

Worth 241

Chapter 241: The Blood Eye Hunts!

We have to get out of here, fast! Alarm rose within Wang Baole. The intense danger made his breathing quicken, and he had no time for the others. He sped off into the distance in a blur.

Everyone around him was the same. They scattered and attempted to dash out of the area surrounded by Moon Gu, dispersing from their previous clustered formation swiftly.

Even though they could have allied themselves while staying close to one another, the Moon Gu would spurt out a black corrosive liquid across a wide area. If they stuck too close to one another, someone would inevitably get hit and might die. It was better to scatter and rely on their dexterity and agility and attempt to avoid all attacks to the best of their ability.

They could also have united their forces and mounted an attack on the swarm of Moon Gu. However... the feasibility of the strategy relied on no other bizarre or strange occurrences taking them by surprise during the attack, as well as the number of Moon Gu remaining the same.

In reality, something had already occurred in the Mystic Luna Realm. In the distance, deep underground, many more Moon Gu were headed their way swiftly, from all directions.

The rolling and quaking of the earth all around them was a terrifying sight to bear. Even a Foundation Establishment realm cultivator would have chosen to flee instead of fighting to their death.

The rumbling sounds of the sound barrier being broken resounded in the air multiple times. Everyone hastily pulled out their Numinous Treasures, cast their spells, and fled for their lives.

Wang Baole hurriedly did the same. His physical body was of the Foundation Establishment realm. He could have exterminated the whole lot of them if there had been fewer Moon Gu, but there were just too many of them. He was left with no choice but to escape as quickly as he could. He was like an arrow shooting off a bow. With a deafening explosion, he charged out of the surrounded area.

Fortunately, while the Moon Gu were many, they appeared to be at the third and fourth levels of the True Breath realm. As long as one didn't get trapped or cornered, it wasn't difficult for the cultivators from the four Dao Colleges, determined to make their escape, to get away from the monsters.

Unless one was truly unfortunate, the black corrosive liquid was generally an attack that could be easily dodged. The few hundred cultivators soon made their way out of the ambush. Twenty or so of them perished in their attempts to escape, but the rest had fled. They were all panting heavily as they watched Moon Gu continue to crawl out from underground, roaring ferociously. They had escaped and survived the first ambush though, which gave them hope and made their feet swifter.

Wang Baole was the same. He turned his head around as he ran, and saw Zhuo Yifan, Zhao Yameng, Chen Yutong and many other familiar people who escaped the Moon Gu closing in. He let loose a sigh of relief secretly and was about to continue running.

It was then, when hope was burning in Wang Baole's and every one of the four Dao Colleges' disciples' hearts, that calamity struck again!

A low growling rumble, louder than thunder, suddenly exploded in the sky above the crimson wood seal!

Boom!

Boom!

Boom!

Three deafening explosions shook the earth and nearly shattered the heavens. The ground splintered and exploded. The series of explosions created aura waves that rippled and spread across the entire Mystic Luna Realm. Every single person within the Mystic Luna Realm, regardless of where they were, was at that instant deafened and dazed. Nearly half of them had blood seeping from their lips.

The Moon Gu seemed alarmed and cowed as well. The monsters trembled and seemed to be on the verge of bending their bodies in half in a deep cowering bow.

The young master of the Trilunaris Corporation had been reclining comfortably on his sedan. He was also startled. As his breath quickened, his guards stood around him protectively, on high alert.

Over at the Galactic Dusk Sect and Plume Manifestation Connate Sect, many showed varying degrees of fear and shock. The same happened for the Five Generation Sky Clan as well as the seventeen-member Senate. In an instant, the sudden thunder had alarmed everyone scattered across the entire Mystic Luna Realm.

As the thunder rumbled, numerous large inscriptions appeared above the array formation in the skies. There were more than a hundred of them, each one enormous and looming over various parts of the realm, covering the entire sky of the Mystic Luna Realm.

Lifting one's head skyward, regardless of where they were, they would see the terrifying inscription looming over him!

The heavens above the disciples from the four Dao Colleges were as such. The gigantic inscriptions had appeared suddenly, and they started sparkling.

As they sparkled, Wang Baole felt a tremendous weight pressing down on his head. The feeling was indescribable. It was the descent of the hundreds of inscriptions onto the earth, blanketing the vast Mystic Luna Realm!

The nearly ten thousand cultivators from the various political forces in the Federation spread across the Mystic Luna Realm stopped breathing at the same moment. Gasps of shock rang out from all around the mystic realm.

Everyone was trembling. Trying to withstand the force of the inscriptions weighing down on them was like facing a celestial foe, an enemy of all humankind. Every single one of them was shaking from the depths of their souls with a gut-deep terror!

Their cultivation was also being suppressed at the same time. Wang Baole shuddered and panted. He saw how everyone around him was similarly affected, and the immense danger he felt grew stronger.

What is going on with this place? As Wang Baole let out a frustrated shout inwardly and tried to free himself from the oppressive force and flee, the hundreds of inscriptions in the sky started glimmering at a more rapid rate. A sudden violent suction appeared in the sky!

The ferocity of the suction transformed the entire heavens into a black hole. It pulled at the nearly ten thousand cultivators across the various parts of the land. What was most bizarre about it was how no one could resist against or fight its pull.

Wang Baole watched with his very own eyes as college cultivators all around him shuddered. Wisps of white smoke were drawn out of their bodies and raced towards the inscriptions in the sky.

As he stared at the white smoky wisps, Wang Baole instinctively realized... that was a person's lifeforce!

It's absorbing lifeforce? Wang Baole was shaken. As the suction force persisted, he could sense his body start to tremble and the vitality that usually remained unseen being forcibly pulled out from him and departing his body!

As his vitality was drawn out, he felt his body weaken. He even sensed signs of shriveling and aging in his meridians and the rest of his physical body!

Absorbing my lifeforce? Give it back! Wang Baole sucked in a cold breath of air. The look on his face turned vicious in the moment of crisis. The devouring seed inside him activated suddenly. He dispensed with any attempts at concealment. As the devouring seed started churning, the vitality that had been drained from his body was sucked back in again.

While the devouring seed inside Wang Baole's body fought back fiercely, the lifeforce of everyone—not just the four Dao Colleges but all the cultivators in the Mystic Luna Realm—raced towards the heavens.

There were a few others like Wang Baole who had a few tricks of their own up their sleeves, but they were few. Zhao Yameng, the young master of the Trilunaris Corporation, as well as the prodigies from the two main sects and the Five Generation Sky Clan had their own means to temporarily halt the draining of their vitality.

The majority of the cultivators, though, did not possess such abilities. They were quickly stripped of a tenth of their vitality, which fused fully with the hundreds of inscriptions in the sky.

After draining a tenth of the nearly ten thousand people's vitality, the suction force vanished. The hundreds of sky inscriptions shone a glaring blood-red light and glimmered in the sky, showing signs of transformation.

The draining of lifeforce and fusion with the sky inscriptions had taken place within the span of a dozen breaths.

Amidst the growing horror and shock of everyone in the Mystic Luna Realm, the inscriptions in the sky started to shift forms, one by one transforming into... giant Blood Eyes!

Hundreds of Blood Eyes appeared and started scanning the lands, surveying all life within its domain. They seemed to be searching for something. The Blood Eyes hovering above the region where the four Dao Colleges' cultivators stood did the same. Their stares fell upon the crowd and swept past each person.

Everyone shuddered when the Blood Eye's gaze fell on them. Wang Baole held his breath as the Blood Eye's gaze fell on him. It seemed uninterested though, its stare sweeping past Wang Baole and turning to the next person quickly.

It's looking for something! Wang Baole let out a slight breath of relief. As soon as the thought surfaced in his mind, the giant eyeball in the sky suddenly widened into a stare. Its gaze withdrew from the crowd and honed in on... a young man amidst the cultivators of the four Dao Colleges!

The young man... was the one whom Zhao Yameng had felt familiar yet unfamiliar, and whom Wang Baole had felt the same... Huang Shan from the Traps Pavilion!

Chapter 242: The Mystic Trace Fog Appears

It's looking for him! Wang Baole whirled around. Huang Shan's features were twisted into a grotesque expression. It was as if he had been caught completely by surprise by what was going on—as if he had believed in his ability to pull the wool over their eyes and had full confidence in his own concealment.

However, as the eyeball swiveled and honed in unblinkingly on Huang Shan, he retreated sullenly. An explosion of spiritual energy burst forth from him as he fell back. A cultivation... that reached the Core Formation realm surged from within him and rose to the heavens!

As aura erupted, its intensity sent many disciples from the four Dao Colleges around him spitting blood from their mouths and staggering back. A few of the Moon Gu, unable to withstand the force, were instantly ripped into shreds.

The giant tree! Numbness spread across Wang Baole's scalp. The instant its Core Formation aura erupted from its body he immediately identified the familiar source. He was shocked to the core.

Isn't it dead? Emotions spread across Wang Baole's face. The reason he and Zhao Yameng hadn't suspected Huang Shan was the giant tree was because they had trusted in the Ethereal Dao College's report and truly thought the giant tree killed.

Who could have known that it still lived!

That's not right... the feeling is similar, but not exactly the same... As Wang Baole panted, he soon realized something was not quite the same. Zhao Yameng and Zhuo Yifan were equally alarmed. However, Zhao Yameng, similar to Wang Baole, felt a flicker of doubt.

The current situation prevented them from communicating, and there was no time for it either. Just as Huang Shan's Core Formation realm cultivation erupted and he retreated hastily, the hundreds of Blood Eyes in the sky, except for the one currently staring at Huang Shan, shifted into a blur and vanished in an instant. They appeared in the next instant... layered on the singular eyeball left!

In the span of a breath, in the sky above the disciples from the four Dao Colleges, the hundreds of eyeballs layered together and formed... a singular, giant Blood Eye!

The eyeball stared unblinkingly at the rapidly retreating Huang Shan who was desperately looking for an escape, its gaze devoid of mercy and filled with a vicious intensity. All of a sudden, a bolt of scarlet lightning slashed across the sky!

Thunder rumbled in the heavens, and the red lightning bolt raced towards Huang Shan. It appeared with a burst of power that awed and terrified everyone. They could sense the immense power behind the lightning bolt—it was powerful enough to decimate them on the spot and destroy their flesh and spirit!

From afar, it looked as if the giant red lightning bolt was tearing the sky in half. It roared and approached the retreating Huang Shan, and a myriad of emotions shifted on his face. He knew he couldn't escape the strike. Rage burned in his eyes, and his hands came together to form seals as he attempted to fight back. He growled.

