

Worth 701

Chapter 701: Li Xingwen's Guess!

"The talisman looks like an ordinary talisman, drawn haphazardly and made of a material that seems no different from ordinary paper. It's been placed at the bottom of the lake in the Ethereal Dao College. If the Federation should fall apart after this war, you are to take it away and become the guardian of our civilization. Also... I've examined the talisman before. It seems to be... some sort of memento!" Li Xingwen gave Wang Baole a long, unfathomable look as he spoke in a serious manner.

Wang Baole reeled back from shock. He found that unimaginable. What kind of being could imbue an object with such an immense power—power that could defend an entire civilization—just by painting some characters on a piece of paper?

I wonder if Senior Brother has the power to do that... Wang Baole's breathing quickened. Stunned by what he had just heard, he didn't notice the complicated looks of hesitation exchanged between Li Xingwen and Duan Muque.

It took a while for Wang Baole to digest what he had just heard. Then, Li Xingwen, seemingly having come to a decision, spoke again.

"That's why we have to defend Venus with our lives, even though it will eventually fall to the enemy. It's to prepare for the final battle, and our final sacrifice, on Mars!"

"Baole, I know that there are secrets buried on Mars. Various signs on Mars have shown that you have now mastered those secrets. I hope that you will give your all during the battle on Mars!"

Wang Baole took a deep breath, then nodded solemnly. Li Xingwen had already realized something was going on with the Dark Artifact on Mars. Wang Baole had known that. He knew that if Li Xingwen hadn't helped him with his cover-up, he couldn't have kept the Dark Artifact under wraps. It would have been usurped by others.

Li Xingwen passed down a few other instructions to Wang Baole. As night drew close, Wang Baole finally left the secret chamber with a heavy heart.

Duan Muque couldn't hold it in any longer. He turned towards Li Xingwen and opened his mouth. He couldn't find the words. After a moment, he finally asked, "Are we really not going to tell him the whole truth?"

"What should we tell him? About the statues in the main capital city? Those statues that are from an ancient civilization on Earth? There's not enough time for us to awaken them. We can only activate them once. Both of us have run through this. They won't be able to hold back the enemy forces. Instead of using them as an offensive weapon, we should keep them as a means to protect the survivors!" Determination flashed across Li Xingwen's eyes. As he spoke softly, his right hand was forming hand seals as well. He was drawing power from the Solar System Array Formation, gathering it around them and forming a barrier.

“Besides, what he doesn’t know is the final part to the secret, and that incident... has been buried for decades. He shouldn’t have to bear that burden. It’s fine if we win the war, but should we lose, I want the past to remain the past, to turn to dust and scatter to the wind. What remains should be new life and new hope!” Li Xingwen stared at Duan Muque as he spoke resolutely. Determination shone in his eyes. Hidden deep underneath was a tinge of unwillingness, as if he had not yet given up on something.

Duan Muque saw both emotions clearly in Li Xingwen’s eyes. He fell silent. Then, after a long while, he sighed. His spirits seemed to have fallen, and his face looked older.

“Those people... chose to leave all those years ago. They chose to abandon this place. Why did they leave the talisman behind then... You gave Wang Baole a hint and told him it was a memento. Isn’t that proof that you still have hope?” Duan Muque asked softly. Li Xingwen’s eyes fell shut. He didn’t answer Duan Muque’s question.

The secret chamber fell into a deep silence. Neither of them spoke. Li Xingwen sighed inwardly, bitterness filling his heart and leaving a sour taste in his mouth. He hadn’t shared the final part of Earth’s secret with Wang Baole. Even Duan Muque didn’t know the whole truth. He was the only one who did.

He could tell them, but he didn’t want to. He didn’t want to tell Wang Baole. When he had unearthed the talisman then, all those years ago, he had studied and researched it. He dug up all historical records and excavated all ancient sites that had ever appeared on the planet, uncovered many artifacts and information. In the end, he had made a single discovery.

The cultivators who had first appeared during the Spirit Inception Era were not the first generation of cultivators to have appeared in human history!

