound wave.

Delightedly, Wang Baole rushed ahead swiftly. Without any pity, he punched Li Yi unconscious and covered her with several puppets before turning his head and stopping momentarily to look at the others, who were gripped by fear.

“What do the rest of you plan to do?”

“Wang Baole, you’re too cruel!”

The remaining people immediately took several steps back as the burly man spoke while staring angrily. “That’s right. What are you trying to do, immobilizing them with the puppets?”

However, he had just finished his sentence when Wu Fen, who had been knocked unconscious, was raised into the air by the magnetic field. As he was unconscious, he was unable to resist it and flew toward the exit. The three puppets that were in suggestive positions, gripped him extremely tightly and flew out with Wu Fen.

This scene took everyone by surprise. Wang Baole let out a dry cough, and after noticing that a magnetic field was emerging around the black-faced youth’s body, he tore a corner of his shirt and wrote something on it before stuffing it back onto the youth.

After that, Wang Baole turned his head, smiling vaguely at the remaining people.

“Now, you know what that means, right?”

Witnessing what had happened, everyone, including the burly man, was taken aback as they took in a deep breath. Wang Baole’s plan was exactly that of Li Yi’s and was extremely degrading. Once they were knocked unconscious, they were ejected after being covered by the puppets in suggestive positions. Everyone outside from the four major Dao Colleges would notice how beaten they looked, and that could even become an indelible stain to their names.

After all, everyone there was a well-known figure in their respective Dao College, and their image was important to them. Therefore, they all dispersed rapidly, planning to leave the place.

However, it was all too late. Unfortunately for them, it was Wang Baole who had a grudge with them.

## **Chapter 116: A Fake?**

Previously, Wang Baole had wanted to be nice, but those people had wanted to not only to knock him unconscious but also strip him naked. Their goal had been to expose his slender body for public viewing, and that was something that Wang Baole could not ignore—something that he could not allow to happen.

The more Wang Baole thought about it, the angrier he was. Therefore, he quickly turned and dashed out, and a moment later, as screams were heard, everyone, except two that were lucky enough to escape by virtue of the magnetic field, was knocked unconscious by Wang Baole. As those who had fainted were to be moved by the puppets, Wang Baole tied them up with ropes first.

After all that, Wang Baole patted his hands on his shirt as he looked delightfully at all the individuals flying away due to the magnetic field while being tightly hugged by the puppets.

*I'm such a kind person, escorting them out using my puppets after seeing that they have fainted.*

Wang Baole was in good spirits. He gathered all the objects that the others had found within the fragment mountain and placed them into his own pail. There were so many objects that it was difficult to store them, but Wang Baole came up with the idea to activate the remainder of his puppets and tie the objects to each of them. With that, he was satisfied.

*That's weird, why am I not being ejected?* Wang Baole felt for his own cultivation and realized that the feeling of ejection had not developed. He pondered about it and looked toward the altar.

*Should I go over to take a look?* Wang Baole looked at the long, blue spear on the altar, and a fire lit up in his eyes. Logically, he reminded himself that he was in a dangerous place, a place where his cultivation would not be sufficient, but he still fancied his luck. Therefore, he stepped forward, stopping beside the array formation canal.

Wang Baole did not dare to step too close to it. Rather, he lowered his head to look at the five-foot-wide canal and stood there, raising his right arm in anticipation. The devouring seed within his body erupted, spreading its suction force toward the blue spear that was on the altar within the array formation, trying to attract it!

The suction force caused numerous rocks within the array formation to rise into the air. Even the symbols on the altar flashed several times, but the blue spear at the top, together with the four corpses floating around it, stayed firmly in place.

Seeing that it seemed to have worked but was unable to affect the long, blue spear, Wang Baole felt a little indignant. He widened his eyes, and with a loud roar, the devouring seed within his body fully erupted. The suction force increased exponentially in strength, accompanied by a loud boom. Instantly, it appeared as if a hurricane had swept by the array formation. As even more debris were being sucked toward him, the four corpses meditating at the top of the altar seemed to be influenced as they moved ever so slightly toward Wang Baole.

The only issue was... despite Wang Baole's face flushing red hot after giving all his might, the long, blue spear still remained floating without even shaking.

"Damn it!" Wang Baole turned flustered. He wanted to step over the canal to absorb the spear from a closer position, but forcefully stopped himself. He looked at the canal in front of him before retrieving a puppet and controlling it to walk forward to the periphery of the array formation. The puppet was just about to leap into the air and into the array formation canal.

However, right at that moment, a blinding glow emerged from the array formation canal. Frighteningly, it landed straight on the puppet with a loud boom.

The puppet was instantly decimated, disintegrating into thin air. That sent chills down Wang Baole's spine as he exhaled deeply.

"How dangerous!" Wang Baole's heart was pounding hard. A moment later, his eyes flashed as he thought about what a waste it would be if he gave up. Therefore, he thought about it and looked at the surroundings. After confirming that there was no one but him in the area, he sat down with crossed legs and began waiting.

Time trickled by, and after five minutes, magnetic fields finally appeared around Wang Baole. As the forces pulled against each other, Wang Baole immediately retrieved his mysterious mask without a hint of hesitation!

"I'll risk it!"

The moment the mask appeared, fog covered the entire area, and coupled with the waves of loud booming sounds, it was like the turbulent waves were shaking the earth!

When the mask was retrieved, the surrounding fog instantly became turbulent. At times, it tumbled, and at times, it retreated, as if there lived a ferocious creature within it, struggling and howling.

The deafening sound spread in all directions, causing the ground to tremble vigorously. As the ground vibrated, cracks also began to appear in the array formation canal. Rubble began falling off it as though the entire land was about to crumble.

