

## Worth 201

### Chapter 201: Land of Peril!

If they were people of the Ancient Martial realm, the trio could disregard them, as they were more than capable of suppressing them given their level of cultivation.

However, True Breath cultivation emerged in those hundreds of Ancient Martial realm practitioners after the gigantic tree assimilated them. The trio was stunned, and strong waves of emotions crashed in their hearts.

“This is equivalent to dividing the cultivation of the gigantic tree on these hundreds of people, allowing them to unleash the force of the True Breath realm. Based on this... The gigantic tree itself... What level of cultivation does it have?” Zhuo Yifan was shocked, and a look of surprise appeared on his face. Wang Baole was breathing rapidly, and a chill flashed across his eyes as he immediately opened his mouth to speak.

“They have this level of cultivation but are making use of puppets to gang up on us. The giant tree is obviously using most of its cultivation was to enhance the Cloud Fog seal. This could be our only chance...” Wang Baole’s words prompted thoughts in the minds of Zhao Yameng and Zhuo Yifan. However, before they could think about it more deeply, they had to retreat quickly as the puppets charged towards them.

They could only depend on the cruiser to move, but it was not the case for the puppets. Therefore, an aerial battle was obviously disadvantageous to the trio. As a result, when the trio retreated, they all charged towards the forest in a coordinated move.

In the blink of an eye, when they descended, the hundreds of expressionless puppets had already neared them.

They were extremely fast, creating a loud sound that broke the sound barrier, and caught up with the trio in an instant!

As the loud boom reverberated, the puppets began fighting Wang Baole and company immediately. Zhuo Yifan, who was from the Combat Pavilion, executed an impressive move. Activating his hand seals, he resisted the enemies with his spells.

However, the spells weren’t the main form of counter-attack he had in mind. As a Combat Pavilion cultivator, he preferred to battle others in close combat. As the spells spread, a desire for combat flashed across his eyes. He leaped into the air, retrieving a large purple sword. With an unusual look in his eyes, a shadowy figure appeared behind him, as if he had managed to invite the previous incarnation to integrate with him. He appeared to have transformed into a combat deity, and he dashed directly towards them while roaring.

As his sword landed, the three puppets before him trembled violently and broke into pieces. However, Zhuo Yifan didn’t stop at that. Activating his hand seals, wind blades rushed out quickly, sweeping in all directions. He then dashed out, with his sword raised.

What was impressive was that all those True Breath puppet cultivators were completely unable to resist the attack. They either retreated or broke down!

In the blink of an eye, Zhuo Yifan seemed to be transformed into a combat vehicle, showcasing an astonishing level of combat capabilities that far exceeded those of his peers.

On the other hand, even though Zhao Yameng was still pale with shock, she was considered the genius of array formations. As she flailed her arms, array formations instantly appeared in thin air, covering the entire area immediately. Wang Baole and Zhuo Yifan supported her, while she weakened the force of all the enemies charging towards her.

That alone would be insufficient to show how capable she was. As she waved her hands quickly, array formations appeared one after another continuously in thin air.

In the blink of an eye, over a hundred different array formations of different sizes landed everywhere. They seemed isolated but were actually all connected. They were like an assembly that formed a large array formation!

In that brief period of time, she had already laid out a large array formation. Capable individuals like Zhao Yameng were a rarity amongst the True Breath cultivators in the four major Dao Colleges!

After all, she was a natural spirit body!

“Array, turn!” As Zhao Yameng commanded, the array formations all began turning instantly. Every time two array formations overlapped, the puppet cultivators standing in the overlapped areas would tremble vigorously.

Looking from a distance, the array formations were glowing. It was as if numerous light rays were shining in all directions. If two of those lines crossed, they could be transformed into a force that could kill, a force that was extremely powerful!

Even though there were a few puppets that could not be instantly eliminated by Zhao Yameng’s array formations, she could still make them pause in their tracks, allowing her to control the pace of events happening on the battleground. That made it possible for her to coordinate with Zhuo Yifan’s big sword and spells, causing the hundreds of puppets that were charging towards them to freeze in motion!

It was unlikely that the duo had tried and practiced their moves with each other, as that was the first time they had worked together. However, even so, their teamwork was very well-coordinated.

Zhao Yameng’s array formations had an effect of trapping the enemy, with the power to kill and negatively affect the enemy. It seemed to be facilitating Zhuo Yifan, whose moves were sharp, precise, and backed by an astonishing level of killing power.

At the same time, a look of determination appeared in Wang Baole’s eyes. He stepped out and waved his right hand vigorously as he growled.

“Flash!” Instantly, a flash of lightning appeared in his palm.

The moment the flash appeared, a blinding glow emerged, instantly wriggling into the glabella of a cultivator. After piercing a hole through the cultivator’s glabella, it leaped and charged towards the next cultivator at a speed that far exceeded that of Zhuo Yifan’s. Instantly, it had spread in all directions.

Wang Baole's participation immediately helped to boost the resistance put up by both Zhuo Yifan and Zhao Yameng!

What was more spectacular was that there was no end to the Flash. As it shone continuously, it began to branch out. Initially, there was only a single flash, but soon, over ten flashes had emerged. Blinding flashes spread in all directions on the battleground!

Deafening booms reverberated on the entire battleground.

Wang Baole wasn't done with his attacks. He adjusted his breathing and raised his sealed hands again at that crucial juncture.

"Heated Burst!" As his voice reverberated, a Sea of Fire immediately erupted before him. It was transformed into a wall of fire everywhere it passed, crashing forward like a wave that caused all the puppet cultivators to tremble and as they scrambled to retreat.

If the flash was considered a form of attack that targeted a particular point, then the Heated Burst was a form of attack that targeted an entire area!

Despite Wang Baole and company's counter-attacks, the hundreds of puppet cultivators were still not defeated after the long battle. A green glow flashed across their eyes. The glow transformed into pieces of tree leaves that were formed from spells and charged towards the trio like a flying sword.

*Dharmic treasure?* Looking at those tree leaf-like flying sword, Wang Baole widened his eyes. As an Armament Soldier of the Dharmic Armament Pavilion, Wang Baole had no shortage of Dharmic treasures.

"Numinous Treasures!" he shouted. Immediately, tens of Numinous Treasures filled the space. There were items like big seals, ropes, mirrors, and flying swords. They all formed a hurricane around him, blocking the tree leaf flying swords while creating a loud boom.

Instantly, an impressive force was produced as the trio worked seamlessly with each other. A spectator would think that their cooperation was perfect!

Zhao Yameng played a role in trapping the cultivators while Zhuo Yifan killed them. On the other hand, Wang Baole was like a mage as his spells were far more powerful than that of Zhuo Yifan's. To a certain degree, it could be said that the trio had divided the battleground into an inner and outer zone!

In the outer zone, Wang Baole's spells were so powerful that it made it difficult for the enemies to come near. In the inner zone, Zhuo Yifan, who was precise in his attacks, was killing every vulnerable being who had neared. As for Zhao Yameng, her array formations covered both the inner and outer zones, continuously coordinating with and facilitating the other two. The trio was extremely successful, as their coordination was impressively well-timed.

The trio was surprised, though not too much, by what was happening. In reality, that was what made Ethereal Dao College superior, and was also an exemplification of the principle of Ethereal Dao College. They didn't mind that a sole hero emerged amongst them, for they placed greater emphasis on cooperation. Be it the Lower Academy Island or the Upper Academy Island, students were encouraged to work with each other. That way, when they made their attacks, their combined powers would be significantly boosted!

Wang Baole continued his attacks as he took out several Dharmic treasures, tossing them towards Zhuo Yifan and Zhao Yameng. The Dharmic treasures formed hurricanes beside the duo, and the scabbard inside Wang Baole also vibrated. The nine mosquitoes flew out one after another, creating a killing force on the battleground, and also providing Wang Baole with an all-round view of the entire situation.

It was also at that moment that Wang Baole took out his very own... Baole Cannon!

Carrying it on his shoulder, he immediately fired the cannon. As the deafening boom reverberated in the air, the trio continued to attack as they retreated. Even though they hadn't had an opportunity to escape, no one planned to flee unless they reached the very end.

"They deserve death for attacking students and cultivators from Ethereal Dao College. What we want is to destroy their physical body!" Wang Baole shouted as he retreated.

Zhuo Yifan remained silent. He understood that it was the only way to save themselves. It was clear that the mastermind behind it didn't wish for the incident to spread to the outside world. Therefore, the mastermind's motive was definitely to assimilate the three of them. The mastermind would definitely have made plans to make assimilation like that as undetectable to others as possible. That way, after everything ended, the three of them would no longer be their past selves!

Wang Baole's suggestion to destroy the bodies of Ethereal Dao College's students and cultivators was aimed at preventing them from returning on time. That would catch the attention of the Dao College.

Zhuo Yifan understood the reasoning behind it, but still hesitated in his attacks. On the other hand, a flash appeared in Zhao Yameng's eyes as she attacked with great decisiveness. Her target was the students of the Lower Academy Island, as well as the two cultivators from the Combat Pavilion.

However, very quickly, the trio was quickly thrown into surprise. Even though their moves were still vicious, they placed more of their effort on retreating. The three students and cultivators from Ethereal Dao College and the other puppet cultivators had each sustained different levels of injuries, and their bodies were beginning to break down. Despite that, almost instantly, branches began to grow out of their bodies, reconnecting their flesh and blood together!

Very quickly, the injuries healed. They were no longer injured, and they continued to charge forward.

Since the entire area was sealed, it was useless no matter how far the trio retreated. As they grew anxious, they looked at each other, and a look of determination appeared in their eyes.

"Split up and run! If anyone manages to escape, seek help from the Dao College!" Zhao Yameng spoke decisively as she leapt and charged towards the forest. Zhuo Yifan also gritted his teeth as he ran into the distance.

Wang Baole's heart palpitated furiously. It was a life and death situation. Hearing Zhao Yameng's words, he unleashed his speed, and his entire body was like a flying flesh ball that immediately charged towards the forest.

The instant they separated, the gigantic tree branch vibrated violently. The puppet cultivators trembled as if they had received the orders from the gigantic tree. A chilly look appeared in their eyes as they split into three groups and went after the trio!

## Chapter 202: Trapped

The trio charged in three different directions. Of them, Zhuo Yifan unleashed all his efforts in a ferocious manner, as if concentrated Blood Qi was circulating all around his body. The figure of his previous incarnation that was behind him also supported him significantly, allowing him to move astoundingly fast.

At the same time, there vaguely appeared to be a cloud shrouding his legs. That was the level three spell of the Cloud Ethereal skill, known as Cloud Fog Step!

The Cloud Fog Step could significantly boost the cultivator's speed in a short period of time. Even though he was not as fast as lightning, the combination of the Cloud Fog Step with the spells that had been passed down in Zhuo Yifan's family made Zhuo Yifan so fast that he disappeared within the forest.

On the other hand, on Zhao Yameng's side, several illusory stars—each approximately the size of a fist—appeared everywhere, and rays of starlight emerged from her body. As a result, one wouldn't be able to see her clearly, and she could disregard whatever was in front of her and pass between the trees into the distance.