Everything pieced together to form one singular conclusion... Earth had been a faction of an ancient and great civilization that had later abandoned it. Li Xingwen had his suspicions that the planet had been insignificant to the great civilization. The latter could’ve done without Earth at all. In fact, such a great civilization probably had countless other sub-civilizations like Earth scattered across the universe.

Perhaps our only value is in our similar bloodline. That might have made our people viable options as servants. What do they treat this place as? A breeding farm? Li Xingwen shut his eyes, concealing the fierce streak of resentment within. He had hinted to Wang Baole about the talisman being a potential memento. Perhaps Duan Muque had been right. Somewhere deep inside him, he still held hope.

He was sure that the person who had left the talisman behind hadn’t been someone from that supposed great civilization, but a human from Earth who had been taken away by the great civilization. That human had left the talisman behind secretly!

Time passed amidst the pair’s silence. Wang Baole was unaware of the conversation between Li Xingwen and Duan Muque that followed his departure. He didn’t know the secret about the ancient civilization and Li Xingwen’s guesses. However, his cultivation had far surpassed Li Xingwen and Duan Muque’s. His spiritual senses were especially enhanced. That was why... he had still been able to sense the power of the Solar System Array Formation protecting the secret chamber even after he had left.

Grandmaster... hasn’t told me everything. Wang Baole followed a cultivator of the Venusian base as the latter escorted him to his temporary residence. He entered and sat down, an unfathomable look settling in his eyes.

“Something’s not quite right with the talisman,” Wang Baole mumbled. He believed that Li Xingwen meant him no harm. If he were to analyze and assess the situation based on that belief, the conclusion that followed came easily. Whatever Li Xingwen was keeping from him must be related to the talisman’s origins. He hadn’t told Wang Baole either because certain reasons had compelled him not to or because he hadn’t wanted to exert unnecessary stress on Wang Baole.

Old folks all want to give the young ones peace of mind. They’d rather shoulder the hardships themselves. They want to turn into a huge tree, becoming shelter for the young, protecting them from the winds and the rain. That’s right. But these young ones who are being protected want to grow up more quickly so that they can, in turn, protect the huge tree. Wang Baole sighed softly.

Wang Baole picked up his voice transmission ring and gave his parents a call. He had gone missing for a few months. He had no idea how his parents were doing, but he had his guesses. They had been wrecked with anxiety and worry. Fortunately, Zhao Yameng and Zhou Xiaoya, who had left seclusion, had been visiting them regularly and keeping their spirits up. Their constant comforting words and presence had soothed the old couple’s worried minds and kept the worst of their anxieties at bay.

Having received Wang Baole’s voice transmission and his assurance that he was unharmed and well, the old couple was finally able to rest their minds. After some time, Wang Baole finally placed the voice transmission ring down. Next, he sent voice transmissions to Zhao Yameng, Zhuo Yifan, and others to inform them of his return. Replies to his voice transmissions came in swiftly, one after another. From their hurried and short messages, Wang Baole could tell that they were all busy with their respective missions, which had not yet ended.

Zhuo Yifan was the only one who didn’t reply. Wang Baole didn’t think too much of it. He allowed his mind to settle and didn’t try to pry into the secret that Li Xingwen had left unspoken. He believed that when the time came, his grandmaster would let him know everything.

A thoughtfulness settled in his gaze. He began to assess the various means available to him for the upcoming battle. A long moment passed before he suddenly said loudly, “Senior Brother, your most precious junior brother is in trouble. My most handsome, most invincible senior brother, are you there?”

He waited for a long while but received no reply. Wang Baole sulked. He didn’t believe that his senior brother had left, but there was no way he was going to bet everything on his senior brother really hanging around either. If his senior brother had really left, then he would really be in trouble then.

“The most beautiful Little Missy in the whole wide universe, are you there...” Wang Baole sighed as he called out in his head. Nothing changed. Little Missy’s replies were closely related to her mood. She seemed to be in a bad mood now. No matter how many times Wang Baole called out for her, there was no response.

They’re all ignoring me! Fine, I don’t believe that I can’t solve this on my own! Wang Baole glared and snorted. He began to think, hard.