*Such a huge change!*

Wang Baole stood rather unsteadily, both physically and in his breathing, and he quickly retreated as his heart palpitated furiously. His motive of bringing out the mask was to see if he could induce some changes to the area and create an opportunity for himself.

Seeing how bizarre the changes in front of his eyes were, Wang Baole regretted it slightly, but when he thought about the long, blue spear, passion filled his eyes again, and he became even more determined.

*Riches are only attained through trials. Furthermore, if it becomes too dangerous, I will stop resisting it and use the magnetic field to escape!*

Harboring such thoughts, Wang Baole immediately released forty or so of his remaining puppets, controlling them to charge toward the canal.

This time, the blinding glow still emerged from within the array formation canal, but the turbulence of the surrounding fog came continuously. The vibrations of the ground caused the glow to slightly shift, and even though most of the forty puppets had been decimated, two of them successfully crossed the screen of light and landed within the array formation.

The instant that they were within the array formation, Wang Baole rushed out quickly, his speed boosted by the Spirit thread. Following close to the two puppets on safe ground, he also crossed into the array formation and appeared within it!

When he landed, Wang Baole's heart rate increased significantly, and he was extremely agitated.

*I'm in!*

Wang Baole was exhilarated, and looking at the staircase-like altar not far away from him, a fire lit up in his eyes. The devouring seed within his body erupted once more, resulting in the emergence of the suction force again. This time, the distance moved by the four corpses visibly increased, but the long, blue spear still stayed in place!

Wang Baole frowned, and after making some estimations on the distance, he gritted his teeth as he prepared to act again. He then controlled the two puppets beside him, using them as test subjects.

After confirming that it was safe, he followed closely behind and soon neared the altar with the two puppets. Noticing that the numerous symbols and inscriptions on the steps of the altar were flashing, Wang Baole did not dare to approach it anymore. That was especially so after one of the puppets that he was controlling was instantly decimated by the glow from the altar the moment he controlled it to leap onto it. This made Wang Baole nervous.

*I can't advance further.*

In the silence, Wang Baole controlled his last puppet to leap into the air. Without even blinking, he saw that it was similarly decimated when it jumped to a height of fifty feet.

Wang Baole's face was awful. He felt that the magnetic force and the pulling force on his body was getting stronger—he knew that he did not have much time left. He raised his head to look at the long, blue spear above the altar and squatted down with his eyes narrowed.

After a short moment, using the remaining energy in his body, Wang Baole roared as he stepped hard on the ground. His body instantly leaped into the air, and controlling his power, he immediately retrieved a flying sword and positioned it beneath his feet at a height of fifty feet.

To people in the Ancient Martial Arts realm, standing in midair was not possible. However, to a True Breath cultivator, that was possible for a short time with the assistance of Dharmic artifacts. Right now, Wang Baole was executing just that. He stepped on the flying sword, and the moment he paused, the devouring seed within his body erupted fully, sucking the long, blue spear directly.

*"Come to me!"*

With a loud boom, the four corpses were pulled toward Wang Baole due to the strong suction force. However, even though the long, blue spear quivered slightly as well, it was not sucked toward Wang Baole. Instead, it began warping, and signs of it self-destructing began to appear as it turned translucent!

*What's going on?* Wang Baole was taken aback. Very quickly, in front of his eyes, the long spear grew increasingly translucent. In the end, as if it had been warped away, it disappeared at lightning speed.

It seemed as if the long, blue spear was an imaginary image. Under Wang Baole's suction force, it grew unsteady and dissipated.

*Is it not real?* Wang Baole rubbed his eyes, and after looking at everything closely, he was dumbfounded.

*Damn it! I put in so much effort, and it turned out to be a fake? Putting a fake spear here is deceit, and you'll get your retribution!* Wang Baole cursed angrily as his body descended.

However, the instant that he reached the ground, a blue bead where the long spear had disappeared flew directly toward Wang Baole!

Wang Baole's pupils constricted, and after grabbing it, the impact of the approaching bead formed a impactful force that forced Wang Baole to step back. At the same time, the magnetic field surrounding his body also grew stronger, pulling his body swiftly backward.

*I'll accept the bead as well!* Wang Baole was extremely surprised, and seeing how he was being pulled backward by the magnetic field, he immediately unleashed his devouring seed, pulling in the four corpses backward together with him.

*The returns are decent!* Wang Baole was exhilarated, and his body was pulled into the space above the array formation canal. He was nervous, but he managed to pass right through it, unsure whether it was because of the bead or the corpses that were shielding him.

Wang Baole heaved a sigh of relief and unleashed the suction force using his devouring seed again, sucking the pail and all his treasures toward him.

However, right at this moment, an anomaly occurred!

### **Chapter 117: Seal!**

The whirlwind that originally occurred in the area, accompanied by the fog that sounded like a wild beast howling, seemed to stop momentarily the moment that Wang Baole took the bead away.

After which, an even stronger boom erupted in the air, like a culmination of endless suppressed thunder exploding instantaneously. The fog rapidly curled backward, as if being forcefully dissipated after breaking free of a seal, revealing the empty space outside the oval-shaped area!

At a glance, the whole of the large area could be seen since the fog was not obscuring it anymore!

"This is..." Wang Baole, whose body was being pulled by the magnetic force, suddenly shrugged, his body trembling and his mind buzzing with activity as violent as the crashing waves!

He saw that in the seemingly limitless space above the oval shaped area lay a gigantic skull. Its facial features could not be seen, but it was clear that it was covered with a pitch-black mask!

The oval shaped area also seemed to be floating in midair, since there was a darkened area of nothingness beneath it, and within the nothingness lay a humongous body!

This body, when connected to the skull overhead, formed a gargantuan sculpture, and it became clear that the oval-shaped area was the palm of the sculpture!