Wang Baole was also moving at breathtaking speed. He didn't activate the Cloud Fog Step like Zhuo Yifan and was not as familiar with array formations like Zhao Yameng, but he had the strongest physique out of the three.

Such a strong physical body removed the need for him to further boost his speed with his cultivation, for he was already as fast as lightning. As he dashed into the forest, he was like a duck to water. He moved agilely within the forest.

Behind them, hundreds of puppet cultivators had spread out to pursue them. The tree branches that had destroyed Wang Baole's droplet cruiser reached out to the skies and stabilized the seals that were being placed all around. That made everything in the region appear completely normal from the outside!

At the top of the big tree, a pair of eyes gradually appeared as Wang Baole and company went further into the distance. The pupils of the eyes were like a cross, its brown color revealing a chilling and eerie vibe.

A demonic glow reflected off the pupil, and every time it shone, light rays glowed from its body. If one neared it, they would hear noise emerging from the tree.

"Everything is normal."

"It's fine now. Rest assured, Senior Brother."

"Everything's good. I could probably return in three or four days."

"I'm fine, there's no need to worry about me..."

All the different voices appeared to be impersonating those who had been assimilated by the tree, conveying the news that they are well and safe to their respective units and to the Dao College. That was so no one would grow suspicious that they had already died!

As the gigantic tree glowed eerily, Wang Baole and company were traveling at an extremely high speed, trying to find an escape route in the forest outside Coulomb Basin.

Compared to Zhuo Yifan and Zhao Yameng, Wang Baole was familiar with finding an escape route within the forest. The familiar scent of the trees that surrounding Wang Baole gradually made him feel like he had returned to the Pond Cloud Rainforest. The people chasing after him, as well as the threat from the gigantic tree, made him vigilant, as well as caused his thoughts to become active.

*What on earth is that giant tree?* Wang Baole took a deep breath. He jumped and leaped from the crown of a tree to increase the distance. Upon landing, he immediately dug a trench in the ground and buried himself in it. He masked his scent and hid within the trench, while feelings of anxiousness, urgency, and danger arose in his heart.

*Before this, I have never heard that trees would evolve in such a manner. Only animals were listed in the Beast Records from the Federation!*

*Instead, plants appeared here!* That was a major issue. Even if Wang Baole was a True Breath realm cultivator, he still felt an unusual sense of threat. He even had a premonition that the meaning behind all of it could result in a catastrophic change in the Federation, which had just entered a period of stabilization.

That was especially so when he thought about how the giant tree could assimilate cultivators, causing people of Ancient Martial realm cultivation to be granted a True Breath realm's level of cultivation. That was simply too frightening to him.

*Initially, it hadn't planned to attack. It only began blocking us after finding out that we were sending messages back to the Dao College. That means that huge secrets are hidden here, not to be discovered by others!* With that thought, Wang Baole's pupils suddenly constricted, and he jumped up immediately from the trench.

Almost simultaneously, a large tree in front of him suddenly warped. A puppet cultivator eerily stepped out from within it, throwing a strong punch towards the direction of the trench where Wang Baole had hidden previously!

Had he not sensed it quickly, the punch would definitely have landed directly on Wang Baole.

*This trick is useless! Wang Baole's eyes opened wide. As he retreated, he noticed that puppet cultivators were emerging from the surrounding trees. He didn't have time to consider too much, as he immediately raised his hand to unleash Flash.*

As thunderous sounds erupted, the Flash charged towards the surrounding puppet cultivators. After the Flash passed through them, Wang Baole changed his direction and continued forward. Before he left, he flailed his raised right hand and tossed out a handful of self-exploding beads.

The self-exploding beads were directed at high speed towards the puppet cultivators. The moment contact was made, they exploded.

As a loud boom reverberated within the forest, Wang Baole had already gone far away. He was about to go berserk. Previously, his tactic of hiding in the Pond Cloud Rainforest was made useless as the enemy had a detection Dharmic Artifact, and it was still useless. That inevitably made him frustrated, as he continued charging at high speed.

Very quickly, five minutes passed as he charged without a destination in mind.

In his escape, even though Wang Baole supplemented himself with pills, it was still insufficient to replenish the Spirit Qi he exhausted. It was at that crucial moment that his Numinous Treasures seemed to have a surprising effect.

As the puppet cultivators continued their pursuit and tried to block Wang Baole, the loud boom produced from Wang Baole's self-exploding beads reverberated loudly, and a sword rain was also formed by several flying swords that were controlled by the magnetic force. That resulted in the puppets chasing after Wang Baole being constantly blocked and destroyed!

That not only happened in the area of the battleground where Wang Baole was; in the other two directions, a similar scenario was playing out.

Loud booms emerged continuously from each of the three directions within the forest. One of them was from where Wang Baole was, while the other two areas where the sound emerged were from Zhuo Yifan and Zhao Yameng's location.

However, gradually, the sound vanished from one of the areas...

*Of the two of them, who is the one who has met with trouble?* Wang Baole, who was charging forward in the forest, looked disheveled with his unkempt hair. Fresh blood also flowed from the corner of his lips. It was impossible to kill the puppet cultivators while escaping. Even though they had initially been destroyed, they quickly reassembled.

In the face of the endless pursuit, the stress that Wang Baole felt made him immensely frustrated. He raised his right hand and swung, and a Sea of Fire formed from Heated Burst instantly emerged, setting the surrounding trees on fire.

The trees could be set on fire as it wasn't the rainforest, so Wang Baole burned the trees along the way as he made his escape. That was the only method that he thought of that he could allow him to save himself.

"Burn and die!" A look of viciousness appeared in Wang Baole's eyes. As he growled, he leaped into the air and burned the trees before he continued his escape plan. However, with his level of cultivation limited to that of the True Breath realm, the fire couldn't spread even though he was burning the trees. Furthermore, the entire place was so bizarre that trees that had been burned quickly recovered!

All that made Wang Baole anxious and helpless, especially when he noticed that sound was no longer being produced from one of the directions. In the area of the forest before him, puppet cultivators quickly emerged, surrounding him.

Wang Baole's breathing suddenly stopped. The moment the crowd closed in on him, he swung his right hand suddenly. Puppet Numinous Treasures immediately appeared, and as they charged towards the puppet cultivators, Wang Baole growled, "Trap them!"

As Wang Baole growled, his puppets immediately dashed out, hugging a cultivator each. Regardless of how the cultivators attacked, Wang Baole's puppets didn't release their grip!

At the same time, a mirror appeared in Wang Baole's hands. The mirror shone brightly, transmogrifying an exact figure of Wang Baole beside his physical body.

The mirror was the compensation gift given to Wang Baole by Lin Tianhao's family. It could transmogrify an illusory avatar. At that moment, the avatar and the actual physical being of Wang Baole switched positions rapidly. Even if someone were paying close attention, they would find it difficult to differentiate between them. The two Wang Baoles then ran in different directions.

Regrettably, the tactic was useless in that forest. The cultivators who weren't being hugged by Wang Baole's puppet Numinous Treasures were only momentarily stunned. They were about to instinctively spread out to pursue Wang Baole when a voice inaudible to Wang Baole reverberated in their minds. The cultivators stopped moving and turned to look in the direction where the real Wang Baole was heading towards, before continuing their pursuit in that direction.

*This isn't playing fair!* Wang Baole was incredulous and frustrated. On the brink of going berserk, he was panting hard. Regardless of how many Dharmic treasures he had, they would eventually be exhausted. Soon, as the sound of battle also vanished from the second direction, without being heard again, Wang Baole was shocked.

*Both of them are in trouble?*

The instant the thought arose in Wang Baole's mind, expressionless cultivators emerged from the trees and ground surrounding him one after another. The eerie glare and vibes they gave off caused Wang Baole's breathing to quicken, and he began to attack without hesitation.

That time, he not only took out the self-exploding beads, but also the Dharmic Artifact that had been previously transformed by the Armament Sand. It was something he hadn't planned to use at first!

### **Chapter 203: Who's the Freak...**

The first Dharmic Artifact Wang Baole took out was the weird fly-whisk!

The impressiveness of the fly-whisk was apparent the moment it was taken out. It charged directly towards a puppet cultivator in front of it, its whisk fibers straightening and stiffening as it pierced forward.

It produced a loud boom, and it was futile regardless of how hard the cultivator tried to activate his spells—which were in the form of the tree leaf—for the fly-whisk directly disregarded them. The fly-whisk pierced right through the cultivator's chest and nailed the cultivator onto the tree. After that, its whisk fibers spread open and extended, charging towards the other puppets.

In the blink of an eye, tens of puppets were nailed to the tree by the fly-whisk.

Seeing that it was effective, Wang Baole was pleasantly surprised. However, just as the feelings of surprise arose, Wang Baole was instantly driven crazy again; the fly-whisk that was extremely sturdy just before had collapsed limply in a short time. Even its power was significantly decreased...

That gave all the cultivators who were nailed onto the tree a chance to break free. However, not all of them could successfully do so, as there were about eight female cultivators who weren't able to escape no matter how they struggled. The whisk fibers that were nailed onto them didn't soften but became tougher instead...

*This fly-whisk is perverted!* With that thought arising in his head, the whisk fibers that softened immediately retracted from the male cultivators, before spreading open once again towards all the female cultivators standing around. Instantly, at least thirty female cultivators were nailed by it. The fly-whisk seemed to want to extend its fibers further, but it was unable to, no matter how much it desired to do so.

Noticing what was happening, Wang Baole felt disgusted towards the fly-whisk, despite being in a state of crisis. However, the effect of the fly-whisk was greatly beneficial to him. As the surrounding puppets neared with a roar and prepared to attack Wang Baole, he turned and resisted the puppets by activating his spells, retreating as he fought on.

As the loud boom reverberated, Wang Baole's Flash, Heated Burst, and Cloud Finger continuously struck out. With the complementation of speed, the noise continuously echoed around, and the puppets were unable to get a hold of Wang Baole at that moment.

On the one hand, Wang Baole was physically tough, and on the other, he had a repository of spells at his disposal. Most importantly, he seemed to have an unlimited number of Dharmic treasures which he tossed out continuously. Of them, there was an ordinary looking umbrella that was not only fast but extremely wretched, piercing anyone in its path the moment it was taken out.

What's more, there was also a flying sword that was behaving like a lunatic the moment it flew out. No matter who it saw, it would try to hack him. If not for Wang Baole's quick reflexes, he would have also been attacked the moment he took the flying sword out.

On the other hand, the continuous struggling by the female puppet cultivators had allowed them to break free from the fly-whisk. The fly-whisk swiftly returned to Wang Baole, who caught hold of it and used it to sweep the surroundings.

It was completely powerless in the face of the male cultivators. Its soft, gentle whisk fibers simply unwillingly swept past them. However, when it came to the female cultivators, all the whisk fibers became astonishingly stiff, and also carried a force that far exceeded that of an ordinary Dharmic Artifact. The force with which it landed on their bodies made Wang Baole frightened just by looking at it.

However, that was not what made Wang Baole feel most bizarre. The large seal brought him even more surprise!

The large seal looked impressive after it had been enhanced by Wang Baole using the Armament Sand. However, it behaved like a spring after being thrown out, deflecting off others once contact was made.

