

## Worth 51

### Chapter 51: Don't Be So Mischievous

The instant that Wang Baole nearly opened the door to the cave abode, Lu Zihao—who had been waiting at the door—immediately turned to stare at him unblinkingly. His gaze was sharp and carried a sense of scrutiny, as though he wanted to completely see through Wang Baole.

“Combat faculty’s Lu Zihao is here to see the Dharmic Armament Head Prefect.” He squinted his eyes, and his bearing had a hint of arrogance as he slowly spoke.

Seeing Lu Zihao’s expression, Wang Baole snorted to himself. He was considering simply revealing his identity and making Lu Zihao continue to kneel and call him ‘daddy’. However, just as Wang Baole was considering this, Lu Zihao spoke again.

“I came here to give the Head Prefect a reminder. You still remember Zhou Lu from the club last year? She has already graduated from White Deer Dao College and was recruited by the military, who gave her a Seven-Inch True Breath. I heard that her cultivation level has already broken past the Ancient Martial realm, becoming a cultivator of the True Breath realm!” Lu Zihao spoke quickly, all the while staring at Wang Baole in a bid to gather some clues.

Hearing this, Wang Baole blinked. His memory of that crazy woman Zhou Lu was simply too deep. To hear that she had actually joined the military and even cultivated herself to exceed the Ancient Martial realm—he was immediately on guard.

“I don’t understand what you are saying.” Wang Baole shook his head and turned to return to the cave abode.

“Wang Baole, you are the finger-bending mad rabbit! I tell you, when that Zhou Lu becomes a real True Breath realm cultivator, she will still remember the incident that happened that day at the club. If you dare walk back into the cave abode, I will immediately send a voice transmission to Zhou Lu and tell her of your identity. When that happens, she will definitely seek you out.” Lu Zihao had a lofty expression and a crafty look in his eyes.

“It’s not impossible for me to keep mum. Wang Baole, you finger-bending mad rabbit, kowtow and call me daddy!”

“You’re crazy!” Hearing Lu Zihao actually speaking to him so arrogantly, Wang Baole stopped in his tracks and turned to glare at Lu Zihao. Annoyed, he snorted and continued walking toward the cave abode.

Upon seeing Wang Baole’s feigning of ignorance, Lu Zihao grew angry. His cultivation powers erupted immediately, and he gave a low roar.

“Today, I, Lu Zihao, came just to expose your identity!” His cultivation powers diffused. Although Lu Zihao was still in the perfected Physical Seal realm, he had refined it more and was not far from Pulse Enrichment. As he roared, he flew toward Wang Baole, raised his right hand, and threw a punch.

“You’re not done, are you?” Wang Baole grew angry, too. He felt that, as Head Prefect, he had already taken the high road by preparing to return to the cave abode. However, this hot-blooded young man was forceful and unrelenting, and now he had even made the first move.

This was intolerable to Wang Baole. He turned around and raised his right hand rapidly. Lu Zihao did not even manage to get a clear look before Wang Baole caught his wrist and pressed it downward. In that instant, the sharp pain of his joint made Lu Zihao wail in pain.

“Kneel and say ‘daddy!’” Wang Baole glared.

With a thud, Lu Zihao knelt, but he did not say ‘daddy’. Instead, through the throbbing pain, he looked to the sky and laughed maniacally.

“Finger-bending mad rabbit! You were fooled!

“I had three recording devices placed all around. Haha, Wang Baole, you finger-bending crotch-kicking mad rabbit, everyone on the Dao College’s Spirit Intranet can see this broadcast now. Your identity has already been exposed. Wang Baole, just wait for Zhou Lu to seek you out. Wait for all the people you have harmed in Ethereal City to look for you!”

Although Lu Zihao’s wrist had been twisted by Wang Baole, his laughter echoed everywhere, his excitement surging.

“Now, finger-bending mad rabbit, let go of my hand and kneel. Call me ‘daddy!’” Lu Zihao was unbearably smug. In his imagination, Wang Baole’s expression must have changed to panic.

However, Lu Zihao soon discovered that Wang Baole was not as alarmed as he had expected. Instead, he was grinning widely. This scene stunned Lu Zihao, and he started to feel as though something was amiss.

“You...”

Just as Lu Zihao felt that something was off, from all the roads surrounding Wang Baole’s cave abode, about ten black-robed inspectors from the Inscriptions and Spirit Stones classroom swiftly arrived. All of them had respectful expressions as they rushed over at full speed.

Liu Daobin was among them. He held three recording devices in his hands. Upon seeing the cameras in Liu Daobin’s hands, Lu Zihao’s expression changed.

“Reporting back. Just as you expected, Lu Zihao placed these three recording devices after ascending the mountain. We have already taken steps to cut off the Spirit Intranet in this area, so no confidential information can be transmitted!”

Hearing Liu Daobin’s words, Lu Zihao felt stunned. His pupils grew wide, and it seemed like his vision had gone black.

Wang Baole raised his head and demanded smugly, “Say ‘daddy!’”

Liu Daobin’s breathed roughly and shouted, “You wish!”

The grievance and gloom in his heart had reached its limit, and he was prepared to stay firm till the end. However, at this moment, Liu Daobin sneered.

“Head Prefect, this person tried to steal the Dharmic Armament faculty’s secrets. I suggest we detain him immediately and send him to the Dao College for interrogation after negotiation with the Combat faculty!”

The moment Liu Daobin spoke, Lu Zihao inhaled and almost wet his pants from fear. The consequences for stealing secrets were extremely severe, and it scared Lu Zihao till he quickly tried to explain himself.

“I am not a thief. I just installed those around Wang Baole’s cave abode to record evidence!”

“Shut up! Remember the Head Prefect’s status. By placing the recording devices outside the Head Prefect’s cave abode, this is considered stealing the Dharmic Armament faculty’s secrets!” Liu Daobin said while maintaining his icy gaze.

Even the other inspectors appeared hostile. They looked at Lu Zihao and seemed to call for a severe punishment.

At this moment, Lu Zihao had become truly afraid. When he arrived, he had indeed come with evil intentions to record Wang Baole attacking him. With that, he was going to use it as evidence to humiliate Wang Baole and also use it to brag. Furthermore, he had no intention of sparing Wang Baole; instead, he was prepared to hand the evidence over to Zhou Lu so that she would cause trouble for Wang Baole and embarrass him. However, he had neglected... Wang Baole’s authority and status in the Dharmic Armament faculty.

He never would have imagined that the situation would turn out like this. Now that he was scared, he quickly adapted to the circumstances and wailed, “Daddy, Daddy, I was wrong. Daddy, I was wrong...”

“Fine, let’s not scare little children anymore.” Wang Baole smugly raised his hand.

Hearing Wang Baole call him a little child, Lu Zihao’s aggrieved expression kept changing, but he had no choice but to swallow his objections.

“Little Hao, we don’t have any grudges that we can’t resolve. Don’t be so mischievous next time.” Emotional, Wang Baole raised his hand to rub Lu Zihao’s head. From the first time they faced each other, Wang Baole knew that Lu Zihao was someone who liked to scheme and resort to petty tricks. So, this time, when he left the cave abode, he sent a voice transmission to instruct Liu Daobin, just in case.

Now, with a senior’s bearing, Wang Baole criticized Lu Zihao before returning to his cave abode, satisfied. He was delighted, feeling that he was still better at strategy.

As for the matter of Lu Zihao revealing his identity, Wang Baole did not care. As he saw it, it would be best if it was not exposed, but if it was exposed, it was no big deal. For Zhou Lu or many other people, it was not a simple feat to become a double Head Prefect of Ethereal Dao College.

Seeing that Wang Baole was going to let him go, Lu Zihao released a deep breath. The surrounding inspectors looked icily at Lu Zihao before leaving as well.

Only Liu Daobin stood beside Lu Zihao, and with a somber voice, he said, “Study well. This time, the Head Prefect is letting you go out of kindness. You need to treasure this chance and stop making trouble for yourself!”

He waved the recording device in his hand. He did not return the three recording devices to Lu Zihao but took them away so that he could store them as evidence and take them out in the future.

Even after everyone had left, Lu Zihao remained silent for a long time. He turned to look back at Wang Baole's cave abode. At this moment, he truly felt the gap between himself and Wang Baole.

*I definitely can exceed him!*

Unable to expose Wang Baole's identity, he gritted his teeth and returned to the Combat faculty, entering seclusion to cultivate himself.

To Wang Baole, this incident with Lu Zihao was only a small matter. After returning to the cave abode, he once again immersed himself in Spirit Kernel training. After a week, Wang Baole's speed at refining Spirit Kernels became faster and faster.

After entering the Dao College, he had used many Spirit Stones. However, he still had a large reserve of Spirit Stones, all of them high quality.

This meant that Wang Baole did not lack Spirit Stones as he started to familiarize himself with producing Spirit Kernels. All the carved Inscriptions on the Spirit Stones allowed him to have an increasingly exquisite mastery over the Spirit Kernels.

At the same time, he had also used the knowledge from the jade slip material that the Dharmic Armament Pavilion Elder had given him to refine Spirit Kernels. He slowly understood the big picture through basic examples, and with it, Wang Baole was able to combine knowledge and understand Spirit Kernel even more deeply.

## **Chapter 52: Failed...**

In actuality, the main point of Spirit Kernels was to follow different manuals to arrange Spirit Stones with different carved Inscriptions. This relied on stimulating the stored energy in the Spirit Stones, causing these Spirit Stones to fuse and thus create Spirit Kernel Dharmic artifacts.

In a manner of speaking, these kinds of Spirit Kernels were already almost Dharmic artifacts. They only needed the addition of the metal materials stated in the manual, in addition to polishing and smelting, before they could become refined as Dharmic artifacts.

Even without the latter steps—with just Spirit Kernels—one could already release a certain amount of power. However, the power would be much weaker, as it did lack the augmentation garnered from the forged materials. Furthermore, it would not be as sturdy as the true Dharmic artifacts protected by metal materials.

While carving Inscriptions and refining Spirit Kernels, Wang Baole started to get a sense of the depths of Inscriptions study. Many times, he would have strange thoughts, and he would follow these thoughts and express them through Inscriptions. Although most of them ended in failure, this process also gave Wang Baole joy.

Just like that, another week passed. By the time Wang Baole had almost depleted his supply of Spirit Stones, he had massively improved in his Spirit Kernel study.

However, Wang Baole understood that he was still some way off from becoming Head Prefect. He needed to practice even more, and so, in the remaining days, just as he was getting proficient with the remaining Spirit Kernels, he also took out a large portion of his time to refine Spirit Stones.

And because he was refining Spirit Stones, his body started to accumulate spirit fat. However, due to his prior experience, Wang Baole constantly observed the changes in his own body. As he saw it, as long as he did not stay at home all day like last time, everything would work out.

*And spirit fat is good, too. Once it's absorbed, my cultivation level will have a breakthrough. Who knows, maybe this time I can move from Physical Seal and enter Pulse Enrichment!*

With this thought, Wang Baole grew smug. His attitude toward spirit fat changed, and he was even anticipating it.

Still, what he most anticipated was becoming Spirit Kernel Head Prefect. Then, he would be the unbeatable ultimate Head Prefect of Ethereal Dao College's Dharmic Armament faculty, the likes of which had not been seen before!

*When that happens, we'll see who dares bully me!*

When he thought of this, Wang Baole was so excited that he even laughed out loud, especially because he imagined himself as the only decision-maker in the Dharmic Armament faculty College Discipline Department after becoming Spirit Kernel Head Prefect.

*The Dao College still wants to use the Dharmic Armament faculty as an experiment. Forget it. When I become the only Head Prefect, I will still have a Head Prefect meeting, except that I will be the only one at the meeting.* Wang Baole laughed, becoming more and more pleased with himself. With this wonderful feeling, he began to eat his snacks while refining Spirit Stones and improving his familiarity with Spirit Kernel.