“Don't push your luck!”

As soon as he spoke, the red lightning bolt came racing and landed directly on him. A deafening thunder resounded through the air. The force of the lightning bolt tore Huang Shan's body apart. From the shredded remains of Huang Shan's body, countless tree branches emerged.

The branches struggled while they gathered together swiftly in the sky, forming a three-hundred-meter tall giant tree that reached the heavens. It stood, towering, facing off against the giant crimson eyeball!

The giant tree had an enormous crown and thick, old branches. It felt extremely old. Wang Baole, Zhao Yameng, and Zhuo Yifan saw the scene before them and stood rooted to the spot, stunned as if they had been struck by lightning.

The remaining people weren't as acquainted with the giant tree. However, the sight of the enormous tree unfolding from someone in their company caused their faces to go pale in shock.

“Using the Mothership Array Formation to suck the lifeforce out of the masses should be the limits of your capabilities. Let me see how many more Crimson Fairy Lightning Bolts you're capable of summoning!” High above in the skies, the giant tree roared. It was no longer retreating. Instead, its form seemed to be blurring rapidly out of existence, as if it was using some other means of leaving!

As soon as its words rang out, cruelty and ruthlessness flashed across the giant crimson eyeball in the sky. In the next instant, another bolt of scarlet lightning came crashing from the skies!

It was yet another heaven-and-earth-shattering strike that threatened to rip the heavens apart. It sped towards the giant tree. In its true form, the giant tree couldn't avoid the attack, and the lightning bolt hit its blurring form directly.

The blurring tree form shuddered violently. Terrifying cracks splintered across the bark of the enormous tree, numerous branches burst into dust, and countless leaves disintegrated in an instant!

The incoming lightning bolt instantly shattered an invisible air bubble that had encased the giant tree and could allow it to slip away into the oblivion. The grievously injured giant tree was forcibly expelled from its blurry state!

That wasn't the end. As the cracks grew, the giant tree broke apart and collapsed. A tender green shoot sprouted out from the remains and sped off swiftly into the distance.

As everyone looked on, stunned, the red eyeball flashed once again. Cracks could be seen deep inside its pupil. It seemed as if it was no longer able to keep itself together. With a deafening sound, louder than

everything that they had heard earlier, the red eyeball collapsed, forming... a third crimson lightning bolt.

It raced towards the fleeing young shoot!

“No!” A face emerged on the green tree shoot. It was filled with despair and intense hate and frustration. It howled and desperately attempted to fight back and to escape. Leaves sprouted and flowers blossomed in abundance in an attempt to defend itself against the lightning. But it was all for nothing...

In the blink of an eye, amidst its raging howls, the crimson lightning bolt struck the tree shoot. A thundering roar resounded in the air. The crowd watched as the tree shoot disintegrated, inch by inch, collapsing and turning into dust...

The foreboding aura that had weighed down on them gradually dispersed with the destruction of the giant tree. The skies remained blanketed by the wood-like inscriptions that sealed the Mystic Luna Realm. However, those within the realm felt the considerable weakening of the oppressive force from the skies.

The earlier scene of the lightning bolts striking and exterminating the giant tree stirred everyone into unease and alarm. Wang Baole, Zhao Yameng, and Zhuo Yifan, especially, could see the shock in the others' eyes as they looked at one another.

They couldn't help but recall the events of the Coulomb Basin.

Is this tree the one from the Coulomb Basin? If not, how many trees are there... are they all on the moon? If so, why have they come? The seal obviously has something to do with it! Wang Baole mused. His spirits were overcast with gloomy thoughts. At the same time, like the rest, he too placed hope on rescue from the Federation.

What had happened was too huge, so they believed the Federation would have already noticed.

As the gloomy mood overtook the crowd, the cowering Moon Gu once more raised their heads and readied to strike. Everyone immediately refocused their thoughts and hurriedly sped away.

As the Moon Gu slowly awakened, the crowd from the four Dao Colleges raced off and was about to break free from the land of the Moon Gu. It was then that the unpredictable Mystic Luna Realm struck, silently and unexpectedly, again.

The Moon Gu began to abandon their pursuit and burrow deep underground, as if in escape.

They had no time to feel surprised. The sounds of sobbing and whimpering came drifting in from afar. A thick mist had appeared out of a sudden in the distance. It spread far into the horizon without an end in sight, appearing tens of miles long and rolling forward swiftly. Wang Baole and the surrounding people stood in its rapid approach.

From afar, the mist looked thick and impermeable. It was like an ocean of mist that devoured everything in its path.

“The Mystic Trace Fog!” Someone in the crowd gasped in terror.

The fog was a unique weather feature found in the Mystic Luna Realm. Where and when it appeared were unpredictable. As soon as it appeared, any living thing that was in its path, save the moon itself, would be randomly transported across the various parts of the Mystic Luna Realm.

Wang Baole grimaced as he stared at the rapidly approaching mist and the less than one hundred yards separating them from it. Everyone around him fell silent. They knew there was no escape, and they looked at one another.

“Everybody... take care!”

“We have to hold on. The Federation will send help soon!”

“I hope... we’ll live to see each other again...”

The farewells seemed especially low-spirited at that moment. Wang Baole took in a deep breath. He turned and bade the rest farewell, hugged Zhuo Yifan and Chen Yutong, and nodded at Zhao Yameng. The mist came rolling towards them, blanketing the nearly thousand cultivators from the four Dao Colleges, lingering where they stood...

Chapter 243: The Federation Stirs!

Perhaps the forty-first year of the Spirit Inception Era was meant to be a year of troubles.

It was the year when disastrous change struck the luna colonies and shocked the entire Federation. It was impossible to conceal or withhold the news. The colonies on the moon were too many. Besides the ones belonging to the major political forces, there were also many others that were owned by the many smaller political entities.

The various media agencies across the Federation were soon broadcasting the disastrous events that had taken place in the Mystic Luna Realm to the entire Federation.

Within a short span of time, the residents in the cities scattered across the Federation were all ensnared by fear. Terror and chaos swept through the population. Conspiracies of all kinds and breeds were being spread.

“Calamity strikes the moon! My god, it must be the aliens from the ancient green-bronze sword. They must have appeared!”

“I’ve always urged against walking the path of the cultivator. As I’ve guessed all along, something has happened. Cultivation is the power of the gods. It’s not something we mere mortals should try and possess!”

“Don’t talk nonsense. The Federation will resolve whatever is happening up there on the moon!”

As the entire Federation got into an uproar, Wang Baole’s parents were beset by anxiety as well. They were helpless to do anything. Fortunately, Liu Daobin’s father and the city lord of Phoenix City often visited. Through their own channels, they dug up new news and were able to reassure Wang Baole’s parents.

The elderly couple was able to gain more understanding of the matter and know that Wang Baole might not be in trouble. Something had happened on the moon and led to its lockdown, and the Federation was in the midst of saving everyone.

At the same time, a team led by the Federation President and formed by members from the various major political forces had moved out and was headed for the moon. Even the Grand Supreme Elder from the Ethereal Dao College was included in the team.

The elder himself had been moved to action. The true and most powerful of the other political forces wouldn't be sitting still and waiting. The sudden change on the moon was abrupt... and a great concern to many. They could sense that something else was going on!

Mid-journey, the rescue team received transmissions from the strong men of the various political forces on guard at the luna base colony. They found out within the Mystic Luna Realm, the appearance... of a Core Formation realm cultivator, crimson eyes, and a scarlet lightning bolt that could kill a Core Formation realm cultivator!

The new discoveries made what was happening on the moon even more alarming!

After they reached the base colony, more than a hundred of them, near seven-tenths of all Core Formation realm cultivators in the Federation, gathered immediately. After consolidating all the evidence and clues they had, they reached their conclusion.

"When a tree gains sentience, it is able to assimilate a cultivator, hide within his body, and enter the Mystic Luna Realm!

"Our assessment shows that there are at least two or more such sentient tree lifeforms. Their cultivation is at the Core Formation realm, and they seem to be at odds with each other!

"Their objective—unknown!

"How they managed to wrestle control of the array formation and use it for a counter-seal—unknown!"

The evidence was presented before everyone. No one had spoken out, but each member of the rescue force clearly couldn't help but suspect... that the matter was a result of collusion between an outsider and someone within the Federation!

Federation President Duan Muque's expression was solemn. He didn't make a decision immediately, turning instead to an elderly man behind him. The latter was the Grand Supreme Elder of the Ethereal Dao College, the former president of the Federation!

The elderly man narrowed his eyes. After a moment, an icy glint flashed in his eyes, and he said in a low gravelly voice, "Regardless, we have to break through the array formation and mount a rescue!"

His thoughts were exactly that of Duan Muque's. After the two had decided, the other political forces agreed as well. The hundred-odd Core Formation realm rescue force soon moved out and attempted to blow open the array formation!

Duan Muque even activated a shred of the power of the Divine Armament. In that instant, a thunderous rumbling shook the skies, and the entire moon quaked. However... the Mystic Luna Realm's array formation was resilient and had been infiltrated by demonic spirits who had obviously been prepared.

The rescue force didn't know what kind of power or spell they had wielded. The array formation breaking efforts progressed at a snail's pace. It wouldn't be broken any time soon!

The only option was to use the Divine Armament itself. However, the appearance of the Divine Armament would definitely awaken the Night Immortal King slumbering within the Mystic Luna Realm. The extent of the resulting catastrophe would be unimaginable, so they wouldn't resort to that option until they exhausted all their means.

During that period, while the rescue team attempted to break through the seal, within the Mystic Luna Realm, the land where the disciples from the four Dao Colleges had stood remained blanketed in mist. After a very long time, with the gradual shifting of the mist, the area was finally exposed. There wasn't a single soul in sight. The hundred-odd cultivators from the Dao Colleges who had previously been caught in the mist had vanished.

The mist left in its wake barren earth and shriveled plant life. Besides that, nothing else remained. Even the deep burrows that had been left behind by the Moon Gu were gone—as if wiped out of existence. It was as if nothing had ever happened in the region.

If someone was around to witness the entire scene, they would be shocked by the sight. It was beyond bizarre. One would be faced with the deceptive feeling... that everything that had happened—the meadow of fragments, the hundred-odd cultivators from the four Dao Colleges, and even the battle with the Moon Gu—had been a lie and hadn't actually taken place.

The strange weather was what made the moon a dangerous place. It was a danger that took one by surprise.

The disciples from the Dao Colleges were presently being transported to various parts of the Mystic Luna Realm by the Mystic Trace Fog. The fortunate ones remained on the visible side of the moon. The more unfortunate ones... were transported to the more dangerous, restricted area on the dark side of the moon.