It behaved the same way after Wang Baole had tossed it out. It flew off right away when others punched it, disappearing out of sight. However, as Wang Baole was battling another puppet cultivator, with his forceful punch causing his opponent to be pushed backward, the large seal suddenly landed from the skies. It crashed loudly and strongly on the cultivator, directly crushing the cultivator to pieces, before rebounding towards the sky again...

It behaved that way continuously as if it had some kind of consciousness. Every time it sensed that Wang Baole was about to defeat his opponent, it would arrive in a hurry, crushing the enemy!

*This seal works by bullying the weak, fearing the powerful, and also targeting its enemies specifically?* Wang Baole was bewildered at what he saw. He laughed bitterly, at the same time sighed in his heart that his opponents were all puppet cultivators. Otherwise, if they had some level of consciousness, they would definitely be threatened by his Dharmic treasures.

However, just as Wang Baole was leveraging on the advantage of his Dharmic treasures, and nearing the borders of the forest, a deafening boom suddenly erupted!

As the loud noise spread, the entire ground shook violently. The skies also trembled, with its dark clouds spreading and shrinking. The scene took Wang Baole by surprise. The ground beneath his feet caved in, and a large tree hand emerged from below!

Wang Baole screamed as he leaped into the air. His sense of danger was heightened to the maximum at that moment. The large tree hand was small compared to the one that destroyed his cruiser. However, to Wang Baole, it still seemed gigantic, as it was over a hundred feet tall. It emerged from the ground, charging towards Wang Baole as it tried to grab him!

It was extremely fast, and a frightening level of suppressive force was also given off it at the same time. The suppressive force was like an invisible hurricane, directly landing in Wang Baole's mind. As a loud roar erupted, a tide was also formed, causing Wang Baole's head to buzz with activity as he screamed in pain.

It was as if his body had to withstand an unbearably loud volume within a short period of time. The bones in his ears were on the brink of breaking into pieces, and his eardrums were about to burst. He bled from his orifices, his consciousness was being forcefully suppressed at that moment, and he instantly fell into a coma.

His physical body that had been thrown into the air was also out of control, being tightly grasped by the large hand that had emerged from the ground!

The large hand grabbed hold of Wang Baole's body but didn't squash it. It immediately encased him, swiftly circling Wang Baole's body such that, in the blink of an eye, it was transformed into a tree cocoon connected to the hand before burrowing into the ground.

The emotionless puppet cultivators surrounding him stood motionless while watching the events unfold before them. They only turned their heads after the tree cocoon had been brought away. It was as if they were listening to orders, as they quickly turned around and charged towards Coulomb Basin.

As the cultivators left and the entire place returned to a state of peace, the tree hand that was supporting the sky was also lowered gradually, burrowing into the ground once again. As it disappeared, the surrounding black Cloud Fog began to grow thinner, dissipating completely in the time of a few breaths.

The force of the seal no longer existed over a large area. Sun rays from the outside shone in, and everything returned to normal.

Only a small area of black fog remained in the depths of Coulomb Basin. It seemed like that was the epicenter, where the seal was present every single moment.

Within the fog seal, a small tree with branches of varying thickness was surrounded by hundreds of thick, frightening giant trees. The small tree looked as if it was on the brink of death, severely damaged after having suffered severe injuries. Cracks were obvious on its surface, and not a single green leaf grew on it—it appeared as though its life was about to end.

However, if a mighty figure appeared and gazed upon the land, it could see that the underground roots of the small tree were extremely extensive, spanning over ten thousand feet like a maze!

The ten thousand feet long roots also contained thousands of smaller branching roots. Following their trajectory, one could see that they had already emerged from the ground, forming numerous towering giant trees!

Looking from a bird's eye view of the entire area, one would be able to see that all the trees in the core region of Coulomb Basin were formed from the small tree's roots!

The astoundingly large giant trees had not been documented in the Federation's records since the Federation was established.

In the heart of the maze formed by the underground roots, hundreds of fruit-like cocoons were being grown in a space formed by the roots. Each of the cocoons was over tens of feet wide, densely covering the walls of the tree.

One could even see that three fruits were wriggling slowly, while the rest were motionless.

Within the three wriggling fruits were Wang Baole, Zhao Yameng, and Zhuo Yifan. In each of their respective fruits, they appeared just like they did at the exact moment they were captured. Their possessions were even intact. It seemed like they had lost their consciousness, as they stayed motionless with their eyes shut.

They were surrounded and soaked in a type of sticky fluid. There was also concentrated Spirit Qi emanating towards them and entering their bodies continuously from within the giant tree.

It was as if it was trying to assimilate them in that manner. Numerous branches that were like sharp spears grew in each of the fruits, integrating into their heads to connect them together.

It seemed like there was a bizarre existence trying to assimilate their physical bodies and erase their consciousness...

As an unknown period of time passed slowly, the trio was continuously having their consciousness erased while being assimilated. Zhuo Yifan and Zhao Yameng seemed to have fallen into a deep sleep from the start and didn't react at all. However, for Wang Baole, his body vibrated several times. Even though he was not roused, a strange object seemed to have awakened within his body. Gradually, the Spirit Qi that had rushed into his body began to show signs of greed...

On the other hand, the giant tree still seemed ignorant of the kind of freak it was trying to assimilate...

**Chapter 204: I'm Giving My All**

The devouring seed located at Wang Baole's diaphragm was the first to show signs of greed towards the Spirit Qi rushing into Wang Baole's body. It seemed to have been paying attention to the Spirit Qi that was entering for a while. When the Spirit Qi completely entered Wang Baole's body, the devouring seed seemed to lose all control of itself and began to rotate slowly in a greedy manner.

However, it didn't dare rotate too fast for fear that the Spirit Qi, which had entered on its own accord, would escape out of fear...

It wouldn't have been much of an issue if it were just the rotating devouring seed being greedy, but as the devouring seed rotated, it seemed to have become integrated with Wang Baole's physical body. Mysterious substances which weren't apparent under normal circumstances began to leak out from every part of his body.

Eventually, they all gathered together, transforming into a black flow of current that traveled slowly within his body. If it had eyes, it would definitely carry a look of interest and curiosity towards the ignorant giant tree.

At the same time, beneath the shut eyelids of unconscious Wang Baole, a purple glow gradually surfaced in his listless pupils. It was as if the Spirit Qi that had entered Wang Baole's body was so alluring that it couldn't help but want to spread out. However, it hesitated out of fear of the black lightning and the devouring seed. It appeared as though it was testing the waters as it spread slowly and cautiously.

The black lightning and the devouring seed paid no notice to the spreading of the purple runes. All their attention was placed on the ignorant giant tree, as well as the Spirit Qi.

Therefore, after testing the waters, the purple runes began to spread out over a large area. However, like the black lightning and devouring seed, it chose to lay low in hibernation while observing the Spirit Qi and paying attention to the giant tree's consciousness.

The giant tree's consciousness was completely unaware that the three forces were present in Wang Baole at that moment. Without noticing anything, it continued to allow Spirit Qi to enter Wang Baole's body to assimilate him and attempt to erase Wang Baole's consciousness in the process.

If Wang Baole was conscious, he would definitely go berserk over the ridiculous inhabitants in his body that had shown up without notice at some point...

Just like that, time passed as the three forces laid their full attention on the Spirit Qi. It was only when the consciousness of the giant tree and the Spirit Qi had completely entered Wang Baole's body—almost wiping out Wang Baole's entire consciousness and leaving him just moments before showing signs of being assimilated—that, suddenly, the purple runes seemed unable to control itself anymore and dashed out!

Its sudden emergence immediately resulted in the formation of a purple sea that was shockingly forceful. Immediately, the purple runes approached the large tree's consciousness that had just entered Wang Baole's body. The purple runes seemed to have the ability to cripple the giant tree's consciousness, and the purple sea swallowed the Spirit Qi before the giant tree's consciousness realized it!

That mouthful took away almost ten percent of the Spirit Qi. The purple sea wanted to continue, but as the black lightning arrived, the purple sea retreated immediately and didn't dare to go near again.

The black lightning was extremely fast and overbearing. It approached the Spirit Qi in a jiffy and sucked it strongly, directly removing over fifty percent of it before dissipating with satisfaction.

The swallowing of the Spirit Qi by the purple sea and the black lightning all happened in an instant. The giant tree's consciousness, which was still numb under the effect of the purple sea, didn't realize that its Spirit Qi had been sucked away at all.

Right then, as a large proportion of the Spirit Qi that had entered Wang Baole's body was being sucked away, the devouring seed within Wang Baole finally moved. It was turning slowly initially but began rotating violently, causing a frightening suction force to be produced. In the blink of an eye, the suction force spread out of Wang Baole's body, not only sucking the remainder of the Spirit Qi, but also transforming Wang Baole's body into a gigantic black hole, sucking in everything—from the sticky fluid in the external world to the entire large tree—in a crazy manner!

Loud booms instantly erupted, and the fruit that Wang Baole was encased in was visibly withered. The sticky fluid within it seemed to have vapourised as well, changing its composition and transforming into nutrients that were immediately absorbed by Wang Baole's body.

The absorption, despite being carried out by the devouring seed, caused Wang Baole's body to be strengthened in the process. Changes occurred to his flesh and blood; his bones were strengthened, and his physical strength was significantly boosted!

At the same time, under the force of the suction, a sharp prick seemed to have pierced directly into his glabella. That caused his body to vibrate violently, forcing him to open his eyes.

With his eyes open, Wang Baole was momentarily shocked. His memories from before immediately surfaced in his mind; he recalled that he was grasped by the giant tree hand while resisting it, and then he lost consciousness.

*Where am I...* Wang Baole's heart palpitated violently. He immediately became conscious of the surrounding Spirit Qi and the quickly depleting sticky fluid beneath his feet, and it threw him into a blur.

However, it was also at that moment that he realized the devouring seed in his body was going berserk with its suction force.

*What's going on...?* In his bewilderment, the tree branch that had pierced through his forehead into his brain began to wither and break apart...

Looking at the pieces of broken tree branches falling off his head, Wang Baole was confused. His confusion increased as he sensed that his entire body was filled with energy, and his level of cultivation had been significantly increased. He scratched his head, incredulous at everything that had happened.

*Could it be that the giant tree was trying to assimilate me, but ended up being absorbed by my devouring seed?* With that thought in mind, Wang Baole immediately grew cautious. However, after waiting for a moment until all the sticky fluid and Spirit Qi had completely disappeared, he noticed that cracks had appeared around him, just like in the process of withering. Despite that, not a single figure appeared...

It was as if the giant tree hadn't realized any of the changes that had happened, even up to that stage. That made Wang Baole surprised, and a bright glow flashed across his eyes at the same time.

*Could it be that there's a problem with the large tree itself?* Wang Baole suspiciously clawed at the dried fruit wall surrounding him, breaking off an opening. However, he didn't leave immediately. Instead, the mosquito from the scabbard inside his body flew out to take a look at the outside world.

After seeing what was outside, Wang Baole's body trembled violently. From the mosquito's view, he saw that there was a gigantic tree hole in the external world. Surrounding the tree hole were innumerable fruits packed densely together, and he was located in one of the many fruits!

*Indeed, this large tree was trying to assimilate me!* With fear in his heart, Wang Baole began to claw off more of the fruit walls. After wriggling out from it, he scanned the surroundings. Even though he had seen what was outside from the eyes of the mosquito, he was still shocked frozen when he saw it himself.