His weight steadily began to increase. As the thickness of the spirit fat on his body began to increase by the day, Wang Baole also started to carve a larger number of Inscriptions onto the refined Spirit Stones. With these Spirit Stones Inscriptions, he created various series of Spirit Kernels.

This was just like a cycle. With his constant effort and refinement, Wang Baole started to have more and more Spirit Kernels. Although he had wasted many during the refinement process, by the time the fourth week came around, Wang Baole already had about a hundred Spirit Kernels in his storage bracelet, and his rate of success also increased rapidly. Now, he had a one in three chance of succeeding.

This kind of success rate and proficiency was unparalleled in the entire Spirit Kernel hall. In reality, even Lin Tianhao could not reach this level. At most, he only had a one in four chance of succeeding.

After all, Lin Tianhao was not as proficient as Cao Kun, much less Wang Baole, in terms of Inscriptions. So even though Wang Baole had gone into seclusion, Lin Tianhao had also done the same during this period, frantically increasing his own proficiency in Spirit Kernels. He even went to the blue wall in the classroom once to improve his own results. However, to Wang Baole, it would only be too easy to best him.

Just like that, when the fifth week arrived, Liu Daobin informed Wang Baole that Zhang Lan and the others were once again locked up. When Liu Daobin tried to resolve the matter, Lin Tianhao blocked him. As such, Wang Baole started to increase the speed of his Spirit Stone refinement.

Over the next two weeks, he refined an increasingly explosive number of Spirit Stones, and thus, his proficiency with Spirit Kernels rapidly increased. Finally, on the last day of the second week, Wang Baole had another breakthrough with his probability of success in refining Spirit Kernels. He had achieved a fifty percent success rate!

*I will soon become the Dharmic Armament faculty's unrivaled Head Prefect!*

As he laughed, Wang Baole struggled to stand. Filled with excitement and anticipation, he was not too worried about his own figure.

*I just have to lose weight after all. It's easy to lose spirit fat. Once I lose it, I can break through and reach the Pulse Enrichment realm!*

After frantically losing weight several times, Wang Baole felt that it would be easy to grow skinnier. Feeling smug, he ran crazily around the island with a shake of his body.

Except... after running for two days, Wang Baole became somewhat anxious when he realized that he had not lost weight. He was a little worried, but after thinking it over, he still felt that it would be easy to lose weight.

*It's fine, I still have other methods!*

With this thought, Wang Baole went to the Lava Chamber. However, after some time, when he left the Lava Chamber under the hidden resentful gazes of the Combat faculty students, he realized that his body was still big. At this point, Wang Baole's breathing grew erratic, and he felt a strong sense that something was amiss.

*This... I still have the ultimate method!*

With gritted teeth, Wang Baole returned to the cave abode and immediately sent a voice transmission to Xie Haiyang. When Xie Haiyang arrived outside of Wang Baole's cave abode with his head of gelled and shiny short hair, he stared with wide eyes at Wang Baole's body.

"No wonder the entire Combat faculty was complaining. Heavens, Wang Baole, you've grown fat again!"

"Brother Xie, you are the expert in losing weight. Quickly think of a solution for me. I don't care if it's the Death Pill; I just want to lose weight!" As Xie Haiyang was Wang Baole's last hope, he quickly made his request, feeling insecure.

Xie Haiyang furrowed his brows and said severely, "Schoolmate, I need to remind you that I am a businessman, not an expert at losing weight!"

Without saying another word, Wang Baole raised and flipped his right hand. Immediately, a large number of Rainbow Spirit Stones flew out from his storage bracelet, forming a small mountain to the side. The rainbow light caused the inside of the cave abode to light up, colorful and resplendent.

Xie Haiyang looked straight ahead, inhaled, and hit his chest viciously.

“Schoolmate, you were right in looking for me. I, Xie Haiyang, am Ethereal Dao College’s preeminent expert at losing weight! Brother, I am the best at losing weight. Don’t worry, I will definitely help you become skinny!” Xie Haiyang’s breathing was rapid as he immediately opened his mouth.

Hearing Xie Haiyang’s guarantee, Wang Baole immediately felt at ease and nodded in satisfaction. Very soon, after briefly going outside, Xie Haiyang returned with many Death Pills for Wang Baole.

“I hoarded many Death Pills after that time. Come, eat as many as you want!” Xie Haiyang waved his hand and generously flung five bottles to Wang Baole before leaving.

In his cave abode, Wang Baole immediately ate about ten Death Pills. As the heat in his body rose, he excitedly sat still and waited for the spirit fat to burn.

But perhaps his spirit fat was too stubborn this time, or maybe his body had gotten used to it. In the end, Wang Baole had only turned sweaty. When he lowered his head to look, his body was still big—clearly, nothing had changed.

He hurriedly ate more. However, even though he ate all the Death Pills, nothing changed. Wang Baole could not help but wail.

“Heavens, why don’t they work!”

At this point, Wang Baole could no longer maintain his cool. His breathing was unbearably rapid, and he could almost hear the footsteps of the Fatso Forefathers in his head.

“Xie Haiyang, your Death Pills were fake this time!” Panicked, Wang Baole took out his voice transmission ring and contacted Xie Haiyang again.

After Xie Haiyang received the voice transmission, he rushed to Wang Baole’s cave abode. When he entered and saw the unchanged Wang Baole and the empty bottles, he was stunned.

“No effect at all?”

“No effect at all!” Wang Baole cried and looked at Xie Haiyang.

If it had been anyone else, Xie Haiyang definitely would have been suspicious. However, he still trusted Wang Baole, so he scratched his head, his brain working at high speed. Finally, he gritted his teeth!

“Schoolmate, wait three days. I will think of a plan. Don’t worry, there is nothing I can’t do. This kind of challenging problem, I’ll take it on!”

### **Chapter 53: Puppet Dharmic Artifact!**

As he looked at Xie Haiyang—who had solemnly pledged his help—Wang Baole sighed, lowered his head, and rubbed his belly, his expression troubled.

“Why didn’t it work this time?” His previous few experiences had given him confidence, but today, he had been beaten black and blue by reality. He felt immense pressure when he thought of his future path to losing weight.

Disheartened, he sat on the veranda of the cave abode and looked at the blue sky. Vaguely, he seemed to see the silhouettes of many Fatso Forefathers, causing his mood to darken. He could only take out that handsome picture of himself and space out.

“Don’t tell me Heaven is jealous of my talent. Heaven is unwilling to let such a handsome person exist, so it strikes me down and blocks my path to losing weight!” The more Wang Baole thought about his situation, the sadder and angrier he felt. Finally, he gritted his teeth and took out a bag of snacks; however, after looking at the bag, he paused and threw it aside.

“I’ll bear with it!” Angrily, Wang Baole resisted the urge to look at the snacks and waited for Xie Haiyang to return. This continued for three days until... Xie Haiyang returned.

The moment saw Xie Haiyang, Wang Baole grew excited.

“Brother Xie, have you thought of a plan?”

Xie Haiyang walked into Wang Baole’s cave abode and rubbed his gelled hair with a lofty expression. He coughed after hearing Wang Baole’s words.

“Your problem is too simple. It’s just losing weight; even though the Death Pills didn’t work, I am an expert in losing weight. The moment I get into action, you will definitely succeed!”

Hearing the confidence in Xie Haiyang’s words, Wang Baole’s eyes lit up. He quickly made Xie Haiyang sit, offered him Ice Spirit Water, and looked at him eagerly.

“Brother Xie, as long as I can lose weight, whether it’s Spirit Stones or anything, I can negotiate!”

Xie Haiyang drank his Ice Spirit Water and spoke softly.

“Let me tell you, in Ethereal Dao College, there is a Dharmic artifact. This Dharmic artifact is priceless, extremely valuable; I can help you get it and lend it to you for seven days! I guarantee that once you use this Dharmic artifact, you will definitely slim down in seven days!” Xie Haiyang’s voice was extremely low, and it had a mysterious quality. Wang Baole’s eyes lit up after listening, and he moved his head closer.

“What Dharmic artifact? How effective?” As the double Head Prefect of the Dharmic Armament faculty, Wang Baole was very sensitive to the words ‘Dharmic artifact’. When he heard Xie Haiyang talk about this artifact, he could not help but be curious.

“Legend has it that a thousand years ago, there was an ancient slimming method called the Brain Tricking Technique. To put it simply, it tricks your brain. For example, when it comes to exercise, you trick your brain into thinking that you have already exercised for a long time, and so it will quickly replace the old with the new, drawing the energy from your body and thus losing weight.” As Xie Haiyang spoke, he felt very smug. He felt that this plan was extremely appropriate for losing weight.

“The priceless Dharmic artifact that I am speaking of was refined using this principle. It’s not too much to call it a banned artifact. After you use this, you will definitely lose weight!”

Hearing this, Wang Baole’s eyes shone as he was filled with hope.

“To think there’s such a Dharmic artifact... You are a genius. Did you bring this Dharmic artifact?”



“If this Dharmic artifact was easy to borrow, it wouldn’t be so valuable. This treasure’s owner is not someone from the Lower Academy Island; it belongs to some prominent figure at the True Breath realm on the Upper Academy Island!” Xie Haiyang coughed and pointed out the owner’s cultivation level so as to highlight his own ability at dealing with powerful people.

“Upper Academy Island?” Wang Baole’s eyes widened. Ethereal Dao College’s Upper Academy Island was where countless students dreamed of entering. Furthermore, to enter the Upper Academy Island, one had to pass an extremely competitive exam. They were not mere mortals but cultivators!

“This person’s identity is confidential. I can’t tell you who, and the person is also unwilling to let too many people know that he possesses this banned artifact. Under normal circumstances, this person wouldn’t have lent this out.

“However, in Ethereal Dao College, there is nothing I, Xie Haiyang, cannot do. As long as I cater to their desires, this person is very reasonable. If you want to borrow this Dharmic artifact, you need to refine some puppet Dharmic artifacts to exchange so that it will be easier for me, as this person likes to collect different kinds of puppet Dharmic artifacts.” When Xie Haiyang spoke of the puppet Dharmic artifacts, he paused and looked at Wang Baole.

“Puppet Dharmic artifact?” Wang Baole hesitated. These kinds of Dharmic artifacts were rather unorthodox in the study of Spirit Kernels. They were split into defensive puppets and offensive puppets, and there were very few formulations. Furthermore, one needed to have an alarming mastery of Spirit Kernel and Inscriptions to refine a puppet. Broadly speaking, to find someone who could refine these puppets in the Lower Academy Island Dharmic Armament faculty was very rare.

“These kinds of Dharmic artifacts are difficult to refine. Furthermore, I have only refined Spirit Kernels at the moment, and I don’t have the materials and formulations.” Wang Baole wrinkled his brow, feeling that this task was a little difficult.

“I have the materials. Whatever you need, just tell me!” Xie Haiyang’s eyes were bright, and he smiled as he spoke.

“I haven’t finished. The other party has a hobby of collecting puppets: he doesn’t want animal puppets, only human puppets, and they have to be huge, fierce, and vicious! You also know that in the wilderness beyond the city lake, wild beasts run rampant; when we go out, having a few burly protective dolls will make it safer.”

After explaining the situation, Xie Haiyang arranged a time to collect the goods and then left.

In the cave abode, Wang Baole sat with uncertainty written all over his face. He had a sneaking suspicion that something was amiss. However, if he wanted to lose weight, he could only use the other party’s Dharmic artifact. Thus, he needed to refine puppet Dharmic artifacts.

*Let’s refine!*

For these kinds of Spirit Kernels that he had never refined before, Wang Baole researched first before deducing the Inscriptions. When he had the results and the confidence, he would finally begin carving Inscriptions.