Wang Baole didn't know where he was. After the Mystic Trace Fog had swept over him, he only felt his vision blur. When it cleared up again, he found himself in an unfamiliar place.

As soon as he reappeared in the new location, he immediately activated his cultivation in full force. He raised his right hand, the force of the Supernova vibrating in his fist, and surveyed his surroundings quickly and alertly.

He was no longer in a desert land. The ground was covered in muddy brown soil. In the distance, he could see the rise and fall of small mountains. If not for the wood seal lining the dark night sky, he might have thought he had returned to Earth.

After making sure that there was no danger, Wang Baole released a sigh of relief. The various events he had experienced since he had arrived in the Mystic Luna Realm had been immeasurably bizarre and terrifyingly dangerous.

Am I on the visible side or the dark side? Wang Baole wondered. He looked at the sky hastily and settled his panicking heart when he saw the bright blue planet earth in the sky and realized he had been lucky

enough not to be transported to the dark side of the moon. He wouldn't have been able to see Earth if that had happened.

After all, one would not be able to see Earth when standing at the dark side of the moon. The inception of Spirit Qi had affected the orbits. The information he had read had mentioned the dangers inherent to the dark side of the moon. Some of the deeper regions were so dangerous that a True Breath realm cultivator who ventured there faced almost certain death.

Once Wang Baole was reassured of his relative safety, he sighed again. He rubbed his hand across his forehead. He felt that a large chunk of his luck seemed to have vanished since he arrived at the Mystic Luna Realm. He had been robbed by Shi Ling of the first opportunity in the hunt for fragments and crossed paths with the giant tree again. Even though the giant tree had been killed, the realm was still sealed.

Could it be that I really am the destined son of Earth? That's why my luck turns for the worse when I leave the planet? Wang Baole smacked his stomach and lamented. The worry in his eyes didn't go away despite his self-mockery.

Wang Baole was a generally optimistic character. However, his optimism was merely a means for him to manage his anxieties. He knew very clearly that in the Mystic Luna Realm, death and danger were always near. In order to be assured of his safety, he had to reach the Foundation Establishment realm as soon as possible!

I wonder how the others are doing... Wang Baole fell silent. His eyes flashed with determination.

Only by attaining the Foundation Establishment realm could he guarantee his ability to protect himself!

I have to find fragments quickly! Wang Baole made up his mind. He saw that there was no one around him and unleashed the full extent of his devouring seed. As the devouring seed erupted into wakefulness, Wang Baole concentrated on sensing any disturbances in Spirit Qi.

He raced forward, speeding across the Mystic Luna Realm while feeling for Spirit Qi. He kept his guard up for any surrounding threats and dangers.

It didn't take long. Two hours later, the speeding Wang Baole still didn't catch sight of a single soul. However, in a brief instant, he felt the weak rippling of Spirit Qi. It was so faint that Wang Baole wouldn't have noticed it if he hadn't had the devouring seed and keen senses.

Amidst his gleeful surprise, he shifted directions and dashed towards the source of the Spirit Qi.

After following his senses and searching for some time, he finally found a half-shriveled plant that looked like some sort of hedgehog cactus. He stared down at it and couldn't contain his surprise.

There are hedgehog cacti on the moon? Wang Baole could sense the origins of the Spirit Qi. It was faint but there, beneath the hedgehog cactus. It was so weak that someone practicing the Qi Fostering Art and passing the cactus by could easily have missed it.

Wang Baole happily grabbed at the hedgehog cactus. As soon as his hand reached out, a big mouth suddenly appeared on the hedgehog cactus. It reached for Wang Baole's hand and took a bite!

It bites? Wang Baole stared.

Chapter 244: A Mugging?

Wang Baole snorted when he saw the hedgehog cactus about to bite. His right hand tightened into a fist, and he activated the Supernova. Spirit energy erupted all around him, and dust and earth stirred from the ground and rose into the air. The hedgehog cactus had its mouth wide open and was about to take a bite. Upon witnessing the sight, it shuddered and without waiting for Wang Baole's fist to land, spat out a mouthful of green liquid.

It wasn't directed at Wang Baole but rather was spat out like a pool of blood. The cactus grew limp. Even the spines started falling off in bunches.

It appeared to be defeated...

Faking death? I haven't even landed a hit! Wang Baole blinked. His fist stopped right before the hedgehog cactus. He glared. He found the cactus rather interesting and yelled.

"Let go!"

As soon as he finished speaking, the cactus roused into movement. It pulled its roots out from the ground and, like a tiny person, retreated speedily. It stopped after it had retreated for a yard.

"At least you know what's good for you!" Wang Baole's right hand reached deep into the earth the hedgehog cactus had just vacated and grabbed hold of a fingernail-sized fragment. The moment his hand touched the fragment, a strange sensation traveled from his fingertips to his heart.

The feeling was akin to that of an endless hunger and longer coming from deep inside him to meld with the fragment. Wang Baole shuddered, and his breathing quickened as he held the fragment in his hand and studied it. He was very sure that it... was a special fragment that could be used to build his Foundation Establishment core!

Overjoyed, Wang Baole placed the fragment close to his chest. Such an extraterrestrial fragment might be able to be used for one's Foundation Establishment core, but it wasn't something the storage bracelet could hold.

Brimming with satisfaction, Wang Baole lifted his head and found the hedgehog cactus gone. Not paying its disappearance any attention, he mused for a while and realized the reason for the cactus' human-like intelligence.

It probably has something to do with this special fragment. Wang Baole looked around, confirmed there were no other fragments, then turned and dashed off.

After he had finally left, the soil in the ground rose slightly, and the hedgehog cactus popped out anew. It looked towards the direction Wang Baole had gone with what seemed like resignation, opened its mouth wide and bared its teeth, then burrowed back into the earth and ran off.

Wang Baole was running along happily. Except, after running for some time, he stopped and stared at the fragment he had placed close to his chest. He seemed slightly dispirited.

There's something wrong with this thing. The reading materials only said we're unable to store it in our storage bracelet. They didn't say anything about the fragment being a source of Spirit Qi that draws attention. Wang Baole grabbed at his hair in exasperation.

It would have been fine if the fragment hadn't been discovered, but once it was discovered and came into contact with a cultivator, it became like a burning torch in a pitch black night—something that would obviously be discovered by others located within a certain radius.

That's why they said it was dangerous here, and that the competition amongst the various political forces was brutal. With such a feature... it'd be weird if the fight isn't fierce. Wang Baole thought for a bit and considered hiding the fragment somewhere else. He tried digging a hole and burying it, but its Spirit Qi remained obvious. The chances of someone finding it soon after he had left were high.

There's no other way. I'd like to see who dares to rob me! Wang Baole gritted his teeth, glared, and continued running. The devouring seed inside his body churned and searched for other sources of Spirit Qi.

Time crept by slowly. Three days passed. In the three days, Wang Baole found quite a few fragments. Most of them couldn't be used for the Foundation Establishment core. Of such special fragments, he had only found a second one.

Wang Baole thought of how difficult it was to find the special fragments and couldn't control his sighing. He, at least, had his devouring seed, and the speed at which he was finding the fragments was faster than the ordinary cultivator. Even so, his results were dismal.

The others must be facing the same problems! Wang Baole believed himself right in thinking so. During those three days, he had encountered the lunar monsters. Most were mutated Moon Beasts that were of the Ancient Martial realm. They posed no threat to him at all, and some of them even looked like they would make a delicious meal.

For example, he saw a lobster that was half the size of a person. It made Wang Baole hesitate for a long time. He remembered he had eaten lobsters found in the ocean, but he had never eaten one that was found on land. However, the lobster gave off a purple glow and looked poisonous, so after deliberating for a very long time, Wang Baole decided to abandon the idea.

Two days passed. On that day, Wang Baole was continuing his journey within the Mystic Luna Realm, searching for fragments, when he passed a small mountain. His eyes suddenly flashed. Through the devouring seed, he felt a startling Spirit Qi disturbance in the distance erupting!

The disturbance excited Wang Baole. He was about to approach when he felt through the devouring seed the source of the Spirit Qi stirring, then dashing towards where he was.

"Hmm?" Wang Baole raised his head swiftly, startled. He gazed into the distance. Soon, he saw in the horizon, the first silhouette of a cultivator he had seen in all those days!

It was a youth dressed in black robes. He looked thin and slightly malnourished, with cold eyes and a scar on his face. Wrapped around his right hand were black bandages, and waves of black Qi seeped out from between the bandages. He gave off a feral air and looked like a tiny killer god, cold and merciless. From his attire, he didn't look like someone from the four Dao Colleges.

The waves of Spirit Qi were coming from his person. Upon closer observation, Wang Baole could feel three sources coming off the youth that stirred longing inside him.

Three special fragments? Wang Baole was shocked, and a sour feeling spread inside his heart. He had thought himself extremely diligent, but despite his hard work, he had only found two special fragments. The youth, who didn't even rival him in good looks, actually found three.

Should I attempt to snatch them off him? Wang Baole deliberated. However, as he was deep in thought, the youth turned and looked at Wang Baole suddenly. He immediately switched direction and raced towards Wang Baole.

He was swift like a bolt of lightning and stirred dust clouds off the ground as he approached.

He's coming right to my doorstep? Wang Baole blinked. He fell back a few steps and stared at the approaching youth. The youth soon stopped ten yards away before Wang Baole. He stood there and eyed Wang Baole coldly, lifted his chin, stuck his right hand out, and said coolly.

"Hand it over! Don't make me say it twice!"

Wang Baole's eyes popped out as soon as he heard what the youth said. He stretched out his right hand as well and hollered.

"Hand it over! Don't make me say it twice!"

"You have a death wish!" The youth narrowed his eyes. He dashed out as he spoke, and stood before Wang Baole in a blink of an eye, his fist flying out. He didn't land a direct punch. Instead, as he threw his fist forward, he opened it wide into a palm, and out flew a black jade pendant.

As the jade pendant flew out, it summoned black winds that formed an indistinct shape of a black tiger's head. It roared and charged at Wang Baole.

"A Numinous Treasure? Don't you know your granddaddy here is a Dharmic Armament cultivator?" Wang Baole said arrogantly. He raised his right hand in a sudden sweep and pulled out multiple Numinous Treasures which blanketed the sky and raced towards the youth.

Amongst the Numinous Treasures were the self-exploding beads, the rope, the large seal, and the flying sword.

The Numinous Treasures dashed out in multitudes. The rope and large seal, especially, looked extremely dangerous and threatening. The youth eyed them with great caution.