There’s still the giant on the moon and the Dark Artifact on Mars... I can also make use of the unique traits of the Stellar Nascent Soul...

Chapter 702: The Lunar Stronghold!

The days passed steadily as Wang Baole considered his options. Feng Qiuran's and his arrival on the planet had spread to every Federation cultivator situated on the base. Duan Muque had intentionally promoted the matter. As a result, everyone on Venus, Mars, as well as Earth, were aware of Wang Baole's return.

They found out about Wang Baole's advancement in his cultivation as well as the Grand Supreme Elder of the Dao Palace, Feng Qiuran's alliance with the Federation. The news excited everyone in the Federation.

The response on Venus was especially positive. Wang Baole's speech at the aerial port had reached the ears of many and energized many more cultivators on the planet. They were burning with fighting spirit.

Visitors continued to bombard Wang Baole's temporary residence since his return. They included Federation Seedlings he had gotten to know on the ancient sword, old acquaintances like the giant tree and Sect Lord Xu, and powerful figures from the various political entities in the Federation. They expressed their desire to get to know Wang Baole better and showed great respect and even deference during their visits.

If it had been some other occasion, Wang Baole, well-versed in the high officials' autobiographies, would have spent most of his time with these people, deepening his relationship with them. However, he wasn't in the mood for that now. After a few days, he announced his decision to retreat into seclusion.

The war continued while Wang Baole remained in seclusion, growing from minor skirmishes to more frequent encounters. As the Solar System Array Formation continued to monitor everything under the sun, all evidence seemed to be pointing towards the inevitable... the Dao Palace and the Never-Ending Clan were close to completing their preparations for battle. The war against Venus was approaching.

On the tenth day of Wang Baole's seclusion, Kong Dao finally completed his own mission and returned to the Federation. He was the first of Wang Baole's friends and comrades to return.

He made his way to Wang Baole's place immediately upon his return. The first thing he told Wang Baole when they met was...

"Baole, Zhuo Yifan has gone missing!"

A cold light flickered in Wang Baole's eyes. Questions, careful and precise, began flowing. During that fateful mission on the Never-Ending Clan battleship, Kong Dao had hidden himself inside a rescue pod and avoided the massacre that followed. Then, he had seized the moment of Daoist You Ran's absence and the weakening in the battleship's interference to escape.

He hadn't managed to catch up with Zhao Yameng after he had returned to the Vast Expanse Dao Palace and had missed the evacuation back to the Federation. However, he had made use of his connections in the Dao Palace and used up whatever battle credits he had accumulated to escape from the ancient sword before Daoist You Ran's return.

"I was lucky. Mercury was still standing when I returned. The President hadn't given the orders to blow up Mercury. If he had..." Kong Dao shuddered at that thought.

“I found Zhao Yameng and the others when I came back. We exchanged information and realized that no one had seen Zhuo Yifan. You’ve returned, and Zhuo Yifan remains missing. His brother, Zhuo Yixian, is missing as well!” Kong Dao said, then eyed Wang Baole.

Wang Baole remained silent for a long while before releasing a soft sigh. If not for the looming war, he could have easily made use of his status as the Vast Expanse Dao Palace’s Grand Supreme Elder to locate his friend.

But they were at war. Zhuo Yifan had only himself to rely on now. No matter how worried Wang Baole was for his friend, he could only set this matter aside for the looming war ahead of them. He spoke a while longer with Kong Dao. Kong Dao was exhausted and concealing his injuries, so Wang Baole gave him a few bottles of spirit liquid before ending their chat.

The skirmishes between the Federation and the Dao Palace cultivators continued to grow more violent. After Kong Dao recovered from his injury and got sufficient rest, he was once again summoned for a team mission. All Core Formation realm cultivators like Kong Dao were being worked hard. There were simply too many things that required their attention.

Core Formation realm cultivators were the pillars that supported teams that patrolled their borders, supported the greater array formation, went on scouting missions, and conducted search and rescue efforts. The cultivation techniques that Wang Baole had sent back while in the Dao Palace had aided many of the Federation’s more experienced cultivators who had been stuck at the perfected Core Formation realm for a long time and granted them great enlightenment. Regardless, there had only been three new additions joining Sect Lord Xu, the giant tree, Duan Muque, and Li Xingwen in the ranks of the Nascent Soul realm.