*Zhuo Yifan and Zhao Yameng should be here as well!* Wang Baole's breathing quickened as he sped up his search. Very quickly, he found Zhao Yameng and realized that inside her fruit, a green hue had already appeared on her face. Tree rings could also be vaguely seen, and that made Wang Baole extremely anxious. He didn't have time to search for Zhuo Yifan. He growled, activating his cultivation and unleashing power from his hands in an attempt to tear open the fruit!

However, the Spirit Qi was extremely concentrated within Zhao Yameng's fruit, making its fruit wall immensely tough. Before the Spirit Qi had been exhausted, it was difficult to tear the fruit open. Seeing that that was the case, Wang Baole gritted his teeth tightly.

*Damn it! I'm giving my all. It's just absorbing, right? I'm not afraid of you as I have the devouring seed!* With that thought, Wang Baole hugged the fruit tight, and the devouring seed within his body instantly erupted!

As it erupted, a strong suction force immediately flowed from Wang Baole's body into the fruit. Seeing that his devouring seed was so supportive, Wang Baole quickly grew agitated as large amounts of Spirit Qi entered his body, significantly boosting his cultivation.

His agitation and nervousness combined, forming an indescribable sense of thrill that made Wang Baole extremely alert. He wanted to increase his force, but just at that moment...

The purple sea that was hiding in his pupils couldn't control itself any longer. It emerged, charging towards the Spirit Qi in the fruit and swallowing it...

*What's that?* The emergence of the purple sea surprised Wang Baole. He immediately realized that something was amiss, but even before he could check things out, the black lightning in his body also emerged, not wanting to lose out...

*And what on earth was that?* Wang Baole was about to jump out of his skin. He was completely shocked, confusion filling his mind.

Wang Baole was nothing but confused towards the ridiculous existences in his own body...

## **Chapter 205: Becoming the Lead**

Wang Baole was aware of the origins of the devouring seed. It was formed as he trained in the cultivation technique given by Little Missy in the black mask. It could be said that he had created it from scratch...

As for the black lightning, even though it was the first time that Wang Baole had seen it, he found it familiar. He immediately thought of the times Little Missy of the black mask had electrocuted him using lightning when he was cultivating for the so-called Golden Body. The lightning back then was similar to the black lightning.

*Darn it...* Thinking about all that, Wang Baole could not help but curse. No matter how he analyzed the situation, everything seemed to be related to Little Missy from the black mask. That made him helpless and immensely irritated.

On the other hand, after Wang Baole analyzed and recalled all the experiences in his life thus far, he finally came to realize the origins of the purple sea.

*Isn't that the purple glow that was trying to swallow me when I was in Spirit Breath Village?*

As he felt the presence of the existences in his body, Wang Baole didn't know whether to laugh or cry. He was angry, but he had nowhere to release his anger. All he could do was focus his attention on the fruit in front of him.

As he began to relax, the suction force increased exponentially as the effects of the numerous forces in his body built upon each other. The fruit which Zhao Yameng was in was withering at a fast speed, and the entire process only took a short while before all the Spirit Qi and signs of life within the fruit were depleted.

Wang Baole's body trembled. He could clearly feel that his level of cultivation had been raised significantly within that short period of time, such that he wasn't far from achieving a breakthrough in the fourth level of the True Breath realm. Furthermore, the devouring seed, the black lightning, and the purple sea all released a portion of the Spirit Qi that they had absorbed back into Wang Baole's body.

Experiencing all that, Wang Baole felt less angered, and he spoke with a lot of emotion, "At least all of you have some conscience..."

Even though he still felt slightly troubled and irritated, Wang Baole didn't have much time to think about the origins of the three existences at that moment. He quickly pried open the fruit which Zhao Yameng was in; as cracking sounds were produced and the fruit was being pried open, Wang Baole grabbed hold of Zhao Yameng's arm, pulling her wet body out of the fruit.

The sheer long dress stuck snugly on Zhao Yameng's body, becoming similar bodycon dress which presented Zhao Yameng's curvy figure beautifully in front of Wang Baole. He took a quick glance and was somewhat surprised.

*It's usually not so obvious, but Zhao Yameng's figure is not bad...*

At the same time, as she was not assimilated by the giant tree's consciousness, Zhao Yameng trembled after being rescued by Wang Baole and was about to wake up. Wang Baole immediately grew alert, as

he thought about how he would have saved an enemy if the tree had successfully assimilated Zhao Yameng. Therefore, he raised his right hand to retrieve a flying sword. As Zhao Yameng awakened, he slashed her arm once.

The pain accelerated the process of Zhao Yameng's awakening, and her eyes opened wide instantly. The moment she woke and saw Wang Baole, she took a deep breath—her face pale, but her emotions stable. After taking a quick look at the surroundings, she lowered her head to look at the wound on her arm before looking at Wang Baole.

"That's confirmation that I hadn't been assimilated." As she spoke, Zhao Yameng took out her voice transmission jade slip in an attempt to contact the Dao College.

Wang Baole, who noticed that Zhao Yameng's injury didn't heal, heaved a sigh of relief. He became slightly awkward hearing what Zhao Yameng said.

"I'm going to save Zhuo Yifan!" Wang Baole spoke quickly, turning around to search for Zhuo Yifan. Zhao Yameng also realized that sending the voice transmission was ineffective, and gathered all her effort to stand up and join in the search. Very quickly, the duo found the fruit that Zhuo Yifan was encapsulated in.

Seeing through the translucent fruit wall, they could see that Zhuo Yifan had a frightened expression, with green veins bulging up all over his face as if numerous tiny tree branches were wriggling within.

The scene caused the duo to be shocked. Wang Baole grew anxious, and as Zhao Yameng stood frozen in shock, Wang Baole stepped forward to hug the fruit enveloping Zhuo Yifan tightly and roared loudly.

Instantly, an unbelievably strong suction force erupted from Wang Baole's body. Very quickly, the fruit encapsulating Zhuo Yifan withered. Seeing what had happened, Zhao Yameng stared wide with her beautiful eyes, feeling incredulous as she looked towards Wang Baole.

If they were in another situation, Wang Baole would definitely boast arrogantly. However, he wasn't in the mood to do so then. As the fruit encapsulating Zhuo Yifan withered, he immediately pried the fruit wall open, before pulling Zhuo Yifan out of it forcefully.

As Zhuo Yifan fell to the ground, Zhao Yameng had already taken out her flying sword to slash Zhuo Yifan in the thigh, even before Wang Baole made his attempt.

Fresh blood flowed out of the wound, which didn't heal as swiftly as that of the cultivators who had been assimilated. The duo heaved a sigh of relief, and Zhuo Yifan also awakened from the pain. He opened his eyes, first in a blur before quickly gaining awareness. He saw Wang Baole and Zhao Yameng, as well as his surroundings, and gasped.

"Both of you... This place is..."

"We should be within the giant tree that captured us alive. The force of the seal still remains, and voice transmissions still cannot be sent. If not for Wang Baole, the three of us would definitely have died and been assimilated by the giant tree to become puppets!" Zhao Yameng took in a deep breath and calmed herself down as she spoke.

“Now is not the time to talk about all this. We have to find the exit quickly!” Wang Baole took quick glances in all directions, trying to find an escape route. When he spoke, Zhuo Yifan, who had planned to question further, instinctively chose to obey. Zhao Yameng followed suit as well.

The two of them hadn’t realized it, but after being saved by Wang Baole and being placed into the weird and dangerous environment, an unusual sense of determination seemed to have emerged from Wang Baole.

It was that determination and steadfastness that caused both of them to choose to agree with Wang Baole. Even though they were weak and tired, they gritted their teeth and cooperated. The trio thus began their search in the tree hole that was filled with fruits.

However, no matter how hard they searched, the entire place was sealed shut. They couldn’t find any escape routes, and even if they tried to destroy the tree wall, they were unable to break through it. After half an hour, Zhuo Yifan looked bitterly towards Wang Baole.

“Baole, there’s no way out of here...”

Zhao Yameng fell silent. Even though she didn’t speak, she looked at Wang Baole in a similar manner.

Wang Baole hadn’t realized that he had somehow become the leader of the trio. With Zhao Yameng and Zhuo Yifan looking at him, he walked about in frustration, piercing his sword into the tree wall.

A loud bang was produced, and the flying sword recoiled from impact. Looking at the tree wall that wasn’t damaged at all, Wang Baole grew frustrated and troubled. However, his gaze shimmered as torrents of thoughts appeared in his mind. Since the beginning, he had a question about the reason why the tree seemed not to have realized that the three of them had emerged out of the fruit and that he had absorbed large amounts of Spirit Qi.

Wang Baole didn’t have an answer to that. He thought that it was either there was something wrong with the tree that caused it to fall into a slumber, or that the messy existences inside his body had disrupted the giant tree’s consciousness.

It could also be that everything was a result of both possibilities. As he thought, Wang Baole recognized that waiting there could perhaps be safer; however, it was also very possible that a crisis would happen. After all, the giant tree had the ability to send fake voice transmissions. Pinning all their hopes on waiting for the Dao College to realize that something was amiss and send help would take too long.

At the same time, a crisis could strike at any time. Passively waiting and not looking for help didn’t fit Wang Baole’s personality. With a vicious look in his eyes, Wang Baole spoke, “Yifan, Yameng, be my guardians!”

As Wang Baole spoke, he immediately stepped out and dashed towards the tree-root looking tree wall, hugging it tightly, and shouted, “Absorb!”

When he spoke, the devouring seed, black lightning, and purple sea inside his body erupted immediately. An incredible suction force emerged from Wang Baole’s body, which flowed along the tree wall and spread within the entire tree hole, sucking and swallowing everything in its path in a crazy manner!

*Since there are no exits, then I will treat this place like a gigantic fruit. Absorbing everything here would naturally cause the surrounding tree walls to dry up and crack. I don't believe that I won't be able to escape then!* Wang Baole gave it his all!

The instant the existences within Wang Baole's body were released, the tree he was hugging vibrated violently. Waves of immensely strong Spirit Qi were directed swiftly towards Wang Baole's body.

There was so much Spirit Qi—especially with them containing vitality—that after it entered Wang Baole's body, the devouring seed, black lightning, and purple sea began to grow excited—it was as if they were finally rehydrated after a period of dehydration. They each swallowed the Spirit Qi without holding back.

### **Chapter 206: The Peak of True Breath**

As the forces within his body exploded into action, it was as if Wang Baole was suddenly transformed into a larva. Within the span of a dozen breath, the huge tree that Wang Baole was hugging showed signs of shriveling. The shriveling spread across a large area with Wang Baole as the focal point and throughout the entire fruit-laden tree hollow!

The fruits without any cultivators inside shriveled up as Wang Baole continued his devouring. It was as if inexhaustible Spirit Qi was flowing madly into Wang Baole's body, sucking everything dry.

His cultivation level shot up in an instant, from nearing the fifth level of True Breath realm to breaking through suddenly from the fourth level to the fifth level of the True Breath realm!

