

Worth 211

Chapter 211: Resume Our Journey!

Zhuo Yifan's combat robes had been damaged and torn. Wang Baole didn't have to use too much strength to rip out a large strip of his clothing, revealing Zhuo Yifan's pale, tender skin...

He waved and shouted his lungs out, and the approaching cruiser immediately saw them. In reality, compared to the cloth being waved around in mid-air, Wang Baole's round body was even more eye-catching.

The cruiser approached almost instantly. Seven to eight cultivators from the college leaped from the cruiser hurriedly. Leading them was the Deputy Sect Lord of the Ethereal Dao College. His long red robes fluttered as he leaped down, and an aura stronger than that of the giant tree spread across the sky in an instant.

Wang Baole had only felt it slightly, but he still found breathing difficult as feelings of oppression rose uncontrollably within him.

A middle-aged man followed behind the Deputy Sect Lord. He wore a long blue robe and looked ordinary, but there seemed to be lightning in his eyes, and his entire person exuded an overwhelming aura of violence. Even standing beside the Deputy Sect Lord, it didn't pale in comparison to the latter's aura. It was clear that he was also at the Core Formation realm!

(B oxnovel.c om) The appearance of the pair sent the surrounding winds a-stirring and clouds a-shifting. Waves of aura that belonged to a Core Formation realm cultivator spread outwards in all directions. Their descent was followed by the arrival of three elders. The three elders' cultivation energy was forceful and overwhelming, exceeding that of a True Breath realm; they were at the Foundation Establishment realm.

"Greetings to the Deputy Sect Lord, and to the elders!" Upon seeing the group, Wang Baole's heart brimmed over with warmth and agitation. He placed Zhao Yameng down gently, stood and cupped his fists, bowing deeply.

His clothes were tattered and torn, and he looked like a mess. Zhuo Yifan and Zhao Yameng were both unconscious. The Deputy Sect Lord and the middle-aged blue-robed man saw the sight of the three and were taken aback.

The Deputy Sect Lord stepped forward and stopped before Wang Baole. He grabbed his wrist and immediately checked for injuries. There was concern in his eyes, and he softly asked what happened.

The middle-aged man in blue robes also stepped forward and tapped his finger on Zhuo Yifan and Zhao Yameng's foreheads. Both of them trembled instantly, then slowly, they opened their eyes.

"Grand Elder!" Upon recognizing who the middle-aged man in blue robes was, Zhuo Yifan struggled to stand and greet him. He was pressed down gently by the latter. The man comforted Zhao Yameng as well before turning towards Wang Baole.

“... it was a giant tree, with its cultivation at the perfect Foundation Establishment realm... it had the power to cast illusions through aural attacks and has the power to seal one’s abilities...” Wang Baole said quickly. He hurriedly shared what the three of them had encountered and gone through and pointed out the direction in which the giant tree had escaped.

Wang Baole had also heard what Zhuo Yifan had said earlier, and knew that the middle-aged man in blue robes was the Grand Elder of the Combat Pavilion!

“A tree mutating and turning into a monster is something the Federation has never come across. I’d like to find out if this monster is indeed a blockhead who dares to harm the disciples of the Ethereal Dao College!” Upon hearing what Wang Baole had told them, the expression on the blue-robed man’s ordinary-looking face turned solemn. The aura of violence surrounding him seemed on the verge of explosion. It was clear he was filled with rage inside. After listening to Wang Baole’s story, he turned and nodded at Wang Baole, a look of approval in his eyes. He whispered a few words to the Deputy Sect Lord, then, with a sway, sped away in the direction Wang Baole had pointed.

He was extremely fast, but it seemed as if he found himself still not fast enough. He pulled out a huge black banner and wrapped it around his body, and his speed suddenly increased exponentially compared to his previous speed. He sped away, his consciousness cast out and spread in all directions as he searched and hunted for the giant tree.

Wang Baole grew excited as he watched the middle-aged man in blue robes race off. It was the same for Zhuo Yifan. Even Zhao Yameng, who had remained quiet throughout and was currently in a weakened condition, let loose an obvious sigh of relief.

“What did you do to make the giant tree run away?” After a round of reassurance and comfort to the three, the Deputy Sect Lord asked curiously.

As soon as he had spoken, Zhuo Yifan lowered his head, Zhao Yameng fell silent, and Wang Baole blinked and let out a dry cough.

“Maybe I scared it off. I told it that our seniors from the college were coming, and if it didn’t leave soon, it would be killed. That was why... it ran away.”

The Deputy Sect Lord heard what Wang Baole said. He looked at the expressions on the three people’s faces and couldn’t help but laugh. He pointed at the three of them.

“You rascals only know how to spin tales. Every one of you seems to be hiding secrets. Fine, the advent of the Cultivation Era had brought along with it countless opportunities. Any blessings you receive is due to your own luck. You can tell the college when you are ready to share your secrets.”

Wang Baole felt a little embarrassed and scratched his head. The Deputy Sect Lord laughed again. When he looked at the three of them, it was with approval and recognition. He retrieved three pills from the storage bracelet he carried on his person and gave each of them a pill.

The pill was purple in color and sealed in amber, and there seemed to be smoke moving within it; it didn’t look like an ordinary pill. While the three of them were not disciples from the Alchemy Pavilion, they could tell that the pill had impressive healing properties.

“There’s no need for you to concern yourselves with this matter anymore. The college will seek justice for you. It doesn’t matter where the giant tree came from. We will exterminate anyone who dares to harm the disciples from the Ethereal Dao College!”

“All of you deserve recognition for what you’ve done. You’ll be rewarded accordingly after you’ve completed the Federation’s Hundred Seedling assessment!” The Deputy Sect Lord smiled faintly. He passed down a few more instructions and made arrangements for the Foundation Establishment realm cultivators standing behind him to escort the three to the Federation capital.

“You can take the pill during your journey to recover your cultivation. Recover from your injuries before re-embarking on your travel. I look forward to your return as one of the Federation’s hundred seedlings!”

“Many thanks to the Deputy Sect Lord!” Wang Baole tried to control his excitement and hurriedly cupped his fists and bowed.

“You little rascal, did you run into some sort of extraordinary luck? Having a breakthrough in your cultivation level and escaping successfully while carrying both of them. Well done. Not a weakling at all.” The Deputy Sect Lord pointed at Wang Baole.

Wang Baole was secretly pleased. He noted inwardly that the Deputy Sect Lord was really something. Not only that, he was extremely astute as well and knew Wang Baole’s capabilities. After all, the giant tree had really been frightened off by him. It looked extremely undignified as it made its escape and clearly looked like it was about to wet its pants.

He thudded his chest and said loudly, “Of course, we disciples of the Ethereal Dao College will never back down when something happens. I, Wang Baole, will live and die as one of Ethereal Dao College!”

There was a strange look on the others’ faces when they heard him say that. They felt that Wang Baole never let go of any chances to market himself, but the Deputy Sect Lord clearly found his words easy on the ears. He laughed out loud. The more he looked at Wang Baole, the more he liked him. He chatted for a while longer before arranging for the rest of the group to spread out and conduct a search.

Wang Baole and his friends then boarded the college’s cruiser and continued their journey to the Federation capital under the escort of the two Foundation Establishment realm cultivators. Only then did they finally release long and genuine sighs of relief.

They stared at one another. Each one of them could tell that the way they looked at one another had changed. Especially when Zhuo Yifan and Zhao Yameng looked at Wang Baole, their eyes held a hint of surprise as if looking at something slightly strange, and a warmth that was more intense than before.

They didn’t question Wang Baole about his battle with the giant tree after they had passed out, or his trump card, as that would intrude upon his secret. Wang Baole didn’t ask them in detail about their attacks either. They had reached a common understanding without having to say anything and smiled at one another.

Compared to Zhuo Yifan’s smile, Zhao Yameng, who was already so beautiful, gave the impression of an unparalleled beauty when she smiled. It was like the blossoming of a hundred flowers.

Wang Baole glanced over, blinked, and pointed at Zhao Yameng’s face. He opened his mouth.

“Zhao Yameng, there’s something on your face.”

“What?” She was momentarily stunned, and lifted her hand unknowingly, touching her face. She thought she had some dirt on her face.

“Beauty,” Wang Baole coughed quietly and said casually.

Next to Wang Baole, Zhuo Yifan’s eyes widened instantly when he heard Wang Baole’s words. The two Foundation Establishment realm cultivators serving as their escorts had been sitting cross-legged a short distance away, smiling at them. Upon hearing what Wang Baole said, the expressions on their faces shifted immediately. One of them seemed to be deep in thought as he studied Wang Baole. It was as if he was looking at God himself.

Zhao Yameng was taken by surprise and, unable to help herself, started giggling. Wang Baole’s flirtatious words had been completely unexpected. Despite being generally poised and calm, Zhao Yameng still fell for it.

Wang Baole saw how his simple teasing had generated such a response and was inwardly pleased. He had learned such tactics since he was six and had used them countless times. He felt like he was walking on air, and with a wave of his hand, he said, “Okay, this incident has ended. Next, we’ll head for the Federation capital, show them what we’ve got, and become one of the Federation’s hundred seedlings!”

Anticipation shone in Zhuo Yifan and Zhao Yameng’s eyes, and they watched as the distance separating them and Coulomb Basin grew bigger and bigger. Inhaling a deep breath, they continued chatting for a while longer before returning to their own rooms, taking the pill and starting the healing process.

Even though Wang Baole’s injuries weren’t as serious as Zhuo Yifan’s or Zhao Yameng’s, he would still require quite some time if he were to rely on his body to recover naturally. He swallowed the purple pill, and heat rose within his body as his internal injuries healed at an alarming rate.

The physical injuries on his body slowly healed as well...

Time passed steadily. After a few hours, as the cruiser slowly approached the vicinity of the Federation capital, the three ended their healing sessions. Energized, they left their rooms and stood at the deck, gazing at what was growing more and more majestic in their eyes... the Federation capital!

Chapter 212: The Federation Capital

The Federation capital sat in the southeastern regions of the Federation. It spanned a large area, spreading out as far as the eye could see and beyond. The large city stood towering, a majestic sight that inspired awe.

There were a hundred huge, inverted mountain-shaped metals under the great city. They looked as if they had been impaled into the ground and were connected to one another, covering the entire area.

The size of each mountain-shaped metal was comparable to that of the Ethereal City, towering thousands of meters tall—it was a stunning sight.

The hundreds of mountain-shaped metals spread across a vast area, presenting a striking image. The city that was built above it held its title proudly... the top city in the Federation!

Below the metal mountains was a thick fog that cloaked the lands. It was as if an ethereal mist had blanketed the area, lending it an air of the mysterious and unfathomable.

Before the Cultivation Era, it had been a beautiful place filled with tall mountains and clear streams. With the arrival of the ancient green-copper sword and the landing of large quantities of broken sword fragments, the rich Spirit Qi transformed the landscape. With the Divine Armament a permanent fixture in the city, the land flourished. Within the fog were many bird beasts that possessed a kind nature, luxuriant foliage, a thriving forest, and streams with water that tasted sweet as if containing Spirit Qi.