One of them was Li Wan’er’s father, the head of the Senate. Another was an elder from the Five Generation Sky Clan. The last... wasn’t from the Four Dao Colleges or the Trilunaris Corporation, nor was he the Sect Lord of the Plume Manifestation Connate Sect. He had seemed an unlikely candidate. Yet, upon closer contemplation, it should have been something that was to be expected. The third person was... Lin Tianhao’s father, the City Lord of Ethereal City, Lin You!

Lin You had been one of many senators in the Senate. He might have wielded great power in the Federation as the lord of a city, but he had not been counted amongst the ranks of the truly powerful in the Federation. Everything had changed since his breakthrough. No one dared underestimate this young senator who showed great potential now!

Besides, Lin You had displayed his flair at dealing with people and matters alike. Li Wan’er’s father had promoted him to Deputy Head of the Senate. His political status elevated the status of Ethereal City, as well as that of his son.

Counting Lin You and Wang Baole, the Federation now had eight Nascent Soul realm cultivators. Five were currently stationed on Venus. Of the remaining three, one stood guard on Earth, while two were stationed on Mars. The latter two were also standing guard over the Martian Colony’s Governor, who was currently in seclusion and striving towards her breakthrough. Everything pointed to how important a role Core Formation realm cultivators played at the moment.

Kong Dao wasn't the only one who was busy. Every single one of the Federation's Core Formation realm cultivators was busy. Even Zhao Yameng wasn't spared, despite her unique status. She continued to send Wang Baole voice transmissions while carrying out her missions but hadn't returned to the Federation since Wang Baole's arrival on Venus.

Wang Baole himself didn't have the luxury to remain in seclusion indefinitely. Not long after Kong Dao had left, Wang Baole received a mission from Li Xingwen and Duan Muque.

"Head for the moon. Your mission is to escort the moon safely... to Venus!"

The moon was Earth's natural satellite. Current levels of Spirit Science technology had enabled the Federation to transform the satellite into an advanced, near-perfect stronghold. The lunar stronghold not only possessed powerful offensive capabilities, but it also had the ability to change its trajectory. It was akin to a galactic stronghold that could traverse space!

The initial plan had been for the lunar stronghold to provide support during the battle on Mars. After Li Xingwen and Duan Muque had discussed and consulted with the others, they decided to initiate its deployment earlier. It would now provide support to Venus.

The mission was of great import, but the actual risk involved was minimal. The journey the moon was required to undertake might be long, but it fell within the protective area of the Solar System Array Formation. The chances of them bumping into Dao Palace forces were slim.

Wang Baole had been given this mission because of its significance. He would be personally steering the moon away from its natural orbit around Earth and into war. The mere thought of that would excite the masses. The pure visual impact of seeing the moon's departure would give a boost to Wang Baole's reputation!

Wang Baole accepted the mission readily. He was of the opinion that his capabilities could be better used for more difficult missions. However, he had a secret plan that involved the moon that he wanted to test. Upon receiving the mission, he immediately boarded a Federation battleship and led more than a thousand Federation cultivators towards the moon.

The Federation battleship's swift speed was further bolstered by the Solar System Array Formation. After six days, they neared Earth and landed on the lunar base.

The upper echelons of every political entity on the base were already there, waiting for him. They had received their orders. Everyone was to answer to Wang Baole's commands. Wang Baole had been given full control over the lunar base.

The abrupt change in leadership had gained the general acceptance of the major political forces. Regardless, there were still a select few who showed dissatisfaction and discontent over the decision. They had heard about Wang Baole's advancement to the Nascent Soul realm. Regardless, they hadn't personally seen or experienced his power. The lack of personal experience meant they neither felt pressured nor awed by his strength. There were also those who held stubbornly onto traditional views. They believed that social status was more important than one's level of cultivation. These people might not openly challenge Wang Baole, but they would certainly not show full cooperation.