At the moment of his breakthrough, Wang Baole's body shook fiercely. The deep wells of Spirit Qi within his meridians expanded in a rush. It felt akin to an upheaval. As he endured the rapid changes and his meridians were forcibly widened, more Spirit Qi surged in; it rushed through every meridian in Wang Baole's body and finally gathered at the devouring seed sitting within his dantian—becoming a great ocean!

The sea of Spirit Qi morphed into a huge whirlpool as the devouring seed churned. As it swept through Wang Baole's entire body, he could feel the Spirit Qi forming waves inside him. In an instant, his body unleashed an overwhelming aura that sent tremors through Zhuo Yifan and Zhao Yameng!

The intensity of the aura didn't equal that of a Foundation Establishment realm cultivator, but amongst the True Breath realm cultivators, it was impressive beyond measure. After all, the rest only had at most eighty percent of their meridians transformed into spirit meridians, whereas Wang Baole's was a hundred percent transformed!

Under the baptism of the Spirit Qi, and as his cultivation level climbed up, his physical body was affected as well. His muscles were more tightly knit, and his bones sturdier; his physical strength increased drastically!

Such improvement was clearly shown in his speed and strength, and the huge tree started showing signs of cracking under his powerful hold!

With a breakthrough in his cultivation and as the suction force of the devouring seed intensified, Wang Baole became a black hole. The huge tree started quaking under the devouring and suction forces. It howled madly and seemed as if it was trying to escape!

However, Wang Baole had it in a stranglehold and showed no signs of letting go. There was a vicious look in his eyes, and as his cultivation underwent a series of breakthroughs, an inexplicable excitement rose within him.

Zhuo Yifan witnessed the scene before him and was momentarily stunned speechless. His eyes widened, and waves of emotions rumbled within him. He had known Wang Baole was strong, but as he advanced to become a True Breath realm cultivator and went on to carry out numerous missions, Zhuo Yifan had grown equally confident of himself.

Yet... as he stared at Wang Baole, he had a sudden intense feeling that the other was not human, but that he was a monster in the form of a human!

If that wasn't the case, how could he possibly absorb the vitality and Spirit Qi of the giant tree...

Zhao Yameng was equally dumbstruck. Despite her generally composed demeanor, she was flabbergasted. Especially when the fruits started drying up one after another and the shriveling spread across the entire tree hollow. The tree hollow had even started quaking as if it was struggling...

But the more it struggled, the stronger the force that burst forth from Wang Baole during the moment of crisis became. It thundered.

*There's no use in you fighting. I'm going to suck you dry!* Wang Baole gave it his all. He growled and activated his cultivation, rousing the various forces within him, and intensifying the suction force.

Thunderous roars resounded all around them. As Zhuo Yifan and Zhao Yameng looked on, stupefied, the tree hollow's trembling grew fiercer. It was as if a raging roar was being unleashed from within the tree trunk!

Zhuo Yifan's and Zhao Yameng's hearts started pumping rapidly. When they looked at Wang Baole, they saw not only a monster in human skin, but they felt an aura of violence and brutality exuding from his person.

As the two of them stood, shaken to the depths of their souls, a roaring sound thundered from within Wang Baole once again. His cultivation level increased, from the fifth level of the True Breath realm, then to its completion, reaching... the peak of the True Breath realm!

Everything happened too quickly. Zhuo Yifan and Zhao Yameng hadn't yet come to terms with his breakthrough in cultivation; even Wang Baole himself had not come to terms with it. The moment his cultivation reached the peak of the True Breath realm, the entire tree hollow—seemingly unable to withstand it anymore—collapsed and exploded!

As the tree hollow collapsed into multiple parts, Wang Baole and the rest prepared to dash out, only to find that beyond the tree hollow was an even bigger tree hollow!

*I'll just keep sucking!* Wang Baole gritted his teeth, undaunted. He raised both hands, pressed them on the walls of the tree, and started sucking again. The entire Coulomb Basin began to quake fiercely in that

instant. The earth rose and fell, and trees swayed and bent. Even the seal spreading across the core of the Coulomb Basin started loosening.

The loosening of the seal sent Wang Baole and the others swaying. The feeling was akin to emerging from water and rising above. It caused their breathing to quicken. Given the opportunity, Wang Baole and Zhao Yameng didn't hesitate; they pulled out their voice transmission rings immediately and sent out a call for help to the college!

"Coulomb Basin, a giant tree has gained sentience. Send help quickly!" Wang Baole had one hand on the giant tree, sucking, and the other hand holding the voice transmission ring as he yelled.

Next to him, Zhao Yameng hurriedly sent out a voice transmission as well. Their calls for help seemed to be transmitted almost simultaneously. They couldn't tell if the transmissions had successfully reached the college, nor did they have time to receive a reply. All around them, a loud roar filled with pain and rage rang out!

If the giant tree could be compared to a human being, then at that moment, Wang Baole, who was inside it, would be a giant parasite. The tree hollow that was being drained dry would be an organ inside the giant tree. At that moment, the organ had shattered, and the resulting pain was driving the giant tree mad.

The strange powers of the purple ocean had numbed its senses earlier, but under such extreme agony, the paralysis had lost its effect. As the giant tree struggled to wakefulness, it howled in pain. Its agonized cries resounded underground, rose into the heavens, and rang throughout the air!

Roar!

The sound was deafening beyond measure. It was louder than thunder and exploded in their ears. Zhuo Yifan, who had already been weakened, immediately spat out a mouthful of blood under the shockwave. Even Zhao Yameng was shaking. Blood seeped out between her lips, and her face was pale.

Even Wang Baole, who had just had a breakthrough in his cultivation and was brimming with Spirit Qi, could hear a buzzing in his head after hearing the deafening roar. A streak of viciousness unfurled within him.

He had always been one who was brutal to himself, and even more merciless towards the enemy!

"Think I'm afraid of you?" Wang Baole glared and shouted angrily as he hugged the walls of the tree. As Zhuo Yifan and Zhao Yameng approached him nervously, he prepared to start sucking fiercely again. He was instantly struck dumb...

A short length of black lightning bolt had grown inside him. It lay lazily, ignoring Wang Baole's wishes, and dove straight within his meridians. It fused with his Spirit Qi and disappeared as if falling into a deep slumber.

*Get to sucking, don't sleep!* Wang Baole panicked and tried activating the devouring seed.

The devouring seed was the same. With Wang Baole's cultivation reaching the peak of True Breath realm, until he could break through to the Foundation Establishment realm, it had absorbed to its fullest

and could no longer continue. The devouring seed stopped churning and, like the black lightning bolt, fell into a deep sleep.

It was the same with the purple ocean. It retreated slowly into the depths of Wang Baole's eyes, settled down, and fell into silence.

*What the hell, start sucking!* Wang Baole's face turned red. As if sensing Wang Baole's panic, his nine mosquitoes flew out from his scabbard and flew in circles around him, buzzing.

*My dear ancestors, you can't do this to me. How can you go limp at such a critical moment? See that sumptuous spread before you? Come on, dig in!* Wang Baole, on the verge of tears, started begging inwardly.

It was then that the howling from the giant tree intensified. As the entire tree hollow started quaking fiercely as it had never done before, the assimilated cultivators started emerging from the walls of the tree one after another, charging towards Wang Baole and the others.

Under the veil of death and violence, despite not knowing why Wang Baole was unable to continue his absorption, Zhuo Yifan and Zhao Yameng could sense that something had gone wrong. They eyed the cultivators who had appeared around them. Their faces were pale again. Despite that, they didn't give up. There was no need for words. Their eyes met, and they retreated almost at the same time, clustering together at a corner where they had set their battleground.

Wang Baole's cultivation burst forth. Nine mosquitoes flew out, giving him an all-encompassing field of vision. His peak level True Breath realm cultivation and his physical strength augmented each other and gave his battle prowess an exponential boost. He stepped forward and with a thundering kick, sent the first cultivator who had charged forward flying.

"Yameng, support me with array formations. Yifan, you get the ones that I miss. Let's give it all we've got!" Wang Baole's eyes were alight with ferociousness. The instant he spoke, a baneful aura that had first appeared in the Pond Cloud Rainforest appeared once again!

## **Chapter 207: Surrender Yourself to the Path of Daoism!**

As the hundreds of assimilated cultivators appeared, on the land above the tree hollow—on a dry and cracked surface of a small tree in the center of hundreds of surrounding giant trees—the face of a middle-aged man emerged.

Its features were distorted as if suffering unbearable pain. Upon closer examination, one could see an almost indiscernible liquid light slowly flowing and spreading throughout the cracks on its skin.

It was clear that the spread of the liquid light had some relation to Wang Baole's devouring, but the latter wasn't the sole cause of it. At that moment, it seemed to be undergoing a transformation!

Compared to its look of pain, its gaze remained calm. It looked in the direction of the Ethereal Dao College, and soft murmuring echoed in the air.

"The message still went through in the end... this isn't what I wanted, but since it's come to this... there is a need for a little strategizing. After all, the other two have succeeded, one after the other. I have to

succeed as well... as for the three puny insects inside me, they're such weaklings. It's just a matter of squashing them." ( Box novel.c om )

As the small tree's murmurings resounded, within the tree hollow—as Wang Baole intensified his attack and a murderous aura exploded from his person—mist started rising from beneath his feet.

The mist was the third tier of Ethereal Dao College's unique mystic technique. Once applied, it would augment his speed. Wang Baole shot forward like an arrow leaving the bow.

In addition, mist surrounded his body. That was the fourth tier of the Ethereal Dao College's unique mystic technique that went by the name Cloud Body!

As for the fifth tier of the series of unique mystic techniques, Wang Baole had just advanced to the peak True Breath realm and had not yet fully grasped it. His form was like a cloud, dashing towards the assimilated cultivators in the span of a breath.

As he approached rapidly, Wang Baole raised his right hand, and an arc of lightning shot forward. Following his cultivation's advancement to the peak of the True Breath realm, the power contained within the lightning arc had grown even stronger. It shone with a blinding light and dashed towards the assimilated cultivators.

As it wove its way through the air, it sparked a series of electric bolts. Looking from afar, it seemed as if a small ocean of lightning had appeared in the tree hollow. It was a stunning sight!

Thunder roared and resounded across all four corners of the tree hollow. Everywhere the lightning arc passed, the assimilated cultivators started trembling, and more than a few self-combusted immediately. As that was happening, Wang Baole summoned the Heated Burst within his palm. The Heated Burst transformed into a sea of fire that was vaster than what he had summoned before, and with a thunderous roar, it spread out in all directions.

The heat of the flames was unbearably scorching. To a certain extent, it should have turned the assimilated cultivators into ashes. However, they were imbued with the power of the giant tree and were able to resist the flames. Despite that, the sea of fire and the lightning arc caused them considerable damage.

There were a few assimilated cultivators who, under the assault of the Flash Arc and Heated Burst, were either torn apart and turned to dust or burned to ashes. It was an attack that they could hardly recover from—a complete annihilation!

Such intensity exceeded Wang Baole's previous battle capabilities. A peaked True Breath realm cultivation had increased the prowess of his spells significantly, while the number of spells he could cast increased tremendously as well. As he concurrently unleashed Flash Arc and Heated Burst, he also set off Cloud Finger in a blast.