The appearance of the mask worn by the sculpture was not foreign to Wang Baole. It was exactly like the illustrious woman whom he had seen in the illusionary scene when he was previously at the Five Peaks!

This sight created waves of emotions in Wang Baole. He began to piece together the entire picture before his eyes and realized that it was a sculpture of an illustrious woman looking at the long, blue spear floating above the altar in the palm of her raised right hand!

Wang Baole's heart pounded against his chest violently. Thankfully, before he retrieved the mask, he had been mentally prepared, and it was not the first time that he had seen the woman.

However, at this exact moment, Wang Baole's pupils suddenly constricted. As his body was pulled backward by the magnetic force, a crying face suddenly emerged from the empty space behind the sculpture!

That face was over a hundred feet wide, and it was bleeding from all its orifices. A purple glow was revealed in its eyes, and it was impossible to discern if it was a male or female. An eerie chill and a frightening vibe spread strongly from it, and Wang Baole felt as if he had suddenly been thrown into the cold abyss.

"What on Earth is that?"

As Wang Baole exclaimed in shock, tens of similar faces appeared in the blink of an eye in the emptiness behind the sculpture. They all looked similar, but each had different expressions. Some were filled with sadness, some were crying, some were laughing wryly, and some were furious.

However, it remained consistent that all of them were bleeding from their every orifice, and they all carried a frightening purple glow in their eyes. One could even see that more of such faces were appearing rapidly behind them, and in a flash, the entire pitch-black emptiness was completely filled with uncountable similar faces.

All the faces began to open their mouths to howl. They seemed to be rushing toward Wang Baole by passing through the sculpture. The entire scene made Wang Baole feel as if his head was about to implode, and as his mind buzzed endlessly, he wished more than ever that the magnetic force could drag him away immediately.

However, at the moment when they were about to pass through the sculpture, a flash appeared in the eyes of the seemingly lifeless sculpture, and the vague, soft voice of a woman echoed within the space.

"Suppress!"

As the voice spread outward, the sculpture's entire body glowed with a golden hue, and flashes of golden lightning flew from it. The flashes instantly formed a large net, directly covering all the creepy faces that were advancing through the sculpture.

In the blink of an eye, after coming into contact with each other, the masks began to let out pitiful cries. They struggled, but it was futile—they were unable to pass through the electric net. Under the forceful push of the net, they immediately retreated, and eventually, they faded back into nothingness.

That scene sent upheavals to Wang Baole's heart. Right now, his body was being pulled backward to the exit, and his gaze lay on the sculpture, which seemed to have returned to its original state. He was unable to calm down, for the purple glow from those faces reminded him of the unforeseen attack that he had experienced previously. The feeling given off by those faces was exactly the same as that of the purple glow!

*Could it be them?* Wang Baole was frightened, and he suddenly remembered that during his experience in the Five Peaks, faces had also appeared in the skies.

Furthermore, in terms of appearance, the faces from then were similar to those that he had just seen!

*What on Earth is going on? Why is it that the faces appeared immediately after I took the blue bead away? Could it be that the bead was an object suppressing them?*

With that thought, Wang Baole immediately had the impression that the five bodies surrounding the long, blue spear indeed seemed to be protecting the bead.

*This... if I take the blue bead away, will a catastrophe occur?*

Wang Baole suddenly grew nervous, and as he tried to take another look at the sculpture, his body was pulled toward the exit, into the pathway, and swiftly toward the outside.

From afar, Wang Baole appeared like a small mountain, carrying a large pail. Puppets hung on the edge of the pail, each carrying bags of objects. At the same time, four corpses were being dragged along with the big pail.

Wang Baole struggled, and when he suddenly turned to look at the four corpses that he had thrown on the pail, his pupils suddenly constricted. Previously, due to the distance, Wang Baole had not paid much attention to the corpses. Furthermore, all his attention had been on the long, blue spear, so he had not taken a close look at the corpses.

Right now, as he took a closer look at the four corpses, he realized that inscriptions were present on their bodies. On their glabellae, purple markings were also visible!

Those markings seemed to be accumulations of faces of varying expressions that had shrunk significantly!

They looked identical to the faces that had been suppressed by the seal from the sculpture previously!

This discovery instantly instilled fear in Wang Baole's heart and also busted his previous theory.

*They were not protecting but were suppressing the blue bead?*

Wang Baole was slightly bewildered, but he still felt that something was amiss. Eventually, his eyes flashed, and a bold guess appeared in his mind.

*Could it be that I made a wrong interpretation? Could it be that, regardless of whether it was the corpses or the long, blue spear, they were actually objects that the faces used to suppress the sculpture? Therefore, after I took the blue bead away, the mysterious fog dissipated, revealing the sculpture, making the faces grow crazy trying to regain it, eventually causing the sculpture to revive in order to suppress them?*

With a lack of clues, it was difficult for Wang Baole to make a clear judgment. However, he was certain that the bodies that he had brought out were definitely related to the purple glow that had previously wanted to swallow him!

*I need to figure this out. Why did the purple glow want to swallow me? Could it be due to the nine-inch Spirit Root? The voice previously said that an extremist has been found. Could it be that the nine-inch Spirit Root was the extremist? However, after waking up, the spirit meridians within me exceeded ninety or even a hundred percent... Wang Baole thought as his body was being pulled along the path out of the fragment mountain.*



The series of events made him realize just how mysterious and unpredictable the entire place was, especially after he understood that the place that he had been in previously was merely considered the periphery compared to the entire fragment mountain. He had been far from its core.

After all, his cultivation and speed, coupled with the time constraints, made it impossible for him to reach the core.

*Even the periphery is so mysterious. What else could be hiding in the depths of this fragment mountain?*

Wang Baole took in a deep breath. As his body was pulled away, he looked at the fragment mountain that was becoming increasingly distant, and a wave of respect welled up in his heart.