Of course... those were thoughts held prior to the battleship's landing. They vanished as soon as Wang Baole emerged from the battleship. The truth was... Wang Baole was fully aware of how the older, powerful folks of the Federation would think. He wasn't going to give them the chance to not cooperate with him. As soon as he stepped out of the battleship, he summoned his Thearch Armor. The full force of his Stellar Nascent Soul, his demonic eye, as well as the blood lust that Wang Baole had accumulated through his numerous kills, erupted from his person instantly. It was like a sudden howling storm, a tsunami that swept across and flooded the entire moon!

"I believe you know who I am. There's no need for an introduction then. I don't care who you are and what you think. From this moment on, keep your thoughts to yourself. Carry out my orders exactly... or be executed!" Wang Baole said calmly as he walked out of the battleship. His voice wasn't loud, but bolstered by his immense aura, it seemed to boom like thunder in everyone's minds. Every cultivator's breathing quickened in that instant. They stared at the armored, devil-like Wang Baole, their heads buzzing. They trembled under the weight of his murderous aura. All stray thoughts were silenced. Everyone lowered their heads in deference as they replied.

"Yes, sir!"

Wang Baole raised his head and gazed in the direction of the slumbering, giant corpse. His eyes narrowed.

Perhaps his aura had been overly powerful. The slumbering giant seemed to be responding to it. The moon shuddered violently the moment Wang Baole directed his eyes towards the location of the sleeping corpse. An imperceptible, inhuman howl appeared to have risen from the giant's sleeping grounds!

Chapter 703: The Night Immortal King!

The moon trembled as the howl rose. Alarm flashed across everyone's faces as they stood, half-bowed and facing Wang Baole, in the aerial port. There was stark terror on some of those faces.

As cultivators stationed on the lunar base, they knew the mysteries hidden on the moon better than anyone else. The visible half of the moon was still relatively safe. The dark side of the moon, on the other hand, was filled with danger. In the deepest region of this half of the moon slept a gigantic corpse!

Since the ancient sword had entered the Solar System and its fragments had landed on the moon, the gigantic corpse had awoken only twice. The first time had occurred decades ago. The second time... had been only a few years ago!

During the most recent awakening, the corpse had exuded a terrifying power and revealed the chains that bound its entire body. It had fallen to its knees while staring in the direction of the ancient sword. The sight had awed and terrified everyone who had witnessed it.

The gigantic corpse's existence was why the moon remained such a dangerous place. At the same time, it also gave the moon an extraordinary and unknown edge in terms of the satellite's actual offensive capabilities!

At the present moment, while everyone was frozen in awe at the unexpected roar, Wang Baole spoke coolly, his eyes flashing.

“Activate all engines powering the moon. We will depart from the moon’s natural orbit in three days’ time and head towards Venus. There shall be no delay!”

Having made his instructions clear, Wang Baole turned and raced straight towards the roaring giant corpse. Waves of air rose in his wake, marking his swift departure. He disappeared almost immediately, vanishing from everyone’s sight. His voice echoed in his absence, resonating in the aerial port.

“Yes, sir!” The awe he had instilled in the crowd remained after his departure. Everyone bowed instinctively and replied in unison. Then, they lifted their heads and stared in the direction Wang Baole had left.

“The giant corpse roared as soon as Wang Baole landed on the moon. I have a feeling that something big is going to happen!”

“I remember it now. The last time the giant corpse woke up was during the Foundation Establishment trial for the various political entities’ disciples... Senator Wang was there then as well...”

“That’s right. I remember City Lord Wang nearly died. The Galactic Dusk Sect elder who stole his core is still imprisoned!”

Wang Baole was both senator and city lord, so there was no specific way to address him. Everyone was still recovering from fright and nervousness, but despite their concerns, no one dared to defy Wang Baole’s orders. His instructions were soon passed down the ranks. The entire moon soon began to shake.

It was a different sort of tremor from the shuddering that followed the giant corpse’s roar. The latter followed no rhyme or reason. The former was a sustained and consistent trembling, which was a result of all engines installed on the moon being activated in consecutive order.