Zhao Yameng's augmenting array formations descended at that instant, and the threads of array formations appeared all around Wang Baole and shadowed his every movement. As it glimmered, it provided Wang Baole with a defensive barrier and, at the same time, inflicted damage on the enemies as well.

Zhuo Yifan, despite being weakened, grit his teeth and manipulated his Numinous Treasures into aiding Zhao Yameng and killing the assimilated cultivators rushing from the sides. Under their coordinated efforts, the loud clashes of battle sounds rang out within the tree hollow. The air was heavy with murderous intent, the battling fearsome.

“Die!” Wang Baole growled. He flung his fist out, stirring a wave of energy. The strength within his entire body exploded outward, and he smashed the head of an assimilated cultivator straight open. His left hand drew seals, and a flame appeared and flew forward, burning. Wang Baole stepped forward and dropped his head suddenly, dodging the flying sword leaves from three assimilated cultivators. He then leaped and flung out three self-exploding beads.

A series of explosions sent the three assimilated cultivators who had tried to ambush him flying and collapsing into a heap. Wang Baole was about to rush forward and burn them into ashes when he suddenly tilted his body sideways, raised his right hand, and grabbed behind him. An assimilated cultivator who had snuck up behind him was caught by the neck instantly. He tightened his clutch.

With another wave of his arm, several flying swords dashed towards Zhuo Yifan. They approached and suddenly exploded, sending the few assimilated cultivators who had been about to lunge onto Zhuo Yifan quaking from the shockwave and flying back.

Wang Baole didn't pause after resolving the threat that Zhuo Yifan had faced; instead, he struck again. He was like a fearsome tiger charging into a pack of wolves. Wang Baole's cultivation level might have increased, but there were still limits to it. The assimilated cultivators, on the other hand, despite having been torn into pieces, would quickly recover as the numerous tree branches wove them back together. As the fight went on, it was obvious they weren't fighting on the same level.

Even if some were destroyed under his powerful attacks, wiped out and decimated in both flesh and spirit, those were in the minority. They occupied less than two-tenths of the hundreds of assimilated cultivators.

Even though he had a breakthrough in his cultivation, his Spirit Qi was finite. Flash Arc and Heated Burst also consumed a great deal of his cultivation.

As a result, Wang Baole soon started panting heavily and could only retreat. Zhuo Yifan, in his weakened state, was also slowly exhausting himself. Eventually, he didn't manage to avoid an attack in time and was pierced through the chest by three leaves that had been transformed by a spell. He spat out a mouthful of blood, his body draining of life as he fell backward. In his bitterness, he lost all fight in him. Falling to one side, he stared at Wang Baole, who was still engaged in a fierce battle. His mind was a complete blank.

He seemed to be thinking back, on memories of his childhood, of his family clan and his cruel and cold-hearted father and his cold-blooded elder brother, of Spirit Breath Village and the happenings inside, and of Wang Baole standing before him.

Gradually, his vision grew blurry. The sounds of battle grew more and more distant.

Zhao Yameng, on the other hand, was still persevering, but her body was shaking ceaselessly. It was clear that she was about to exhaust her Spirit Qi. Her array formation threads were an immeasurable aid

to Wang Baole, however. That was why she continued to grit her teeth and stand firm despite reaching her limits.

However, without Zhuo Yifan's support, regardless of how strong Wang Baole was, he couldn't attend to everything that was happening on the battlefield. There would always be someone weaving their way through the battlefield from all directions, charging towards Zhao Yameng.

As Wang Baole observed the scene, he started panicking. He had expended all his Numinous Treasures and no longer had any means of defense at his disposal. He could only retreat while blocking the attacks. At that point, his panting grew heavier, and cuts from the blades of flying sword leaves appeared on his body.

Some were surface wounds, others deep injuries. The worst was one that had pierced through his right leg, creating a tear-like wound.

"Baole, Yameng, do you think... the college received our message, that they will be coming...?" Zhuo Yifan seemed to have forgotten that they were in the midst of battle. The light in his eyes grew fainter, and he muttered to himself. As his eyes darkened, there seemed to be a dash of red light intensifying within.

Zhao Yameng remained silent. She used the last dregs of her Spirit Qi to sustain the array formations, but she couldn't hold on for long. Soon, under the attack of multiple bespelled leaves, Zhao Yameng spat out a mouthful of blood. She had completely expended the cultivation inside her body, and the array formations around them vanished. Her body seemed drained of all strength as she leaned against one of the walls of the tree with great difficulty. She had bitten her lips, and her face was drained of all blood. There seemed to be a struggle taking place deep within her, one that no one could witness. She appeared to be torn about a choice she was about to make.

"Yifan, hold on, help will definitely arrive from the college!" Wang Baole saw how Zhuo Yifan had reached the end of his rope and said hurriedly. He retreated abruptly, before Zhuo Yifan and Zhao Yameng. With the glove on his right hand, he sent forth an explosive shockwave that drove the assimilated cultivators lunging at Zhuo Yifan and Zhao Yameng back.

Wang Baole watched as Zhuo Yifan and Zhao Yameng lost all fight in them. As the multitudes of tireless assimilated cultivators continued rushing forward from all directions, bitterness and despair rose in his heart. He himself didn't know whether the college had received their voice transmission.

It was then, as he spiraled further into the depths of despair, that suddenly... inside his head, from within the black mask, the familiar, distant voice of Little Missy rang out for the first time.

"Don't be afraid, Wang Baole. I'll teach you a scripture. Its power is unfathomable. Uttering it will shift the heavens and earth and exterminate all living things!"

There was a hint of pride in her voice as it echoed within Wang Baole's head. He was slightly wary when he heard what she said. Her statement was so powerful that he secretly feel doubtful about it. However, he thought back to everything the Little Missy had told him and, except for the slight exaggeration regarding the scabbard, whatever she had told him had never turned out to be a bluff. Especially the Golden Body—he had followed her instructions and attained it.

The many encounters strengthened his faith in her, so he hurriedly asked, “What scripture?”

“Listen carefully... Enlightened, prisoner of the Dao of heaven, all sentient beings must endure immeasurable calamities. It only takes a thought to leave the deep prison. Await the path of cultivation <sup>1</sup> !”

“Go, in accordance with this scripture, execute this puny sapling!” Little Missy said with a casual arrogance.

Upon hearing the scripture, Wang Baole’s body, heart, and soul were shaken to the core. He seemed to feel some sort of calling. It was as if the scripture could actually move the heavens and earth and, upon utterance, it would transform one’s life completely!

### **Chapter 208: Let Me Have a Shot**

Wang Baole didn’t know how reciting the scripture would, in Little Missy’s words, move the heavens and earth and exterminate all living creatures. It was all too strange, and something he felt was completely unimaginable.

But he could feel something indescribable surface within him when he heard the scripture. It was as if it hid a certain meaning that could not be described in words. The last line, especially, was imbued with immense power.

If it had been another time and place, Wang Baole would have cast his suspicions aside and found a way to verify the truth behind the scripture. After confirming that it was of use, he would then try it out. However, at that moment, trapped within the dangerous tree hollow and facing the onslaught of hundreds of assimilated cultivators, Wang Baole—who continued casting spells while deliberating on the scriptures—was running out of time.

*Let’s just give it a shot!* Wang Baole threw out a punch. With a wave of his hand, a sea of lightning and an ocean of fire exploded into being simultaneously, wiping out a dozen assimilated cultivators charging towards him. His eyes flashed, he sucked in a deep breath, and he was about to recite the scripture.

It was at that moment!

Wang Baole had not yet started uttering the scripture when an indescribable Blood Qi rose and expanded behind him. It was followed by a thunderous roar!

The Blood Qi was so intense it formed a Blood Qi hurricane that swept across the entire area. The hurricane exuded an oppressive aura of violence and bloodlust, and the surrounding assimilated cultivators started quaking in their boots and froze in their tracks.

It was as if an invincible, fearsome soldier had just awoken!

Even the tree hollow started shaking at that instant, and signs of decay appeared on its four walls. Everything happened too quickly and too suddenly. Wang Baole’s heart pumped rapidly, and his breathing quickened as he turned around. Behind him, next to Zhao Yameng, Zhuo Yifan, who had been gravely wounded and on the verge of death... was floating off the ground!

Not standing, but floating in mid-air. There was a red light flashing in his eyes, and his entire person exuded an aura of violence and bloodlust so intense it conjured the images of a mountain of corpses and an ocean of blood. The intensity of the Blood Qi was indescribable and was coming off him in waves.

*What's going on!* Wang Baole was stunned. He had almost shouted out the scripture then, but who could have known that Zhuo Yifan still had such an ace in the hole left in him

It was clear that there was something amiss with Zhuo Yifan. As Wang Baole stood, stunned, Zhuo Yifan moved. His body swayed forward abruptly, and he leaped forward in mid-air. As he dashed forward, his right hand raised and pressed against his own neck, yanking abruptly...

Wang Baole gasped in shock as he saw with his own eyes, Zhuo Yifan pulling out, from his own neck... a crimson blood sword!

The edges of the blade were formed from blood while the rest of the sword was formed from bone. Zhuo Yifan's expression was that of pain and ferocity as he pulled out the sword. He was silent, and it was as if he had transformed into a demon as he charged forward!

He was swift like lightning, approaching an assimilated cultivator in the blink of an eye. The blood sword in his hand went sweeping across the air. As it hit the cultivator, the assimilated cultivator quaked, his entire person turning into a pool of blood in an instant...

The killing seemed to have incited his thirst for blood, and Zhuo Yifan moved even more quickly. He was like a blur of blood-red shadow, leaving rivers of blood in his wake!

Within the span of a mere dozen breaths, he slew more than a dozen assimilated cultivators around him. The cultivators, who had turned into pools of blood, clearly lost the power to regenerate again!

The aura of bloodlust exuding from Zhuo Yifan grew stronger, and the demonic air around him intensified as well!

*It's not him who's controlling the sword. It's the sword that's controlling him!* Wang Baole observed. It was then that the tree hollow started swaying fiercely, and a sound of disdain resounded throughout the entire tree hollow.

It was like multiple bolts of lightning crashing down, sending instant tremors through Wang Baole's body. He spat out a mouthful of blood, and blood spilled from Zhao Yameng's lips as well. As the sound rang out, a middle-aged man dressed in black robes stepped out from the far wall of the tree hollow!

The man looked to be human, but his face was lined like that of tree bark. His eyes were cold and held a glint of savagery within them. As he appeared, the aura of Foundation Establishment realm cultivation burst forth from his body. The intensity of his aura surpassed all Foundation Establishment realm cultivators Wang Baole had come across.

"The perfected Foundation Establishment realm. He's only a step away from Core Formation realm!" Zhao Yameng said quickly. Her voice was calm. When she spoke, her eyes no longer held any hints of hesitation or struggle, and she shut both eyes then.

Despite noticing Zhao Yameng's strange behavior, Wang Baole had no time to question further. It was a critical moment. With the appearance of the black-robed man, the aura in the entire tree hollow turned

chaotic, and the assimilated cultivators fell to their knees. It was clear that the middle-aged black-robed man was their master!

As they witnessed the scene before them, the man's identity became clear... he was the human form of the giant tree!

The middle-aged black-robed man didn't spare a glance towards Wang Baole or Zhao Yameng when he appeared. The expression on his face was cold and arrogant. With one step, he appeared right before Zhuo Yifan, a solemn and vicious look on his face as his right hand lifted abruptly in a sudden sweep.