However, the two Numinous Treasures that he had eyed so closely, upon flying out, didn't charge at the youth. Instead, radiating a terrifying forceful aura, they sped towards the heavens and disappeared... into thin air...

The youth froze as he watched the two Numinous Treasure make their bizarre ascent into the skies. He immediately raised his guard. While keeping an eye out for the Numinous Treasures, he glared viciously at Wang Baole and wielded the Black Tiger Jade Pendant in his hand and pushed his palm towards Wang Baole!

With a deafening roar, Wang Baole's Numinous Treasures and the youth's black tiger collided. The black tiger howled as it clashed with the Numinous Treasures. Amidst the thundering battle sounds, the youth narrowed his eyes and leaped right through the battling Numinous Treasures and arrived before Wang Baole. His finger surged towards Wang Baole's forehead!

"Die!" Wang Baole might be famous, but for a disciple of the Galactic Dusk Sect—a sect whose disciples were inclined towards the traditional and were divorced from the outside world—his knowledge of Wang Baole wouldn't be considerable. What the youth knew was even more pitiful. At that moment, he applied his usual strategy to exterminate Dharmic Armament cultivators, which was to approach them and rely on close combat to wipe them out.

Based on his experience, Dharmic Armament cultivators, Array Formation cultivators, and Alchemy cultivators alike had tremendous abilities, but once an enemy came within close reach, they were vulnerable to an extreme. In his merciless arrogance, his finger snaked forward like a bolt of lightning and was about to land a hit on Wang Baole's forehead.

On the tip of his finger, black Qi had appeared. He had full confidence of piercing through a skull with its touch!

However... what was ideal was indeed good, but the reality was slightly different from his imagination. As his finger reached out, Wang Baole's eyes flashed in excitement.

How long has it been... since someone dared to raise their finger before me...

Chapter 245: I Reign Supreme...

Wang Baole started reminiscing about the good old days. Since he had gotten famous, many people had grown wary and cautious of his finger-bending killer move. As a result, he had to actively seek an opportunity to employ the move in each fight.

That made him yearn for the days when he was still not famous, for the feeling of having someone point their finger at him. At that moment... he could finally embrace those feelings of the past...

As the black-robed youth's finger shot towards his forehead, he happily raised his right hand and caught the youth's finger with an extremely practiced move. The devouring seed inside his body activated. As the strong suction force was triggered, he bent the finger upward forcefully!

"Call me Daddy!"

What kind of quirk is that? The expression on the youth's face changed. It wasn't that he hadn't come across people who were into bending fingers, but someone who bent fingers and asked their opponent to call him daddy? That was the first.

A surge of shame rose within him, and a cold glint flashed across the youth's eyes. He was a brutal and merciless character. He disregarded the extreme agony in his finger and didn't struggle to free it. Instead, black Qi surrounded his finger instantly, and the bandages on his hand ripped apart.

An earth-shattering force surged from his finger. It was sharp like a blade that could cut through everything around it. Upon closer look, one would see waves of inscriptions rippling off his finger and hitting against Wang Baole's palm!

"Let go!"

In his imagination, Wang Baole's palm would explode in the next instant and become a bloodied mess. That was, in fact, the viciousness of that particular attack. Many had perished under it.

But... something unexpected occurred!

The inscriptions that seemed capable of destroying everyone, upon hitting Wang Baole's palm, appeared to have landed on a wall of metal. Instead of causing damage to Wang Baole, they disintegrated as soon as they landed.

"You trying to scratch an itch for daddy? Are you trying to bully daddy 'cause he's a Dharmic Armament cultivator and is weak and can't fight? Is that why you're trying to rob me of my fragments?" Wang Baole glared. He was thick of flesh and hard of skin. His physical body had attained the Foundation Establishment realm. The youth's finger had struck a powerful attack, but its impact was slight. Wang Baole's leg abruptly kicked up and towards the youth's crotch!

What manner of attack is this again? Aiming for that place! The expression on the youth's face shifted. He could feel the winds stirred by Wang Baole's kick whipping fiercely against his trousers. His heart pumped fiercely as he struggled to escape, but Wang Baole's hand was like a pair of pincers that he couldn't free himself from. He could only raise his leg to block the attack. With a loud thud, his leg collided with Wang Baole's. As the sound rang in the air, the youth's face turned pale. He felt a strong force traveling through his entire body.

From his bones to his flesh to his blood, a tremor shook through his body. He spat out a mouthful of blood.

"Damn you Dharmic Armament cultivator! What's all that rubbish about being weak and not knowing how to fight!" The youth was on the verge of madness and howled in fury. He had never encountered a Dharmic Armament cultivator with a physical body that was a complete freak of nature.

He wasn't someone to be messed with as well. The youth used that sudden burst of energy between them and, deciding he could do without his finger, twisted upwards. A cracking sound of a forced break rang out. He raised his left hand in a fist and sent it flying viciously towards Wang Baole's face!

"Go to hell!" The youth howled. Wang Baole smiled mirthlessly. He released the finger the youth had broken himself, grabbed his wrist, and moved fluidly into the next step—twisting the next joint!

"Break!"

An excruciating pain more extreme than the previous agony sent the youth shuddering instantly. He cried out in pain as his wrist cracked and was instantly broken by Wang Baole!

Amidst the agony, his left fist flung towards Wang Baole paused. In the next moment... Wang Baole turned and grabbed hold of his left hand, bending it at the joint again!

"Break!"

Another cracking sound rang out. A pain even stronger than the previous one made the youth shudder violently. In that moment of danger, he bit the tip of his tongue immediately, spilling blood and activating a mystic technique. In an instant, a black light started erupting from his body.

The light was blinding and appeared like a black sun. It was the secret mystic art of the Galactic Dusk Sect. Upon eruption, a strong force expanded outwards in all directions.

Despite Wang Baole's Foundation Establishment realm level physical body, he was still driven back by the force of the attack. The youth used it to speed away. In a blink of an eye, he had put more than thirty yards between himself and Wang Baole.

At that moment, the youth had the feeling of having escaped the devil's clutches. His gaze at Wang Baole was filled with terror. He had never met such a foe in his entire life and had never suffered such a shameless defeat. His eyes were filled with confusion. He stared at his broken bones and his dangling palms that remained connected to his arms by limp muscles. Everything felt so surreal.

He's so powerful! Seems like I still have to work harder as a Dharmic Armament cultivator. Standing more than three hundred feet away, Wang Baole rubbed his chest in surprise. The earlier force of the attack had made him feel slightly sore. As he sighed in awe, he raised his right hand in a wave. Seventy to eighty puppets appeared in an instant.

"Come on, let's have a proper battle now!" Wang Baole sucked in a deep breath. As his spirit energy erupted from his body, the puppets surrounding him started to exude Spirit Qi. Quite a few of them started chirping as well.

The sight made the youth, who had been lost in a daze, shudder fiercely. When he heard the words "Dharmic Armament Cultivator", he could feel his heart skip a beat. He was alarmed by Wang Baole's puppets. Without hesitation, he turned and ran. His arms might be dangling uselessly from side to side, but his legs remained strong and fit and ran swiftly.

"Trying to escape? Leave your fragments behind!" Wang Baole glared. He swept his hand in a wave. The seventy to eighty puppets around him started chirping and chasing the youth!

From afar, the swarm of puppets was like a descending crowd of demons and the youth like a terrified little rabbit. His face drained of all color as he fled in terror.

Unfortunately... luck wasn't on the youth's side. Amidst his terrified escape, he didn't notice a rope falling from the skies. It was swift, like a bolt of lightning, and soundless. It seemed to exude a sort of perverse aura as it descended suddenly.

It appeared above the fleeing youth's head, approached speedily, and before the youth could notice anything amiss, wound itself five to six times around him, binding him tightly. The youth toppled straight to the ground.

What is going on! The youth was shocked. He found the rope familiar and realized it was the one Wang Baole had flung out earlier—the one that had raced into the sky. He would never have expected it to suddenly fly back after such a long time and tie him up. It was one thing to tie him up, but the rope was touching him inappropriately as well...

As the youth remained stunned and struggled to free himself from the rope's restraints, suddenly... another alarming and deafening sound sounded from the heavens. A giant seal appeared in the sky. It was infused with an awesome energy and seemed like it was gazing upon the lands in contempt with the eyes of a supreme ruler. It came rumbling down.

A thundering rumble rang in the skies. The large seal crashed and landed on the youth. He spat out pools of blood and passed out immediately from the collision.

Before he lost all consciousness, the only thought that surfaced in his mind was that of incomprehension towards the rope and the giant seal. He could not understand what sort of Numinous Treasure they were, to be released for such a long time before they suddenly unleashed their power...

He was not the only one. Even Wang Baole was shocked by the sight. However, he had known that the rope was peculiar. In the Coulomb Basin, he had witnessed the strangeness of the giant seal as well. As such, he wasn't that surprised by their reappearance. He even thought the two treasures had done quite a good job.

He walked up to the unconscious youth, eyed the rope and large seal, and nodded approvingly.

"Good job, the both of you. Great teamwork. Keep it up!" he said, then kept the rope and seal. He eyed the unconscious youth with interest, stooped down, and started searching.

Wang Baole stripped the youth of all his belongings, including the three special fragments. After recalling how vicious the youth had been, Wang Baole snorted and stripped him naked as well, not even leaving him his underwear. He turned on his transmission ring and activated the video recording function.

"He's really still just a kid. Can't compare with me at all. It's alright, I won't kill you. This is just a lesson to you!" Wang Baole said cheerfully. He finished recording and left.

Hours later... the youth came to. He seemed to be in a daze and hadn't yet realized what had happened. He stared at the surrounding, confused, then looked down at himself...

The next moment, a wretched, furious howl rang out across the land.

Chapter 246: Transforming the Mystic Trace Fog

Wang Baole was in a region far away from where the youth had awakened. As he charged ahead at high speed, he was despondent, lowering his head time and again and looking at a wooden slip, which brought him a lot of shock.

The wooden slip was from the youth's storage bag. Even though there were other possessions in the bag, it was difficult for one to access them if they weren't of a high enough level of cultivation. However, to the Dharmic Armament cultivators, it wasn't as complicated. As long as they knew which grade the bag was, they could focus on its characteristics to unlock it.

To Wang Baole, who was able to refine a third-grade Numinous Treasure, he could use the method of further refinement to change the internal inscriptions and open the storage bag without its marks being erased. That wasn't too difficult for him.