As the engines were activated and preparations were swiftly made for the moon’s deployment, Wang Baole was also making his way speedily across the visible side of the moon. He left bursts of howling winds in his wake, which went sweeping across the lands. Ancient Martial realm Moon Beasts trembled and stayed out of his way.

Nocturnal Moon Bats also howled in terror upon sensing Wang Baole’s aura in the distance. They dared not take flight. Instead, they fell to the ground and started digging frantically, then wormed into those hastily made holes and hid their trembling forms underground.

Both types of beasts had been beneath Wang Baole’s notice during his first visit to the moon. He didn’t spare them a single glance as he sped through the air like lightning now. A few moments later, as he was about to reach the dark side of the moon, he finally came to a standstill.

On the ground beneath his feet were hundreds of gigantic Moon Gu. These huge centipede-like creatures were like the mythical monsters of death that lived in the deserts. Each one of them spanned hundreds to thousands of feet long, with cultivation at the third and fourth levels of the True Breath realm. They had appeared in masses during Wang Baole’s first time on the moon. It had been a near heart-stopping experience. Now, though...

He hovered in midair while the Moon Gu wriggled on the ground and cowered in fear, afraid to raise their heads. Liquid stained the ground near many of the Moon Gu's tails. It looked like they had just pissed themselves.

Wang Baole shook his head and was about to continue forward. Then, the expression on his face shifted slightly. He tilted his face to his right. On the horizon, mist was gathering, transforming into thick waves of fog that spilled outward in all directions.

The Mystic Trace Fog! Wang Baole's lips twitched upwards into a slight grin. It was almost fond of it. If not for the Mystic Trace Fog, he might not have survived the Mystic Luna Realm back then. Instead, his bones would be dust on the moon now.

The sight of the Mystic Trace Fog warmed Wang Baole slightly. He shifted and headed for the Mystic Trace Fog. Within the blink of an eye, he appeared next to it. Wang Baole allowed the fog to envelop him.

The fog obscured his vision, and he could sense waves of energy within the fog washing over him, trying to teleport him away.

"Interesting," Wang Baole muttered to himself. Even though he had used the Mystic Trace Fog in his creation of the Mystic Trace Bead, he was still in the dark about how the Mystic Trace Fog actually worked. He had only been borrowing its unique capabilities for teleportation then. However, his level of cultivation was now much higher than when he had first encountered the Mystic Trace Fog. The giant corpse had fallen silent after its first roar, so Wang Baole wasn't in a hurry. He decided to step deeper into the fog.

The waves of energy that were washing over him transformed into a tiny stream. Wang Baole didn't even need to activate his cultivation. He allowed his body to advance, and it freed itself easily from the fog's attempt to teleport him. It didn't take long for Wang Baole's curiosity to be piqued once again. As he continued deeper into the fog, the forces of teleportation intensified gradually, to a point where he was nearly affected. Wang Baole had to unleash his cultivation at this point in order to fight against the forces of teleportation.

I couldn't figure it out then. I wonder if... I can make out what this Mystic Trace Fog is exactly now! Wang Baole narrowed his eyes. He allowed his spiritual senses to extend and scan the Mystic Trace Fog.

The image of the Mystic Trace Fog appeared in his mind immediately. He maneuvered his senses and amplified the fog in his head. It took the activation of ninety percent of his spiritual senses before he finally managed to see what the fog was truly made up of. His pupils contracted instantly at that moment.

This is... Through his spiritual senses, he saw the true form of the fog—countless bugs the size of bacteria!

Bugs that weren't living—bug corpses!

They had long, tube-like forms that were translucent and slightly yellowed, as well as twin feelers on both ends of a body that was distinctly divided into three segments!

What kind of bug is this? Their corpses possess the ability of teleportation! A startled Wang Baole raised his right hand. The devouring seed inside his body started churning, and his Stellar Nascent Soul opened its eyes. His cultivation and the devouring seed unleashed their powers at the same time, causing a strong suction force to erupt from Wang Baole's palm.