A sudden, immense force emerged. Countless leaves appeared out of thin air, forming a tornado which exploded without warning. The loud explosion shook Zhuo Yifan's body; however, he didn't dodge the attack. Instead, he drew the cloak of demonic aura tightly around him. Amidst his tremors, his fighting instincts seemed to be sparked. Wielding the blood sword in his hands, he sent it sweeping towards the approaching tornado!

An explosive sound resounded and rose into the air as the tornado was sliced into halves by Zhuo Yifan's single blade. A shockwave swept outwards in all directions. Blood bubbled from Zhuo Yifan's mouth, and his body stumbled back towards Wang Baole and Zhao Yameng. The bloodlust in his eyes seemed to have grown much fainter. Even the blood sword in his hands was melting away as if being absorbed back into his body.

The middle-aged black-robed man stood hovering in mid-air. One split half of the tornado went roaring past him, causing a faint cut to appear on his face. It healed swiftly and, within a span of a few breaths, disappeared completely.

There was a strange light in his eyes as he stared at Zhuo Yifan.

"How unfortunate. If your cultivation level had risen to the Foundation Establishment realm, you might have posed a challenge to me... after all, you're... the Blood War Soldier from the Five Generation Sky Clan!

"I'd heard of this in the past. That the Five Generation Sky Clan had gotten their hands on a strange mystic art that required multiple people from the same generation and with the same bloodline, where one would be the host while the remaining would be soldiers. The soldiers have to sacrifice everything, including their flesh and blood, to the host... the Destined Soldier! I can't believe that the Five Generation Sky Clan actually carried it out... they're indeed an ancient clan—resourceful, determined, and ruthless!

"You probably have an elder brother, or maybe a younger brother, whom the clan has placed their hopes on. While you... are just a vessel!"

As the man spoke, Zhuo Yifan, who was slowly regaining lucidity, turned pale. He retreated once again, and the blood sword in his hands completely retreated back into his body. There was sorrow in his eyes, and he didn't say a single word.

Waves of emotions stirred within Wang Baole when he heard that. His face stiffened, and his eyes grew wide. He thought of Spirit Breath Village and Zhuo Yifan's brother, Zhuo Yixian...

And the moment when Zhuo Yixian terrorized Zhuo Yifan and prevented him from obtaining a seven-inch Spirit Root.

It was clear that the answer to all his previous doubts wasn't as simple as it had seemed then. It implicated the secrets of the Five Generation Sky Clan. Zhuo Yixian might have done what he had done to secure his control over the War Soldiers and prevent an overthrowing of his power from ever taking place. He both desired the War Soldier to become stronger and to keep the soldier under his control so that the soldier would never surpass its master!

"Who would've thought that out of the three puny insects casually captured, there would be one who turned out to be a War Soldier... interesting," greed flashed in the middle-aged black-robed man's eyes as he spoke merrily. His body blurred as he dashed towards Zhuo Yifan.

His speed was supernatural. As he approached, the force of his Foundation Establishment realm cultivation became overwhelming, assaulting their concentration and their cultivation. It was as if they had been rendered completely helpless before the middle-aged black-robed man.

The man raised his right hand and was about to grab Zhuo Yifan. Wang Baole's eyes turned vicious, and he was about to shout out the scripture. It was then that suddenly... next to him, in that very instant, an energy stronger and more earth-shattering than the one that Zhuo Yifan had exuded, a tornado of aura—exploded in the air!

As it roared, thundering into the skies, Zhao Yameng's hair started lashing around in the absence of wind. Terrifying whirlpools of air started appearing all around her!

Multiple whips seemed to form rapidly out of nowhere and lashed outward in all directions. The assimilated cultivators shook and collapsed upon the touch of a whip, and even the tree hollow shook fiercely.

Wang Baole's eyes widened even more. He wasn't a stranger to that sight. During his battle with Zhao Yameng, the latter had been unconscious in the last leg of the fight; it had happened then too. She had still been at the Ancient Martial realm, and the aura that she had exuded then was strong and extremely terrifying. Having reached the fourth level of the True Breath realm, and once again slipping into the same state, the intensity of her aura would be unimaginable.

Even the expression on the black-robed middle-aged man changed drastically. He gasped in shock.

"A mutation! There's something wrong with your bloodline!" The black-robed middle-aged man couldn't have guessed that out of the three he had casually captured, two would be such extraordinary people. One was a rare War Soldier, and the other from the even rarer Mutated Bloodline!

Even he felt incredulous at the sight unfolding before him.

### **Chapter 209: Chanting the scripture Scriptures!**

The middle-aged black-robed man's body blurred. His attention was no longer on Zhuo Yifan. He dashed towards Zhao Yameng, swift like the fall of lightning. However, as he approached, Wang Baole yelled.

The latter was prepared to recite the scripture's line, regardless of whether it worked or not, to stop the man from getting closer.

He didn't have the chance to say a word. The moment the middle-aged black-robed man approached, Zhao Yameng's tightly shut eyes opened abruptly. They glowed with a blue light which exploded into an ocean of blue, and surged towards the approaching man as if to pull him under!

The intensity of the blue light was too great. As it spread outwards, thundering, all the assimilated cultivators started trembling. They shriveled on the spot as if cleansed of all life, turning into dust within the blink of an eye!

Wang Baole had been standing behind Zhao Yameng, but he didn't escape unscathed. His body shook, and he could barely form the words of the scripture. He grabbed hold of Zhuo Yifan, who, weakened and barely recovered from his earlier episode, had instantly blacked out, and retreated hastily. They barely managed to escape the full onslaught of the attack.

*Both of their ultimate attacks can't be controlled!* Wang Baole twitched with fear. He was thankful that they hadn't used such attacks on him previously; otherwise, he worried that he might have been killed by them both then...

In reality, Zhao Yameng in that state wasn't conscious, and Wang Baole was well aware of that.

Under the cast of the blue light, the surrounding walls of the tree hollow started shriveling and drying up. It was as if they were being forced to age rapidly. The pain from his true form reached the middle-aged black-robed man at that moment, and he started shaking, the expression on his face gruesome. He roared and pressed forcibly against the ocean of blue light, his hand clawing viciously at Zhao Yameng's face. ( Box novel.c om )

"Die!"

Wang Baole watched as the scene unfolded and panic rose in his heart. He grit his teeth and started reciting.

"As it is..."

As he spoke the first few words, Zhao Yameng, with blue light flooding out from her eyes, suddenly opened her mouth wide and let out a sound so piercing it shook the heavens and earth. The scream rang loudly across all directions!

The scream was shrill beyond measure, and as it rang out, a buzzing sound exploded in Wang Baole's head. Blood started dripping from his eyes, nose, mouth, and ears. If not for the devouring seed churning fiercely within him, he would have passed out.

Even though Zhuo Yifan was unconscious, his body trembled and blood seeped out from between his lips. They weren't even standing directly before the aural force but hidden behind Zhao Yameng.

The middle-aged black-robed man, who stood in front of Zhao Yameng, took the onslaught of her aural attack head-on. The look on his face changed drastically, and his breathing quickened as blood spilled from his lips. Then, the hand he had outstretched towards Zhao Yameng exploded. He retreated rapidly, unwilling to remain in the vicinity of Zhao Yameng in her aggressive state.

“Damn it! Damn it!” The man retreated, staggering. His disintegrated right hand regenerated swiftly, but the pain and humiliation of losing a hand drove him into a rage.

He never would have thought that a cultivator at the perfected Foundation Establishment realm like himself would be helpless against a True Breath realm cultivator.

*All mutants are nut bags. A destructive power rests within them. One that, once awakened, even I can't survive it!* Following the black-robed man's retreat, and as Zhao Yameng's screams echoed through the air, the walls of the tree hollow—having shriveled under the onslaught of the waves of light blue—could take it no longer. They cracked and fractured into pieces!

The fracturing wasn't contained within a small area but spread across the entire tree hollow. In that instant, it exploded. Everything turned into dust. The surrounding earth also couldn't withstand the attack and exploded outward into the air.

From afar, one could hear a rumbling from the center of the Coulomb Basin. Very quickly, the earth started to shake, then, it exploded, sending dirt and earth everywhere. Screams resounded in the air as blue light spilled out from the cracks in the earth.

It was noon, and the sun was shining brightly. As the opening in the ground appeared following the collapse of the tree hollow, sunlight spilled underground. Wang Baole could see the light of day!

It was then that Zhao Yameng, after her fearsome attack, exhausted herself completely. Her body grew limp, and she fell into unconsciousness. The blue light and the sound waves immediately vanished.

It was during that moment, as the black-robed man retreated and Zhao Yameng fell unconscious, that Wang Baole dashed out with his quick reflexes. Grabbing Zhuo Yifan in one hand and Zhao Yameng in the other, he leaped upwards, jumping off the surrounding earth and rocks and following the path of the explosion towards the opening in the ground. He charged out from underground and escaped from the inside of the giant tree!

Without pausing for breath, Wang Baole panted heavily and dashed forward. He pulled out his voice transmission ring hurriedly and called for help from the college. That time, he received a reply.

“Give us another thirty minutes, we'll be there!”

There was a hint of solemnity in the anxious voice coming from within the voice transmission ring. Wang Baole let out a sigh of relief and quickened his escape.

Inside the crater behind him, the black-robed man had an ugly look on his face. He did let loose an inward sigh of relief, though. From what he could tell, the girl was the strangest amongst the three.

For the little fatty ahead of him who was trying to escape, he had little concern. He reasoned that Zhao Yameng and Zhuo Yifan must have been why the three of them had managed to escape assimilation earlier.

In reality, the paralysis inflicted by the purple ocean resting within Wang Baole's eyes had resulted in the giant tree being unable to determine who had been the culprit behind everything.

*I don't believe that all three people I'd randomly caught would be freaks of nature!* He snorted with disdain. With a single leap, he rose above ground. Regardless of Wang Baole's speed, there was still a

chasm separating him from a Foundation Establishment realm cultivator. He was additionally burdened by the weight of Zhuo Yifan and Zhao Yameng.

The black-robed man soon caught up to him. As he drew near, the speed of his approach stirred a roar; it was the sound of the sound barrier being broken. The distance between him and Wang Baole grew smaller and smaller.

Wang Baole watched as the distance between them shrank to fewer than fifty yards. In his panic, he shouted, "Tree freak, stop chasing us. Backup from our college is arriving. You should start bailing. This is a friendly reminder!"

The black-robed man remained expressionless and silent and increased his speed. It seemed as if he was about to catch up with them at any time. Wang Baole's breathing stilled. He was like a beast forced into a corner, and his eyes shone with madness and violence. He spun around suddenly and stared unblinkingly at the black-robed man charging towards him and roared.

( Box novel.c om ) "Enlightened, prisoner of the Dao of heaven..." As the words were spoken, an oppressive rumbling sounded across what had been clear skies, and thunder clouds seemed to be gathering.

There was a strong, oppressive heaviness spreading in the rumbling air as the entire sky seemed to darken slightly.