After opening the storage bag, Wang Baole came to know about the youth's identity. He was Wen Huai, one of the core disciples of the Galactic Dusk Sect.

He wasn't very clear of the structure within the Galactic Dusk Sect, but from the identity token, Wang Baole felt that Wen Huai must be a relatively impressive True Breath cultivator within the Galactic Dusk Sect.

There were many pills and Numinous Treasures inside the storage bag, along with other cultivation technique jade slips and a myriad of objects. There was even a cruiser stored inside.

However, it was a pity that the items couldn't be used within the Mystic Luna Realm due to the presence of array formations. Despite that, the gains that Wang Baole obtained made him feel that snatching from a villain was a way to strike it rich.

There was also the Spirit Stones Card, which was specifically tagged to the owner. That made it difficult for Wang Baole to reclaim it from a specific place.

Other than that, there was another unique item in Wen Huai's storage bag, which was the wooden slip in Wang Baole's hands. It was only half the size of his fist, with a map carved on its front. It wasn't difficult for Wang Baole to recognize that it was a map of the Mystic Luna Realm.

Ethereal Dao College also distributed similar maps. However, it was apparent that Wen Huai's map was more detailed and complete. There were also some markings on it, and after taking a close look at one of the marked positions, Wang Baole realized that it was the exact spot where he had found the unique fragment. He grew excited.

There was also a map on the back of the wooden slip. On that map, there was a region with three small mountainous peaks. A drawing of a tree was on it as well, but there were no markings of its exact location. All that was on it was the overall view of an area.

The tree was the element that made Wang Baole surprised. At the same time, Wang Baole felt a sense of familiarity with regards to the texture of the wooden slip. It made him think about Coulomb Basin, as well as the giant tree that was previously destroyed by the red lightning!

Why is such an object in the possession of a Galactic Dusk Sect disciple?

From the texture of the wooden slip, it is highly likely that it is made from that giant tree...

Wang Baole fell silent as he thought about the danger that he, together with Zhuo Yifan and Zhao Yameng, had faced while in the Coulomb Basin—as well as the eeriness of being inside the giant tree.

The giant tree can assimilate cultivators and control them. To a certain degree, it could also mimic their voice transmissions, making it difficult for people to differentiate between the real and the fake...

The skies of the Mystic Luna Realm are filled with wood grains as well...

It seems like the transformation of the Mystic Luna Realm is closely related to the large tree. Then... what role did the Galactic Dusk Sect play in all of this? Thinking about all the connections, Wang Baole was shocked.

As there weren't enough clues, it was difficult for him to analyze the situation accurately. However, the information that he already had was enough to make him feel that all of it encompassed an incredible amount of cunning plots and planning.

That made the sense of danger that he already had even more significant. His breathing gradually began to grow rapid, and his determination to reach the Foundation Establishment realm grew stronger by the moment.

I need to speed up. Wang Baole took a deep breath. He already had five fragment pieces that were suitable for Foundation Establishment, but it was still a long way to go before he had the required number of twenty pieces.

I can't use the cruiser here, and the area is large and teeming with danger. To find sufficient unique fragments as soon as possible will be extremely difficult. Wang Baole was somewhat troubled. However, there was nothing he could do but continue activating his devouring seed, charging forward, and continuing his search while staying vigilant.

Just like that, three Earth days passed quickly.

Wang Baole searched for a long time in those three days before he found the sixth fragment. There were two occasions when he met with people from the other factions, but as they seemed foreign and wary of each other, there was no intention for him to make contact and communicate with them.

The people from the other factions hesitated momentarily after sensing the vibe given off from Wang Baole's sixth fragment. However, they controlled themselves and left hurriedly—though, the chill in their eyes and their desire to contend for the fragments intensified as time passed.

After realizing that, Wang Baole grew even more vigilant.

Right now, all the disciples from the various factions, with the exception of those who already had a penchant for killing and snatching, seem to be able to control themselves. However, if the assistance from the Federation isn't efficient, coupled with the fact that as time passes the number of fragments one has increases... a single attempt at killing or snatching could allow one to have a go at Foundation Establishment—especially if one is only a few pieces away from reaching the requirements...

When forced to make a choice, the restraint that everyone exercises will dissipate... When that happens, it will be the actual battle between life and death! Wang Baole narrowed his eyes as he continued his search. Soon, after another day had passed, he stopped in his tracks upon reaching a small mountainous region.

It wasn't that he wanted to rest, but in an area several kilometers in front of him, he could see that there a churning fog was approaching. It seemed like the fog would be able to completely engulf the mountain that Wang Baole was on in no time.

That was the Mystic Trace Fog!

That threw Wang Baole into a dilemma as he hesitated. He had searched a large area of the surrounding region but hadn't managed to find any unique fragments. If he were to continue like that, he would likely not progress much.

If he were to go to another area, he could perhaps break his dry spell and find something. However, the Mystic Trace Fog was so unpredictable that Wang Baole was worried that he might be transported into a dangerous place.

If only I could control the Mystic Trace Fog... Wang Baole sighed as he looked at the approaching fog. He rubbed his glabella and was about to make a decision when a thought arose in his mind.

I don't have to control the location where the Mystic Trace Fog sends me. I only need to come up with a way to keep a portion of the Mystic Trace Fog and take it with me... That way, I can use the Mystic Trace Fog to teleport myself as and when I need to. Even if I were to be teleported to the dark side of the Mystic Luna Realm, I can immediately teleport elsewhere!

With that thought, Wang Baole instantly became tempted. He tried to imagine the process in his mind. If he succeeded, not only could he search all the different areas and find the fragments fast, he could also be less worried about safety issues—his top concern at that moment.

If there was someone who dared to provoke him, or if he wasn't able to fight the other party, he simply needed to release the Mystic Trace Fog and send the other party on a joy ride.

That made Wang Baole even more excited as his eyes lit up brightly.

Once I succeed, it will become my trump card! Wang Baole took a deep breath, retreating quickly as he looked at the Mystic Trace Fog approaching from the distance. On one hand, he was trying to increase the distance between him and the Mystic Trace Fog to buy time, and on the other, he was analyzing and imagining the scenario in his head.

Should I use the Spirit Stones as raw materials? After analyzing the situation, Wang Baole felt that the key advantage of the Dharmic Artifact was that it was able to absorb the fog and store it.

Therefore, as he retreated, he took out the Spirit Stones, carving inscriptions onto them to form a Spirit Kernel.

After half an hour, the Mystic Trace Fog completely enveloped Wang Baole, who was raising a Spirit Stone bead up high. As he disappeared and reappeared in another region, Wang Baole heaved a sigh of relief after realizing that he was still on the front side of the moon, before hurriedly looking at the bead in his hands.

It didn't succeed... Wang Baole scratched his head. When he recalled what had happened, he realized that even though the bead could store the Mystic Trace Fog within it, the stored fog dissipated as he was being teleported.

I need to improve on it! Without losing steam, Wang Baole immediately researched the matter. As he carved new inscriptions, he continued his search for the fragments at high speed.

After several days, Wang Baole finally found the seventh unique fragment. At the same time, he came across the Mystic Trace Fog again.

In order to build my trump card, I'm going all out! I will definitely succeed this time! Looking at the Mystic Trace Fog, Wang Baole took a deep breath, gritting his teeth as he held the improvised bead and charged directly towards the Mystic Trace Fog. Very quickly, he disappeared, appearing in another

region. The Dharmic Artifact that he had tried to refine in order to store the Mystic Trace Fog had failed once again.

Just like that, the first, second, and third attempt passed... A month's time flew by, and the number of attempts that Wang Baole made grew to nine, including the previous two tries.

He was still considered lucky, as there was only one instance where he was teleported to the moon's dark side. Thankfully, it was an area on the periphery and not in the depths. However, it was still extremely dangerous, as he met with a Night Immortal that was on a similar level as someone at the Core Formation stage. He was able to escape as he wasn't teleported right in front of it.

At the same time, he was satisfied with the number of fragments that he had accumulated, which had grown to ten. The only issue was that Wang Baole's research on the Mystic Trace Fog, despite them being directed improvisations, were all failures.

I don't believe this. The next time will definitely be a success!

Chapter 247: Fellow Daoist, Please Stay!

Translator: Atlas Studios Editor: Atlas Studios

Wang Baole grabbed a handful of his hair tightly, and a look of stubbornness and determination was apparent in his eyes. The more he failed at developing and researching the bead capable of storing the Mystic Trace Fog, the more indignant he felt.

He knew well that the bead would likely lose its function when he left the moon. However, it was his trump card within the Mystic Luna Realm. It was something that could allow him to move freely inside the realm.

If he met with a ferocious beast that was an inhabitant of the Mystic Luna Realm, he could use it on himself to escape; if he met with cultivators from other factions, he could use it on them and send them away.

A function like that set the value of the bead highly in Wang Baole's heart.

If there were no progress from the start, it wouldn't have bothered him. However, in the many teleportations, Wang Baole had made many improvements to the inscriptions as well as other adjustments on the bead such the bead could already absorb the fog into it. The only challenge was in storing the fog.

The bead could absorb the fog, but as soon as Wang Baole was being transported away, the fog within the bead would dissipate on its own, and that wasn't what Wang Baole had envisioned.

I will definitely succeed in my research! Wang Baole was determined. He looked around him before charging towards a particular direction, activating his devouring seed to search for the fragments while adjusting the bead's inscriptions. At the same time, he was also looking for the Mystic Trace Fog.

After researching the Mystic Trace Fog for the past month, Wang Baole gained an understanding and grasp of the Mystic Trace Fog. Typically, the Mystic Trace Fog was more likely to appear on lower ground.

Therefore, in the process of searching for the fragments, Wang Baole also neared areas of lower ground.

He wanted to wait for the appearance of the Mystic Trace Fog so that he could test whether his creation would succeed.

Two days passed just like that. In those two days, Wang Baole had completed his improvements to the bead and made several different versions of it. As he was confidently searching for the Mystic Trace Fog, he was suddenly taken aback one evening as he was charging towards a low lying area. He hurriedly looked into the distance, to an area on his right side.

Even though he couldn't see any changes with his naked eye, he could feel that in a location on the right, there was a shocking flow of Spirit Qi rising towards the skies. It was as if a huge torch had appeared in the middle of the night, and could be sensed by anyone who was within the region.

Wang Baole had experienced such movements of the Spirit Qi previously. He was clear that the movement wasn't because there were fragments present in the area; rather, someone with fragments was in that area!

The only issue was that in the past, the movement of Spirit Qi that Wang Baole had experienced was only thirty to forty percent of what he experienced then. Such a significant movement of Spirit Qi like the one he was feeling was something new!