While paying his respect to the fragment mountain on his journey out of it, students from the four major Dao Colleges continued to enter and exit. When they saw the exaggerated gains of Wang Baole, their respect for him grew even greater, to the extent of shock.

“Corpses!”

“Gosh, what did I just see? Corpses dressed in ancient robes, and there are more than one of them!”

“This is too over the top! Such a big pail with so many puppets carrying other objects hanging on it!”

A commotion instantly erupted, reverberating in the surroundings. Nobody noticed that a head with its eyes ferociously wide open had appeared silently in the periphery of the fragment mountain. It was the frightening figure from the fork in the road.

He stared in the direction where Wang Baole was heading. Gradually, its ferocious expression turned into a look of dismay, and it was seemingly doubtful. It was only after a long time had passed that it retreated once again.

### **Chapter 118: Chancellors, There Is a Note Here**

Wang Baole was carrying the large pail in the Spirit Breath Village. His hill-like figure was advancing swiftly in the skies. Perhaps it was due to his extensive gains that his body seemed to have been weighed down significantly. Even the magnetic field pulling him seemed to be several times stronger compared to that of others.

By this point, Wang Baole had already recovered from the torrent of emotions that he had felt when he was in the fragment mountain. Thinking of his gains, Wang Baole’s suppressed emotions instantly became especially excited.

*I made it!*

Looking at his pail, the surrounding puppets, and the corpses, a look of excitement emerged from Wang Baole’s eyes.

*When I get out, I’ll definitely throw everyone into a state of surprise and let them know just how impressive Wang Baole is!*

With that thought, Wang Baole began laughing out loud.

However, in reality, outside of the Spirit Breath Village, the masses from the four major Dao Colleges, as well as the accompanying cultivators, were already shocked. That was especially so for the four Chancellors. They had already waged a bet with each other, and as time passed, with reference to timings from the past, they estimated the return times of the students and grew increasingly alert as the time neared, paying careful attention to the entrance.

After all, due to the glow from the fragment mountain within the Spirit Breath Village, which indicated that a change might have occurred, they were slightly nervous. However, after garnering the attention of their respective Dao Colleges, and with the arrival of reinforcements, their nervousness had mildly abated.

Soon, the first batch of students from the respective Dao Colleges who had broken through and attained True Breath were ejected from the entrance, surrounded by magnetic forces. The majority of them had achieved a breakthrough when they were below the five-inch stage, and even though they had some gains, they were not impressive.

Regardless of that, they were True Breath cultivators. After they emerged, people from their respective Dao Colleges immediately stepped forward to check on their injuries. While recording their gains, they also conveyed their congratulations and encouragement.

At the same time, regarding the transformations to the fragment mountain and the changes that occurred following that, the elites from the various Dao Colleges as well as the Chancellors came to know of some news from the people who have first emerged, and they all heaved sighs of relief, knowing that no accidents had occurred within the mountain.

In addition, they gave more details of what had happened within the Spirit Breath Village. News of how Zhao Yameng had reached the eight-inch stage along with Li Yi made the Chancellors from the four major Dao Colleges elated, as they began to make guesses on the number of people from their Dao Colleges who had attained the eight-inch Spirit Roots.

The only issue was that these people did not have a full understanding of the situation, which made the information they gave incomplete.

However, they all mentioned Wang Baole, resulting in shock and surprise emerging in the hearts of the Chancellors from the four major Dao Colleges as well as the masses.

“Chancellor, Wang Baole has gone overboard! He used some trick to make thousands of Spirit Roots fated with him, transforming into his image. Didn’t all of you see? Initially, figures of Wang Baole were everywhere!”

“He is simply a jinx! Every single Spirit Root he saw transformed into him! If not for him, I definitely would have reached seven inches!”

“That fellow, being chased by thousands of Spirit Roots turned the entire mystic realm into chaos!”

The anger and indignation in the words of the first batch of students immediately threw everyone outside into a daze. Very quickly, the Chancellors from the three other Dao Colleges looked toward the old physician.

"It's not his fault that he was fated with the Spirit Roots," the old physician said as his fist covered his mouth and he cleared his throat. However, he was actually shaken by the news. He had expected Wang Baole to cause trouble, but he had never guessed that he could cause trouble to such an extent.

Hearing that, the Chancellors from the three other Dao College remained silent. Even though the incident seemed off, Wang Baole was not a student from their Dao College after all, and it was inappropriate for them to say much.

Gradually the second, third, and subsequent batch of students emerged. The objects that they were carrying grew in number, and when it became apparent that pills and live plants were among the items, exclamations of surprise arose.

"Pills!"

"Gosh, he actually got a plant from there, and it's even one bearing fruit!"

Seeing how a commotion had arisen, the Chancellor from White Deer Dao College laughed heartily as he looked gloatingly at the Chancellors from the three other Dao Colleges, whose facial expressions were awful.

"How's that? My student from White Deer Dao College is not bad, huh?"

The old physician harrumphed and did not speak. The Chancellors from the two other Dao Colleges grew solemn, choosing not to look at the proud White Deer Dao College Chancellor. However, their minds were filled with thoughts as pills and plants were exceedingly rare, especially plants.

Even though the focus of their bets was not on the amount of resources that the students from their respective Dao Colleges managed to collect, in reality, that was where the main attention on the opening of the mystic realm was. It decided the distribution of resources in the alliance formed by the four major Dao Colleges.

However, calmness soon returned to the hearts of the Chancellors from White Deer Branch College and Holy River Dao College. Even though plants were not present within the gains of the subsequent batches of returning students, there were still pills, and they also trumped on the number of objects that they had, which helped to return smiles to their faces.

The old physician was the only one who was depressed, for the objects brought out by the students from Ethereal Dao College were significantly fewer.