One could see, faintly, the lands within the fog. There were eight roads running from the forest to all directions, and countless small stations spread out in circles around the city.

It was like stars clustering around the moon. The scale of it was so grand that comparing the size of the Federation capital to that of an ancient kingdom would not be seen as an exaggeration!

There were more intricacies that could not be discerned because of the fog. However, anyone who went there would be awed with a single glance. The fog-blanketed forest seemed to exude an intense and overpowering atmosphere. It was as if it held a power that could wipe out all who were powerful in the Federation!

Besides that, the most eye-catching thing within the Federation capital was, above the hundred inverse metal mountains and built within the city moat... one hundred and two statues that stood tens of thousands of feet tall!

The statues all looked different. There was the eastern mythological Nüwa, the western mythological god Zeus, and so on and so forth... it could be said that the statues gathered there were the hundred gods that most captured the people's imagination throughout the history of the earth!

Despite not knowing why the Federation capital had built such statues, it was still clear that their reason wasn't merely for religious tribute. That was especially because of the two statues in the center of the city; one was actually that of the Grand Supreme Elder of the Ethereal Dao College!

The other was of a middle-aged man who gave off an imposing and overpowering aura. That man... was the current Federation President!

The majestic fog forest, the spectacular great city, as well as the hundred statues within that inspired awe and fear, everything came together to form... the Federation Capital!

Similarly, the population size of the top city in the Federation was the highest in the world. Be it the population size of cultivators or the military, or even that of the common folk, they were so great that only the statistics department of the Federation knew the exact figures. Outsiders only had an estimate.

The great city and the fog beneath it appeared before Wang Baole and his friends' eyes. Standing on the deck of the cruiser, they were all, except Zhao Yameng, blown away by the sight.

Zhuo Yifan was born of the Five Generation Sky Clan and had seen images of the city in the news many times before. However, it was his first time visiting the city. As he witnessed the grand sight of the great

city, so sprawling and majestic that it was almost a kingdom unto itself, waves of excitement and awe stirred in his heart.

Wang Baole was stunned speechless. He gazed out into the Federation capital, breathing profusely.

“This... this is just too big! The houses over here, how much do they actually cost in Spirit Stones...” Wang Baole rubbed his eyes and stared at the city that stretched endlessly into the horizon. He was standing aboard a flying cruiser, and he still couldn’t see an end to the city. He was blown away.

“A house here will cost more than a hundred houses in Ethereal City!” Zhuo Yifan had some knowledge of such matters. He replied upon hearing Wang Baole’s shocked comment.

“What the... a house here costs as much as a hundred droplet cruisers?” Wang Baole trembled in shock, his flesh quivering. Suddenly, he was seized by the realization that everyone living in the city... must all be really wealthy!

Zhao Yameng didn’t say a word as she listened to their exchange. The Foundation Establishment realm cultivators who were escorting them to the city stood at one side and suddenly smiled. They were also moved by the sight. It didn’t matter how many times they had been to the city; every time they gazed upon it, waves of emotions would rise inside them.

The Federation capital could be said to be the heart of the Federation. To the common folk, it was the center of government and business. To cultivators, it meant even more; it... possessed the only Divine Armament in the whole of the Federation!

The Divine Armament’s existence guaranteed the authority of the Federation President, as well as inspired awe and respect throughout the lands. It was the reason why, while internal political turmoil plaguing the Federation had led to talks of separatism, the Federation as a whole was still relatively stable and secure.

The cruiser approached the vicinity of the capital city amidst Wang Baole and Zhuo Yifan’s quickened breathing and frequent gasps of shock. Gradually, it slowed down. After going through a series of inspections and scans—Wang Baole had no idea what exactly each one was for—the cruiser was allowed entry. It landed in the designated bay for the Ethereal Dao College.

Ethereal Dao College disciples who had been stationed in the capital were already there waiting. After Wang Baole and the rest arrived, they were immediately intercepted and received. After a series of arrangements, they finally reached the manor managed by the Ethereal Dao College.

The manor environment was refined and quaint, with the twittering of birds and the fragrance of flowers in the air. There was also a strong Spirit Qi in the air. The manor wasn’t opened to the public on ordinary days and served as a residence for Ethereal Dao College disciples only. Many disciples from the Ethereal Dao College who were taking part in the Federation’s hundred seedling selection had already checked in when Wang Baole and the rest arrived.

After everything was settled, Zhao Yameng didn’t move into the residence allocated by the college. Instead, she bade Wang Baole and Zhuo Yifan farewell and looked as if she was leaving.

“Where are you going?” Wang Baole got curious, and Zhuo Yifan turned and looked over as well.

“My family lives in the capital.” If it had been someone else, Zhao Yameng might not have answered the question, but it was Wang Baole and Zhuo Yifan, whom she had survived a death-or-life situation with; they were not other people.

Upon hearing Zhao Yameng’s words, Zhuo Yifan’s eyes widened. Wang Baole could hear something exploding in his mind and was dazed.

“Your family... must be really rich!” After a pause, he said with great envy. Zhao Yameng caught the tone in Wang Baole’s voice. She smiled, bade farewell to Zhuo Yifan, and left at a leisurely pace.

It would have been fine if it had been an ordinary departure, but as Zhao Yameng stepped out of the Ethereal Dao College’s manor, Wang Baole and Zhuo Yifan witnessed seven to eight gold cruisers appearing instantly. They approached swiftly, then stopped, and more than a hundred strong men quickly marched out of the cruisers.

Be it its appearance or structure, Wang Baole, who had the eye of a Dharmic Armament Pavilion’s Armament Soldier, could tell immediately that the gold cruisers were not ordinary cruisers. The cruisers had taken him by surprise. Then, the hundred strong men appeared. Almost every single one of them had a True Breath realm cultivation.

Amongst them was an elderly man who had an especially strong cultivation aura that seemed comparable to the giant tree. He seemed to be a butler of sorts, bowing at Zhao Yameng with kindness and concern on his face.

“Welcome home, young missus.”

Zhao Yameng nodded and boarded the cruiser. She waved goodbye to the stunned Wang Baole and Zhuo Yifan... then departed in a grand and spectacular manner.

Wang Baole was dazed, and Zhuo Yifan silent. After a moment, when the cruiser that had Zhao Yameng in it had disappeared into the horizon, both of them looked at each other with strange looks on their faces.

“What’s her background?”

“She’s so rich!”

The pair spoke almost simultaneously. In the end, they returned to their residences—each feeling different emotions about the entire matter—and managed to settle down to a certain extent. However, both young men had their guesses and suspicions regarding Zhao Yameng’s family background.

They rested for the night. The next morning, Wang Baole set aside his suspicions regarding Zhao Yameng and went in search of Zhuo Yifan. He dragged Zhuo Yifan out of the manor and started strolling through the city.

They wandered and looked at the stores in the capital. The wealth and scale of the place surpassed that of Ethereal City. The materials necessary for cultivation, especially, were available in great variety there. It was as if everything that could be found and sold in the Federation could be found and sold there.

The pair, who had suffered the battle at the Coulomb Basin and expended their stock of materials and armaments, was immensely tempted. Zhuo Yifan had his eyes on some pills and a jade slip documenting a mystic technique.

However, as soon as he inquired about their prices, he was stunned speechless. Despite having come from considerable wealth, they were still much too expensive.

It was the same for Wang Baole. He stared at the items displayed in the store excitedly, exclaiming from time to time.

“Tempered Gold Clay!”

“Streaming Light Liquid!”

“God, there’s Heaven Crystal Sand as well!”

All these are rare materials that could give Numinous Treasures extra abilities and features if used during the crafting process, and augment the Numinous Treasures. Wang Baole swiftly and eagerly browsed through the stores. He paused when he saw something. Something exploded in his mind, and he could hear sudden buzzing in his head.

This... this is...

The sight that his eyes saw was that of a potted plant, an arm’s width thick, resembling a palm tree but red in color. What had sent him trembling was what was embedded within the trunk of the palm, no larger than a finger... a black fragment!

Wang Baole felt a strong calling the instant he saw the fragment. He felt, in that instant, as if... that fragment was made from the same material as the black mask!

He fought back the temptation he felt, made another round in the store, and then casually pointed at various materials. It was when he had almost completed his shopping and was about to inquire about the price of the fragment, prepared to add the red palm tree to his shopping cart and buy it as well.

It was then...

Outside the store, the laughter of an old man rang out.

“So the two of you are actually here.”

Chapter 213: Self-Reliant Wang Baole

As the voice rang out, the elderly butler, who had received and escorted Zhao Yameng away the day before, walked into the store with a smile on his face. He smiled and nodded at Wang Baole and Zhuo Yifan.

Behind him stood a dozen strong men. Every one of them had a solemn expression on their faces, and they spread out within the store, surveying all four corners carefully. The owner of the store, whose status and background was also considerably influential, started paying some attention to them.

Wang Baole and Zhuo Yifan didn't dare to keep the other party waiting. The latter was a Foundation Establishment realm cultivator after all, and also one of Zhao Yameng's family clan members. They greeted him immediately.

"Don't stand on ceremony, young heroes," the elderly man spoke warmly. His glance swept across both of them as he considered them both. He thought his family's young missus preferred to be on her own, so there must be a reason why she had chosen to stay in the company of the two.

He studied Wang Baole again before giving Zhuo Yifan a more detailed look. The more he looked at Zhuo Yifan, the more he approved of the latter. The look of assessment in his eyes made Zhuo Yifan slightly nervous, and Zhuo Yifan asked politely, "Sir, is there a reason why you are looking for us?"

As for Wang Baole, it was the first time he was referred to as a young hero. He felt strange. At the same time, he also noticed the look in the elder's eyes and could not help but cough.

"Sir, actually, if you exclude my good looks, high cultivation level, great potential, and exemplary moral character, I have no good qualities to speak of; I'm not worthy of being called a young hero."

As soon as he said that, the old man, who had been studying Zhuo Yifan, turned and stared at Wang Baole in surprise. The expression on his face changed gradually. After a long moment, he shook his head and smiled, then explained why he had come.

"Our young missus has always been solitary in nature. When she left to seek an education, she made a promise with our master that she would rely only on herself. Our master wanted to send someone to guard her in secret, but the young missus has a natural spirit body. She would be able to sense someone unless he is a Core Formation realm cultivator..."

"Our master already knows about the incident at Coulomb Basin. He is furious but also extremely grateful to both of you. This is but a small token of his thanks and cannot fully express his gratitude. Please accept it," the elderly man explained, then handed a card crafted from Spirit Stones to Wang Baole and Zhuo Yifan. There was a mark on the cards to protect against forgery.

When the cards were presented, the pupils of many of the customers in the store contracted. Those who could not contain themselves revealed a look of shock on their faces. They started speaking in hushed tones.

"That's... a Silver Spirit Card!"

"I've heard about such cards before. Only ten Gold Spirit Cards have been issued in the entire Federation. Only the owners of these ten cards have the right to give their guests a Silver Spirit Card, which is infinite in number and means that the cardholder is an esteemed guest!" Even the store owner, upon seeing the card, was moved.

"All of your expenses within the city may be settled with this card!" The elderly man heard the gasps of shock from the surrounding people and smiled lightly. He nodded at Wang Baole and Zhuo Yifan, cupped his fists in a salute, then left politely.