D*rn it! How many fragments are there? Even if there aren't twenty, it would be close! Wang Baole took a deep breath. He felt incredulous and shocked after comparing what he experienced with the Spirit Qi that he was giving off.

He initially thought that he was very efficient, having made use of his devouring seed in the Mystic Luna Realm. Despite that, he had only found ten fragments suitable for Foundation Establishment. On the other hand, it seemed like someone in the area on the right was already extremely close to reaching Foundation Establishment stage.

That made Wang Baole somewhat troubled, as he instinctively grew vigilant. He was clear that something was amiss, as it was unusual. Therefore, he ditched his original idea to snatch and was about to leave when his eyes narrowed.

At that moment, in the direction where the astonishingly strong Spirit Qi was spreading from, the concentrated Spirit Qi source seemed to have sensed the Spirit Qi movement coming from Wang Baole. It changed its direction and was charging towards him!

A cold chill immediately flashed across Wang Baole's eyes when he realized that, and he decided not to leave. Instead, he stood there, looking at the Spirit Qi source arrogantly.

Is this an attempt to rob me? That's fine by me as well. If I eliminate him, I will have enough fragments myself! Wang Baole inhaled deeply, exercising his cultivation while warming up his body. He maintained his physical force at the highest level and ready to be unleashed, making the necessary preparations to attack later on.

It is not that I, Wang Baole, want to rob him. I am only protecting myself! Wang Baole sneered arrogantly, raising his head as he looked into the distance.

Soon, Wang Baole had made all the preparations. Dust was swept up in the area a distance away, and a crowd appeared before his eyes. Looking at them, it was as if Wang Baole had been struck by lightning as he was filled with shock and held his breath.

D*mn! Who are these people? Even though Wang Baole felt that he was already very well-read, he couldn't help but gasp in shock.

There seemed to be forty or fifty people, with twenty-odd strong men positioned on the outside. Each of them had perfected True Breath realm cultivation, and every single one of them looked unfriendly. Their eyes carried an intention to kill, and it was clear that they were combat cultivators who were no strangers to battle.

In the middle of the group were twenty women dressed in different colors. They were also people who had perfected True Breath realm cultivation. What was most unbelievable was that as they surveyed their surroundings vigilantly, they were also activating their skills. There were Array Formation cultivators, Alchemy cultivators, as well as Beast Taming cultivators.

There were also three of them who were repairing their Numinous Treasures at the back of the group...

In the very center, protected by those fifty people, was a youth wearing flower-print pants and a flower-print top. He had a pair of aviators over his eyes and was lying lazily on a large chair.

The chair was carried on the back of an eighty-foot tall muscular ape. It was moving very quickly, advancing forward with the rest of the crowd...

They were the group protecting the young master of the Trilunaris Corporation!

Wang Baole was dumbfounded seeing that such a huge crowd had appeared in the Mystic Luna Realm, where danger was all around. His breathing was rapid, as such a huge crowd surprised him greatly.

This is... a tour for the scion? He's having a party? Wang Baole stared with his eyes wide. The youth with the aviators appeared so laid back that Wang Baole felt that it was a mismatch for the atmosphere of the Mystic Luna Realm. He felt that the youth would fit in better if there were a beach, bikini ladies, and the blue sea instead.

At the same time, an extremely strong movement of Spirit Qi could be detected. After analyzing it, Wang Baole guessed that the number of fragments suitable for Foundation Establishment that the other party possessed was at least twenty, if not close.

What made Wang Baole jealous was that the women surrounding the youth were all beauties. Some were sheltering him with umbrellas, some were massaging his shoulders, and some were feeding him freshly peeled fruit.

Looking at him, and then back at himself, Wang Baole felt that he couldn't compare to the youth no matter how confident he was. Wang Baole sighed deeply, turning right around and began to run away. There were too many of them, and Wang Baole felt that if he were to go against them head-on that he would definitely be robbed of all his possessions. He was filled with regret for acting like he was formidable and pretending that he wasn't afraid as he waited for the other party to appear.

The moment Wang Baole turned to escape, the youth with the aviators lying on the chair hurriedly cried out.

“Fellow Daoist, please stay!”

His words caused twenty people to spread out and try to surround Wang Baole. Every single one of them carried a glow given off by the Numinous Treasures that they carried. With the added boost from the Numinous Treasures, all of them were not only fast but was also releasing a shocking amount of suppressive force. After sensing it, Wang Baole was shocked.

D*mn! Even the bodyguards are loaded! Wang Baole was indignant and extremely incredulous. It seems like the youth had never come across the Mystic Trace Fog in the Mystic Luna Realm. If not, it was impossible that there were still so many people with him, as they would have long been segregated.

As for the request for him to stay, Wang Baole pretended not to hear as he charged forward. A chill flashed across his eyes. If the bodyguards tried to block him, he would definitely battle it out with them.

Sensing the intention to kill that was given off from Wang Baole’s body, the youth took off his aviators. He continued lying there, revealing a genuine smile as he cried out once again.

“Fellow Daoist, do not be afraid and do not worry. Robbing is such a low-class tactic that I, Jin Duoming, would never use!

“At the Trilunaris Corporation, we base everything on fairness and reason!”

“I already have nineteen fragments for Foundation Establishment. I am only short of one, and since fate brought us together, list a price and sell me one!” The youth smiled confidently, as if negotiating a business deal. As he spoke, he even waved at Wang Baole.

Chapter 248: Rich and Stubborn!

“I’m not selling!” Wang Baole was unhappy. He only had ten fragments, while the youth already had nineteen. As he thought about how he had found all the fragments using his own effort, his unhappiness grew into arrogance, and he turned around and continued on his path.

The youth, Jin Duoming, continued smiling the same way. His confidence didn’t seem affected as he spoke calmly while looking at Wang Baole’s back view.

“A seventh-grade Dharmic Armament in exchange for a fragment. Deal?” He spoke while retrieving a saber from his storage bracelet, placing it right by him and pressing down on it with his right hand as he looked at Wang Baole.

The moment the saber emerged, an astonishing baneful wave instantly erupted from it, resulting in the formation of a black hurricane that swept loudly in all directions. Vaguely, a gigantic black crocodile appeared from within the hurricane!

The black crocodile, which was covered in scales, looked extremely frightening. It opened its mouth wide, gnarling its teeth while sneering noiselessly. It looked so formidable that it was capable of shaking heaven and earth!

The instant the saber appeared, the apes carrying Jin Duoming's chair trembled vigorously due to the immensely strong suppressive force. They shook so much that they kneeled down and didn't dare move an inch. Even the female True Breath realm disciples around him breathed unsteadily. They were aghast with shock as if a force that gripped their cultivation was given off by the Dharma artifact.

Even though the force couldn't be considered earth-shaking, it was still very strong. Dust was kicked up and spread in all directions, and ripples appeared on the patch of sandy ground.

As if struck by waves of thunder, Wang Baole turned his head and dazedly looked at Jin Duoming, flabbergasted. Then, he looked at the seventh-grade Dharma artifact pressed under Jin Duoming's hand!

"What... What are you saying?" Wang Baole stood there, dumbfounded. He was unsure and confused, and he asked again as if he had heard wrong.

"I said, I would exchange this seventh-grade Dharma artifact for one of your fragments. Deal?" Jin Duoming, who was sitting on the chair, spoke while smiling. He was extremely confident, and the female cultivators beside him looked unfazed as if they were used to his mannerisms.

"Seventh... Seventh-grade Dharmic Armament in exchange for a fragment?" Looking at the response of the people beside the youth, Wang Baole felt that chaos had erupted in the world. Everything felt strange to him. Even after he had clarified his doubts, a torrent of emotions still crashed in his heart, hitting him so strongly that it felt unreal.

As a Dharmic Armament cultivator, he had a deep understanding of Dharmic treasures. The first and second-grade items were Dharmic Artifacts, while the third- to fifth-grade items were Numinous Treasures. Only the seventh-grade items could be termed 'armament', and were officially called Dharmic Armaments!

Every Dharmic Armament was so shockingly powerful and unbelievably expensive. To a certain degree, there was no market for it despite having a supply. It wasn't possible to buy it if one didn't have the right connections!

Even if one of them showed up during an auction, it would immediately be bought away. Its price was so shockingly high, but that didn't deter anyone. Instead, the successful buyer would think that they had managed to get a good deal.

Wang Baole, who was a Dharmic Armament cultivator himself, had only seen the smoke formed by Zhou Dexi's Dharmic Armament from afar. As for how the Dharmic Armament actually looked, he had never seen it before.

To most Dharmic Armament cultivators, it was a life goal to refine a Dharmic Armament. At the same time, only those Foundation Establishment cultivators who had a strong family background and family lineage had the chance to own a Dharmic Armament that belonged to them.

As for True Breath realm cultivators... In the entire Federation, the Trilunaris Corporation young master was probably the only one who was able to possess a Dharmic Armament with such a level of cultivation.

That inevitably made Wang Baole shocked and confused. The value of the Dharmic Armament was astonishing, and yet... The youth was treating it as if he were selling vegetables, trying to exchange the Dharmic Armament for a fragment...

To Wang Baole, it was like someone trying to exchange a sports car with a lollipop held by a child.

He even felt that the sports car paled in comparison to how ridiculous everything was. It would seem more appropriate if it were a luxurious cruiser.

The feeling made Wang Baole stand in shock. He was holding his breath, but it had gradually grown rapid. As his vision blurred, Jin Duoming smiled arrogantly, thinking about how there wasn't anything that he couldn't trade for in the world. The fatty had been so stubborn and proud to say that he wouldn't exchange the fragment for anything; he wanted to see if Wang Baole would give in if he presented the Dharmic Armament right before him!

In reality, the youth hadn't found any fragments on his journey. He had gained all of his fragments through exchanging his possessions. At first, he made the deals with Numinous Treasures, but since he was only short of one at that point, he decided to use his Dharmic Armament. To him, the Dharmic Armament was nothing much. If he had none left, he simply needed to ask for one from his father when he returned home, since there would never be a shortage of them.

The people beside him seemed to have gotten used to how their young master handled matters. Everyone, especially the female cultivator who looked like a housekeeper, seemed unfazed. She even revealed a smile, as she felt that her young master wasn't too adamant that time.

The young master has grown up! He has become more mature since he didn't exchange an eight-grade Dharmic Armament for the fragment!

"Deal or no deal?" After a moment, realizing that Wang Baole didn't say anything despite his eyes glowing brightly, Jin Duoming asked with his eyebrows raised. He was slightly annoyed and bewildered at the lack of response from Wang Baole.