The calabash brought back by Zhuo Yifan only momentarily calmed the old physician down. He was still troubled over how his own students were underperforming.

Seeing that, Zhuo Yifan swallowed the news about the corpses that he had initially wanted to relay. He did not know who eventually gained possession of the corpse in the end, and he did not dare mention a word of it.

"Old Lu, don't be troubled. Students who are far more capable than those here have yet to return, so you must be more confident in yourself," the Chancellor from White Deer Dao College said with a laugh as he patted the old physician's shoulder while the two other Chancellors also began their sarcastic commentary.

Listening to the words of 'consolation' from the three individuals, the old physician harrumphed. He was indignant but also helpless.

However, not long after, the feeling of helplessness dissipated. Zhao Yameng's return threw everyone around into indescribable shock.

"A corpse!"

"Gosh, there's actually a corpse!"

A loud commotion exploded. Not only were the Chancellors from the four major Dao Colleges dumbfounded, even the four highly-ranked, highly-trained people of prestige and ranking behind them were amazed. They all stepped forward to take a look. In reality, corpses had been discovered by people in the past, but the majority of them had been severely damaged, making such a complete one even rarer than the plant.

In his exhilaration, the old physician looked gloatingly at the Chancellors from the three other Dao Colleges, who each carried an awful expression, and began to speak.

"How's it? Students from Ethereal Dao College are not bad, huh? One single corpse can trump all the gains from White Deer Dao College. However, don't be disheartened, for the more capable students have not returned yet. Stay confident and hopeful."

As he spoke, the old physician looked approvingly at Zhao Yameng and praised her. Noticing her injuries, he immediately retrieved some pills with concern.

"Chancellor, I was able to retrieve this corpse thanks to the help granted from Zhuo Yifan and Chen Mingyu. However, above all, without Wang Baole, I would not have been able to bring the corpse out," Zhao Yameng said as she received the pills.

"Wang Baole?" That was the second time that the Chancellors had heard of Wang Baole's name. They were surprised and grew more alert as the Chancellor from White Deer Dao College let out a low murmur.

"Old Lu, most of the capable students from White Deer Dao College have not emerged. I believe that they will return soon, and they will not disappoint me!"

"That's right, Old Lu, don't be anxious."

"Old Lu, you..."

Looking enviously at the corpse, the three Chancellors spoke one after another. Before they could even complete their sentences, sounds of surprise suddenly emerged from the entrance of Spirit Breath Village.

Numerous figures returned one after another. Some were still awake, but some of them were unconscious. If they had merely fainted, it would not have mattered much, but the fact was that he was surrounded by three puppets!

If they had been surrounded by the puppets in a normal matter, it would not have been an issue. However, the positions of the three puppets were extremely suggestive, and their expressions were exaggeratingly bizarre as they made disturbing noises.

Their moans, coupled with their positions, immediately threw everyone into shock as if a whole new world had been opened up before their eyes.

“It’s Wu Fen!”

“Gosh, that’s Wu Fen from Holy River Dao College. A rising star, someone who has attained an eight-inch Spirit Root!”

“What on Earth happened to him?”

Zhuo Yifan stared with his eyes wide. Zhuo Yifan and Chen Mingyu, who had returned subsequently, each inhaled deeply in shock. Even Zhao Yameng, who had always kept her cool, was thrown into a daze.

The trio looked toward each other and saw the complex emotions and doubts in each other’s eyes.

The Chancellors from the four major Dao Colleges, upon noticing the scene, were all dumbfounded, especially Holy River Dao College’s Chancellor, whose eyes seemed to be falling out of their sockets.

Before they could even react, more people returned from the exit. There was someone within them who was also unconscious, and even before he neared, disturbing sounds reached their ears, making everyone surprised beyond words. As they turned to take a look, they saw the unconscious black-faced youth being surrounded by the puppets.

“This is too much!”

“Were they robbed? It’s fine if they were robbed, but why did the robber even do that to them?”

The Chancellors from Holy River Dao College and White Deer Branch College were infuriated. They wanted to step forward to destroy the puppets, but once contact was made, the puppets immediately released signs that they were going to implode, and that instantly made the duo think twice.

The old physician tried hard to remain indifferent. He stayed silent while the Chancellor from White Deer Dao College beside him began clicking his tongue.

“Hah, the person who did this seems to be quite creative. The workmanship of the puppets is not bad.” He had just finished his sentence when disturbing sounds were heard yet again. The unconscious Li Yi then appeared in front of everyone.

The White Deer Dao College Chancellor was dumbfounded. Naturally, he recognized Li Yi as she was the cream of the crop of White Deer Dao College’s newest batch of students. He stared hard and growled, “Who! Who did this?”

As the trio roared, they noticed something on the black-faced youth’s body.

“Chancellors, there’s... there’s a note here...”

## **Chapter 119: Baole Returns**

Almost at the moment the person who discovered the hidden words opened his mouth, White Deer Branch College's Chancellor noticed the note, which he had overlooked previously in his rage.

He picked up the note, and after taking a look at it, blue veins bulged on his forehead. He looked toward Zhao Yameng and stared hard at her before throwing the note toward the old physician, angrier than ever.

"Chancellor Lu, you owe me an explanation!"

Upon reading the note, the old physician laughed bitterly at the words on it.

"Zhao Yameng, please get the Chancellor to hold onto the puppets for me safely. Don't forcefully pull them away as they will implode."

Behind those words were also several lines of inscriptions.

The inscriptions described the method to release the puppets. Unless it was someone who understood how to unlock inscriptions from the Dharmic Armament faculty, it was impossible to unlock it in a short time. The Chancellor from White Deer Branch College, though relatively formidable in his training, was not as well-versed in inscriptions compared to the old physician. As he stared angrily at the old physician, the old physician let out a dry cough.