The surrounding strong men departed with the elderly man, and the store gradually resumed its previous liveliness. However, with the recent encounter with the elderly man, the store owner, who had

not paid Wang Baole and Zhuo Yifan much attention, walked over and attended to the both of them personally.

As for Wang Baole, he listened to the surrounding murmurs as he held the card in his hand. He noticed the looks of shock and envy in their eyes, and could not help but be stirred. He looked at Zhuo Yifan and saw the latter had fallen into a stunned daze again. He sighed.

“Yifan, you might not be feeling any psychological stress, but I can’t handle this. Tell me... does this make me a kept man? Hah, I’m so torn. I never imagined there would come a day when I’d be sponging off a woman.” Wang Baole let loose a long sigh and shook his head as he lamented.

Zhuo Yifan gave Wang Baole’s round ball-like body a strange look, coughed and did not say a word.

“I, Wang Baole, have always been self-reliant. Everything that I have was earned with my own hands. I’ve never sought help from other people. This is a principle of mine.” Wang Baole had a serious expression on his face. As he said that, he turned his head towards the store owner and flung the Silver Spirit Card in his hand over.

“The materials I’d chosen earlier—unless there’s no stock, I want ten times the quantity.

“Use this card to pay for it!”

Zhuo Yifan: “...”

The other customers: “...”

The store owner: “...”

Fifteen minutes later, when Wang Baole had packed his storage bag and storage bracelet to the brim, he strolled out of the store in a merry mood. Behind him, the look on Zhuo Yifan’s face looked slightly unnatural. He did not know whether to laugh or cry. At the same time, he could not control himself and spent a bit of money, using the Silver Spirit Card to buy the pills he needed.

After returning to the college’s manor, Wang Baole immediately extracted the black fragment from the palm tree. He studied it excitedly for a very long time, thought about it for a while, and didn’t immediately fuse it with the black mask. He pondered over whether the fragment could be used as an enticement for the Little Missy in the mask...

However, he was in the Federation capital. Out of caution, he didn’t attempt anything, instead deciding to try it out when he returned to the college.

In the days that followed, Wang Baole did not wait idly as the prodigies of the various political forces traveled from all corners of the Federation and gathered at the capital city to go through the selection process. He conducted another round of refining and enhancement for his Numinous Treasures.

The consequence of that was that he required an enormous quantity of materials. As a result, the various material stores in the capital became places he regularly frequented, to the extent that his reputation had started to slowly spread amongst the stores.

I, Wang Baole, have always relied on myself to travel the arduous path of cultivation! Every time he looked at the Numinous Treasure he had just refined, Wang Baole was filled with a sense of pride. Pleased and confident, he gradually completed the enhancement of his Numinous Treasures.

Just looking at the self-exploding beads alone, almost a thousand were crafted in a single sitting. There were also all kinds of puppets, of which he had refined approximately a hundred. The puppets in the earlier batches of refinement, like Zhu Gangqiang, were also revamped and enhanced from a Dharma artifact to a perfected third-grade Numinous Treasure.

Wang Baole didn't give up on the strange and bizarre Dharma artifacts that had been modified by the Armament Sand. They had come in useful during his battle with the giant tree which made Wang Baole realize that they could still be put to use. As a result, he enhanced the fly-whisk, the umbrella, the large seal, the flying sword that did not differentiate between friend and foe—even the rope—to the level of a perfected third-grade Numinous Treasure.

Finally, he came to the sword scabbard. With such an abundant stock of materials, the scabbard was also successfully enhanced to a perfected third-grade level. The number of mosquitoes that appeared remained at nine; however, they were clearly bigger in size and more savage than before.

To increase its power, Wang Baole, after some consideration, embedded the bead he had obtained from the spear in Spirit Breath Village in the scabbard.

The moment he embedded the bead, a tenth mosquito finally appeared out from the scabbard. It was gray in color and appeared different from the rest. It seemed to contain a strange power that Wang Baole could not comprehend. It was regretful that he could not test it out there. He made a note to find an opportunity to give it a test run in the future.

Besides that, Wang Baole also enhanced the glove that had been at his side for so long and transformed it into a perfected third-grade Numinous Treasure. With his ample material stock, Wang Baole even successfully modified his storage bag.

At that point, all of his Dharmic treasures were of third-grade quality. He also had loads of materials stocked up. The sense of satisfaction, as well as the improvement in his crafting skills achieved through the continuous refining, made Wang Baole never want to stop.

I really like this feeling of relying on myself, working hard, step by step, and getting things done!

While immersing himself in self-satisfaction, Wang Baole did not forget his snacks. Almost everything was sold in the Federation capital, and snacks were no exception. During that period, Wang Baole stretched his stomach wide and only managed to try part of the full selection available...

To him, the Federation capital was just too good to be true. Bliss surged in waves inside his heart. Finally, the prodigies from all four corners of the land and from the respective political forces, all arrived.

As a result, the selection for the Federation's Hundred Seedling Plan was to be officially held that day. Unlike almost all the other nervous participants, Wang Baole didn't pay much attention to the selection round. He didn't even pay much attention to the details of the selection.

That was especially so after he had sought a second confirmation from General Zhou Dexi and heard the latter tell him that his placement had been secured. He had relaxed even more after that. He went to

register his details on the first day, then returned to the manor and continued snacking and refining Numinous Treasures...

The days passed one after another as the selection proceeded at full speed. There was a great deal of news spreading every day, promoting the selection round throughout the Federation. One after another, the candidates were seemingly transformed into celebrities, their news followed by everyone in the Federation.

Sometimes, after Wang Baole watched the news, he would feel tempted to do something. However, after remembering his confirmed placement, he felt more pleased instead.

No matter how good they are, they can't be as awesome as I am. My spot has already been confirmed! The selection went on for an hour and a half while he continued to stay in high spirits. Then, he received a notice from the college.

The giant tree... had been found and exterminated!

The Ethereal Dao College also officially reported the matter of mutating trees to the Federation at the same time, so that all political forces in the Federation could keep an eye out for any similar mutations in plant life within their domains.

The lifespan of trees was, after all, different from that of animals. Their roots grew deeper. As a consequence, once mutated, it would invariably lead to disaster!

Chapter 214: The Hundred Seedling Award Ceremony

After the alert was issued, the respective political forces conducted investigations and searches within their domains. They exterminated potential threats while keeping a look out for such threats other than monsters.

Fortunately, plant life mutations seemed to be extremely rare. Following the issuance of the alert, until the end of the selection round, the other political forces had not found a second mutated plant life. That lessened the urgency of the crisis.

The selection in the Federation capital also came to its end then. A total of ninety-eight people, the cream of the crop, were selected. They would become the seedlings in Operation Sword Sun and receive comparably more resources from the Federation in the future.

Two names were missing from the list, which soon caught the attention of everyone in the Federation. That persisted until the two missing names were announced.

One was Kong Dao, and the other—Wang Baole!

The Federation had also released selective information on their achievements on the battlefield. The details revealed, to a limited extent, the treasures Wang Baole had harvested from Spirit Breath Village, his exploits during the Beast Tide, and the Baole Cannon he had invented.

The Federation used the opportunity to build Wang Baole's reputation as well as let the entire world know that Wang Baole had earned the right to have a reserved placement!

All of a sudden, Wang Baole's name spread across the entire Federation. He caught the attention of countless political forces. At the same time, news also traveled to Phoenix City. When his parents saw his name on the news, they were instantly stunned. After watching the introduction and finding out about the terrible things that he had been put through, they immediately started to panic.

They called Wang Baole's voice transmission ring immediately. Wang Baole heard the anxiety and concern in his parents' scolding voices and took a very long time to reassure them. He promised to be careful in the future. Finally, the elderly pair, worried about and proud of their child, ended the call.

There were many things that Wang Baole had not told his parents. After he had enrolled in the Ethereal Dao College and started on the journey of cultivation, he had slowly come to know how harsh and brutal the journey was. He did not wish for his parents to worry.

His conversation with his parents had sent his emotions into slight disarray. He very quickly composed himself, then logged into the Spirit Intranet and searched for information on Kong Dao, the other person who had a confirmed placement like himself.

Wang Baole's eyes widened as he read through the other's profile. He drew a breath in.

Kong Dao did not hail from any of the human political entities in the Federation but was actually from the Sea of Beasts. He had been adopted by the current Federation President nine years ago and had been groomed intensively since becoming the president's foster son.

He had not stayed on earth but had instead been sent to the colony on Mars to train. He survived for five years on his own in the strange environment of the Martian colony. During his cultivation, he had collected numerous fragments for the Federation, and the number was astounding.

However, all that would still not have been enough to reserve him a spot amongst the hundred seedlings. What had convinced the Federation and made them acknowledge his status as a confirmed seedling was a piece of news he had reported a month ago.

On Mars, he had found a location... which seemed to hold the remains of a Divine Armament!

The numerous political forces in the Federation had confirmed that there was an extremely high chance of that being true. However, due to many reasons, they were unable to conduct further, more intensive explorations and found it difficult to retrieve the Divine Armament.

Despite that, such a great contribution was enough to ensure his placement as one of the hundred seedlings.

Divine Armament! Upon reading that, Wang Baole's eyes almost popped out. The gears in his head started spinning. He realized immediately that something must have gone wrong when the report was submitted to the Federation which resulted in the various political forces finding out about the matter. The Federation could not keep it under wraps and hence simply joined forces with the rest for the exploration.

Wang Baole felt his guess was highly probable. He looked through the list of names and saw a few familiar names. Amongst them were Zhuo Yifan and Zhao Yameng, who were both amongst the hundred selected.

Besides the three of them, there were another two people from the Ethereal Dao College who had also made the list. Except for White Deer Dao College, there were not many from the other Dao colleges. The White Deer Dao College had the highest number make the list—nine people.

Li Yi—who had threatened to strip him naked—and most of the few other possessors of eight-inch Spirit Roots at that battle in Spirit Breath Village, were also in the list.

Besides them, there was also Zhuo Yixian's name, which Wang Baole did not see in the list. However, a few unfamiliar names from the Five Generation Sky Clan appeared. There were also quite a few people from the two ever-mysterious major sects.

The senators' heirs took up a few spots as well. However, Wang Baole did not see any names from the legendary Trilunaris Corporation, whose wealth rivaled a country's.

After the Federation's hundred seedlings had been confirmed and the news had taken the entire Federation by storm—followed by the departure of those who had not made the cut—the hundred selected people, including Wang Baole, soon received a notification from the President's office.

They were to undergo a week-long group cultivation in seclusion three days later. Someone designated by the Federation would be teaching them a mystic technique!

The mystic technique was known to many and ranked tenth in all the mystic techniques discovered throughout the Federation since the Spirit Inception Era!

The technique was carefully guarded, and before that, only the Federation had access to it. Even the two powerful sects and the Five Generation Sky Clan had coveted it for a very long time. That was because the mystic technique relied not on Spirit Qi, but was... a physical combat technique!

Such a physical combat technique was rare for both the Federation as well as other political forces.

Its name was... Supernova!