*The offensive puppet is too difficult. There is no point in making it. I should focus on the defensive type instead. Since it is defensive... then it has to be sturdy, so I need to add at least thirty Inscriptions to strengthen its defenses.*

*It's not enough for it to be sturdy. Because it is human-shaped, it needs to be pliable! At the same time, it has to be able to make alerts. Even if it can't speak, it needs to emit sound...*

*Furthermore, it cannot be obvious that it is a puppet. That is very important, too, so that it has the element of surprise. It will also be important in the modeling aspect. Anyway, puppets are the highest level. Once refined, it will be a true Dharmic artifact that is almost no different from a real human!*

When Wang Baole started, he did not pay much attention. But after carving Inscriptions, the refinement of Spirit Kernel for the puppet became too difficult, so he placed all his effort into refining. With this deep thinking and deduction, he gradually perfected the puppet.

Just so he could make it perfect, Wang Baole decided to use Rainbow Spirit Stones as the core, arrange other superior-grade Spirit Stones around them, then meld them all together. Finally, after several days, when he had refined the Spirit Kernels, Wang Baole saw that he had used forty or so Spirit Stones. Only after going through many calculations to achieve the arrangement of Inscriptions could he find the framework of the human-shaped Spirit Kernel. He wiped the sweat from his forehead, and his gaze showed a hint of regret.

*It's too bad that time is short and that this is my first time. If not, I should have been able to make an even better one!*

Wang Baole shook his head and sent a voice transmission to Xie Haiyang to ask him to purchase forging materials.

These materials were not valuable but regular materials that Wang Baole found according to his own refinement of Spirit Kernel Inscriptions. He had learned most of them from the jade slip that the Dharmic Armament Pavilion Elder had given him.

*I must be the first one to refine with fusing materials...* Wang Baole sighed. He felt that this task of losing weight was too difficult this time. If the Dharmic artifact was not effective, he was definitely going to make Xie Haiyang compensate his losses from refining the puppets.

With this thought, he took the Spirit Kernel and materials and left the cave abode, charging at full speed till he reached the Spirit Cauldron Cave at the Dharmic Armament faculty. This Spirit Cauldron Cave was similar to Combat faculty's Lava Chamber, except the temperature was different. The main point of the Spirit Cauldron Cave was to allow Spirit Kernel students to increase their familiarity with refining Dharmic artifacts.

There were many rooms within, all filled with heated Spirit Cauldrons and simple molds. People could borrow these instruments to melt materials and then simply fuse them with Spirit Kernels to make basic Dharmic artifacts.

Because only Spirit Kernel students could attempt to refine simple Dharmic artifacts, there were few people on normal days. As Head Prefect, Wang Baole could naturally enter as he pleased.

When he arrived, he chose one room and began familiarizing himself with it before starting his first refinement.

The content of Materials study was very complicated. Even with the jade slip from the Dharmic Armament Pavilion Elder, Wang Baole went through great difficulty, wasting many materials in the process. The good thing was that his Spirit Kernels were sturdy, so he did not break many. After countless experiments and repairs, Wang Baole finally emerged after a while with dark circles under his eyes, and he had even gotten thinner. He had lost much of his energy and strength during those few days.

When he returned to the cave abode, Wang Baole sent a voice transmission to Xie Haiyang. As he waited for Xie Haiyang to arrive, Wang Baole drank several bottles of Ice Spirit Water to wake his brain up.

*This artifact refinement is too difficult.* Thinking back on the process, Wang Baole felt that he had truly expended excessive capital in this attempt to lose weight.

Very soon, Xie Haiyang arrived. The moment he entered the cave abode, Wang Baole raised his right hand before he could speak. In that instant, his storage bracelet flashed, and what must have been a two-meter-tall human-shaped puppet appeared in front of Xie Haiyang with a bang.

This puppet looked very burly, and it even exuded an aura of savagery. This was especially so since its whole body was covered in hair, giving off a ferocious impression.

Although it was not especially realistic, if one did not look carefully, it did not seem too different from a real person.

“Whether he is satisfied or not, the puppet possesses the characteristics of being big, mighty, and ferocious!” Wang Baole rubbed the area between his eyebrows tiredly. His gaze swept across the puppet that he had refined; although he was not very satisfied, it was passable.

At the side, Xie Haiyang stared. After circling around the puppet several times, he inhaled, his gaze bright.

“I’m satisfied, very satisfied!”

“Don’t worry, Schoolmate Wang. With this object, I will definitely be able to get the Dharmic artifact for you!”

Once he had finished assessing the puppet, Xie Haiyang took the puppet away, left the Lower Academy Island on a boat, and reached the entrance of the Upper Academy Island.

From afar, the scenery was magnificent. Sky and sea met in an imposing way. But when one got closer, the scene was starkly different, with swirling thick fog. Whenever Xie Haiyang arrived at the Upper Academy Island, he was always nervous. Now, as he grew closer, he waved a token. Soon, the fog parted to reveal a blurry silhouette.

“Did you bring it?” The blurred silhouette had a low voice, filled with intention.

Xie Haiyang quickly took out the puppet. Before he could even hand it over, the silhouette seemed to raise its hand to grab at the air. In that instant, the puppet flew toward the fog and shortly after, there was an exclamation from within the fog.

“To use a Spirit Kernel that is a condensation of forty or so Spirit Stones, and with less than 3,000 Dao Inscriptions; yet, it possesses the effect of 10,000 Dao Inscriptions carved onto one hundred Spirit Stones... Although the manufacturing is crude, it is interesting. Not bad, not too bad at all!” The silhouette in the fog was full of praise. Till the end, his tone was one of delight. Then, he threw a helmet at Xie Haiyang and left.

Xie Haiyang exhaled, wiped his sweat, and then left. When he returned to Wang Baole’s cave abode, he was clearly excited.

“Brother, the other party was extremely satisfied with your puppet!” As he spoke, he gave Wang Baole a crimson helmet and a jade slip with the instructions for its use.

“The other party said that you can borrow this Dharmic artifact!”

#### **Chapter 54: Head Prefect of the Three Rolls!**

After sending off Xie Haiyang, Wang Baole was too excited to feel his exhaustion. He immediately took the crimson helmet and examined it. When he saw that the helmet had three barely perceptible marks, Wang Baole’s eyes grew wide.

*Three Armament Marks?* Wang Baole was surprised. He quickly took out the second volume of the Qi Fostering Art and flipped to the page introducing Dharma artifacts. After careful cross-referencing, his eyes lit up.

*It’s actually a numinous treasure!*

According to the introduction by the second volume of the Qi Fostering Art, these kinds of markings were called Armament Marks. First and second grade Dharma artifacts did not have these marks, but they would surface when third grade artifacts became numinous treasures.

Knowing that he held a numinous treasure in his hand, Wang Baole grew more assured in losing weight. Now, he examined the instructions for use before putting the helmet on.

*This numinous treasure should be effective...* Wang Baole suddenly felt insecure. After all, he had paid a high price to borrow this helmet, and it was also his last hope. This made Wang Baole’s heart beat fast and his mind nervous.

As he inhaled deeply, Wang Baole gritted his teeth, allowing the spirit energy to course violently through his body, melding into the helmet. In that instant, Wang Baole felt an explosion in his brain; his vision blurred, and it seemed that a voice reverberated near his ear, except that he could not hear it properly.

Following the instructions, Wang Baole knew that he needed to transmit an order to trick his own brain at that moment.

“I haven’t eaten in three months!” Wang Baole quickly sent the order to trick his brain. As he spoke, he heard a boom in his brain again, and suddenly his eyes widened, his body convulsed, and his breathing grew unbelievably rapid.

“Hungry, so hungry I’m going to die!”

Even though his stomach was clearly not hungry, in his consciousness, the feeling of hunger inundated him like a tidal wave. He even suddenly discovered that his body was convulsing uncontrollably.

Very quickly, his eyes became green, and he jumped violently to his feet, screaming feebly.

“I can’t take it anymore; I need to eat something!”

That feeling of hunger drove Wang Baole crazy. He immediately opened his storage bracelet, took out some snacks and ate wildly. When he finished, he still felt unbearably hungry and quickly drank water as he screamed.

Yet, even though he did that, the feeling of hunger did not lessen. Instead, it grew stronger.

*No, I need to resist!*

At the end, Wang Baole’s screams grew weak beyond belief. He was so hungry that he scratched the walls, and he only managed to control himself after using a great deal of willpower. As his whole body shivered, the spirit fat in his body began to quickly disintegrate, as his brain judged that he had not eaten in weeks.

The whole process continued for about five minutes. When the feeling of hunger gradually dissipated, Wang Baole collapsed to the ground, his limbs sore and weak. As he panted, he felt his vision go black, and he only recovered after a long while. Struggling to raise himself, he looked at his obviously skinnier belly, and he felt so excited that he laughed loudly.

*It worked! It was effective after all!*

*Again. This time, I haven’t eaten in three years!*

Wang Baole was ready to go all in. That determination to lose weight caused him to exude an aura of fortitude, and he gritted his teeth as he spoke. In that moment... Wang Baole’s vision grew black, and that incredible feeling of hunger was impossible to describe, causing him to scream and lose consciousness.

Although he had fainted, his body was still convulsing, and he foamed at the mouth. However, the effects were alarming. His round body was visibly shriveling. This was all because his order had caused his brain to think that he was on the cusp of starving to death; thus, his brain was working so hard that it exploded.

Under his brain’s control, his metabolism went on overdrive, constantly disintegrating the excess spirit fat in his body, releasing energy to replenish what his body needed to live.

Just like that, one entire day passed.

The next day, Wang Baole slowly opened his eyes. He looked at his small belly weakly, feeling that his cultivation level had already broken past the Physical Seal and entered Pulse Enrichment. However, he was not as delighted as he had expected. At that moment, he felt as though he had gone through hell.

His body ached everywhere, especially his brain, which felt like it had swollen to the limit. He was seeing double and lay on the ground without the energy to even pull himself to his feet.

*This weight loss... is too scary!* Wang Baole's face was white, and he stayed down for a full two hours before he felt some of his energy come back to him. After struggling to sit up, he leaned against the wall and lowered his head to look at his small belly, then he looked again at his handsome photo. This made him feel somewhat better.

*As long as I'm skinnier... I don't ever want to lose weight again. This numinous treasure... it's like playing with my life!* Wang Baole was still in a state of shock, and he quickly took off the helmet and contacted Xie Haiyang. He returned the helmet and cultivated in his cave abode for three days before he fully recovered.

Looking at himself in the mirror, the strengthened Wang Baole seemed to have forgotten the previous ordeal of losing weight, and he once again grew excited.

*Losing weight is no big deal. To me, this is too easy!* As he laughed loudly, Wang Baole struck different kinds of poses. Looking at his handsome self in the mirror, he raised his head proudly, while munching on a few bags of snacks, before walking out of the cave abode in full satisfaction.

*Now, it's time for me to become the Dharmic Armament faculty's unrivaled and unbeatable Head Prefect!*

With such grand ambition, Wang Baole ran toward the Spirit Kernel hall.

When his silhouette appeared at the Spirit Kernel classroom and stood in front of the classroom's blue wall to start the test, this incident shook the entire Dharmic Armament faculty.

News quickly spread. However, the assessment did not take as much time as the previous attempt, and in less than three minutes, before too many students had arrived, the Head Prefect gong resounded in the Dharmic Armament faculty!

Following the sound of the gong, all the students and teachers and even the Dean stopped in the midst of their activities and looked toward the Spirit Kernel hall. When they found out that it was Wang Baole who had started the test, all of their brains hummed with a buzz.

"Heavens, Dharmic Armament faculty's never-before-seen... Ultimate Head Prefect!"

"Wang Baole... He is truly heaven-defying!"

"The first time in Ethereal Dao College's history... Spirit Stones, Inscriptions, and Spirit Kernel Head Prefect!"