"Everyone, calm down..." He had just finished his sentence when another wave of disturbing sounds emerged from the entrance of the Spirit Breath Village a distance away. Everyone was confused as a student from White Deer Dao College, surrounded by puppets, appeared in front of the masses.

Instantly, the expression of the Chancellor from White Deer Dao College dropped even further. From the information that he had received regarding Ethereal Dao College and the words that Zhao Yameng had said previously, he and the other two Chancellors knew in their hearts who had committed the deeds.

The old physician had a headache. Seeing the involvement of the puppets, he did not need to think too hard to know that Wang Baole was responsible.

"This incident... if I were to explain..." The old physician cleared his throat again, wanting to feign ignorance, but before he could even finish, disturbing sounds spread from afar once more.

The anger in the three Chancellors' eyes grew more prominent. The old physician pretended not to notice and hurriedly spoke.

"Actually, there could be a misunderstanding here..."

"Uh... Hmm..."

Before he could even finish, disturbing noises were heard again. This time, three figures returned together.

The scene made the three Chancellors so angry that they were about to explode. The old physician slapped his forehead and sighed.

"Let me save him, and I'll explain later!"

Speaking, he stepped forward toward Li Yi. Raising his right hand, he released Li Yi from the crutches of the puppets. However, he could not shut off the noise, and he did not want to forcefully destroy the puppets, so he left the puppets moaning disturbingly.

Thereafter, he released Wu Fen and the others. With the help of students from the various Dao Colleges, they quickly regained consciousness. After noticing the uneasy gazes thrown at them by the onlookers, recalling what had happened before they fainted, and hearing the disturbing noises made by the puppets, they were shocked and screamed while covering their faces.

“Wang Baole, it’s not over between the both of us!”

“Chancellor, Wang Baole did this!”

“Chancellor, please give me justice!”

The people involved immediately shouted. Wu Fen, the black-faced youth, and the others roared angrily in their rage. Curses toward Wang Baole emerged from their mouths unendingly.

Even though the surrounding students from the three other Dao Colleges had been relatively certain in their minds that the culprit was Wang Baole, they had not experienced the incident personally. Even among those who had experienced it, nobody wanted to admit it for fear that Wang Baole would take revenge. After all, Wang Baole’s methods were considered cruel to the majority of the people.

However, right now, since someone had spoken, the discussions erupted.

“Chancellor, Wang Baole is extremely lowly! He peeped at us bathing!”

“Chancellor, Wang Baole snatched my five-inch Spirit Root! That was something I met after battling with all my heart. However, Wang Baole hid at the side, not only snatching it away, but also injuring me!”

“Chancellor! I want to report Wang Baole! He severely injured Zhuo Yixian, leaving him stuck at the seven-inch Spirit Root!”

“Chancellor...”

Complaints surfaced like waves hitting rocks, crashing loudly without pause. They grew numerous and overwhelming, and toward the end, the surrounding students from the other three Dao College, regardless of whether or not they had met Wang Baole before, were all scolding him angrily, pushing the blame to him, creating an imposing scene.

The scene shocked the Chancellors from the four major Dao Colleges. They had never imagined that Wang Baole would instill so much hatred in the people. Wang Baole’s seduction of the thousands of Spirit Roots involved many that were fated with other people. The betrayal and changes in those Spirit Roots unwittingly transformed into immense hatred.

That was compounded by the fact that those Spirit Roots had been unable to locate Wang Baole and began to disperse throughout the area, filling the entire landscape with figures of him. That seemed to form a reminder for those depressed students, causing them to be frustrated yet constantly reminded.

Of course, among the group, there were also many who had never interacted with Wang Baole previously. However, due to jealousy and the desire to participate in the commotion, they all began to comment as well.

It was becoming chaotic with activity, with many students exchanging comments and airing their displeasure. The trio from Ethereal Dao College looked at each other and then at the old physician without saying a word.

That gave the old physician pressure. He was laughing bitterly internally. He had not felt that Wang Baole was so annoying to people previously, but he had never thought that when he was placed within the crowd, he would cause so much displeasure.

As his headache throbbed on and the sounds of discussions grew even louder, the accompanying cultivators from the four major Dao Colleges who were guarding the entrance let out a loud scream!

“There’s a flying object approaching!”

“Quiet down! A mysterious object is approaching!”

“It looks big, and it doesn’t seem to be a student!”

The shouts from the Spirit Breath Village entrance immediately caught the attention of the Chancellors from the four major Dao Colleges. It would not have caused much fanfare in the past, but since the glow and changes had occurred in the Spirit Breath Village previously, they were especially alert, and they all turned their heads toward the sky.

The surrounding students also stopped their discussions, looking nervously in the same direction.

Just as they placed their attention on it, they immediately saw that at the entrance of Spirit Breath Village, there was a twenty-foot-tall, thirty-foot-wide object flying toward them.

Magnetic forces surrounded the object. It was shimmering, which made it difficult to take a clear look at. Its speed was fast, and as it charged closer toward the area, it slowly became clearer.

“What is it?”

“It seems like a huge pail...”

“That can’t be right. It’s not a pail... There seem to be people hanging around it.”

“The pail contains lots of materials... Gosh, I think I saw an alchemical cauldron in it!”

Waves of shocked voices emerged from the crowd. As the object neared, the old physician noticed a figure largely covered by the pail. After it was revealed that it was a rotund figure, he drew a deep breath, his face conveying a look of bewilderedness and shock. The three other Chancellors beside him also recognized the figure after taking a closer look. Instinctively, they wanted to start reprimanding, but they were instead dumbfounded by the gains that far exceeded their imaginations.

Soon, sharp-eyed students also noticed the rotund body. They rubbed their eyes and took another look before wanting to scream but being unable to do so.