Before the group cultivation, they were to gather to the Presidential Pavilion in the capital where they would receive a commendation from the Federation President!

When Wang Baole received the notification, he was overcome with excitement. His breathing became excited, and his eyes started shining brightly. He paced in his room, unable to calm down.

Supernova? By the sounds of it, it seemed to be really powerful. Not only that, but there's also the president's personal commendation!

This could potentially be something that countless people will recount in the future, about how the two presidents from different terms met for the first time! Wang Baole grabbed an orange-flavored spirit beverage and guzzled it down. His spirits rose.

When I see him, should I tell him that his position will be mine when I grow up? Wang Baole thought happily, then realized how inappropriate that would be. He worried about his chances to grow up should he really say that out loud...

In his excitement, a flurry of thoughts crowded his head. He deliberated what he should wear, agonizing over the matter. He was not given more time to consider the matter though. Three days later, just

before he was about to head off for the ceremony, someone from the Federation sent over a uniform that had been customized for the hundred seedlings of the Federation.

The uniform was purple in color and seemed to shimmer. It was clearly not just an ordinary piece of clothing. He looked slimmer after putting it on... it made him look shaper, like a sword prepared to be unsheathed, a sword that was not as fat as it used to be.

Such a trim figure, such good looks! Wang Baole studied himself in the mirror; the distorting filters came built-in with his eyes. He admired himself for some time before swaggering out of his room and stepping onto the private cruiser that would be transporting him to the Presidential Pavilion and had been waiting outside since a while ago. The cruiser sped towards the Presidential Pavilion in the city center.

At the same time, countless cruisers from all four corners of the capital city were dashing towards the Presidential Pavilion. Besides the hundred seedlings, there were also media and various important figures who would be observing the ceremony.

Wang Baole soon reached the city center. As he stepped into the Presidential Pavilion and saw the large pavilion that looked almost like a palace, he could no longer control the excitement and eagerness in his heart. One day, he thought, that place would be where he would live, train, and work.

In his excitement, he didn't pay much attention to the people around him. He didn't notice that there were a few amongst the hundred seedlings who, upon seeing him, had snorted. Li Yi, especially, showed her displeasure.

There was another youth who almost rivaled Zhuo Yifan's good looks. He stood, poised and dashing in the room, a flicker of arrogance hidden deep within his eyes. It seemed that he had not planned to interact with anyone. However, when he saw Zhao Yameng, his entire body shivered. There was a strange light in his eyes, and he seemed shocked beyond words.

There were thousands of people surrounding the area, many in a hushed discussion. There were also plenty of reporters who had started recording, as well as a great number of guards. Every single guard was at the Foundation Establishment realm.

There were also those who suppressed their Qi. Those were often the Core Formation realm experts from the Federation!

Every arrangement and placement of every brick had been the result of careful planning. The entire place came together in harmony. Everyone entering it was stepping into an array formation.

It was amidst the crowd's discussion, Wang Baole's uncontrollable excitement, and the varying emotional states of the others that, from the entrance, came the sounds of many footsteps. A few black-robed men walked in and were followed by a dozen other people.

Amongst them, in the middle of the group, was a tall man in his middle age. He wore simple, white clothing. In the crowd of black-robed men, he was particularly striking.

The man had short hair as well as a formidable and imposing aura that commanded respect effortlessly. He exuded an aura that was astonishing. It seemed to resonate with the place. Every step he took stirred the crowd and made them light-headed, and the Spirit Qi within their bodies tossed about uncontrollably. It was as if they were gazing upon a god when they looked at him!

He... was the current wielder of the Federation's only Divine Armament, the current Federation President who had hailed from the White Deer Dao College!

The most powerful person in the Federation—Duan Muque!

Chapter 215: The Federation Needs Ten Thousand Wang Baoles!

The entrance of the god-like man sent the entire Presidential Pavilion into silence. The thousands of people simultaneously felt the imposing aura exuding from him. Unconsciously, they started shuddering inwardly and lowered their heads.

Part of it was due to his authority and status, and the other due to his cultivation. Be it due to his position as the strongest man in the Federation, the sole wielder of a Divine Armament, or the president, the white-robed man walking in was the focus of everyone's attention. He shone like the sun.

The hundred chosen seedlings stirred under the pressure, their emotions surging like waves. They felt like a solitary boat in a raging ocean. A natural fear and awe rose within them.

Be it Zhuo Yifan or Zhao Yameng, or even Kong Dao, who had a confirmed placement, none dared show any other feelings on their faces. They couldn't help the awe and respect in their eyes.

Wang Baole, as well, stilled his breathing under the imposing aura. However, he was different from the other seedlings. His eyes held the same awe and respect, but at the same time, they had a strange look to them, as if they were looking at his future self.

Such an expression immediately set him apart from the rest.

Under the stares of the crowd, the stern-faced Duan Muque broke into a smile the moment he stepped into the Presidential Pavilion. He walked towards the hundred seedlings, stood before them, and looked at every single one of them. His smile deepened with warmth and pleasure, as well as approval.

"The future of the Federation belongs to you!"

His voice carried the tone of encouragement as well as approval. The spirits of the hundred seedlings, including Wang Baole, immediately soared. They cupped their fists and gave Duan Muque a deep bow.

"Bring the medals over. I'll present them to you. This medal represents your status, and the Federation's approval and expectations of you. I hope, from today onwards, you will be a representation of something extraordinary to the Federation!" Amidst Duan Muque's laughter, a guard who had been standing behind him immediately came forward and delivered the hundred medals the Federation specially made for the seedlings to him.

Duan Muque took the medals and started presenting them one by one. Every time he presented a medal to someone, he would offer words of encouragement. The limelight would fall on each prodigy receiving the medal during that moment. He or she would become the focus of the attention of the billions of people across the entire Federation watching the event in front of their screens.

Such presentation ceremonies were broadcast live throughout the entire Federation.

“Good. This era belongs to us and belongs to you as well!”

“Is this little Yameng? Not bad, I hope to see you surpass your mother one day!”

“Kong Dao, you have to continue to work hard!” Duan Muque walked past the group, presenting the medals. His words of praise resounded throughout the air. The Federation government officials accompanying him nodded with a smile, their eyes carrying looks of encouragement.

The people who had received his praise and encouragement felt varying degrees of excitement. That sight was also seen in the eyes of the billion Federation residents through the screen.

That carried on until Duan Muque stood before Wang Baole. Wang Baole inhaled deeply and pushed his chest out, presenting what he thought was his most good-looking side before the entire Federation.

His feeling of looking at Duan Muque and seeing his future self intensified.

“Wang Baole? I know who you are!” Duan Muque looked at Wang Baole. His smile, compared to his earlier ones at the others, had a little something else to it. Even though he felt that there was something strange in Wang Baole’s stare, he didn’t think too much on it. He stepped forward, raised his hand, and patted Wang Baole on the shoulder. He turned towards the Federation government officials following him and said with a smile.

“When General Dexi spoke to me about Wang Baole, I said something to him. Today, I’m going to repeat what I said. The Federation... needs ten thousand Wang Baoles!”

As soon as the words were out, the surrounding government officials were stunned. They started paying more attention when they looked at Wang Baole. Duan Muque’s actions and his words of praise to Wang Baole were clearly stronger than what he had given the rest.

Even amongst the other seedlings around him were many who looked at Wang Baole with jealousy. However, they had risen above countless others to where they were, and every one of them had own means and ways. They kept their feelings hidden deep within their hearts and revealed nothing on their faces.

At the same time, in the tens of thousands of homes, the residents of the Federation witnessed the scene through their screens. In that instant, surprise spread throughout the Federation. The sounds of debating voices could be heard across the entire Federation.

“That little fatty is Wang Baole? That’s the guy who had a confirmed placement?”

“He might be the fattest of them all, but clearly how outstanding one is has nothing to do with their weight!”

“His treatment is obviously different. There must be something going on behind the scenes!”

As the tens of thousands of households continued their discussions, in Phoenix City, on the highest building, a huge screen had been erected and was currently broadcasting that exact scene.

Wang Baole, who had come from Phoenix City, was the pride of the city. Wang Baole’s parents, especially, were excited beyond measure at the moment.

“Old Wang, our son’s done something great to make us proud! He’s on television! He’s being commended by the president!” As Wang Baole’s mother drowned in her joyful mood, the voice transmission ring beside her soon started ringing. She received a flood of congratulatory messages from her relatives and friends.

“Baole’s mother, your son is exceptional. I just saw it on the television!”

“Baole’s mother, does your Baole have a girlfriend yet? What do you think of my daughter? How about we get them together?” The many congratulatory messages, as well as matchmaking proposals, painted a big smile on Wang Baole’s mother’s face. She started replying without pause.

“Superficial!” Compared to the pride and joy Wang Baole’s mother was feeling, Wang Baole’s father seemed comparatively collected. He threw a glance filled with disdain, puffed up his chest and raised his head high, then turned and left for the bedroom. His steps were steady.

As soon as he entered the bedroom, his eyes started shining brightly. He swiftly pulled out his voice transmission ring and started actively sending messages to his old friends.

“Old Zhang, what are you doing? Have you seen what’s on the television...”

“Old Li, haha, you saw what’s on television as well? That’s nothing, you know that little rascal; he’s been a smart kid since he was young. He has great potential. You can tell with one look that he’s going to become the pillar of the Federation.”

“Old Sun... you didn’t watch the TV? If you’re not doing anything, you can go take a look. Oh yes, the marriage proposal you spoke to me about the last time. I feel there’s a need to reconsider the matter.”

As the entire Federation fell into a heated discussion, in the Federation capital, inside the Presidential Pavilion—following Duan Muque’s compliment and after Wang Baole received the medal—he was overwhelmed with excitement. He felt that a rare opportunity that might never appear again and hurriedly spoke, loudly.

“Mr. President, can I say a few words...”

Before Wang Baole’s turn, there were also other seedlings who had exchanged a few simple words with Duan Muque in their excitement. Most of them had spoken more softly, but while Wang Baole’s voice was loud, Duan Muque did not dwell too long on his request—nodding with a smile.

“That is... I want to know, what has to be done to have the mantle passed onto myself and become the next term’s Federation President!” Wang Baole’s eyes shone with a bright fervor. His excitement was colored by intense anticipation as he stared at Duan Muque.

Duan Muque was stunned speechless and burst out into laughter. The government officials around him began to smile as well. Many of the thousands of people as well as the other seedlings around him, however, stared at Wang Baole with an odd expression on their faces. They marveled at how the little fatty would dare to ask anything. What he had just said was akin to asking Duan Muque how he could snatch the position of the Federation President from Duan Muque’s hands... and he had done it live, before the entire Federation...

That was indeed what had happened. Many of the residents of the Federation, upon witnessing the scene and hearing what had been said, were taken aback. They stared at Wang Baole on their screens and felt then that the child... was indeed extraordinary...

The problem was not as serious as they thought, however. Duan Muque accepted Wang Baole's question readily, with encouragement in his eyes.

"If there comes a day when the people of the Federation have chosen you to be their president, then you would become the president of the Federation. Of course, your cultivation must surpass mine as well." Duan Muque laughed, patted Wang Baole on the shoulder again, and moved on to the next person.