After the short silence, there was an explosion of commotion that resounded in the Dharmic Armament faculty. At the same time, at the mountain peaks of the other faculties, there were actually the sound of gongs, shaking the heavens and earth with their ringing. At that point in time... all the mountain peaks of the whole Lower Academy Island rang with the sound of gongs!

All these gongs would only ring when an Ultimate Head Prefect emerged within Ethereal Dao College. This was a rule established with the founding of Ethereal Dao College, except that it had only ever happened a few times. In the Spirit Inception Era, this was the only time!

“What is the situation!”

“Why are all the faculties’ gongs ringing!”

“Heavens, look! There’s actually a rainbow in the firmament!”

After the commotion exploded from inside all the faculties, countless students from Ethereal Dao College raised their heads in shock and saw that there was actually a magnificent rainbow above them, resplendently shooting through the sky.

On the Spirit Intranet, other faculties soon discovered the reason for the shock and commotion. Once they knew that Wang Baole had become the only Head Prefect in the Dharmic Armament faculty, all of them were shocked and speechless.

Even the Chancellor looked apprehensive with fear and indignation for a long time.

This day was a day that everyone at the Dharmic Armament faculty would never forget! With the reality of the three Head Prefects being united in one person, this meant that the students would tremble even in their dreams. Wang Baole’s authority was so vast that he had even exceeded the teachers of the Dharmic Armament faculty on some level and was almost on par with the Dean’s authority.

It could be said that in the Dharmic Armament faculty, and even in other faculties, Wang Baole was... a figure of authority!

When Wang Baole walked out of the Spirit Kernel classroom, he looked at the surrounding students. Amid the crowd, there were ordinary students, and there were also inspectors from the three main classrooms. They all looked at Wang Baole with respect and admiration.

This was an incomparable feat that no ordinary person could have done. In Ethereal Dao College’s Dharmic Armament faculty, Wang Baole had created a miracle!

As his gaze swept across the crowd, Wang Baole noticed an emotional Liu Daobin and the others. He raised his head to look at the blue skies and white clouds, and when he looked down again, Wang Baole gave a relaxed smile.

“Liu Daobin, your position as inspector is restored!” Wang Baole’s voice traveled all over as he restored Liu Daobin and all his other followers to their respective statuses.

As he transmitted his orders to his subordinates, his voice had no need to be resonant. With the power from his status, he already had the influence to ensure that his order would be strictly enforced. Each of his orders could decide the future of the students!

Finally, Wang Baole gave his last order.

“Zhang Lan and the others are expelled, and everything they have learned will be taken back!”

With that one sentence, all who heard it could not help but inhale, their hearts shaking. The words ‘everything they have learned will be taken back’ were simply too vicious. It was equivalent to... crippling them of their cultivation levels.

Wang Baole had a latent philosophy, gathered together from the high officials’ autobiographies, and it was... to pull up the weeds by the roots. If there was an opponent he could not convert, he was determined to eliminate the opponent without giving any chances.

Jiang Lin, Cao Kun, Zhang Lan and his friends—Wang Baole’s method of dealing with them was this decisive.

As his order resounded, the halo from Wang Baole’s body seemed to become even more dazzling. As Liu Daobin and the others emotionally stepped forward to concur, Wang Baole cupped his fists at the crowd before inhaling deeply and leaving in great satisfaction.

*Now, nobody will be able to bully me anymore.*

When he returned to the cave abode, Wang Baole laughed, and after happily taking his snacks out, he began eating noisily.

At the same time, Lin Tianhao—who was in the Spirit Kernel Head Prefect Pavilion—looked in the direction of the Spirit Kernel classroom, listening to the ringing gong that announced the new Head Prefect of the Dharmic Armament faculty. His expression was calm; he was not as exasperated as before nor was he as despondent as Cao Kun.

But when he heard the breaking of his Head Prefect Token, he could no longer hide his savage and intense hatred. At the thought of Jiang Lin and Cao Kun’s previous suggestions, and the fact that his hands were tied, his blood pressure to rise sharply.

After a long while, he walked out of the Head Prefect Pavilion expressionlessly to return to his own cave abode. He took out his voice transmission ring, inhaled deeply, and issued a command.

“Make arrangements. I don’t want to see Wang Baole anymore.”

## **Chapter 55: Tiny Purple Sword**

Wang Baole’s life after becoming the only Head Prefect of the Dharmic Armament faculty had become very different. The most obvious difference was that every time he went outside, all the students he encountered, whether they were seniors or freshmen, would treat him extremely respectfully.

The attitudes of the Head Prefects of the other faculties had also greatly changed. They no longer simply sent greetings but took the initiative to visit him, attempting to get closer to Wang Baole.

Wang Baole was very happy to oblige. He knew the value of networking and understood that courtesy demanded reciprocation. So, over the following days, he started to get familiar with all the Head Prefects of the various faculties.



At the same time, after Wang Baole, when it was almost the holidays of their first year, other Head Prefects emerged from Wang Baole's batch of new students. The second to become Head Prefect was Zhao Yameng!

Other than the fact that she had been a hot topic on the Spirit Intranet at the beginning of the term, this girl had kept a low-profile. Now, the moment she made her move, she immediately took one of the Head Prefect positions in the Array Runes faculty.

Following that, the third to become Head Prefect was Zhuo Yifan. After competing with Lu Zihao and Chen Ziheng for a year, he had pulled ahead in the competition and become one of the Head Prefects of the Combat faculty.

If it had been any other time, the fact that the both of them became Head Prefects would have caused a commotion. However, Wang Baole had been too heaven-defying, and his halo was so intense that Zhao Yameng and Zhuo Yifan's achievements did not have the expected effect.

However, all the faculty's teachers, deans, and even the Chancellor had noticed the excellence of Wang Baole and his peers. Especially Wang Baole. He was known even on the Upper Academy Island. Even the Chancellor had received many inquiries from his colleagues when Wang Baole became Dharmic Armament faculty's sole Head Prefect.

Needless to say, Goatee had received even more inquiries. Each time, he would be extremely smug in telling the other party that he was the one who had specially recruited Wang Baole.

"You guys don't know this, but when I saw Wang Baole, I immediately could tell that he had an alarming talent, like a bright pearl. So, without hesitation, while the other faculties were still deliberating, I used my authority to specially recruit him!

"With my pair of eyes, I have never judged a person incorrectly. This Wang Baole is proof of my ability to judge people's abilities!"

These days, Goatee was very smug and felt extremely satisfied, seeing the envious gazes of his colleagues.

This made him think of his previous thoughts on gifting Wang Baole a Dharma artifact. After thinking about it, he put aside the first grade Dharma artifact that he had planned to send out and personally refined a second grade Dharma artifact for Wang Baole!

Some days later, upon looking at the Dharma artifact that he had refined himself, Goatee felt that Wang Baole was indeed lucky.

*This rascal is definitely worthy of being specially recruited. How lucky!*

After thinking about it, Goatee decided that it must have been fate and sent for Wang Baole.

Although Wang Baole was the sole Head Prefect, upon receiving Goatee's call, he remembered that Goatee had been the only teacher to stand up for him when the Vice Chancellor wanted to expel him.

Wang Baole had never forgotten this, so when he received the voice transmission, he immediately straightened his clothing and arrived at the Dean's hall at the mountain peak. When he entered and saw the smiling Goatee, Wang Baole immediately cupped his fists.

“Your humble student at your service, Dean!”

Goatee laughed and stepped forward to pull Wang Baole to his feet. He looked at Wang Baole, and his expression became emotional.

“Not bad, boy, very well done!” As he spoke, Goatee patted Wang Baole’s shoulder, his attitude extremely kind and warm. Wang Baole blinked. He had a good impression of Goatee, so he engaged in conversation with him.

After asking about Wang Baole’s studies and chatting with him, Goatee was very satisfied with Wang Baole’s humble attitude in front of him. It had to be said that for the previous Head Prefects, although he maintained a harmonious appearance, he secretly disliked them.

But Wang Baole was different. This was someone he had handpicked, and he was so satisfied that he flipped his right hand and revealed a flying sword!

The entirety of this flying sword was purple, and the inside had flowing marks. When it appeared, it exuded a strong wave of hot air, causing one to feel as though one was standing on fiery ground.

Gradually, one could see that the area around the flying sword seemed warped, and it was clear that this was no ordinary sword!

Not only that, this sword had a water chestnut shaped hole. This hole was not constructed after, but was integral to the blade; clearly, it had naturally formed during the refinement process.

Although Wang Baole only glanced at the sword, with his Dharmic Armament attainment, he could feel that the sword was extraordinary, and he was visibly moved.

Goatee smiled and looked at Wang Baole. “What do you see?”

“You used seven Rainbow Spirit Stones, with at least 40,000 Dao Inscriptions embedded. Furthermore, it is astonishing in the aspects of speed and fiery arts. As for the materials... I am not familiar with forging materials, so it’s hard for me to be sure, but I can see that it is made of extraordinary materials.

“As for this hole...”

Wang Baole hesitated for a moment. He did not recognize the hole.

Goatee laughed loudly when he heard Wang Baole’s analysis.

“You have already described it quite fully. It’s normal that you don’t understand this hole. This is knowledge that you will only learn as the last step when shaping your refined object. This is called... Heaven’s Hole, meaning that it is naturally occurring when refining Dharma artifacts. Its appearance depends entirely on chance and cannot be controlled by man.

“The moment Heaven’s Hole appears on the Dharma artifact, the power can be greatly increased by adding a Spirit Stone!

“Wang Baole, I’ll give you this sword!”

As Goatee spoke, he waved his right hand. The sword became a beam of purple light and flew toward Wang Baole.

Wang Baole's breathing intensified as he received the sword. He looked at Goatee, looked at the flying sword in his hands, and cupped his fists emotionally to show his respect.

"Thank you very much, Dean!"

"No need to thank me. Whether it is your top grades in the hallucination realm test or becoming the triple Head Prefect, you have proven yourself to be the most excellent student in the history of the Dharmic Armament faculty!"

Goatee stroked his beard, his expression growing serious.

"Use this sword to protect yourself! Remember, don't be arrogant and work even harder so that you can pass the competitive exam to enter the Upper Academy and become a cultivator!"

Wang Baole inhaled deeply and cupped his fists in assent. Finally, when Goatee raised his teacup, Wang Baole got the hint and left.

When he returned to his cave abode, Wang Baole took out the purple sword and examined it happily. Then he took out a Rainbow Spirit Stone to place within the Heaven's Hole. As the Spirit Qi entered the blade, the tiny sword flashed an alarming purple, and it swelled rapidly, turning into a large sword. Wang Baole grabbed it and swung it at a rock behind him.

In that instant, a wave of heat exploded. It engulfed the area, reducing the rocks to half their original size, revealing a foot-long mark in the rock!

*So sharp!* Wang Baole drew in a deep breath. Although he had never seen an attacking Dharma artifact before, he felt that the power in this sword was already extremely shocking.

*Speaking of Dharma artifacts, I also have some Spirit Kernels.* Wang Baole carefully placed the sword into his storage bracelet before taking out some of the hundred Spirit Kernels that he had previously refined to practice creating Spirit Kernels.

*These Spirit Kernels were created from the condensation of carved Inscriptions on superior-grade Spirit Stones. I can't waste them.*

Wang Baole scratched his head. As the ultimate Head Prefect of the Dharmic Armament faculty, he felt that it was shameful that he only owned two Dharma artifacts, which were not even made by himself but borrowed.

After some thought, Wang Baole decided that he would refine them into Dharma artifacts. On the one hand, he could have his own Dharma artifacts handy; on the other hand, he could practice the process of creating simple Dharma artifacts.

After making his decision, Wang Baole contacted Xie Haiyang to exchange for a large amount of materials for artifact refinement. Although these materials were common, the price was not cheap because he needed quite a number of them. However, he had plenty of Spirit Stones, and if he really could not afford it, he could use the Spirit Kernels to barter. After all, on some level, Spirit Kernels were worth more than Spirit Stones.