“That is... that’s Wang Baole!”



The moment they spoke, Wang Baole's low growl could be heard emerging from behind the large pail.

"Those in front, make way! Don't block me, I don't know how to stop this! It's dangerous!"

As his voice spread, the students from the four major Dao Colleges in the plaza saw Wang Baole clearly. Instinctively, they spread out, creating a path, as their minds buzzed with activity.

The instant that they spread out, Wang Baole, who was surrounded by the magnetic force, charged forward at an ever increasing speed. With a loud boom, he passed the entrance of Spirit Breath Village, creating a sonic boom, as he instantly appeared in the plaza.

The magnetic force dissipated, but due to inertia, when Wang Baole landed on the ground, he caused the earth to shake several times due to the weight and the immense speed. He hugged the large pail and tumbled hundreds of feet before stopping. He then placed the large pail on the ground, causing a loud thump.

After that, Wang Baole turned his head while huffing and puffing. Wiping off his perspiration, he looked at the crowd, instantly noticing that the people surrounding him—regardless of whether they were students, the hundreds of accompanying cultivators, the Chancellors from the four major Dao College, or even the elites and old powerhouses from the respective Dao Colleges who arrived thereafter—were all looking at him as if they had seen a ghost.

Looking at the shock on the people's faces, Wang Baole was extremely delighted. He cleared his throat, wanting to say a few humble words, but even before he could do that, a deafening commotion and activity that seemed to be able to shake the heavens and earth suddenly erupted, instantly drowning Wang Baole within it.

### **Chapter 120: Enduring Clan?**

"Wang Baole!"

"An alchemical cauldron, that's definitely an alchemical cauldron! This Wang Baole actually managed to bring an alchemical cauldron out! Puppets are hanging all around the alchemical cauldron as well!"

"What's the big deal about the alchemical cauldron? It has no lid, and inside it... darn it, there are tons of materials. I even saw some broken Dharmic Armament fragments!"

"..."

As the crowd reeled in shock, Wang Baole picked his ears in order to adjust to the sounds surrounding him. He was indescribably delighted and could not help clearing his throat forcefully before snapping his fingers with his gloved right hand.

Instantly, the puppets hanging on the pail all released their grip. With a loud whoosh, the uncountable objects that they had been carrying fell all over the ground.

Among them were pills, fragments, broken jade slips, as well as some objects that Wang Baole did not recognize. They were numerous and scattered all over the floor.

The crowd held their breaths momentarily, but very quickly, emotions ran high once again.

“Gosh! He... the objects that the puppets retrieved. There’s a leaf, could it be a plant?”

“There are even ancient Spirit Stones. Look at those stones! That’s right! They’re ancient Spirit Stones!”

“Quick! Look at that piece of broken rock! There are runes on it. Could they be Array Runes?”

The comments from the crowd were as loud and chaotic as the crashing waves. Wang Baole proudly puffed up his chest, but he still felt that he had not made a strong enough statement. Therefore, he raised his foot and kicked hard at the large pail, causing it to topple over.

Instantly, even more objects fell out, revealing the four corpses within it!

The four corpses had originally been on top of the large pail. However, fearing that they would fall off during the journey, Wang Baole had shifted them to the bottom. Right now, as the four corpses fell, a louder commotion erupted.

“Corpses!”

“Four of them... I’m not mistaken, right? This Wang Baole... he brought out four corpses!”

The commotion shook the earth, reverberating in all directions. The seniors from the four major Dao Colleges, whose cultivation and status far exceeded those of their respective Chancellors, could not help but gawk with their eyes wide open. As they inhaled deeply, they all looked simultaneously at the four corpses, dumbfounded.

“It’s from the same generation as the one we saw just now!”

“Look at their glabellae! These corpses... they are from the Enduring Clan that has been described in the records!”

“Just now, in the location that the girl described... there were five corpses.”

These seniors, usually expressionless and cold as a result of their high levels of cultivation and positions, were now extremely agitated, their eyes aflame. Among them, a red-faced elder immediately turned his head toward Wang Baole and began questioning him.

“Little chap, these four corpses... could they be the remaining ones?”

“Dear elders, these corpses were indeed from the altar. They were obtained after I put in all my effort, experiencing torturous treatment amid life-threatening danger. They were a challenge to retrieve,” Wang Baole answered respectfully as he could see that the few elders were prominent figures and that he had better answer as truthfully as possible.

After hearing Wang Baole’s reply, the elders looked slightly confused but seemed to be more surprised than anything else. They all laughed heartily, facing the sky. Their gazes toward Wang Baole carried strong hints of praise and approval. Among them, a long-faced elder dressed in a Daoist robe from White Deer Dao College patted Wang Baole’s shoulder as if to show his approval of him.

“Not bad, young man. I appreciate your relentlessness in obtaining all these objects. Come, join White Deer Dao College.”

The moment he spoke, the red-faced elder who first questioned Wang Baole also did not want to lose out. Therefore, he stepped forward, directly slapping away his palm. As he looked at Wang Baole, his praise for the lad was practically glowing in his eyes, and he let out an amiable smile.

“Your name is Wang Baole, right? Young man, stay in Ethereal Dao College. Good job, your future will be bright!”

The elder from White Deer Dao College was not angry. He looked at Wang Baole with a smile on his face before his attention was drawn toward the corpses that he had brought back. He then began inspecting them again.

The surrounding students from the four major Dao Colleges began to quiet down from the earlier commotion. However, the thoughts buzzing in their heads showed no signs of stopping. They stared dazedly at all the items strewn on the floor as well as the gleeful Wang Baole.

All the discussions and complaints previously seemed to have become moot. Even Li Yi and the others could only grit their teeth and swallow their anger as some of the items had once belonged to them.