The ceremony lasted for an hour before it finally ended. The entire event was telecast live. Duan Muque's answer to Wang Baole and Wang Baole's own ambition made him stand out instantly from the hundred people. He became known throughout the Federation and became the center of the entire Federation's attention.

With the ceremony coming to its end, the week-long group cultivation in seclusion would commence as well. Following Duan Muque's departure, a cruiser heading towards the military camps outside the city transported the hundred people away.

They were going to head to their destination to learn a technique that was only shared with those who had been awarded the position of a seedling... the Federation's mystic technique, Supernova!

At the same moment that Wang Baole and company landed in the military camp—in a forest far far away from the Federation capital, in the middle of a swamp—the corpse of a flying monster lay half submerged in the swamp. Its death seemed recent, its corpse almost halfway to becoming completely decomposed.

But suddenly, from within the bird's corpse, a tree branch burst out, reaching upward!

The tree branch was shriveled and seemed devoid of all life. It was littered with scars, but gradually, the scars started to shed. A young sprout started to grow, slowly, from the tip of the branch!

Accompanying the appearance of the green shoot was the explosion of an immense, startling aura!

The power of the aura surpassed the Foundation Establishment realm and reached the Core Formation realm!

If Wang Baole, Zhuo Yifan, and Zhao Yameng were there, they would definitely be able to sense how familiar the aura was... it belonged to the middle-aged black-robed man who had been frightened off by them!

It was clear that, while he appeared to have perished under the extermination of the Ethereal Dao College, he had utilized some tricks to fake his death and escape from the jaws of death. He had even evolved, and his cultivation level had broken through!

"Wang Baole!" A face slowly emerged from within the green sprout. Its features twisted with a tinge of fear and savagery as it softly muttered.

Chapter 216: Supernova

Not a single person in the entire Federation knew about the middle-aged black-robed man's rebirth, not to mention Wang Baole, who was on a cruiser that was landing in a military camp.

The cruiser landed outside the Federation capital. Beneath the misty fog, which seemed like something out of a fairy kingdom, was a lush green land. The water that flowed through the land was sweet and infused heavily with Spirit Qi.

Within the fogged lands were many military camps of varying sizes going about their own businesses. They had few interactions with one another and seemed to function and exist in isolation.

The military camp that the seedlings of the Federation were headed for was called The Nineteenth Camp!

The Nineteenth Camp sat approximately a hundred miles away from the Federation capital. It was built on a less elevated ridge between the mountains, and a small river flowed through the land. On both sides of the river, the lands had been cleared and hundreds of barracks erected. The camp also had the most technologically advanced equipment in the entire Federation, as well as what could be seen as an extremely comprehensive and well-equipped cultivation ground.

There were already many people from the military waiting for them when Wang Baole and company's cruiser landed. Compared to the eagerness of the hundred seedlings, and their excitement which hadn't yet died down, those from the military looked stern-faced and stoic.

There was no attempt at niceties after the initial meeting. The military men abandoned the group at a special campsite on the northwest corner of the military camp. The site area was considerable and its facilities comprehensive. However, there were no single-bed rooms. They didn't have permission to leave the special camp area without approval, and all of them were divided according to their sex into two large barracks.

Having become the Federation's hundred seedlings, they were proud but also shrewd people. They might not be able to hide their feelings from sight completely, but they kept their thoughts to themselves and chose to accept the military's arrangements.

Before departing, one of the people from the military swept his eyes in a glance across the group and spoke coolly.

"In the coming week, there will be someone who will teach you the mystic technique, Supernova. In principle, you're forbidden from sharing the technique with an outsider. However, it's impossible for the Federation to stop such things from happening. But... should we discover you doing that, no matter who you are, no matter where you come from, you will face execution!"

Wang Baole narrowed his eyes at the words coming from the military and seared it into memory. Many of the hundred seedlings around him though, seemed not to be bothered by what was said.

"Next, return and rest up. You're not allowed to leave this site. Tomorrow morning, after you've received our notification, you are to assemble here within thirty seconds!" The man from the military did not bother with what the Federation seedlings were thinking and turned to leave after finishing what he had said.

Before he left, his eyes seemed to land on Wang Baole unknowingly.

He looking at me? Wang Baole blinked. He felt that he had a certain relationship with the military. While curious, he followed the other male seedlings into their barracks.

The barracks were relatively spacious, and there were more than a hundred beds inside. While sparsely furnished, it was extremely neat. It was painted in blue and white. When standing in the barracks, one could experience the sensation of being comforted and soothed, as well as a sense of discipline and obedience surfacing in their mind.

Everyone soon chose their own beds and began getting to know one another. It was clear that they had become familiar with one another during the selection round. The sound of laughter and conversation grew louder. Soon everyone left their bedside and went over to where others were, greeting and sharing interesting stories.

Only Wang Baole and Kong Dao, the pair who had confirmed placements, seemed to fall to the margins. The rest seemed to unknowingly ostracize and ignore them.

Kong Dao seemed used to such a mode of interaction with others. He was naturally solitary and unaffected by other people's opinions of him and sat down and crossed his legs, cold and arrogant.

As for Wang Baole, he was naturally friendly. After locating Zhuo Yifan, he started chatting with the rest as well. However, his eyes soon narrowed as he realized while the people seemed civil and polite, they also seemed to be vaguely scornful.

Just as he was considering seriously about whether he should verify his social status within the barracks with the group of people in a friendly, cordial manner, a voice sounded from outside the barracks.

"Baole, are you inside?"

The voice rang out. Seven to eight people walked in from the entrance of the barracks. They were all soldiers from the military camp, and looks of joy appeared on their faces when they spotted Wang Baole.

"It's you guys!" Wang Baole's thoughts were brought to an immediate halt. He had looked over and recognized them; they were all soldiers from the stronghold. He rushed over to greet, surprised and happy, gathering them all into a big hug.

Amidst the laughter and the stares of the surrounding hundred seedlings, the soldiers dragged Wang Baole out of the barracks and the campsite, doing away with the restrictions on leaving the special zone and going to their own barracks.

The rule that prevented one from leaving obviously didn't apply where Wang Baole was concerned. He had received the green light, and even the soldiers guarding the area only threw them a glance. They seemed to have received some notice. Instead of stopping the group, they smiled kindly.

Wang Baole could feel the difference in treatment, and his spirits soared. He didn't need to guess to know that his relationship with the military had led to that. In fact, he guessed that the Baole Cannon played a huge part in that as well.

On the way, the sound of their laughter and bantering resounded throughout the camp. Wang Baole found out that after the Beast Tide had ended, many soldiers from the seventh primary stronghold had been transferred back to the Federation capital to rest and regroup. That was why they had appeared there.

The mention of the Beast Tide dampened Wang Baole's mood. He couldn't help himself, though the joy of reuniting with his friends quickly made him forget the memories of the battle at the stronghold. Many more soldiers became friendlier to Wang Baole as his friends introduced them. Some of the military commanders, especially, seemed to have heard about the Baole Cannon and were really friendly to Wang Baole.

While the other Federation seedlings found out about what had happened and seethed in the injustice of it all, Wang Baole had a sumptuous meal with the soldiers outside. Finally, he patted his tummy and followed the moonlit path back to his own barracks.

When he returned, the rest were mostly sitting cross-legged in meditation. Wang Baole burped and returned to his bed. He sat down cross-legged on his bed, raised an eyebrow at Zhuo Yifan, and flung a chicken drumstick over.

Zhuo Yifan caught the drumstick, an odd look on his face. He hesitated a moment, looked at Wang Baole, then shook his head, smiling. He ate the drumstick.

That's what I call a good friend! Wang Baole sniggered. He dug out some snacks and passed them over as well. Then, he pulled out a bottle of Ice Spirit Water, took a huge gulp, then shut his eyes and started his meditation.

However, there were too many people in the room. Regardless of how unaware and shameless Wang Baole was, he still found it difficult to immerse himself fully in his meditation. The best he could do was to retain his five senses and awareness of his physical surroundings while maintaining, to a certain degree, a peak spiritual state.

The night passed.

The next morning, Wang Baole opened his eyes abruptly as the ringing of a bell sounded hurriedly in the air. The others stirred from their meditation and raced outside.

As they dashed out, the female cultivators ran out of their barracks as well. The entire process took less than thirty seconds. Everyone stood on the square.

Almost as soon as they were all assembled, an old man walked over from afar. He had a humpback, and his hands were placed behind his back. He walked over slowly and was followed by two middle-aged men in military uniform.

An aura that far exceeded the Foundation Establishment realm accompanied the elderly man's arrival and spread out without restraint. An imposing aura pressed down like a giant mountain on Wang Baole and the rest.

They were shaken to the core and struggled to breathe.

It was the same for Wang Baole. He had encountered quite a few Core Formation realm cultivators and could immediately determine that the elder's cultivation level was, without a doubt, at the Core Formation realm!

The elder arrived before the group. His eyes seemed barely open. He didn't bother with niceties and spoke hoarsely and in a straightforward manner.

"I am Federation Priest Su Hongfei. I've been charged with teaching you the mystic technique. The Supernova is about applying a special frequency while vibrating, and to achieve the full utilization of your entire body's power and focusing that power on a single point... the ultimate extermination technique!

"Technique is only the first step. The second is your battle intent!

"Remember, Supernova is only possible if the punch has the weight of a battle intent to shatter the stars and crush the heavens behind it!"

"Now, look carefully..." the elder spoke calmly. Then, his eyes suddenly widened. In that instant, they were like two bright burning stars. A vast and overwhelming force surged from his body in sudden waves, like an erupting volcano!

He stepped abruptly to the side that instant and his right hand rose. His entire person was akin to a bow, stretched naturally. Then, his fist flung thundering towards the sky!

The sound of thunder shook the heavens and earth, and loud rumbling exploded in everyone's ears while blast waves rippled across the entire sky. As the echoes reverberated and traveled back, an enormous whirlpool suddenly appeared in the sky, expanding rapidly. It seemed to possess the power to tear everything apart!

Strong winds appeared out of nowhere. The elder stood in the eye of the winds that spread out in all directions and lashed out, unsteady Wang Baole and the others. All of them were caught in fear and shock as they could not control themselves as they fell back.

It was as if the elderly man standing before them had suddenly transformed into a vicious, monstrous creature with a desire to swallow everything under the sun!

Chapter 217: Who Dares Challenge Me!

An earth-shattering lightning bolt came crashing from the heavens. Its rumbling stirred fierce waves of resonance throughout the air. The hundred seedlings, including Wang Baole, were all shaken to their core.

It was partly due to the elderly man's position—the word "priest" sparked their imaginations—and partly due to the spectacular power of the Supernova that he had demonstrated to them.

"That's the Supernova?"

“The physical body alone could actually cause such power and damage? The instructor just said that it was the technique for ultimate extermination... doesn't that mean that it can circumvent the power difference in cultivation levels?”

“It's hard to say. This Supernova may actually allow a True Breath realm cultivator... to defeat a Foundation Establishment realm cultivator?”

A raging fervor appeared in their eyes instantly. Everyone was awed by the power of the Supernova. They eyed it with fear and caution, as well as a strong hunger.