The sudden change sparked off a similar shift in the black-robed man's expression, and he sucked in a breath without thinking. He could feel, instinctively, death looming over him. It was an indescribable feeling. Even more incredible was how he could feel the prickling on his scalp. A surge of indescribable fear and terror rose from deep within him.

"What are you reciting!" He intuitively gasped in shock.

Wang Baole had given himself a shock as well. He was breathing heavily at that moment, and a fierce light shone from within his eyes. The astonishment he felt was accompanied by a mad glee, and he inwardly uttered, *Little Missy was right. She didn't play me for a fool. Who could have imagined that the scripture she had taught him would give off such a powerful and overwhelming intensity!*

Amidst his rapid breathing, he stopped running altogether. Instead, he stared at the black-robed man, whose expression had changed completely, with a cold arrogance. There was no pause in his speech as he spoke the second verse!

"All sentient beings must endure immeasurable calamities..."

As the verse was spoken, lightning split the heavens apart, and a thunderous roar resounded across the sky. The clouds boiled and rolled over, and the heavens transformed in an instant. An awesome force that would send all living things quaking in terror gathered in the skies. It was like a supreme presence who had been slumbering in the distant galaxy, was suddenly awakening...

At that moment, the earth trembled. Under the quaking, the Coulomb Basin seemed on the verge of complete collapse. The expression on the black-robed man's face was no longer of shock; he had turned pale instantly. An overwhelming sense of danger, like the surge of a tidal wave, rushed forward and drowned him.

His instinct and intuition were telling him repeatedly that if he did not run right then, and if he continued his chase, then... the danger that would follow would be great, very great, very, very great—it would be fatal!

It was a sense of alarm that he had never encountered in his life. It exceeded what he could endure and was beyond his wildest imagination. He even felt that, even with his cultivation breaking through to the Core Formation realm, he might still not be able to stand a chance. His death would be absolute!

*This is impossible. He's only at the True Breath realm. Damn it, how did things turn out like this. The three of them, each one more terrifying than the last!* The black-robed man's lips started trembling. His face was deathly pale, and his eyes revealed his unprecedented fear and shock. There was a loathing to admit defeat and a strong urge towards madness.

Zhuo Yifan's identity as a War Soldier had surprised him and Zhao Yameng's mutation had shocked him further. But all that couldn't compare to the terror he was experiencing right then.

His instincts told him that there was a force hidden within Wang Baole that was beyond horrifying, that could not be countered, that could not be stopped, that he had to run away from, far away from—as far as he could.

But his reason told him another thing. That the other person was only at the True Breath realm, and that it was impossible for him to have such an overpowering aura...

### **Chapter 210: It Must Be Him!**

He could choose not to believe, but he didn't dare to make the gamble. As he stood torn and terrified, and before he was given the chance to decide, Wang Baole's spirits strengthened. He lifted his head to the sky and laughed. He didn't retreat and instead charged towards the black-robed man, a cold, murderous glint glimmering in his eyes. A loud roar thundered from his lips, rumbling through the air and shaking the earth, and summoning raging thunder!

"It only takes a thought to leave the deep prison..."

As the words left his lips, the thunder grew more ferocious. The deafening roars transformed the heavens and earth. Clouds gathered rapidly, forming a giant hand spanning ten thousand yards in the sky!

The hand blanketed the heavens and cast an enormous shadow over the vast lands. From afar, the giant hand in the air was a fearsome sight. The shadowed lands beneath it were not only cast into darkness but seemed to be stripped of all life, revealing signs of death!

The black-robed man trembled fiercely. He could feel himself shuddering like never before; a fear unfurled within him that he had never felt before. He stared at the giant hand in the sky and at Wang Baole, who had an air of confidence. He didn't seem as if he was trying even the slightest to put on an appearance of self-assurance, it was as if he was confident of his ability to destroy the giant tree.

His self-confidence amplified the overpowering aura of the hundred-thousand-feet long giant cloud hand hovering in the sky behind him. The hand slammed towards the earth in a thunderous rush, blanketing everything in its descent!

The sight of it finally drove the black-robed man to a mental collapse.

*I've heard in the past that the Ethereal Dao College's Grand Supreme Elder, the former Federation President, landed on the ancient green-bronze sword... and brought back an infant boy...*

*This infant was not of the earth's human bloodline but had come from beyond the skies... could it be that he's that infant!* Upon that thought, the black-robed man was overcome by emotions, his breathing stilled. The more he thought about it, the more he thought himself right.

*Yes, those two kids, the boy is a War Soldier from the Five Generation Sky Clan, and the girl is a rare mutation. They are destined to reach the Core Formation realm... that such gifted ones would willingly unleash their most powerful attacks to protect him... clearly, they must be his servants, tasked with the responsibility of guarding him!*

At the thought of that, the black-robed man could stand firm no more. With his face pale, he started retreating quickly and ran away. His only thought was his own loathing of how slow he was. The idea of killing Wang Baole and the others had been wiped clean from his mind.

He knew that at present, Wang Baole was too great a terror. He also knew that if he touched a single hair on Wang Baole, the whole Ethereal Dao College might go crazy, especially the former Federation President; he would fly into an unimaginable rage.

In his mind, Wang Baole's origins were tied intimately with the ancient green-bronze sword. That was a great blow to his spirits, and he fell back quickly.

If it had been before, Wang Baole would have been overjoyed at the black-robed man making his escape, but he was brimming with confidence. He thought it natural for the black-robed man to run away and had no intention of letting him escape.

His confidence had soared to the heavens. He thought of Little Missy in the mask as a genius. The power of the sutra had exceeded his wildest imagination.

Such faith and confidence led to his laughing out loud to the sky, with a cold glint ignited in his eyes.

"Trying to run?"

"Let me tell you something. Once I unleash my killer move, I'm invincible!"

"You can kneel and call me daddy, but it won't help. You're not going to get away!" Wang Baole growled. He started a fierce pursuit, shouting as he ran.

"Await!" As he recited, the power exuding from the giant hand in the heavens grew.

"The!" The stars trembled. It was as if the entire heaven and earth were howling; as if a volcano was on the verge of eruption!

“Path!” At that juncture, Wang Baole was mad with glee. He yelled out the words. All of a sudden, even the Sword Sun started trembling and tilting!

A Qi that seemed as if it could wipe out all living things and exterminate all living creatures descended from the heavens and locked onto the black-robed man!

The series of events finally drove the black-robed man to a complete and utter mental collapse. He let loose a howl filled with fury and madness.

“No!” he roared. He would escape at all costs. He smacked his chest brutally with his right palm and spat out a big mouthful of green blood. In exchange, he became faster, speeding off in a thunder.

Wang Baole’s heart was filled with excitement. He raced ahead fearlessly, speeding up his pace. He pursued relentlessly and was about to shout out the final two words.

But it was then...

Suddenly, the panicked voice of Little Missy rang out in his head.

“Stop chasing him!”

“Little Missy, don’t stop me. Today, I, Wang Baole, must kill this wretched creature and let him know what I’m capable of!” Wang Baole replied inwardly with pride. Then, he shouted.

“Of!”

The speed of the giant sky hand grew even more quickly. The rumbling sounds grew fiercer and louder. In the distance, the black-robed man smiled a tragic smile. Madness colored his eyes, and he spewed out more blood without hesitation, casting a mystic spell and speeding up further.

Wang Baole raised his head proudly. He marched forward, ceaseless in his chase. He was about to yell out the final word when Little Missy realized his overly excited state and panicked even further. She yelled straight into Wang Baole’s mind.

“Wang Baole, you idiot. You’ve already scared it off, but you still want to go after it? The sutra is fake. It’s a hoax! It can only be used to scare people off, it has no actual power behind its attack...”

“I didn’t tell you the truth then because I was afraid you’d know it for the sham it is and wouldn’t put on a convincing act. But who knew, you actually started going after him... once you recite the entire sutra, everything will disappear. Then, the enemy will run back and kill you with a single smack to your face!” Little Missy’s voice carried a tone of anxiety as well as exasperation. It was as if she had no words for Wang Baole’s actions.

Her words resounded in Wang Baole’s head like a bolt of lightning. His eyes widened instantly, and he stopped in his tracks. The muscles in his throat seemed to move, and his fatty flesh quivered. Uncertainty and alarm gripped him, and he asked hastily, “Are you for real?”

“What I said is the truth. The sutra is fake. You big dumb idiot!” Little Missy was beyond annoyed. It seemed as if she didn’t know whether she should be laughing or crying at that point.

Wang Baole was stunned. He stood, dazed, and didn't shout out the last word. The giant hand in the sky gradually slowed down its pursuit. The black-robed man who had been trying to get away was first overjoyed then confounded. He couldn't help but turn around and sneak a glance as he made his escape.

Wang Baole saw the man glancing back. His body shuddered, a cry rising from within him, but he was quick to react. He grit his teeth and glared, making as if he was going to continue his pursuit. He opened his mouth wide as if to shout, then secretly maneuvered his cultivation and forced himself to spit out a large mouthful of blood. Wang Baole pretended he was struggling to force out the final word with everything he had.

"I'm going all out! Even if it means paying a terrible price for shouting out the last word, I'm going to go all out... we'll die together!"

His face turned red under his efforts. The extent to which he was striving, and his internal trembling, interwove with one another and made his act seem completely earnest and genuine, despite how inauthentic he was feeling.

However, the power of the scripture felt too real. The black-robed man saw Wang Baole's crazed looks and instantly sucked in a breath of cold air. He ran more quickly as he raged.

*He's gone completely mad!*

The black-robed man sped off, quicker and quicker, finally disappearing into the horizon. Wang Baole dared not stop his pretense immediately. He suppressed his feelings of sheepishness and the trembling within his heart, shouting furiously while pretending to heave and pant. He slowed down gradually, pretended that he could run no longer, and finally stopped.

It was then that a sudden fear gripped him. He recalled how he had chased after a cultivator who had been at the perfected Foundation Establishment realm so relentlessly and couldn't help the cold sweat from forming.

"Little Missy, let's not joke around like this the next time. You almost got me killed!" Wang Baole, frightened within an inch of his life, protested.

"Who knew you actually bought it. Believing it is one thing, but you actually became a true convert!" Little Missy snorted and paid Wang Baole no further attention.

Wang Baole could only smile wryly after hearing Little Missy's words. But, thinking back to his performance just then, he felt slightly pleased. He thought he had been a force of nature.

"Hmmp, you can count yourself lucky this time around. You dare to give me trouble? I scare even myself when I start reciting the scripture!" Wang Baole's feelings of self-satisfaction were mixed with sheepishness. He put up a show of yelling some more before hurriedly picking up Zhuo Yifan and Zhao Yameng and running off in the opposite direction. His pace started slow, then gradually increased. Soon, it became a run for his life, as if he feared the black-robed man would realize what was amiss and exterminate him.

Time passed as he continued running. The anxiety and fear within Wang Baole didn't dissipate. It was only after fifteen minutes passed, and seven to eight cruisers bearing the emblem of Ethereal Dao College appeared, that his nerves finally settled down.

"I'm here! I'm right here!" In his mindless joy, he was about to rip off Zhuo Yifan's clothes before he realized something wasn't right. He hugged Zhao Yameng more tightly in his arms, loosened his embrace around Zhuo Yifan and tore a strip off his clothes. He waved the torn strip of cloth in the air...