Very soon, after Xie Haiyang sent over all the materials, Wang Baole spent his following days in the Spirit Cauldron Cave, refining Dharma artifacts in seclusion.

The first item he refined was a large powerful megaphone. When Wang Baole refined the megaphone and used it, he was startled. He felt that even if he used it in a noisy location, the megaphone would sound like a clap of thunder.

He loved this megaphone so much that he could not bear to part with it. Soon, he began to refine other Dharma artifacts, among them was a rope that could trap people and many other flying swords, although they could not match up to the Purple Sword.

Then he felt that he was missing some defensive Dharma artifacts. So, he drew countless Inscriptions onto his own Head Prefect Daoist robe, filling it in with many Spirit Stones and other materials that could fuse with the clothing, creating—with some difficulty—a Dharma artifact out of the Daoist robe.

What he created the most of, however, were numerous seals. This was largely because Wang Baole was especially fond of seals when he started practicing refinement of Spirit Kernels. Although he could not refine high quality seals, the sheer number of them was advantageous.

As he saw his proficiency in refining these simple Dharma artifacts increase, Wang Baole thought of refining a defensive puppet for that mysterious owner of the helmet on Upper Academy Island.

*That plaything seems very powerful. I should try to refine some so that I can use it for things such as being a bodyguard, a mount, or someone to serve tea.* Wang Baole thought about it and felt that a puppet was very useful, so he started to spend all his time working on it.

Furthermore, as this was for his own personal use, Wang Baole bought numerous materials from Xie Haiyang to add to the puppet. This would cause the refined puppets to be better in every aspect than the one he gave away.

The puppets he refined were also of different varieties; there were fierce beast-like ones, and there were also ones that looked like maidservants.

Finally, he looked at the eight puppets that he had refined with satisfaction. In terms of battle power, these eight puppets had been enhanced with Rainbow Spirit Stones, so they could take more Inscriptions. With all their power stimulated, these puppets could produce strength at the perfected Blood Qi realm.

As for the matter of sturdiness, Wang Baole had added precious materials, so not even Pulse Enrichment experts wouldn't be able to destroy them instantly.

*It's too bad that my knowledge of materials is lacking. Otherwise, if I had carved Inscriptions according to the materials, I might have been able to create puppets better than Pulse Enrichment!* Wang Baole looked at the puppets in front of him, a little dissatisfied.

Just as he pondered over how to make improvements, Wang Baole heard Liu Daobin's voice from his voice transmission ring.

"Head Prefect, tomorrow is the Dao College's break. I've contacted Du Min, Zhou Xiaoya, Chen Ziheng, and many other old friends. As we're all from Phoenix City, shall we go home together?"

**Chapter 56: Today, We Are No Longer as We Have Been**

Ethereal Dao College's Lower Academy Island only broke up for holidays once a year.

Whenever the holidays came, some of the students of Lower Academy Island would remain behind. Most of the students, however, would use the two-month break to return home or to venture out to gain experience and grow tougher.

Among them, many older students went for expeditions or worked with organizations affiliated to the Federation, in a mutually beneficial arrangement. As for the freshmen who had left home for the first time, their priority during the holidays was to go back home.

As the holidays arrived, Wang Baole left the Spirit Cauldron Cave and walked to the Dharmic Armament faculty's mountain peak only to find numerous students carrying their bags, talking and laughing about their memories of home as they stepped onto the cruiser to return.

It was the same as when the new students arrived. As the wilderness held many dangers, every holiday, the Dao College would take on the responsibility of sending and receiving homebound students, taking them to a designated location in the city.

"See you when school reopens, Head Prefect."

"Head Prefect, we're leaving."

Before they left, all the students who bumped into Wang Baole greeted him warmly. It seemed as though the respect that they held toward the Dao College's Head Prefect during regular school days had dimmed due to the arrival of the holidays.

Wang Baole laughed and nodded at all the students who greeted him, infected by the atmosphere of the departing students. It seemed that he had lost all his previous longing in the one year he lived at the Dao College, and he missed his parents even more.

Anxious to return home as soon as possible, Wang Baole walked faster. He returned to the cave abode to pack his luggage, threw everything into his storage bracelet, and bought many bottles of Ice Spirit Water.

*Ice Spirit Water is the specialty of the Dao College. It tastes different from Ice Spirit Water elsewhere. I should bring more home for Mom to try.*

Then he contacted Zheng Liang and used his Spirit Stones to buy many top quality pills suitable for regular people. Once he had settled everything, he stepped out of the cave abode and turned back to look at where he had lived for an entire year. He inhaled deeply and sealed the array formation shut. When he turned around, his gaze was bright.

*Home!*

He laughed and ran down the mountain. In this moment, it was as if he had forgotten that he was a Head Prefect and had returned to his old self from a year ago. He ran all the way down the mountain, heading straight for the huge hanger at the Green Forest Lake.

The scene was almost the same as when school started. The space was filled with students, with laughter resounding as the students bade each other farewell, stepping onto different cruisers. When Wang Baole arrived, he squeezed through the crowd and immediately heard someone calling him.

“Head Prefect, here, here!” Wang Baole looked up and noticed Liu Daobin waving at him from a nearby hot-air balloon cruiser.

There were many familiar faces with Liu Daobin. All of them were those students who had initially arrived with him from Phoenix City. Du Min and Bunny were among them, having arrived earlier. When they saw Wang Baole, Du Min snorted whereas Bunny smiled at him.

Chen Ziheng was also there. Although his expression was normal at first, he became stiff after seeing Wang Baole. No doubt he was thinking of the harm Wang Baole had caused the Combat faculty and also of Wang Baole’s meteoric rise during the past year.

Upon seeing Liu Daobin and the others, Wang Baole hurriedly squeezed through the crowd. His usual status as Head Prefect was useless now as there were simply too many people. Finally, after much difficulty, Wang Baole managed to squeeze onto the cruiser. Just as he wiped his sweat and was about to take out a bottle of Ice Spirit Water, Liu Daobin offered him one.

“Head Prefect, I’ve already prepared some for you.” Liu Daobin smiled. “I’ve even bought some for you to take home to your parents.”

As Wang Baole looked at Liu Daobin, more than ever, he felt that Liu Daobin was indeed capable. Laughing, he patted Liu Daobin’s shoulder and drank from the offered bottle.

When Du Min saw this, she turned her head and snorted again. Clearly, she did not like what she was seeing.

As he drank the Ice Spirit Water, Wang Baole looked at the people on the cruiser and then at the faraway mountain peak of the Dharmic Armament faculty. His yearning for Phoenix City increased all the more. However, he was still brooding over an uncertainty, which was... where his father got the obviously halved mysterious mask from, and where was the other half?

This issue had been weighing on his mind for a long time. He knew that the mask was extraordinary, and if other people knew of it, it would invite unnecessary trouble for his family. So, he had restrained himself and did not send a voice transmission to ask about the mask. Instead, he had decided to wait till he returned home and to get the answer by beating around the bush.

Soon, the cruiser began to shake. All the other cruisers in the hanger slowly started to rise, entering the clouds in the firmament, and sped off in all directions.

At this moment, the Sword Sun in the sky seemed to be overlooking the world, looking at those homebound cruisers.

Even the soul suppression released from sun’s incomplete halo and the ancient greenish-bronze sword seemed different from before.

This year... was the 38th year of the Spirit Inception Era.

Some time later, the cruiser bound for Phoenix City finally flew out of the clouds and mist, hurtling through the vast firmament.

Looking over, the dark blue skies and the open area that stretched beyond what the eye could see contrasted with the Earth's wilderness. Occasionally, birds would appear, flying across the silky blue skies.

These occasional sounds from the birds made them seem, from afar, to have a sort of beauty. But if one looked closer, they would see their bloodthirsty and cruel eyes, their claws, and their teeth, beasts that shocked the eye.

This was the wilderness in the Federation; danger lurked everywhere. Unlike the war many years ago, these beasts did not have a single leader and were in a state of disunity. However, even a single beast in the wilderness posed a significant threat to humans.

Because of the appearance of Spirit Qi, these beasts and plants were the ones who were affected the most directly and significantly.

As humans had won the war many years ago, the Federation's cities were confident of dealing with the scattered Beast Tide under normal circumstances. Even in the current Federation, the rise of ancient martial arts and cultivation meant that there was increased hunting of these beasts.

As Ethereal Dao College was considered a titan among organizations in the Federation, the cruisers ferrying students were equipped with many powerful numinous treasures, and there were even bodyguards onboard. With these precautions, the danger of this journey was minimal.

On the Phoenix City-bound cruiser, all the students from Ethereal Dao College were extremely excited. After all, this was their second time on this long journey. They had just ended the year, and they had grown closer since the start of term. As such, they had much to say among themselves. Even subtle feelings between the male and female students began to grow during this journey.

In fact, there were already many students who had paired off and spent their time on the cruiser engaging in lovers' talk. While it made many single people jealous, they also whispered about how those couples' relationships would die out fast.

Wang Baole was no exception. As he sat in the ship's hold, he shook his head and spoke regretfully.

"My generation's students need to establish ourselves, watch our speech, and finally mind our conduct. It seems that they have forgotten all of what the Chancellor has said. How improper to engage in such lovers' talk."

There were many students in the ship's hold, including Liu Daobin and the others. After hearing Wang Baole's words, Du Min let out a loud "tch!", Bunny covered her mouth and laughed, while Chen Ziheng rolled his eyes and ignored Wang Baole.

"The Head Prefect makes sense." Only Liu Daobin was approving. He held an expression of receiving wisdom, ignoring the looks from the people around him. After all, he was simply following what his father had told him—his superior was always right!

There were also other inspectors from the Dharmic Armament faculty among the students, and they all nodded and chimed in with their agreement.

Seeing that he had gathered so many supporters, Wang Baole felt extremely satisfied. Soon, he became talkative and looked at the people around him with gratification and emotion.

Wang Baole placed his hands behind his back, his expression filled with recollection, as though he was remembering memories from many years ago. "We have all grown up. I still remember vaguely when we were handsome and fresh youths going to school. We had slim bodies, strong eyebrows, and bright eyes, and all of you were still children, innocent and pure. But time spares no man. In a flash... today we are no longer as we have been. Don't you guys agree?"

It had only been a year since the start of school, so Wang Baole pretending to be old and experienced put everyone at a loss. Even Liu Daobin paused, his brain working rapidly to think of a way to react to Wang Baole's words. If he agreed, it was as though he was saying Wang Baole was old, but if he did not agree, he would not be adhering to his father's golden advice.

Finally, Liu Daobin inhaled, feeling that it was a very thorny issue. "This is a trick question!"

Bunny could no longer resist and giggled till her stomach started to hurt. Chen Ziheng pretended that he had not heard anything. Du Min, on the other hand, could no longer bear it.

"Master Wang, may I know your age?" Du Min sneered.

Hearing Du Min's mocking, Wang Baole looked blankly at her. He shook his head and sighed. "Today we are no longer as we are, Min-er. See, your chest has even gotten bigger."

## **Chapter 57: The One from Above**

Du Min glared as her chest heaved from her fury. However, she had no means of retaliating as she knew that the Fatty had a despicable tongue; if she retaliated, he would definitely apologize and admit his mistakes, claiming that he was still young.

Seeing how a simple sentence could suppress Du Min, Wang Baole gloated gleefully.

"Daobin, how time has passed! You have grown much taller now. And look at you, Bunny, you're Big Bunny now! As for Ziheng, you have matured. How time flies!"

Chen Ziheng stared intently while Bunny's face reddened. Even Liu Daobin let out a bitter laugh. Wang Baole sighed once again, looking at the peculiar expressions of the people around him.