"Deal!" Ignoring the annoyance in Jin Duoming's tone, Wang Baole immediately exclaimed before tossing over a fragment. He was extremely exhilarated. Jin Duoming grabbed hold of the fragment and took a look at it, before satisfyingly throwing a seventh-grade Dharmic Armament to Wang Baole.

The moment he held the seventh-grade saber, Wang Baole trembled vigorously. He experienced a force emerging continuously from the Dharmic Armament that was so strong it couldn't be described with words. It seemed more like a ferocious crocodile he was holding in his hands than a Dharmic Armament.

He even felt that he had become a commoner. Regardless of whether it was in terms of cultivation or power, it was difficult to control the Dharmic Armament. At the same time, as a Dharmic Armament cultivator, he could immediately see that the Dharmic Armament was genuine!

Gosh! I feel like I'm in a dream! Agitatedly, Wang Baole immediately kept the Dharmic Armament in his storage bag, afraid that the loaded fellow would regret his words. However, he seemed to have belittled Jin Duoming.

As Wang Baole kept the Dharmic Armament, Jin Duoming laid on the chair, putting on his aviators again as he waved at Wang Baole with a satisfied look on his face.

“Thanks, Fellow Daoist.”

Wang Baole raised his head, looking at the boisterous crowd leaving. He felt that the youth’s values were corrupt, especially after hearing his words of thanks before leaving.

What a prodigal, exchanging a Dharmic Armament for a fragment, and even thanking me for it... Wang Baole grew even more confused. He felt that poverty had put a limit on his imagination, as he could not understand the logic behind what the young master of the Trilunaris Corporation was doing.

However, one thing clear to Wang Baole was that he wasn’t a single bit unhappy. He even felt that it would be great if the youth were lacking more than one fragment...

Even the feelings of jealousy that he felt before had dissipated. He felt that it was a given that the youth could gather the fragments needed for Foundation Establishment in such a short time. If he were unable to accomplish even that, then that would be truly unjust, and he should be struck by lightning.

I have learned something new! Wang Baole inhaled deeply. He was extremely emotional and agitated when he suddenly noticed that the chair that Jin Duoming was lying on should be carried by two apes, instead of the one like it was.

Therefore, with a quick thought, his eyes lit up as he hurriedly raised his hand and exclaimed loudly.

“Daoist Jin, I still have other high-quality goods that you can’t buy elsewhere. Premium grade puppets that can carry your chair and massage your shoulders. They can even act as your bodyguards! As long as you buy a puppet, they can do anything!” As Wang Baole exclaimed, he patted his storage bag, taking out three puppets.

One was a beautiful lady, another was a jock, while the last one was a small Diamond Ape!

The pretty lady puppet was extremely alluring and attractive. Her face was like a beautiful picture, as if the flowers had bloomed, capturing the hearts of whoever saw her.

The jock puppet had a strength that far exceeded that of ordinary people. He looked so ferocious and carried such a frightening vibe that he could make one feel safe just by standing there.

As for the Diamond Ape puppet, it was like a small mountain, life-like and extremely real!

He wasn’t sure of the youth’s tastes, and that made him take out one puppet of each kind...

Chapter 249: The Dark Side of the Moon!

Hearing Wang Baole’s exclamation, Jin Duoming, who was lying on the chair, raised his right hand slightly. Immediately, the giant ape carrying the chair stopped and even turned around so that the chair was facing Wang Baole.

After noticing the three puppets beside Wang Baole, Jin Duoming suddenly took off his aviators and took a closer look. For the first time, he sat up from his unchanging lying position with a look of surprise and interest apparent in his eyes.

“These are puppets? There are other people selling puppets as well. What’s so special about these three of yours?” Jin Duoming asked curiously.

Noticing that Jin Duoming seemed interested, Wang Baole also grew excited. He raised his right hand and snapped his fingers. Instantly, the Diamond Ape roared loudly, looking at the giant ape carrying Jin Duoming’s chair.

The giant ape’s eyes instantly lit up, and its breathing quickened. It looked very agitated as if it was deeply attracted to the Diamond Ape.

“Interesting.” Jin Duoming smiled slightly, impressed by how shockingly real-life the Diamond Ape puppet was. After all, ferocious beasts usually had some level of instinct themselves. If the ferocious beast could be fooled into thinking that it had met its fellow beast, it meant that the puppet was extremely life-like, which was something rarely encountered.

Noticing Jin Duoming’s facial expressions, Wang Baole cleared his throat and pointed towards the beautiful female puppet. Immediately, changes to the puppet’s facial expression took place. It was like a real human, no longer trying to stand provocatively. Instead, it instantly looked cold and distant, and as it raised its right hand, it took out a longsword. It was standing there, with its long hair over its shoulders as the dress it was wearing flew in the direction of the wind. It was like a beauty that had walked straight out of a painting.

Jin Duoming’s eyes instantly lit up. Wang Baole was delighted as he activated his hand seals and pointed again. Immediately, the beautiful, yet cold and distant female puppet, became extremely provocative—charisma emanating strongly from head to toe. Jin Duoming leaned forward uncontrollably to take a closer look.

Finally, Wang Baole suddenly stepped forward and swept the ground with his feet. It was shockingly forceful, instantly creating a sonic boom that hurled towards the beautiful female puppet. The puppet managed to block the impact with all its efforts, retreating amidst the sound of impact. As Jin Duoming grew surprised and as the dust settled, cracks could be seen on the female puppet’s body. However, if one were to take a closer look, they would see that the cracks were healing on their own!

“Daoist Jin, this puppet of mine is extremely hardy and is carved with self-repairing inscriptions. Regardless of whether you are using it for protection or for other purposes, it can do the job!” Wang Baole spoke calmly, noticing that Jin Duoming’s eyes were glowing brightly, extremely tempted by it.

After that, he activated his hand seals again, pointing towards the burly puppet. The puppet immediately moved, showcasing a set of routines in front of Jin Duoming. It looked ferocious and impressively strong. After it ended its performance, the burly puppet stood there, sneering.

“Uh... Hmm... Uh...”

Hearing that sound, the bodyguards from Trilunaris Corporation all trembled with shock, flabbergasted at what they saw. That was especially so for the female cultivators, who stared with their eyes wide, dumbfounded.

Jin Duoming also shivered. He then slapped the chair while laughing heartily. He was about to speak when the female housekeeper beside him suddenly grew alert and exclaimed hurriedly.

“We want all of them! A million Spirit Stones for each of them!”

Hearing that the housekeeper had offered a price before him, Jin Duoming looked somewhat unhappy. However, he didn't say much as he looked at Wang Baole.

Wang Baole seemed to understand what was going on as well. He felt that even though Jin Duoming was rich, he wasn't someone silly, but was instead someone who simply didn't place much emphasis on money. Wang Baole understood that he shouldn't be greedy as he agreed to the price humbly, before taking out a hundred other puppets...

Eventually, with the housekeeper seeped in shock and Jin Duoming basking in satisfaction, both parties completed the transaction. Holding the Spirit Stone Card that was non-identity bearing, Wang Baole sent Jin Duoming and company off with a smile.

Before leaving, Jin Duoming, who apparently grew more interested in Wang Baole, asked for his name. He looked surprised upon hearing Wang Baole's name. It sounded familiar as if he had come across it previously. He then waved and left.

Tycoon, this is a real tycoon! Looking at Jin Duoming who was leaving, Wang Baole was full of emotions, even somewhat sad that they were gone. He only turned around when he could no longer see them.

In my entire life, my favorite thing is to make friends with tycoons. Wang Baole caressed his storage bracelet and felt for the non-identity bearing Spirit Stone Card as well as the seventh-grade Dharmic Armament saber. A fire lit up in his heart as if there was a pool of lava in his body.

Delightfully, he began searching for the Mystic Trace Fog, while trying out the seventh-grade Dharmic Armament. The only issue was that such a powerful Dharmic Armament could only reach its fullest potential when used by someone of Foundation Establishment stage. It was a stretch for a True Breath cultivator to use it, as it would be like a child trying to wield a large axe.

Even though Wang Baole was on the same level as a Foundation Establishment cultivator physically, the most he could do was hold the saber and use it as a close-quarters combat weapon. He was still unsteady in using spells to control the saber like a flying sword.

Despite that, the power of the saber was astonishing even if one was using it as a close-quarters combat weapon. Wang Baole had merely activated a tiny portion of his cultivation and gently wielded the saber, but a deafening sound was immediately produced. An imaginary figure of a crocodile appeared, creating a frightening crack in the ground.

That made Wang Baole exhilarated, as he felt that he had gained an additional trump card. Therefore, he excitedly tried it out a few more times before realizing that he couldn't use the saber excessively as he was only at Foundation Establishment stage physically. He then kept the saber and continued his search for the Mystic Trace Fog.

A few days later, when he had found the Mystic Trace Fog, he began to try out the teleportation repeatedly. He was bolder since he was protected by the Dharmic Armament. Just like that, a week flew past.

In that one week, Wang Baole was transported numerous times and had failed on all occasions. The alterations he made to the bead grew in number, and the size of the bead changed as a result.

At the same time, Wang Baole managed to find two fragments in the process, making the total number of fragments he possessed eleven. He also finally found a way to mask his Spirit Qi source temporarily, and to a certain degree weaken its movement as it spread out. It required the use of his devouring seed, but it still couldn't last.

Within the week, Wang Baole also met some people he knew. They were all disciples from the four major Dao Colleges, and after meeting and exchanging information with each other, they all left on their separate ways.

Wang Baole hadn't meet Zhuo Yifan and Zhao Yameng since the start. However, from what the others told him, he came to know that they had also managed to find numerous fragments themselves.

In terms of dangerous situations, Wang Baole came across the Nocturnal Moon Bat, and also experienced the Poisonous Rain. He even saw the mirage from afar once.

Just like that, after researching and searching continuously, Wang Baole's luck seemed to have been exhausted, which wasn't unexpected. Therefore, two days later, when he reappeared after being teleported by the Mystic Trace Fog, he realized that he was surrounded by a dense forest!

It wouldn't have been an issue if it was just the forest, but when he climbed to the top of a tree and looked towards the sky, he held his breath as he could no longer see the earth.

Looking into the distance, it seemed like the forest covered the entire area. That instantly made him realize that he had been teleported to the dark side of the moon, and was deep within it rather than on its periphery.

I won't die if I don't kill myself... Wang Baole was bewildered and extremely vigilant as he looked at the silent forest, his breathing rapid.