Wang Baole breathed in slowly and calmed down. He somehow sensed that the Supernova shared some similarities with the nine-inch Spirit Root's tidal technique, which he had mimicked.

To a certain degree, the Supernova seemed to be an advanced version of the tidal technique!

The instructor's body vibrated earlier. It was as if he had transformed into an ocean, controlling the bones and muscles throughout his entire body and utilizing the power of physical flesh to form a tidal wave... it was similar, but much more complicated when he struck.

Upon that thought, Wang Baole's heart started pumping rapidly. Compared to the others, he was more experienced with the tidal technique. With just the short demonstration, he was already eagerly raising his right hand and forming a fist, instinctively trying to test it out.

However, it was clear that the technique and secret to the Supernova wasn't something that could be easily grasped by a single demonstration. Despite his knowledge of its workings, Wang Baole's trial punch didn't display significant results.

His attempt didn't draw the attention of the elderly instructor. There were a dozen others amongst the hundred people who had, like Wang Baole, drawn their fists and tried the same. However, not one of them was able to fully grasp the workings of the Supernova on their first attempt.

“I'll let you have the jade slip of the technique later. Over the next seven days, I'll also be demonstrating the technique once every day. There will be a final exam after the week is over.”

“I can tell you in a very responsible manner that if you can successfully apply this technique, you can advance nearer to the Foundation Establishment realm. If you possess all the necessary criteria with your current cultivation, it is not impossible for you... to defeat someone at the Foundation Establishment realm!” the elderly man said coolly. His gaze swept past the crowd. He laughed unexpectedly and flipped his right hand over to reveal a pill in his palm!

The pill was white in color and enveloped in a Spirit Stone, and it exuded a strong fragrance that spread across the square. Everyone who caught its scent could feel their blood circulation quickening uncontrollably. It was as if the pill contained the astonishing power of life. Once taken, it would greatly enhance one's body.

“This is... the Body Strengthening Freedom Pill! It's not refined by the Alchemy cultivators in the Federation, but is something that was found in the fragment remains on the moon. There aren't many of them in existence. The Alchemy cultivators in the Federation haven't been able to replicate it. The reason is that there are a few core ingredients that aren't found on earth!”

“The properties of this pill is extraordinary. When taken by one at the Foundation Establishment realm, it can advance his cultivation to the next level! At the same time, it can also enhance your physical abilities. It’ll be of great aid to your learning the Supernova!” the elder said. Instantly, every single one of the hundred seedlings, including Wang Baole, honed in on him.

Wang Baole’s eyes shone like they were burning holes into the man. The moment the elderly man pulled out the pill, he had immediately caught a scent of it. An instinctive hunger overcame his body. He was drawn inexplicably to the pill. It was as if his body could sense that once he swallowed it, the pill would push his body to the next evolutionary level.

“However, there are too few of such pills. It’s impossible to let every one of you have one. I only have the one pill with me now. That’s why... only the person left standing when the sun sets will be the one who gets to have this Body Strengthening Freedom Pill!”

As soon as his words rang out, the hundred seedlings were immediately roused. Their eyes glimmered fiercely. To many of them, they were the cream of the crop in their own hometowns and colleges. They were naturally proud and self-confident to a certain extent.

They, therefore, didn’t feel uncomfortable at the idea of such a competition but instead had begun to gear up for it. Of course, everyone’s personalities differed, and hence, their state of minds also varied.

There were some who were discussing in hushed tones, clearly intending to form temporary alliances and partnerships. There were some who were like lone wolves, with a fierce glint in their eyes. There were also some who had multiple plans and strategies concocted, to the extent of attempting to contact the political forces supporting them so that they might get their hands on the pill through external means.

Soon, those with a more fiery temperament struck. In an instant, the area descended into chaos. Some fought, some fell back, and some allied with others.

In a blink of an eye, a loud rumbling exploded. The person standing next to Wang Baole was, coincidentally, a fiery-tempered one. He threw a punch towards Wang Baole without giving any warning.

“Sneaking up on me? I hate people who sneak up on me the most!” Wang Baole glared. He didn’t dodge and instead sent his leg kicking out, his foot connecting with the other person’s fist. The sound of them connecting sent the fiery-tempered youth retreating in a hurry, and the expression on his face changed in an instant. The look he gave Wang Baole was filled with shock and caution. He dared not continue their fight, and instead turned and rushed towards someone else.

Wang Baole snorted when he saw the other youth retreating meekly, and a flicker of light flashed in his eyes. He was set on getting his hands on the pill, and he knew that if he didn’t do something soon, his possession of the pill might not be secure. The only solution was to eliminate all the other challengers in an instant!

The old man said, the only person left standing... so, as long as the rest are unable to stand, it’ll count? Upon that thought, Wang Baole’s eyes flashed. His cultivation started churning. The scabbard within his body shuddered. In an instant, nine mosquitoes flew out. They appeared suddenly around Wang Baole and, with the command he uttered inwardly, they sped towards the people around him.

Wang Baole didn't release the gray mosquito. After all, he hadn't tested its abilities. It would be disastrous if it accidentally killed the rest of the Federation seedlings.

"Go bite their soles. I want them to not be able to stand on their feet!"

Buzzing in the air, the nine mosquitoes scattered and sped towards the ninety-odd people. They were small, extremely agile, and also really fast. In the blink of an eye, a mosquito flew under the feet of an oblivious cultivator from the White Deer Dao College who was in retreat. It disregarded the cultivator's shoes, its needle-like mouth piercing through the material, and stung!

The cultivator from the White Deer Dao College had no reaction at the beginning. However, as his foot landed on the ground, and he prepared to continue his retreat, his eyes suddenly widened. An unbearable itch blossomed from the center of his sole and spread throughout his entire body. He started shuddering fiercely, his eyes revealing disbelief. He intended to bear the itch when he began to feel the same unbearable itch from his other foot.

The itch had been barely tolerable at the beginning. However, it soon intensified like a surging tide, wave after wave, growing rapidly in intensity. The cultivator from the White Deer Dao College let out a gasp of shock, sat down hard on the ground, and tore his shoes off. He started scratching with everything he had.

"It itches. What is going on!"

The elderly man's expression was calm and composed as he observed the chaotic sight. He didn't pay it much care. He turned and, with the other two military officers, headed towards the exit. He didn't go far, however, before the roars of rage and gasps of shock exploded behind him!

"I've been bitten. Damn it, there are actually mosquitoes here?"

"I've been bitten too. It itches so much. I can't take it anymore!"

"You guys have been bitten too? This must be a conspiracy!"

Amidst the stunned shouts and gasps, a dozen or so people had all sat down and taken their shoes off, scratching fiercely. It wasn't that they didn't want to tolerate the itch, it was that... it was completely intolerable!

Even the lone wolf, Kong Dao, had a myriad of unprecedented expressions shifting on his face as he scratched manically...

The bizarre scene momentarily stunned the elderly man, who had been planning to leave but had turned around and taken a look. The two military officers standing behind him had widened their eyes, a dumbfounded look on their faces.

The hundred seedlings of the Federation, who had been standing proud like the prodigies they were a moment earlier, were sitting on the floor with their shoes off, scratching madly. The transformation was too sudden and unexpected...

If it had been the male cultivators, it would have been fine, but both men and women fell within the parameters of the mosquitoes' targeting. As a result... one could see the expression on many young women change, followed by their demure, embarrassed scratching through their shoes. However, they

couldn't control themselves as they soon sat on the ground, took their shoes off, exposing smooth, tender feet, and—with their faces blushing, their ears warm, and a growing panic—started to scratch ferociously.

“Ah!” Li Yi was one of them as well. The more she scratched, the itchier it got. She was about to go mad.

In a single glance, one could see countless pairs of bare feet...

It hadn't yet ended. As the elderly man gazed over, another dozen people let out shouts of fright before joining the legion of feet-scratching seedlings.

“I killed one! This is definitely not a real mosquito. Who's the guy sneaking up on us!”

“Damn it, don't ever let me get my hands on you!”

“Come fight it out with us if you're really that good! How dare you release such horrid and vicious mosquitoes!” Very quickly, amidst the growing fear and horror, nine-tenths of the entire cohort had fallen. They scratched and cursed, and let loose all kinds of angry shouts and yells; their raging voices spread like waves to all four corners. Every one of them had angry pulsing veins and rage burning in their eyes. Their eyes fell on the three people who had not been bitten and remained standing...

One of them a confused Zhuo Yifan, another Zhao Yameng, who had a strange expression on her face, and another, who was looking really pleased with himself... Wang Baole.

Chapter 218: I Am Honest and Friendly

Wang Baole disregarded the gaze of the surrounding people on him. With his hands crossed behind his back, he looked at Zhuo Yifan and Zhao Yameng, who had both realized where the problem lay and were looking at him.

Wang Baole cleared his throat before speaking with embarrassment amidst the painful screams and angry roars emerging from around him.

“Well... Yifan, Yameng, we are pals... You understand...”

The moment Wang Baole spoke, the surrounding people who were scratching their itches shouted loudly at him with anger in their eyes.

“Wang Baole, you're shameless!”

“Wang Baole, this is not the end!”

“Shameless and despicable! Wang Baole, I will never forgive you!” Li Yi and company were also screaming angrily amongst the crowd.

Established grudges mixed with the newly formed hatred and erupted, spreading in all directions.

Zhuo Yifan laughed bitterly, looking at all the angry people who couldn't stop scratching themselves. He heard a soft buzzing sound reach his ears, and he decisively sat down on the floor with his legs crossed.

Zhao Yameng took a deep breath. Even though she had always been calm, she couldn't resist staring at Wang Baole before choosing to sit down as well.

In the entire Public Square, Wang Baole was the only person standing amongst the hundreds of seedlings from the Federation. He turned his head quickly and energetically, looking at the elder and the two officers who were dumbfounded, and shouted loudly, "Sir, sir! There's no need to wait until sunset. All of them have fallen, and I have won!"

The two officers both carried weird facial expressions as they looked at the people all around them and then back at Wang Baole. The elder, who witnessed the situation, didn't know whether to laugh or cry.

Hearing Wang Baole's words, the Federation seedlings all around him grew even more furious as they scratched their trembling bodies and roared angrily.

"This doesn't count! This is not the end!"

"Sir, Wang Baole cheated!"

Different voices emerged, and Wang Baole raised an eyebrow as he looked at the people around him who were scratching themselves. He raised his hands in irritation.

"My fellow Daoist, what's the point of this? I am kind hearted and certainly don't wish to do anything that would hurt all of you. I..." Wang Baole was speaking with emotion when a long-faced youth from the Five Generation Sky Clan shouted at him loudly with anger in his voice.

"Shut up, Wang Baole! These shameless methods will not give you victory. Evil will never emerge victorious over justice. The rules have listed sunset as the deadline, and the time is still not up. We can still stand!" The long-faced youth roared as he scratched himself more forcefully. His eyes were turning red. If his gaze could kill, Wang Baole would no doubt have died.

Seeing how the emotions he had been trying to build up were disrupted, Wang Baole looked over and immediately recognized that the person who was shouting was the one who had been scornful towards him the night before. He hummed and raised his right hand, pointing towards the long-faced youth. Immediately, nine mosquitoes charged swiftly towards the youth.