"As for me... I have also aged. I am now the Head Prefect of the Spirit Stones Hall, the Inscriptions Hall, and the Spirit Kernel Hall of the Dharmic Armament, or in short, the Head Prefect of the Three Halls. I am also known as the never before seen First Prefect, or as others call it, the only Ultimate Head Prefect in the history of the Dharmic Armament Faculty."

Wang Baole appeared to be filled with emotion as he recalled the happenings in his life. As he repeated his title with great detail and without a single hint of annoyance, he ran his fingers through his hair, as if it was already peppered with silver strands.

Hearing Wang Baole's words, the others surrounding him did not know whether to laugh or cry, as it was obvious that Wang Baole was trying hard to boast about his achievements. Liu Daobin and other the



other inspectors were indifferent, but the rest, like Chen Ziheng and Du Min, were immensely irritated and scornful of him. They exchanged glances, thinking about how Wang Baole's authority as Head Prefect only applied in school, during semester time. They were both contemplating whether to gang up and teach Wang Baole a good lesson outside school.

However, they gave up on that thought upon recognizing Wang Baole's fighting capabilities.

Noticing how the others fell silent listening to him, Wang Baole blinked several times, turning his gaze toward Liu Daobin.

In a moment of genius, Liu Daobin started to applaud upon seeing Wang Baole looking at him.

"The Head Prefect is right! What he said was magnificent! How time flies... In the span of a year, we have all changed."

Du Min, Chen Ziheng, and the students from the other faculties extended their disgust toward Liu Daobin for the words that he said. On the other hand, Wang Baole was ecstatic, and just as he was about to elaborate more, the red-faced Bunny who stood at a corner softly said, "What Brother Baole said was correct."

Du Min lost her cool upon hearing Bunny's words. She immediately held onto Bunny, preparing to inculcate the correct values into her best friend. Wang Baole's face brightened up, beaming with pleasure.

"Xiaoya, come for a playdate at my place sometime! My mum is an excellent cook."

Zhou Xiaoya blushed, her eyes bright and sparkly. As she opened her mouth to answer, Du Min caught a hold of her and dragged her out of the cabin. Despite this, Zhou Xiaoya rushed back and smiled shyly at Wang Baole, blinking and nodding at him.

This scene made Wang Baole even more elated. He felt that his charisma was off the charts; therefore, he began to clear his throat as he prepared to speak.

Right at his moment, someone exclaimed, "That must be the Pond Cloud Rainforest up ahead! Look! There is someone in the skies!"

Everyone in the cabin was shocked upon hearing those words. Including Wang Baole, they immediately rushed out, looking at the sky from the deck.

Among the clouds, there was a ferocious centipede-like creature with wings howling as it fled. Its scales were the size of a clenched fist, its body a purplish-black hue. Although it was bloodied from its injuries, it still carried a strong and suffocating air of menace, its sharp cries sufficient to pierce one's eardrums.

"This is..."

Students on board who specialized in researching such creatures immediately exclaimed, "A ferocious monster from the True Breath Realm!"

Wang Baole took a deep breath as well. While everyone remained in a state of shock, the protective shield from the aircraft was deployed. An invisible, yet peaceful ray shot through the aircraft from its secret chamber, projecting toward the monster.

At the same time, Wang Baole and the others noticed that behind the ferocious monster, there were tens of rainbow trails pursuing it from afar. Each of the rainbow trails possessed a sword that let out a frightening vibe.

Leading the flying swords was a young chap dressed in a white long-sleeved shirt who was standing on a black ancient sword. He looked like a student, but his gaze was bright and sharp, capable of rivaling the Sword Sun.

He was in control of the tens of flying swords surrounding him, and right now, it was as if a sword hurricane was brewing, its speed multiplying with the young chap's hand seals. The swords morphed into a blur, directly charging toward the ferocious monster like a lightning bolt.

"Wretched monster, you have no escape!"

The ferocious monster let out a shrill cry, unable to struggle despite wanting to retaliate. In that very instant, every single sword pierced directly into its body, and bright red blood spurted out. With a loud slam, the ferocious monster's body was pinned to the ground with the swords.

It was death for the monster!

The young chap in white arrived beside the monster's body. With a touch on the body with his right hand, he collected the carcass. Following which, he turned to look at the aircraft, his eyes squinting.

"Is that Xu Lin from the Upper Academy's Combat Faculty?"

"You're right!" a voice replied coldly and calmly from the aircraft's chamber, as soon as the young chap finished his sentence.

The young chap smiled. After cupping his fists slightly, he directed all the flying swords into the sky using hand seals, carrying him along. Eventually, he faded into the Pond Cloud Rainforest.

Everything happened too quickly. From beginning to end, it took nothing more than half a minute. Up until the disappearance of the young chap, no one on the aircraft had managed to recover from disbelief.

A while later, Wang Baole took a deep breath. The appearance and skills that the young chap had used to eliminate the ferocious monster left a deep impression on him. Even the Dharmic Armament Pavilion Elder did not create such a significant impact on Wang Baole back then. After all, compared to the Dharmic Armament Pavilion Elder's elegance, the white-clothed chap had delivered a mortal blow!

Both the Pavilion Elder and the young chap were worlds apart!

*Is this... a cultivator?* Between breaths, Wang Baole looked at the aircraft with his head lowered. The cold voice from just now emanated from within the aircraft. Wang Baole knew that it had to be an expert who accompanied the cruiser to protect the students.

*Upper Academy Island...* Wang Baole's eyes revealed a gaze of curiosity and desire as he thought of the island.

Not just Wang Baole, but everyone on board the aircraft, would definitely not be able to recover fully from the experience even several days later when they disembarked at Phoenix City.

It was evening when the aircraft from Ethereal Dao College landed. The Sword Sun in the sky gave off orange-reddish rays that lit up the land, as if engulfing the whole of Phoenix City in a thin veil.

Located southeast to the Federation, Phoenix City was a small city with a population of only a few million.

In the whole of the Federation, with the exception of the seventeen main cities like Ethereal City, small cities like Phoenix City were not exactly abundant but still numbered in the thousands.

Although it was a small city, it was not lacking in the necessary preventive measures against the ferocious monsters. Coupled with its proximity to Dong Lin Capital, Phoenix City, in its entire history since its establishment, had only experienced one Beast Tide thirty years ago.

To the residents of Phoenix City, as long as they did not leave the border of the city, their daily lives were safe and peaceful.

After the aircraft from Ethereal Dao College landed at Phoenix City's aerial port, one could see seven to eight other aircrafts from other schools ferrying students home.

Every student from the various colleges who originated from Phoenix City was filled with excitement and homesickness as they disembarked the aircraft. They took in the surroundings and familiarity of the streets and their city as they quickened their footsteps to reunite with family members who were there to welcome them home.

Wang Baole reorganized his thoughts as well, pushing the image of the cultivator slaying the ferocious monster to the back of his mind. Then, excitedly, he waved farewell to Liu Daobin and the other students and ran out of the aerial port into the arrival hall. Immediately, he caught sight of his tall, slim father who was standing nearby, looking around to search for Wang Baole.

"Old Wang, I'm here!" Upon seeing his father, Wang Baole dashed over, a wide smile on his face.

However, his volume was too loud. The phrase 'Old Wang <sup>1</sup> ', which he exclaimed, caught the attention of other parents, who looked at Wang Baole weirdly.

Wang Baole's father let out a bitter laugh as he looked on.

"You rascal! Showing off your mighty voice?" said Wang Baole's father.

Wang Baole laughed sheepishly and immediately gave his father a tight hug. Sensing his son's yearning for home, Wang Baole's father let out a gentle gaze as he stroked his son's head.

"Baole, you seem to have gained weight."

"Old Wang, you lost weight!" Wang Baole replied indignantly, eliciting a cheerful reprimand from his father. The father and son duo then left the airport for home, their hearts filled with joy.

## **Chapter 58: The Family of Three**

All along the way, Wang Baole was tempted to ask about the mask, but he resisted it, knowing that it would be inappropriate to do so outside since the matter was serious. He decided to ask his father tonight, after they finished their drinks.

Before long, the father-son duo reached their house, the place where Wang Baole grew up. The feeling of familiarity made Wang Baole, who had left Phoenix City a year ago with gusto, slightly sentimental.

By virtue of his father's archaeological work, Wang Baole's house, an independent property, was considered relatively high-end in Phoenix City, though it still could not be compared to a typical apartment in Ethereal City in terms of price.

Once he stepped foot into the house, Wang Baole instantly smelled the fragrance of food. His eyes lit up, immediately running into the house after removing his shoes, where he saw his mother approaching him with a plate of braised meat.

"Mum, I'm home!" Wang Baole exclaimed cheerfully as he gave his mother a tight hug.

"Look at you, slow down!" Wang Baole's mother was about forty years old, and although crow's feet could be seen on her face, one could still see that she had been a beauty in her younger days. At that moment, her eyes were filled with a mother's love. She put the dish in her hands down and brought Wang Baole to the dinner table as she fussed over him.

"Baole, you have lost weight! Come, eat more," Wang Baole's mother said as she placed a big chunk of red-braised pork into Wang Baole's bowl.

Seeing that, Wang Baole's father, who was still removing his shoes, pursed his lips and shook his head. The very reason Wang Baole could not successfully slim down had to do with the amount of pampering Wang Baole's mother showered on him.

Very quickly, the family of three gathered around the dinner table. After catching up on Wang Baole's life for the past year, his father brought out a bottle of wine and began drinking with him.

"Baole, don't eat so much. Drink more!"

"Old Wang, here's a toast from your son. In the future, our whole family can depend on me. You can finally retire and stop digging all over the place. It's very dangerous."

Wang Baole's father jokingly reprimanded Wang Baole for what he just said. Until now, this boy was still confused between an archaeologist and a grave robber. Nonetheless, Wang Baole's words filled his heart with warmth, and he gulped down the wine with satisfaction.

Looking at the interaction between the father and son, Wang Baole's mother felt immensely content. Her gaze was gentle and loving, as the both of them were equivalent to the world to her.

"Mum, I am doing extremely well now! I am the only Head Prefect in the Dharmic Armament Faculty of the college!" Wang Baole mumbled as he stuffed a large piece of meat into his mouth.

"Our Baole has always been intelligent and handsome since he was young, so it is no surprise that he can become the Head Prefect." While picking up another piece of braised meat with her chopsticks to add to Wang Baole's bowl, Wang Baole's mother smiled sweetly as she asked curiously, "Right, Baole, what is a Head Prefect?"

Wang Baole immediately and patiently gave his mother a brief description of what a Head Prefect did. After understanding the role of a Head Prefect, Wang Baole's mother was filled with surprise, and his father was in disbelief.

"I was just wondering why the City Lord brought along so many people to pay us a visit a while back... It's because our Baole is so capable!" Wang Baole mother expressed cheerfully, explaining to Baole that in the past few months, the City Lord and Deputy City Lord of Phoenix City had shown up several times, asking about their wellbeing and offering numerous gifts.

"The Deputy City Lord? His son is my subordinate now," Wang Baole said as he delightedly raised his right hand, dangling the bracelet on his wrist in front of his parents.

"Let's not talk about that. Look at this! This storage bracelet was a reward that an Upper Academy Elder gave to me for answering his question correctly," Wang Baole bragged as he shook the bracelet slightly, retrieving numerous bottles of Ice Spirit Water and pills, as well as several Dharmic artifacts to hand to his parents.

"This Ice Spirit Water is produced by the Dao College. Try it! It is especially refreshing.

"Also, take these pills. I bought them from the Alchemy Faculty at Dao College. They can strengthen your body and cure any disease.

"Mum, your health is poor, so you should eat more of these. Dad, you are always out on your archaeological excavations, so carry some pills with you as well. I will buy better quality ones for the both of you next time."

"As for these Dharma artifacts," Wang Baole said as he handed the artifacts out, "they were handmade by me. Dad, these are for you, and Mum, carry these on you."