The vegetation there was different from that on earth, both in terms of color and appearance. Most of the vegetation was of a purple hue which would change according to time. At the same time, in terms of appearance, they were all circular. It was similar to being in a fantasy world, and one could occasionally see segmented creatures the size of a calf scurrying by.

The Spirit Qi was clearly more concentrated there than on the front face of the moon. However, the environment was unfavorable to Wang Baole as it meant that the creatures there were also capable of absorbing Spirit Qi, which made them exponentially more dangerous.

As Wang Baole carefully advanced, he came across a two-headed, multi-segmented creature the size of a lion which was changing its color between blue and yellow. As it climbed onto a tree, the tree suddenly split apart, swallowing the creature whole.

That sent chills down Wang Baole's spine, and he grew even more alert.

I need to get out of here soon. I need to find the Mystic Trace Fog and be teleported away! Wang Baole inhaled deeply, advancing at an even faster speed within the forest. After three hours, he was still unable to find the boundaries of the forest and didn't sense the Mystic Trace Fog. That made him anxious, and he was about to change his direction in search of another marshland when he suddenly paused in his steps, looking towards his left.

There's someone there? Wang Baole was appalled, as he saw through the gaps between the vegetation that there were hundreds of cultivators in the area before him!

They were all dressed similarly, and Wang Baole realized that he had met someone dressed in the same manner as them when he was in the Mystic Luna Realm. He immediately recognized them to be from the Five Generation Sky Clan!

They had placed array formations in the area and excavated a huge trench, and hundreds of people were moving about as if trying to transport something. At the same time, in another direction, Wang Baole saw something that made his pupils constrict and gripped his heart with shock. He saw... a giant tree!

The tree seemed to be communicating with someone, and that person was an elder who was frowning in thought. The vibe given off by him was of someone who had reached Core Formation!

This... This.... The scene made Wang Baole's head buzz with activity.

Chapter 250: Silence Him!

Core Formation! Wang Baole's pupils immediately constricted.

Even though he felt that the giant tree wasn't the same one he encountered in Coulomb Basin, and was also different from the one in Huang Shan's body, he could immediately sense that they were of the same kind!

That created a torrent of emotions in Wang Baole's heart. Additionally, seeing the Core Formation elder talking to the giant tree and realizing the elder's level of cultivation, Wang Baole felt like his mind was on the brink of exploding.

After all, before coming there, he was clear that people of Core Formation cultivation were not allowed in the mystic realm. However, before his eyes, there was a Core Formation cultivator from the Five Generation Sky Clan who had appeared within the Mystic Luna Realm!

It was the dark side of the moon. As for the exact location, Wang Baole wasn't able to locate a landmark and thus was unable to find out. Determining one's location was made more difficult, especially after the area had been sealed, as it interfered with the jade slip's location tracking function. However, based on the many times that he had been teleported, Wang Baole could vaguely make out that he wasn't in the depths of the moon's dark side.

However, even if that was the case, it was likely that he wasn't far from it. That was probably the reason why there were so few people there. If he had not been teleported there, he would never have stepped onto that piece of land on his own accord.

If it was just the people from the Five Generation Sky Clan assembled and the giant tree wasn't present, Wang Baole would have thought that the Five Generation Sky Clan were cheating. However, since the tree was around, everything became clear.

The Five Generation Sky Clan are in cahoots with the giant tree to plot something devious in the Mystic Luna Realm! Wang Baole regretted his choice deeply, as he felt that he shouldn't have taken the path he had. He knew that he was catching a lot of attention with his Spirit Qi, and even though the devouring

seed could help tone it down a little, it was still unwise. Therefore, without hesitation, Wang Baole decided to leave. He knew well that if someone were to discover his presence, death would be the only outcome for him.

However, even though Wang Baole tried his very best to retreat cautiously, it was too late. True Breath realm cultivators may not have been able to detect Wang Baole's Spirit Qi source, but the Core Formation elder and the giant tree beside him could, and they suddenly turned their heads and looked in the direction where Wang Baole was.

That was especially so for the giant tree. In its eyes, a glow suddenly flashed as it looked directly at Wang Baole.

Wang Baole's mind buzzed noisily as the giant tree looked at him. It was as if a sense of consciousness appeared out of nowhere, occupying his brain immediately, and a crowd was sneering at him as if trying to destroy his consciousness and take it over.

Everything, from the instance Wang Baole discovered them, to the Five Generation Sky Clan discovering him, happened in the snap of a finger.

With danger looming, Wang Baole decided to activate the devouring seed within his body, forcefully driving away the consciousness that was surging into his mind. Blood spewed out of his mouth, and he turned extremely pale as he unleashed all his speed and retreated quickly into the distance.

As for the hidden Spirit Qi source, it was naturally dissipated when Wang Baole harbored the thought of chasing away the invading consciousness. That made his body seem like a flame in the dark, and he was extremely eye-catching!

"It's just a small fly. Zhou Fei, bring some people with you and eliminate him!" The Core Formation elder from the Five Generation Sky Clan looked at the situation coldly and didn't care much about it. He had more important things to do, and after settling the matter calmly, twenty-odd people from the Five Generation Sky Clan rushed out, charging after Wang Baole!

There was a middle-aged man amongst them. He was Zhou Fei, the person named by the Core Formation elder. His cultivation level far exceeded that of a True Breath realm cultivator and was at the Foundation Establishment level. He bowed as he looked at the elder, before following the others and disappearing within the forest.

Wang Baole, who was in the middle of the forest, felt a torrent of emotions. As he charged forward, he slapped his storage bag and immediately retrieved five puppets that he had intentionally kept for further refinement.

The characteristic of the five puppets was that they looked completely identical to Wang Baole, down to his clothes. As they emerged, they crossed paths with the actual Wang Baole, overlapping with his figure. It looked messy, and the six figures, including the real Wang Baole, began spreading out in different directions.

To make it more believable, Wang Baole didn't care about wasting his previous efforts as he distributed the fragments to be used for Foundation Establishment between himself and the puppets, in order to close up any points of suspicion.

That way, there were five other Wang Baoles charging within the forest, making it difficult for one to instantly recognize the real Wang Baole.

The tactic was extremely effective within the forest. When Zhou Fei and the twenty-odd other Five Generation Sky Clan cultivators caught up, they were confused as they looked at the six figures running in different directions.

Cunning! Zhou Fei squinted his eyes. He raised his right hand and growled, and three other figures instantly appeared behind him!

The three figures appeared to be that of his previous incarnations, with each of them giving off a vibe that far exceeded the level of a peak True Breath realm cultivator. Even though they weren't on the level of Foundation Establishment, they were close. They also spread out and charged in three different directions.

As for the actual Zhou Fei, he was running in a fourth direction. Before leaving, his loud voice rang out in all directions.

"Spread out and give chase! Once you find him, send a signal!"

The other cultivators were excited as they spread out, running at high speed in the remaining two directions.

Noticing the pursuit going on behind him, Wang Baole grew anxious.

After all, a fantasy world like the forest on the dark side of the moon looked extremely beautiful but contained no shortage of danger. That was especially so for Wang Baole. The environment, coupled with the danger of being chased by the Five Generation Sky Clan, made him so anxious that his mind buzzed ceaselessly with activity.

I need to find the Mystic Trace Fog as soon as possible! The thought of a Core Formation cultivator from the Five Generation Sky Clan inside the mystic realm, coupled with him colluding with the giant tree, sent chills down Wang Baole's mind. He wasn't sure when the Federation would come to save him, but even if they arrived, they wouldn't be able to reach his exact location as they didn't know the situation well enough.

No matter what, his only chance of survival was to find the Mystic Trace Fog!

Thankfully, Wang Baole wasn't foreign to finding an escape route within the forest. Even though the area was bizarre, Wang Baole was extremely agile as he weaved within the forest. He flailed his hands and instantly, ten mosquitoes appeared around him, with nine of them being ordinary ones and the last one being a grey-colored one!

When the ten mosquitoes appeared, they all spread out, covering an area of a hundred feet and providing an all-round view of the surroundings for Wang Baole. That allowed him to hold a good grasp of the surrounding region. Coupling that with his experience escaping from the forest previously, he could charge forward even faster.

However, it seemed like the preparation made by the Five Generation Sky Clan was also very sufficient. Even though the one pursuing the real Wang Baole was not Zhou Fei nor the figures of his previous lives,

the ten or twelve peak True Breath realm cultivators all took out incense and lit it up. That covered the entire area with thick fog. They also disregarded the dangers hiding in the forest and were all moving at such a high speed that, before long, the fastest of the lot was merely a thousand feet away from Wang Baole.

After seeing that there were people already nearing him through the vantage point provided by the mosquitoes, Wang Baole's pupils constricted. He sensed their intention to kill him, and that made him decide to kill them as well. He didn't originally plan to attack, as that would reveal his identity and make it known to others that he was the real Wang Baole.

However, he had no other choice. If he did not attack, it wasn't possible for his puppets to delay them for long, as they would eventually find out where the real him was.

However, the longer I can drag it out, the more beneficial it would be for me! Wang Baole suppressed his urge to attack and continued charging forward. However, soon, he was shocked when he began to realize that the signs from the puppets he released were disappearing one by one. Before long, there was only one puppet left out of the five.

I can't wait anymore! The viciousness in Wang Baole's eyes grew. He no longer hesitated as he turned back, charging in the opposite direction while the ten mosquitoes around him also dashed out, racing directly at the people after him.

The youth that had come after him was taken aback. As he charged forward, he heard buzzing sounds by his ears, but he didn't care much about it, as he thought that it was given off by some creatures within the forest. He believed that the fog around him would cause them to dissipate.

However, just as the thought arose in his mind, the buzzing sound from the mosquitoes grew louder. Even before he could react, pain was felt in different areas of his body simultaneously. He stared with his eyes wide open and was about to scream when his vision blurred. A gray-colored mosquito had flown directly into his mouth.

In his shock and fear, he was unable to make any sound. The pain was compounded as it got fully unleashed. He wanted to struggle, but at that moment, his body immediately turned blue, and his glabella split open as a gray-colored mosquito flew out from it!

It was game over for him!

At the same time, a flying sword suddenly appeared from within the forest in front of him. It was traveling so fast that it instantly pierced through his throat.

As his corpse collapsed, Wang Baole's figure emerged. He was shocked by how ferocious the gray-colored mosquito was. However, he didn't have time to take a closer look. Without stopping, he dashed backwards with a chill in his eyes. The ten mosquitoes seemed to have grown even more excited after they were covered with blood, as they all spread out and charged backwards with Wang Baole!