"No!" As the long-faced youth screamed in shock, the nine mosquitoes neared at an extremely fast speed, sweeping towards him and biting him crazily. Painful screams reverberated, but everything only lasted a few brief moments. When the nine mosquitoes finally flew away, the long-faced youth had become round-faced due to the swelling. His entire body had swelled into a huge lump. He looked at the world around him in a daze, as if he had already lost all his senses...

That scene was so frightening and emotionally scarring that everyone who witnessed it was shocked. They murmured under their breath about how cruel it was. When they looked at Wang Baole, their gaze also carried a look of fear, as his response towards the youth was extremely vicious in their eyes.

At the same time, those people who were speaking angrily previously also immediately shut up. They didn't dare speak another word for fear that if they said something wrong, that their outcomes would be equally horrifying.

“To continue what I was saying just now, Fellow Daoists, I am an honest and kind-hearted person, who cannot bear to hurt anyone...” Wang Baole was full of emotions as he spoke to the crowd. Noticing that no one was talking back, he was delighted.

“I know that everyone is a good brother and sister to me. When we get out of here, I’ll give everyone a treat! Eat whatever you want and don’t worry! I can pay for it!” Wang Baole waved his hand excitedly, turning his head to look at the dumbfounded elder and officers with anticipation and exhilaration.

The elder seemed to have lost his focus. After staying silent for a while, he shook his head and laughed, throwing the Body Strengthening Freedom Pill towards Wang Baole.

After grabbing hold of the pill, Wang Baole turned around and left in delight. After walking around, he thought about how he shouldn’t return to the barracks. If he did, when everyone recovered, they would definitely take revenge on him.

Having weighed his options, Wang Baole concluded that he shouldn’t let them have the opportunity to do so. Therefore, he took out his voice transmission ring to contact the warriors that he had gathered with the night before, so they could escort him out to their barracks and let him stay there for a night.

Just like that, after he reached the new barracks, Wang Baole found a quiet area and swallowed the Body Strengthening Freedom Pill under the protection of the warriors.

As the pill dissolved in his body, an alarming force exploded in Wang Baole’s body, spreading swiftly. He had already reached the peak of the True Breath realm, and after swallowing the pill, his cultivation continued to increase significantly. That was especially so for his physical body, which experienced gradual yet significant changes as the pill continuously dissolved in his body!

His bones were strengthened, and his muscles became stronger. Even the blood circulating in his body had been transformed, becoming extremely viscous. It was as if a single drop of his blood could fill an entire water tank.

At the same time, his heartbeat grew even more powerful. Every time it pumped, its force was immensely high. As it spread throughout his entire body, it caused him to tremble all over. Even Wang Baole’s spirit was gradually adjusted according to the wave theory. Eventually, Wang Baole, who was meditating with his legs crossed, was producing loud booms from within his body.

The warriors guarding him all revealed a look of surprise. Their protection was all-encompassing, as they observed the surroundings with utmost vigilance to prevent anything that could disrupt Wang Baole’s cultivation process from happening.

As time passed and noon approached, the cultivators who had been stung by Wang Baole’s mosquitoes, except for the long-faced youth, had begun to recover. They were all extremely fatigued, but anger and rage filled their eyes. After holding it back for the entire afternoon, they were all like volcanoes that were about to explode.

“Find Wang Baole! I want to kill him!”

“If I don’t bash Wang Baole to the state that he even his mother can’t recognize him, my surname wouldn’t be Sun!”

“Fellow Daoists, we must unite and resist in unison. Today, the anti-Wang Baole alliance is formed!”

“All you boys are too kind and soft-hearted. If it were me, I’d say that we castrate him after catching hold of him!”

The seedlings of the Federation were all young, with the eldest of them in their twenties. In their anger, the young and vigorous crowd all charged out and began their search for Wang Baole. They looked all around, but their search was futile. Soon, some of them got the news that Wang Baole had already left, and was hiding in a closed barracks outside the cultivation camp.

Just as they were about to rush out, the warriors who were guarding the place immediately stopped them. An officer even stepped out and shouted angrily.

“The camp is closed, and no one shall step out. If anyone disobeys the rules, it will be reported to the Federation. All of you will see if that disqualifies you as a seedling!”

The officer’s roar made everyone freeze in their steps. They were extremely indignant, and Li Yi couldn’t control her anger as she questioned, “Why could Wang Baole leave?”

“I didn’t see him leave!” the officer spoke calmly before asking the warrior next to him.

“Did any of you see Wang Baole leaving?”

The warriors who were standing guard shook their heads without hesitation. Witnessing that, Li Yi and the rest of the people were bursting with anger. However, there was nothing they could do. It wasn’t only bias towards Wang Baole. Instead, it was an obvious and official show of differential treatment.

All of them grit their teeth, burying their indignation deep in their heart. None of them dared to cross over the boundaries to be disqualified as a seedling, as that would be too high a price to play. Furthermore, if the military was siding with Wang Baole, the crime of charging through a military camp was one so heavy that even they, as elites, were unwilling to take it on.

Just like that, Wang Baole digested the pill in peace. As he experienced the Supernova, the other seedlings from the Federation were frustrated out of their minds as their hearts were exploding with a day’s worth of anger. They all became determined to show Wang Baole what they were capable of the next day!

An uneventful night passed like that...

As dawn approached on the second day, the bell in the cultivation camp blared. Except for Zhuo Yifan and Zhao Yameng, all the other seedlings from the Federation charged out, filled with a ferocity that was akin to the great flood, towards the Public Square.

Chapter 219: Mine!

Wang Baole was already at the Public Square when the crowd arrived. He was waving his hands passionately, greeting all the Federation seedlings who were looking at him with anger in their eyes.

“Good morning!” Wang Baole was in good spirits. After a night of meditation and allowing the pill to integrate into his system, he felt that some sort of transformation had happened to the strength of his physical body. However, since there was only one pill, the transformation was only half complete, unable to reach its full potential.

If only I could have one more of it... I would definitely be able to have a complete physical transformation. I wonder what it would be like if I were fully transformed...

That caused Wang Baole to feel some regret. However, even though the transformation was only applied to a small part, his physical strength had been significantly improved from before, having been boosted by a fold. That made Wang Baole feel that the Body Strengthening Freedom Pill was not only formidable but also enhanced his feelings of regret at how there was only one of it.

Wang Baole! As the crowd arrived and Li Yi noticed Wang Baole, she sneered, unable to control herself.

The other Federation seedlings also carried a cold, distant look in their eyes. They really wanted to teach Wang Baole a lesson then and there but knew that the instructor would arrive shortly. None of them were willing to break the rules for Wang Baole.

However, all of them had long discussed and agreed that after the day’s training had ended, they wouldn’t give Wang Baole the chance to escape like he did the day before. The moment the instructor left would be the moment they united against Wang Baole.

Therefore, looking at Wang Baole then, they all exercised restraint as they stood there, waiting for the instructor.

With those unfriendly gazes thrown at him, Wang Baole blinked as he tried to estimate the fighting capabilities of his opponents. He felt that he was facing against more than ninety people along, so he wouldn’t be embarrassed even if he lost. Therefore, he began thinking about how he could ease the situation. However, before he thought of an idea, the elderly instructor arrived from the distance, and everyone fell quiet.

Wang Baole also quickly collected his thoughts, looking at the elder with his chest pumped up high.

With the crowd’s gaze on him, the elder walked with his hands behind his back. He was alone, and as he stood before the Federation seedlings, he looked at the youths in front of him. When he saw Wang Baole, he focused his gaze on him.

“All of you have seen the mystic technique jade slip. Today, I will give everyone the chance to witness Supernova a second time!” the elder said calmly, turning around and raising his right hand. After grabbing hold of the jade slip, he looked towards the sky and punched his fist.

The entire process seemed slower than the demonstration the day before. The crowd watched without blinking as they paid close attention to all the details. When the thunder roared in the sky, a frightening vortex appeared, sweeping in all directions as though it was tearing apart space. All the seedlings, including Wang Baole, were shaken with shock, and their anticipation grew stronger.

With the elder as the epicenter, the strong winds spread and impacted the surroundings—causing everyone’s hair and clothing to fly in the wind, and their bodies to step back uncontrollably.

When the vortex finally dissipated and the winds stopped ravaging, the elder relaxed his clenched fist. He swept a quick glance at everyone before introducing the details and techniques of the Supernova.

At that moment, all the seedlings seemed to have forgotten about the friction between them and Wang Baole. They all focused their attention, combining the elder's words with their insights from the previous night—as a form of verification—as they took in the information like a sponge.

Being able to stand out from countless others meant that they were all capable in terms of intellect. At that moment, many of them looked excited. It was obvious that being able to match the elder's words with their own understanding allowed them to gain a stronger grasp on the Supernova.

The elder was very thorough in his explanations. After half an hour, he finally finished his teachings. Glancing at the crowd, he raised his right hand and revealed yet another... Body Strengthening Freedom Pill!

The appearance of the pill caught the attention of the crowd immediately. Their breathing grew rapid. Even though they didn't really understand the true effect of swallowing the pill, the fact that it was introduced so formally by the instructor and that only one of them would obtain it, meant that it was extremely valuable.

At the same time, they had all contacted their respective factions the night before to ask about the pill. The answer they obtained in return not only intensified their hatred towards Wang Baole but filled them with an immense and indescribable sense of desire for the pill.

"There's actually still one more pill!"

"I have asked the Dao College about this pill. It's said that in the entire Federation, there are less than fifty of them currently!"

"Boosting one's level of cultivation is a secondary effect of this pill. Most importantly, it could significantly strengthen one's physical body. Swallowing more of them would even allow one to build up a physical foundation possessed by the gods described in the ancient myths!"

The Federation seedlings were initially dejected, but they were suddenly given hope upon seeing the pill. The craze in their eyes grew even more prominent. Even Wang Baole shuddered. He had originally planned to ease the tension between him and the rest of the disciples. After all, he felt that it was not a good idea to stay the night in another area all the time.

Furthermore, he didn't want to become enemies with a hundred other people. However, all those thoughts vanished into thin air, thrown into the deep recesses of his mind the moment the elder revealed the second Body Strengthening Freedom Pill. There was only one thought in his mind right then, and that was...

Mine! Wang Baole looked vicious, and his breathing was rapid. Instinctively, he wanted to activate his scabbard and make use of his greatest move.

However, even before Wang Baole could do that, the elder's voice reverberated loudly in all directions.

“This is the last pill that all of you will be able to obtain from here. The rules remain the same. The last person left standing before the sun sets will obtain the pill as a reward!” If not for Wang Baole, the elder would have stopped and left after saying that. However, he further added another sentence.

“No mosquitoes are allowed!”

His words made the seedlings instantly delighted, as they all felt that the instructor was impartial and extremely upright in his decision. In their excitement, someone even shouted out.

“First, destroy Wang Baole!”

Wang Baole’s facial expressions instantly turned awful. He noticed the eyes of the hundred people looking at him in an unfriendly manner; it was as if they were considering whether to execute their original plan of eliminating him for revenge.