Seeing how Wang Baole has achieved academic excellence in his year of study and how filial he was, his parents were extremely heartened. The family of three was immersed in an atmosphere of warmth and love.

They had a long dinner, with Wang Baole sharing his experiences over the past year. With the exception of certain encounters that he feared would make his parents worry, he detailed everything for them. In the end, Wang Baole shared a laugh with his mother as they cleaned up after their meal.

"Don't quarrel with Du Min all the time. She seems like a nice girl to me. And that Zhou Xiaoya you mentioned... bring her home for a visit the next time," Wang Baole's mother said.

"No problem. I will bring someone different home for you to see every year," said Wang Baole gleefully, a result of him having one drink too many.

"Baole, you sure are capable!" Wang Baole's mother glared at him while his father smiled as he picked up the wine glass, his heart filled with emotions, as if he was recalling his younger days.

"Mum, I have learned all this from Dad." Wang Baole let out a dry cough. Upon hearing that, his father almost spat out the wine in his mouth, and he hurriedly explained the situation before staring back at Wang Baole.

Wang Baole laughed sheepishly, pouring another full cup of wine for his father. As the father and son drank, Wang Baole thought about the black mask. He knew that the mask did not come legitimately, but he did not want to involve his parents in any form of danger, no matter how slight, so he did not talk about the matter directly. Rather, he beat about the bush to obtain more information about it.

“You mean the mask you stole? Ha, you rascal. I have not punished you for that! Ah, but no matter. Keep it if you like it,” Wang Baole’s father said. “The mask... Let me try to recall. Last year, when I went on an assignment with the archaeological team to the Pond Cloud Rainforest, I picked it up from the remnants near one of the mountain ranges.

“After inspecting it when I came home, I realized that it was not a Spirit Qi remnant, which meant that it was not very valuable. Therefore, I spent some money to buy it so that I could research its age. However, even before I could do that, you took it away.”

Despite having drunk too much, Wang Baole’s father still managed to give a thorough explanation of the mask’s origin.

Wang Baole further inquired about the location of the excavation and if there were other remnants of the mask lying around. After ascertaining that there was only one such mask, he helped his drunk father back to his parents’ room before returning to his own room. He lay down, pondering deeply while looking at the moon.

*The Pond Cloud Rainforest...* Wang Baole felt a special connection with the rainforest. At this moment, he imagined the excavation location as described by his father and determined the most probable coordinates of the place. He planned to explore the area alone someday when he became stronger.

Very quickly, half a month has passed.

In that time, Wang Baole mostly stayed at home with his parents. The times he went outdoors were times when he either accompanied his mother to go shopping or followed his father and his archaeological team.

Life appeared to be the same as that before he entered the Dao College. Wang Baole was content with that. He asked his parents to eat some of the pills that he had brought home. Their health improved, they looked more youthful, and their spirits also seemed to be lifted.

That made Wang Baole very happy. He also equipped his parents with some of the Dharma artifacts that he had made. With their protection, his father would have some means of self-defense even if he met with a ferocious creature.

Days passed, and one afternoon, as Wang Baole lay on his bed, touching his full tummy after lunch, he received an invitation for a class gathering.

It was not a gathering of his schoolmates from Dao College but from the foundation school he had attended before college. Now that it was the holidays and everyone had returned home, it was a good time for a gathering.

“A gathering?” Wang Baole sat up on his bed, looking at the voice transmission ring, his eyes shining brightly. He climbed up from the bed immediately and changed his clothes. With his heart filled with excitement, he bade his mother farewell and left the house.

This was the first gathering with his schoolmates since Wang Baole graduated from the foundation school. The location of the gathering, as chosen by the organizer, was the renowned Cultured Hotel in Phoenix City.

When he arrived at the hotel, Wang Baole noticed Du Min, who had just reached the hotel as well. She was not dressed in the Dao College uniform but instead wore casual clothes and tied her hair into a ponytail. She looked fresh and pretty, but she still habitually gave Wang Baole a death stare after noticing him.

“Why are you always staring at me? I didn’t provoke you today!” Wang Baole said unhappily.

Du Min could not explain why she felt the urge to stare at him every time she saw him either. She let out a displeased harrumph and raised her head like a proud peacock as she walked passed Wang Baole.

“People with small chests indeed have short tempers!” Wang Baole exclaimed snidely and followed her into the hotel. There, he saw a large hall filled with people chatting cheerfully with each other.

There was a young chap dressed in a suit who seemed impressive. He was raising his hand, as if pointing out his legacies, and had a cheerful laughter. After noticing Wang Baole and Du Min, he threw a passing glance at Wang Baole while his gaze stopped at Du Min.

“Our class monitor, you’re finally here!” The young chap laughed happily as he enthusiastically signaled for the others to make way. Toward Wang Baole, however, he simply nodded without paying much attention.

Recognizing this different treatment, Wang Baole blinked several times. Since they did not have much of a special relationship even in their classes back during their school days and sat down without further thought.

### **Chapter 59: Classmate Reunion**

“Baole, did you see that? Chen Bing is so cocky now. Although he did not gain admission into a college after graduation, I heard that because of his family’s status, he was given a position as a Federation employee in Phoenix City,” a stout boy with short cropped hair who was sitting beside Wang Baole whispered softly.

“That’s impressive.” Wang Baole nodded slightly. The dishes looked appetizing, and he picked up his chopsticks to begin eating since he had skipped lunch.

Very quickly, when all the classmates who confirmed their attendance had arrived, the dining table was abuzz with chatter. They were all busy catching up with each other, talking about their experiences in the foundation school, from the fun to the embarrassing, their conversations punctuated by bouts of laughter.

Wang Baole joined the conversation but began to feel that something was amiss. Most of his classmates had not changed much compared to the past, but there were a few who took advantage of the conversation to boast about their achievements, and that made Wang Baole very uncomfortable.

Especially that Chen Bing, who was dressed in a suit and appeared to be someone of importance.

Everything he said was an attempt to show off his status as a Federation employee. He said that being able to secure a reservation at the hotel was a symbol of his status. In between conversations, he also took out his voice transmission ring several times, and it sounded as if he was reprimanding others. All of this was to show how impressive he was.

In addition, there was another guy called named Huang Gui who had been accepted into Holy River Dao College, one of the four leading colleges. He sat there, acting like the leader of the group. Occasionally, he would raise his wine glass as he spoke to others in a calm and controlled manner. In reality, he was using every sentence to show how extraordinary he was.

In response, the classmates sitting beside Huang Gui willingly sucked up to him, causing the limelight to be stronger on Huang Gui than on Chen Bing.

If that was it, the most Wang Baole would have felt was discomfort. However, very quickly, that Huang Gui from Holy River Dao College seemed to have drunk too much. He slammed the table, his emotions welling up on his face.

“Dear classmates, it’s been a year, and everyone has changed so much. Du Min, you have grown prettier...” Huang Gui blabbered on, full of emotion. His tone sounded familiar to Wang Baole, and his expression changed weirdly.

Noticing Wang Baole’s facial expression, Huang Gui laughed.

“Everyone has changed significantly, except Baole, who is still so fat.”

As he spoke, the other classmates who were sucking up to Huang Gui burst into laughter as well. Other classmates also joked about Wang Baole. In this way, even if Wang Baole was angry, he could not show it and could only show his displeasure by unhappily picking up food to put onto his plate.

Du Min saw what was happening and was secretly delighted. After all, it was rare to see Wang Baole being so defeated.

Perhaps it was Du Min’s dressing today and her previous role as class monitor that made her exceptionally eye catching. Now, Huang Gui looked at Du Min after finishing what he had to say.

“Du Min, I heard that you and Wang Baole gained admission to Ethereal Dao College. That is great! What faculty are you in now?” Huang Gui asked.

“The Alchemy faculty,” Du Min said with a smile.

“Ah, the Alchemy faculty. If you have any doubts regarding alchemy, feel free to send me a voice transmission. We were classmates after all, and I will definitely help you.” Huang Gui’s eyes lit up hearing the phrase ‘Alchemy faculty’, and he smiled as if he found a new topic to talk about.

The classmates who were sucking up to him immediately became rowdy.

“Dear classmates, didn’t you know that Huang Gui is not an unremarkable student at Holy River Dao College? He is the Head Prefect of the Vegetation Hall of Holy River Dao College’s Alchemy faculty!”

Everyone was surprised upon hearing that. Though there were some who were unsure of the meaning of ‘Head Prefect’, that term sure sounded impressive to them.



Wang Baole let out an unhappy sigh under his breath, as his displeasure toward Huang Gui increased.

Huang Gui was secretly delighted looking at everyone's facial expressions. However, he hid his pleasure under smiles.

"What's the point of saying all that? We are all classmates, so even if I am the Head Prefect, it doesn't make me superior to other students. Zhou Xin, you need to finish this cup of wine as punishment," Huang Gui said modestly.

The students who were sucking up to Huang Gui also laughed heartily upon hearing that, raising their wine glasses for a toast.

"What the Head Prefect said was right. I just want to explain to the rest about the role of a Head Prefect so that everyone can become more knowledgeable," Zhou Xin replied.

"Hah, you..." Huang Gui smiled and fell silent as he shook his head. Zhou Xin let out a dry cough and continued speaking.

"Dear classmates, the role of a Head Prefect is nothing simple. All of you may not be clear, but let me tell you that a Head Prefect is a respected position in which someone has shown exceptional capabilities in a particular hall in a faculty. He is not an ordinary student but a disciple of the Chancellor. It is the same at every college. Du Min and Wang Baole, it's the same situation at Ethereal Dao College, right?"

Du Min's expression changed slightly upon hearing that, and she quickly shot Wang Baole a glance before nodding.

Wang Baole touched his nose slightly and remained silent as he looked at both Zhou Xin and Huang Gui.

After listening to Zhou Xin's introduction, the classmates finally understood the significance of being a Head Prefect. Everyone was surprised and shocked as they looked at Huang Gui, their faces revealing looks of reverence. They all raised their glasses to give Huang Gui a toast.

Huang Gui returned the toast to everyone, but he only took a small sip of wine every time. When the atmosphere became more upbeat, Huang Gui's attention fell on Wang Baole.

Since the start, Wang Baole had never given Huang Gui a toast, and that filled Huang Gui with displeasure. Now, Huang Gui began to ask about Wang Baole while smiling.

"Baole, I heard that you gained admission to Ethereal Dao College. How are you doing now?"

Without waiting for Wang Baole to reply, Huang Gui waved his hand to dismiss him.

"Forget it, I shall not add salt to injury. We were all classmates, and it was known that you merely met the minimum requirements to gain admission. You're probably still studying... which faculty are you in now?"

Wang Baole felt his rage rising, as he curtly replied, "The Dharmic Armament faculty!"

"Ah, the Dharmic Armament faculty. That is an unusual faculty. It's tough, but as long as you persevere, you'll have a bright future. If you had chosen to enter the Alchemy faculty, I could still help you. Although I wouldn't be able to let you rise to the top hundred of the class, it would be no problem

making it to the top thousand.” Huang Gui did not care about Wang Baole’s tone. To him, the only person who was worth his time to interact in this class gathering is Du Min.

That was because Du Min had grown much prettier. As for the others present, Huang Gui felt that the gap between him and them was too large to be overlooked.

As Huang Gui continued his insults, Wang Baole grew increasingly irritated. If they weren’t classmates, and this was not a class gathering but a situation in the Dao College, Wang Baole would have long taken action. He felt depressed, and noticed Du Min looking at him, happy that he was being ridiculed. He immediately responded with a death stare.

Looking at Wang Baole’s expression, Du Min was immensely pleased and delighted. She turned her attention back to Huang Gui and began to smile coyly.

“What Huang Gui said can’t be any more correct!”

Upon getting Du Min’s approval, Huang Gui was delighted. He became more loquacious than before and began sharing his experiences at the Holy River Dao College, clearly flaunting himself with every opportunity possible.