However, they still had to hand it to Wang Baole—his haul was colossal, and even if the items that he had taken from them were ignored, Wang Baole’s gains trumped all of theirs hands down.

Furthermore, the revealing of the four corpses made them especially agitated. They could not wrap their heads around how Wang Baole had managed to accomplish that feat.

If even Li Yi and the others were having such thoughts, what about the rest of the students? Right now, every student was shocked to the core. Wang Baole’s gains were so extensive that they could not be described. If one really wanted to draw parallels, it would be conservative to compare Wang Baole to an entire Dao College. With simply the four corpses, he had easily trumped the three other Dao Colleges! These gains were never-before-seen since the opening of the Spirit Breath Village, so it was simply shocking beyond words.

Compared to his gains, the things that Wang Baole had done previously were insignificant. Tying people up with puppets or even more overboard actions—as long as it was not illegal—could easily be forgotten after he was reprimanded half-heartedly.

Even the three Chancellors could only laugh bitterly. They looked at Wang Baole and shook their heads, probably thinking about how good it would have been if Wang Baole was a student in their own Dao College.

Compared to them, the old physician was exhilarated. He laughed heartily up to the sky and stepped forward to give Wang Baole a firm pat on the shoulder.

“Baole, good job!”

The joy in the old physician’s heart could not be described. The surrounding students from Ethereal Dao College were also in high spirits, stepping forward to offer their congratulations, as they felt that it was their honor to do so. At the same time, their pride toward being a member of the Dao College grew.

To them, Wang Baole had been a good Samaritan within the Spirit Breath Village. He had helped many students from Ethereal Dao College. When the students from the three other Dao College had chided

him loudly before, they did not speak, but they had all planned to stand up for Wang Baole should he be punished. Now, seeing that everything has been resolved and that Wang Baole had done such a marvelous deed for the Dao College, they were extremely delighted, if somewhat jealous.

Wang Baole was happy beyond words. He chatted heartily with the surrounding students from Ethereal Dao College. Even Zhuo Yifan, Du Min, Chen Ziheng, and the rest stepped forward to join the chatter. Du Min was close to breaking through at the six-inch stage, and even though Wang Baole had not met Chen Ziheng in the Spirit Breath Village, Chen Ziheng had still done an impressive job, attaining a seven-inch Spirit Root without creating much fanfare.

As for Zhuo Yifan, it seemed like after he separated from Wang Baole, he had absorbed an eight-inch Spirit Root by a stroke of luck.

Even Zhao Yameng stepped forward, thanking him softly while looking him in the eye.

Everything delighted Wang Baole, and his happiness was apparent on his face. He felt that his high popularity now indicated that he could become the President of the Federation in the future. It did not matter that it sounded illogical, for Wang Baole was more self-confident now than ever.

The students from the three other Dao Colleges, seeing that Wang Baole was in the spotlight again, were all in low spirits, but they accepted the fact. Soon, with the return of the majority of the people from the Spirit Breath Village, the cultivators from the four major Dao Colleges adjusted the array formation to attract the students who had yet to be ejected.

The curtains of the mystic realm of the Spirit Breath Village came to a close.

Over four thousand students had entered the village, and over ninety-percent of them had broken through to become True Breath experts. There had been some unlucky ones, but with their potential, they could still fight for a chance to take the assessment again so as to enter the mystic realms of their respective schools after they returned. Unless their luck was really rotten, there should not be a huge problem for them to become True Breath experts in the future.

As for the records of their performance for their mission, every single object retrieved was recorded in detail. If there were objects that anyone wished to keep for themselves, they could also take the chance to voice their wishes. Otherwise, they could do it after clearly arranging and looking through the items that they had collected when they have returned to their Dao College. Even if they desired to exchange for other resources, they were free to do so, for the four major Dao Colleges usually would not interfere in this matter.

Wang Baole pondered on his options and chose magnanimously to leave the blue bead behind. During his journey out, he had realized that it could not be stored in his storage bracelet. In reality, none of the objects from the Spirit Breath Village could be stowed into the storage bracelet.

Even though the blue bead was an impressive object, no one knew that it was derived from the long, blue spear. In addition, it had been fading along Wang Baole's way back. Though it looked unassuming, there were people who were captivated by it. However, compared to the other more impressive resources that Wang Baole had retrieved, it appeared insignificant.

Not only did Wang Baole leave the bead behind, he also decided to part with some selected objects. In terms of his gains, he had many objects that he could request when he had returned to the Dao College.

Just like that, after cataloging the items, the four major Dao Colleges went their separate ways. As for the bet between the four Chancellors, the winner was the old physician. Among the people who had attained an eight-inch Spirit Root, apart from Li Yi, there was another student called Zheng Yuanjie. He was not well known, and Wang Baole had not seen him in the Spirit Breath Village.

On the other hand, there were three individuals who had attained an eight-inch Spirit Root from Ethereal Dao College, namely Zhao Yameng, Zhuo Yifan, and Wang Baole.

Wang Baole's Spirit Root could be transformed, but he wanted to keep his true strength a secret and decided to disguise it as eight inches.

In the end, seeing that Li Yi and the others had left on a cruiser, Wang Baole was filled with emotions.

*I wonder when I will see them next...*

As he watched them leave, Li Yi and the others noticed Wang Baole as well, and they returned his gaze with fierce stares as they turned and stepped onto their cruisers.

Soon, the cruiser from Ethereal Dao College also rose into the sky. In midair, as it was travelling into a distance, Wang Baole stood on the deck, lowering his head to look at the earth and the Spirit Breath Village, staring at the increasingly blurry fragment mountain. The sculpture of the impressive women, as well as the innumerable faces, appeared before his eyes once more.

"Enduring Clan?" Wang Baole mumbled to himself softly.