Witnessing the scene, the elder instructor smiled slightly before turning and leaving towards the exit. He was simply a staff from the Federation and wasn’t from the military. He was impartial towards everyone.

However, just as he was about to leave and the crowd was about to charge towards Wang Baole, Wang Baole roared, making the first move as he raised his right arm and waved!

Instantly, numerous puppet Numinous Treasures appeared around Wang Baole. There were both male and female versions, with some looking completely identical to Wang Baole. The Silver Spirit Card had allowed Wang Baole to increase the number of puppets he had to several hundred through the previous repair works!

Having taken out more than half of them, Wang Baole instantly shocked everyone on the Public Square, causing them to stare in disbelief. Those who were the most shocked were Li Yi and company who had experienced being hugged by the puppets in the Spirit Breath Village.

Almost immediately, goosebumps formed on Li Yi’s scalp as she retreated quickly, even though she knew that only a few of the puppets were truly formidable. Most of the disciples there, however, were shocked but didn’t know how scary the puppets could become.

However, what happened next immediately made those people realize the true meaning of shamelessness, as Wang Baole roared loudly with much decisiveness!

“Hug every single one of them! Rip off their clothes if any of them tries to resist!” As Wang Baole’s roar reverberated, the hundreds of puppet Numinous Treasures all around were instantly activated as they charged towards the surrounding disciples.

Everyone felt fear gripping their hearts as the puppets immediately attacked, bursting forward loudly. Wang Baole specially created those puppets, and it was difficult to break free from them as their sturdiness and hugging skills were extremely impressive—despite them being relatively weak in terms of fighting capabilities.

There were so many of them that at least three puppets were crowding around each cultivator. Instantly, chaos erupted on site.

At the same time, Wang Baole rushed out swiftly. Whoever was hugged by Wang Baole’s puppets was struck in the head by him, and they instantly became unconscious.

Everything happened so quickly. The loud booms reverberated, and angry roars erupted all around, causing the elder instructor to stand there, speechlessly looking at the chaotic scene.

“Wang Baole, you evil b*stard!”

“Wang Baole... just you wait! Shameless!”

“Gosh, why does this fella have so many puppets? Darn it, why on earth would he make such things for no reason?”

As angry roars erupted, Wang Baole picked up speed in his attacks. At the same time, the puppets executed Wang Baole’s orders perfectly, hugging and stripping the cultivator’s clothing.

That made many people, especially the female cultivators amongst them, afraid of showing resistance despite their anger and fear. They immediately lost consciousness after Wang Baole hit them in the head. The entire process only took five minutes before Wang Baole became the last person standing.

As for Zhuo Yifan and Zhao Yameng, even though no puppets neared them, they still sat down with their legs crossed, laughing bitterly. They wanted the pill as well, but their understanding of Wang Baole made them realize that they didn’t have a chance against him.

Chapter 220: Physical Foundation Establishment

However, many others were still indignant and were struggling hard with resistance. Kong Dao was one of them. He usually appeared withdrawn but was actually an arrogant person. His experiences in the past made him disregard even those who were considered elites of the Federation.

That was until he met Wang Baole... First, the mosquito attack made him itch like never before, and then there were the puppet Numinous Treasures... It was driving him crazy.

A chill appeared in his eyes as he looked at Wang Baole with unhappiness and annoyance. There was another reason for that, as he realized that Wang Baole seemed to be relatively close to Zhuo Yifan and Zhao Yameng.

When he first saw Zhao Yameng, he was surprised... He was someone who never let anyone come close to him emotionally. As the cold look shone from his eyes, Kong Dao took a deep breath and was about to activate his mystic technique...

And at that moment...

Wang Baole had grown annoyed at slapping the people around him. He raised his right hand and immediately, tens of large-sized puppets appeared around him.

Those puppets were strong, burly hunks that each looked frighteningly scary. Those who looked like Zhu Gangqiang were the most vicious. However, appearances were not what made the resisters give up their ideas of resisting...

What made them give up was that when those savage, hunky puppets appeared, they all began to make loud disturbing sounds that were extremely harrowing and shocking to the people who heard them!

“Uh... Hmm...”

“Uh... Hmm... Uh...”

Their appearance, their voices... all of it immediately made those who were struggling shiver with their eyes wide open, their minds flooded with activity.

The previous batch of puppets was a mix of males and females that looked relatively normal, even artistically beautiful to a certain extent. However, the current batch of puppets, with Zhu Gangqiang as a representative, definitely made the male cultivators gasp and the female cultivators indescribably shocked.

“These... What freaks are these?”

“Don’t come over!”

Even the instructor elder appeared as if he had been struck by lightning. He stood dumbfounded, looking dazedly at the freaks that were making the disturbing sounds.

Kong Dao also held his breath in shock. He hesitated and gave up the thought of activating his spells. Instinctively, he sensed that the puppets were different from those of the previous batch. Based on his intuition towards the wild beasts, he vaguely sensed that the most vicious puppet of the lot carried a frightening vibe!

Seeing that his puppets had thrown everyone into a state of shock, Wang Baole spoke with great emotion.

“The greatest quality of mine is that I am a person of reason towards any matter. I want this pill. If anyone has any differing views, speak your mind, and we’ll sort it out.”

Wang Baole’s words were followed by a loud disturbing sound produced in unison by the puppet hunks.

Those who had not been beaten unconscious looked at those burly puppets and heard the sounds they produced, which caused chills to run down their spines. They cursed under their breaths but kept silent without speaking a word.

Seeing that was the case, Wang Baole happily turned over in anticipation, looking at the instructor elder who carried a bizarre look on his face.

“Instructor, there’s no need to wait until the sun sets... can you give the pill to me?”

The elder was silent. After a long while, he looked intently at Wang Baole, before flailing his right hand and tossing the Body Strengthening Freedom Pill to Wang Baole.

Wang Baole immediately grabbed hold of the pill. He was extremely agitated and hurriedly kept all the puppets. With a quick turn of his body, he ran outside, disappearing from the sight of all the seedlings who were gritting their teeth in anger as they stood up.

In the three days that followed, Wang Baole didn’t appear before their eyes. Even though rewards were given out daily, also in the form of pills, they were nothing like the Body Strengthening Freedom Pill.

Everyone still competed for the pills, but also made plans to unite and fight against Wang Baole. It made their decision to teach Wang Baole a lesson ever more determined.

Wang Baole, on the other hand, spent all three days in seclusion. His chummy relationship with the military resulted in the military officials giving him a designated room for seclusion without any hesitation.

In the room, Wang Baole swallowed the second Body Strengthening Freedom Pill. A phenomenal change occurred in his body, and it was as if a hurricane had erupted within his body. Wang Baole had initially thought that he could completely digest the pill within a day, but in reality, it took three full days for the pill to be incorporated into his body.

The effect of the pill was so strong that his entire body, including the strength of his flesh and bones, was completely transformed and boosted significantly!

One night, cracking sounds were heard from Wang Baole's body. He opened his eyes, which appeared like two shimmering stars that were extremely blinding. He was still at the peak of the True Breath realm, but a vibe similar to that of Foundation Establishment realm expert was given off from his body!

The vibe had originated from his physical body!

Wang Baole was energized. He stood up, stepping forward at a fast speed. Immediately, thunderous roars erupted within the room, howling and crashing towards the walls.

Thankfully, he reacted quickly and stopped in his tracks immediately. He pressed his hands on the wall before him, which prevented him from colliding into it.

However, upon pressing the wall, the wall cracked with a deafening sound—debris spewing in all directions. That made Wang Baole stare with his eyes wide open. He felt incredulous as he stood there, lowering his head to look at his body. His breathing speed increased.

The sound produced quickly caught the attention of the warriors standing around him. They all rushed towards Wang Baole, and after seeing the collapsed wall in Wang Baole's secret room, they were dumbfounded.

The secret room was impossibly strong and sturdy for people who were below that of the Foundation Establishment realm. It was sufficiently strong to withstand the impact produced when True Breath realm cultivators were in the process of seclusion or were testing the power of their spells.

However, it had collapsed...

"It was an accident..." Wang Baole laughed awkwardly as he apologized. With the military officials looking at him bewilderedly, he excused himself and dashed out of the army camp.

In the forest outside, he began to test out his speed. As he leapt into the air, an astonishing loud boom erupted. He was extremely fast, more than ten times his prior speed.

Such a speed made Wang Baole extremely agitated. His eyes glowed, and he threw a punch into the space before him. Instantly, an extremely powerful hurricane appeared before him, one that was so forceful it exceeded that of all his previous spells!

What am I considered as now? Someone of the Physical Foundation Establishment realm? In his exhilaration, Wang Baole questioned himself about the kind of cultivator he was. However, he was clear about one thing, and that was... In the past, he could not fight against people who were of the Foundation Establishment realm cultivation, but at that moment, he was confident in battling them!

That was especially so when he thought of the Supernova, which made him even more excited. He took a deep breath and slowly clenched his fist. He was following the instructions written on the Supernova jade slip, and combining it with his understanding of it after witnessing the instructor elder perform it twice. He also complemented it with the Tidal Technique he learned when he was still a nine-inch Spirit Root.

As he clenched his fist, his body vibrated several times rhythmically. Waves of tidal energy erupted from his body with his own body as the foundation. Uncontrollably, his body curled into the shape of a bow. As he was not well-practiced in it, it appeared as if he was storing his energy instead of performing the Supernova. After breathing several times and reaching his physical limits, Wang Baole lifted his head suddenly. His body was transformed into a large bow that seemed to release its tension instantly!

All the power from his body was like a voracious flood, and also like an arrow that had just sprung off the bow. The force accumulated in his right hand as he punched the space before him!

A deafening thunderous boom erupted. A force that felt extremely frightening to Wang Baole burst out along with his punch. The plants and vegetation immediately withered as if a large invisible hand had forcefully pulled them out. A gigantic vortex appeared, forming strong winds that collided with each other and swept in all directions.

When it ended, Wang Baole stepped back wearily, resting on a tree and out of breath. He was pale. The punch exhausted all his energy, but his eyes carried a look of excitement and surprise.

It was as if an explosion had occurred, forming a large crater that was a hundred feet wide. The force was similar to the Fire God Cannon to a certain degree!

With extremely high spirits, Wang Baole felt that he had gained so much in his adventure in the Federation capital. Not only did he manage to strengthen his body, but he also attained a trump card.

He took a rest before returning to the army camp in a happy mood. After recuperating for a night, the bell for group training sounded the next morning. Wang Baole woke up immediately and rushed towards the enclosed zone where all the seedlings were.

In the days that he was absent, people from the military helped him to apply for leave, which received approval from the elderly instructor. As Wang Baole arrived on the Public Square of the enclosed zone, he instantly came face to face with the seedlings who had also rushed there.

Wang Baole! After days of not seeing Wang Baole, the hatred resurfaced, and cold emerged from their eyes. Wang Baole cleared his throat. He felt that it was unnecessary for him to continue competing with the others. Therefore, he pretended not to see the coldness in their eyes as he smiled and nodded.

“Long time no see, everyone.” Wang Baole laughed, greeting Zhuo Yifan and Zhao Yameng as he walked towards them.

“Baole, you’d better be careful. They have all united against you,” Zhuo Yifan said softly.