Wang Baole was immensely irritated. He thought of Liu Daobin. They were not classmates from the foundation school, so he was absent from this class gathering. Had Liu Daobin been present, he would have revealed Wang Baole’s status in college, and everything would have been perfect.

If Wang Baole revealed his identity himself, he would be no different from Huang Gui. Things like this should be made known through others. Therefore, with unhappiness, Wang Baole rubbed his tummy as he planned to make his leave.

Right at this moment, in the gathering hall of Cultured Hotel, a middle-aged man with a stout built and a determined gaze that looked immensely authoritative walked through the hall to enter the premium lounge, escorted by his subordinate and an employee of the hotel.

However, when he passed Wang Baole and company, his eyes catching a glance of all of them, he stopped in his steps. He took a closer look at Wang Baole before revealing a hearty smile. He quickened his steps to arrive before the table where Wang Baole was seated.

He was accompanied by many people, all of whom were surprised but still followed behind the middle-aged man. Their appearance immediately caught the attention of those seated around the table.

The facial expression of Chen Bing, the employee of the Federation, changed immediately. He got up right away, and the others, including Wang Baole, also raised their heads in surprise. From his imposing manner, the middle-aged man was clearly someone distinguished.

Just as they all looked up, the middle-aged man let out a cheery laugh.

“You’re Baole, right? Haha, I am Daobin’s father. I heard from him that you’ve helped him a lot in school, even to the extent of helping him enter the College Discipline Department. I am so thankful to you.” That middle-aged man was indeed Liu Daobin’s father, the Deputy City Lord of Phoenix City. He had seen a picture of Wang Baole from Liu Daobin and was now smiling amiably as he held Wang Baole’s hand.

Wang Baole was momentarily taken aback but quickly greeted him with a smile. “City Lord Liu?”

“Ah, drop the term ‘City Lord’! Just call me uncle. This meal is on me. Baole, please take good care of our Daobin. If he is disobedient, discipline him as you like!” Liu Daobin’s father was extremely passionate, even polite, as if treating Wang Baole like his own nephew.

This whole series of events left the people who were following him flabbergasted. They all looked at Wang Baole, trying to figure out his status and background.

Very quickly, Liu Daobin’s father raised his glass and toasted everyone seated around the table. Chen Bing quickly greeted him anxiously, but after noticing that he was an employee of the Federation, Liu Daobin’s father merely nodded and did not direct much attention to him. Instead, he spent a few more moments chatting with Wang Baole before leaving.

Everyone seated around the table was shocked. The conversation that took place between Wang Baole and the middle-aged man revealed the man’s status, which was further confirmed by Chen Bing’s actions. They all fell silent as they looked at Wang Baole, unsure how to proceed.

It was clear now that Wang Baole, who had kept a low profile since the beginning, was the one that was the most mysterious and gave everyone the biggest surprise.

### **Chapter 60: Return to the Dao College Immediately!**

Everyone’s attention was on him, which filled Wang Baole with pleasure. With Liu Daobin’s father recognizing him, it would be much easier for him to rise up the ranks in the future. He was extremely gleeful as he looked at his classmates, and just when he was contemplating what to say, Huang Gui let out a light-hearted laugh.

“Wow, Baole, I have belittled you. You have the capability of arranging for someone to enter the College Discipline Department, which is not an easy feat. However, having gone through similar experiences, I understand how it works as well. You know, since I am the Head Prefect, I am in charge of the Discipline Department in my college as well. There are always people asking me to transfer someone there, and it is difficult for me to reject them as well,” Huang Gui said calmly, letting out a long sigh after that, as if the words weighed heavily on him.

“But Baole, you shouldn’t ask for favors from your Head Prefect in the future. I heard that every college is reforming the Head Prefect system into one that’s based on votes. I am still considering how to communicate with the other two Head Prefects. If you make too many requests, it will sour the relationship between you and the Head Prefect you’re close to.”

Huang Gui spoke as if he had been in the same situation before. As he finished, the tense feelings of everyone seated around the table, which had built up due to the arrival of the City Lord, seemed to considerably lessen.

Very quickly, everyone was in high spirits again. Everyone seemed to treat Wang Baole in a different way, although not overtly. To them, Huang Gui’s words had already provided a clear explanation.

Wang Baole cleared his throat. He had the urge to reveal that he was a Head Prefect and did not need the help of others. Furthermore, he was not concerned about communicating with the other Head

Prefects, simply because there were no other Head Prefects in his faculty since he was responsible for their demise.

It was just that Wang Baole felt that it would lower his status if he said that himself. He was thinking of how he could get the message across in an acceptable manner before someone exclaimed from afar.

The noise emanated within the gathering hall of the hotel, catching the attention of Wang Baole and his classmates. As they turned their attention toward it, they immediately noticed that there were a number of burly men emerging rapidly from the depths of the VIP lounge. After the burly men secured the major areas of the hotel, a muscular man with an imposing presence emerged from the lounge with dozens of lackeys.

The muscular man was wearing a purple cape. Liu Daobin's father also appeared respectful to him as he carefully positioned himself slightly behind the man. Even the owner of the hotel followed him cautiously toward where Wang Baole and his classmates were seated.

Before he even arrived at the table, his laughter could be heard.

Chen Bing was suddenly put on high alert, his mind on overdrive as he stood up instantly, almost falling due to instability. He spoke loud and clearly, his tone carrying a never before heard level of respect.

"Greetings, City Lord!"

Hearing Chen Bing, everyone seated was astonished as they scrambled to stand up.

There were differences between a City Lord and a Deputy City Lord. To become the City Lord in the Spirit Inception Era, he had to be exceptional even in a small city. A person like him had to be extremely learned, have an illustrious background, and possess extraordinary skills in order to live up to the title of a City Lord in the Spirit Inception Era that followed after the beast war.

The arrival of the Deputy City Lord merely brought surprise to everyone; however, the appearance of the City Lord resulted in emotional chaos, as everyone was astonished and even a little fearful, out of respect.

"All of you are the future of the Federation. I have interrupted your gathering, so there is no need for all of you to rise. Please sit down, everyone." The City Lord of Phoenix City smiled as he approached, and a tide of authority spread as he waved his hand, causing everyone who stood up to take their seats immediately.

"Wang Baole." After everyone was seated, the City Lord of Phoenix City looked at Wang Baole amiably. Though he was not loud, his words could still keep one on alert.

This imposing manner was similar to what Wang Baole felt from the cultivator who slew the ferocious monster during his journey back home. He instantly felt it again upon meeting the City Lord.

"Greetings City Lord, I'm Wang Baole from Ethereal City Dao College!" Wang Baole rose and, in a manner that was neither obsequious nor arrogant, greeted the City Lord with cupped fists.

"What an outstanding youth!" The City Lord of Phoenix City laughed heartily, his admiration obvious.

“I just heard from Old Liu that Wang Baole was here. Wang Baole, I visited your residence previously, but you weren’t around. You are the pride of Phoenix City!” the City Lord stated as he glanced at the rest of the people nearby.

“Everyone should get acquainted with this outstanding chap here. He is Wang Baole, a student who has emerged out of many to gain admission to the four major Dao Colleges. That shows his talent, and the fact that he could enter the Dharmic Armament faculty makes him even more exceptional. Furthermore, out of all the exceptional students, he could emerge top as the Head Prefect. That makes him the cream of the crop!

“What’s more, Wang Baole even managed to become the first ever Head Prefect of the Three Halls of the Dharmic Armament faculty of Ethereal Dao College, a never before seen achievement!”

The City Lord’s voice was loud and clear as he introduced everyone to Wang Baole.

His followers were all high-ranking officers of Phoenix City. When they heard the City Lord, their expressions were filled with astonishment as they rained praises on Wang Baole.

At the same time, the classmates seated around the table heard the City Lord and were thrown into a daze, their jaws dropping with shock. This was especially true for Huang Gui, whose breathing quickened. His face turned aghast as his expression changed to a look of disbelief. He knew extremely well what it meant when one became the only Head Prefect of a faculty, but he could not reconcile it with the fact that Wang Baole had achieved that status.

Very quickly, the City Lord gave Wang Baole a toast, and everyone else immediately followed. In that instant, the attention of everyone in the hotel was on Wang Baole.

All this made Wang Baole exhilarated. It was fortunate that he had read the autobiographies of high-ranking officials in depth and knew how to carry himself as a Head Prefect. His demeanor gained the approval of the masses in Phoenix City.

Liu Daobin’s father played a significant role as well by introducing Wang Baole to all the officials. Although the meeting was brief, a lasting, positive impression was made.

In the end, before the City Lord took his leave, he patted Wang Baole’s shoulder and spoke to him with a bright smile.

“Baole, I heard that the Rainbow Spirit Stones that you refine are of exceptional quality. You must remember to refine one for your hometown. We will display it in the museum so that it can be a reminder for the future generation of students to look up to you as a role model.”

Following his sentence, everyone seated around the table was overflowing with envy. This level of glory far exceeded their imagination. Even after the City Lord and his entourage left, everyone remained silent, their eyes fixated on Wang Baole.

Huang Gui could not control his curiosity, so he said in a quivering voice, “You... You are the Head Prefect of the Three Halls?”

The status of the Head Prefect of the Three Halls alone left Huang Gui astonished. The others might not have a complete grasp of the meaning and difficulty in achieving that role, but as the Head Prefect of the Vegetation Hall of Holy River Dao College, he was well aware of its significance and power.

The news was groundbreaking. Since the beginning of the Spirit Inception Era, in Holy River Dao College, no one had been capable of become a Head Prefect of that status. Even in the four major Dao Colleges, in the Spirit Inception Era, there were less than five who had attained the role of Head Prefect of the Three Halls.

It was natural for him to be shocked and astonished, as it was undoubtedly a position that was difficult to achieve.

Not only Huang Gui, but Chen Bing was flabbergasted as well. Although he was not completely clear what it meant to be the top Head Prefect, he could understand that the prominent City Lord's enthusiasm only meant one thing—Wang Baole's future was going to be extremely well paved.

As for the other classmates, they had long been thrown into a state of shock with everything that had happened so far. They were all dazed, as if what had just happened would stay etched in their minds forever.

Seeing the reactions of everyone, Wang Baole laughed happily. He had no intention of boasting in the first place and had purposefully kept a low profile, but he had still been recognized, which proved that everything was fated to happen.

However, he still recognized his relationship as classmates with Huang Gui. Although he had been offensive just now, Wang Baole did not want to overreact and decided to remain humble.

“Actually, it wasn't anything significant. I just happened to become the Head Prefect of Spirit Stones. I met with the problem of reform that you mentioned just now, but as you know, I am a stubborn person, too lazy to communicate and become chummy with the other two Head Prefects. Therefore, I chose the simpler option of outperforming them so that I could become the Head Prefect of both the Inscriptions and Spirit Kernel Halls as well. That simplified things greatly, as it meant that I only have to consult myself with regards to any matter.”

When he finished, Wang Baole was very pleased with his humility, and the people around him were also reeling in the humble words that Wang Baole had said. Du Min, on the other hand, was seething with anger, as she never imagined that Wang Baole could obtain the opportunity to show off this time round. Huang Gui, who was beside her, had fallen silent, looking at Wang Baole with mixed feelings as he smiled bitterly.

Wang Baole was cheerful and happy. Before long, the gathering ended. He stood up with dignity and left the hotel under the muddled gaze of Huang Gui.

The holidays flew by, and yet another month passed. There were only several days left before the new semester started. Within the month, Bunny had visited Wang Baole's residence and become a new favorite of his mother.

Liu Daobin visited regularly, too, bringing with him many gifts and accompanying Wang Baole on fun-filled trips around Phoenix City. Wang Baole had thought that the last few days of his holiday would be as carefree, but out of the blue, he received an emergency call-back from Ethereal Dao College!

“Wang Baole, return to the Dao College immediately!”