The surrounding fog began to distort in form, the spread of the fog suddenly disrupted as it began to gather instead around Wang Baole. A vortex materialized as the devouring seed unleashed its full power and drew more fog towards it. Wang Baole transformed completely into a vortex, which stopped the spread of the Mystic Trace Fog entirely. Instead, it curled into itself, towards Wang Baole.

An observer standing a distance away would see the fog's gradual thinning while Wang Baole's form grew increasingly distinct. The fog finally disappeared completely. In Wang Baole's right hand, a small yellow sphere that was the size of a fist appeared!

Wang Baole studied the sphere in his hand carefully. He didn't recognize the bugs at all, but his gut told him that there might be some other use for this sphere. He sealed it and threw it into his storage bag before flying off.

He flew across the visible side of the moon and finally stepped onto the dark side of the moon. He crossed past battlefields. Be it Moon Spirits, beasts with eyes all over their bodies, or the more powerful Night Immortals, all stopped at the sight of Wang Baole. The former would shudder upon seeing Wang Baole, while the latter... after the initial moment of stillness, would fall to their feet as if kowtowing to him!

The Night Immortals' reactions sent Wang Baole into a contemplative silence. He could feel the green lotus inside his devouring seed swaying slightly. He finally arrived in the central region of the dark side of the moon. He stepped into the valley that he had barely crawled out of alive the last time he was there!

Wang Baole stood in the valley and eyed the ruins before him. He stared at the cavern, what remained of the former valley, and fell silent. Then, he lowered his head and gazed into the darkness of the cavern. After a long while, he finally whispered, "Night Immortal King, do you still... possess a mind of your own?"

Chapter 704: Zi Yue!

There was no roaring, no reply. There were only... twin glows, crimson and filled with madness, that gradually lit the darkness inside the cavern. They were... the eyes of the Night Immortal King!

There was a blackish tinge to the red. It lacked the clarity of purple, and instead had a certain murkiness to it. The eyes showed no intelligence. They revealed the violence of a feral beast as they stared unblinkingly at Wang Baole, as if he had something that held their obsessive attention, something that they couldn't turn away from.

Wang Baole's eyes were calm. He lowered his head and stared straight into the Night Immortal King's eyes. Man and corpse, one outside the cave and one concealed in the cave's darkness, stared at each other.

The scene would make a bizarre painting indeed!

Time flowed slowly. Thirty minutes passed. The activation of the moon's engines and the growing tremors spreading across the moon had agitated the Night Immortal King. Wang Baole's appearance seemed to have intensified that agitation. The Night Immortal King's breathing grew heavier as the prolonged eye contact continued. A low, threatening growl began to emerge from the cave.

Wang Baole stared into the Night Immortal King's eyes as he listened to the latter's threatening growl. He could feel waves of spirit energy, cultivation that had belonged to the Night Immortal King's former living self, stirring inside the Night Immortal King. Wang Baole's assessment... placed the Night Immortal King's cultivation at the Soul Conduit realm.

Without a semblance of intelligence and left with only instinct, the Night Immortal King clearly couldn't unleash his true former Soul Conduit realm cultivation despite having awoken. His last two awakenings had resulted in a catastrophe, but those disasters had been within the bounds of the Federation's control. The damage had been kept to the minimum. This might have something to do with the chains on the Night Immortal King, which were sealing his true strength.

"Well, that's quite a disappointment." Wang Baole sighed. He must truly possess great potential. He had trembled like a fool at the sight of the Night Immortal King mere years ago, but now, he felt like he could overpower the Night Immortal King.

He's still something we could use during battle. Wang Baole shook his head slightly in disappointment as he stepped towards the cave. In the next instant, he was racing into the cave. The Night Immortal King's eyes flashed with violence as soon as Wang Baole entered the cave. The Night Immortal King lifted his head and howled, causing fierce winds to whip the air. He raised his right hand and sent it swiping at Wang Baole.

The Night Immortal King was enormous, his finger the size of Wang Baole. His hand shot out and was about to seize Wang Baole when he vanished with a sudden teleportation, evading the Night Immortal King's giant hand while appearing in the deepest part of the cave, where he finally saw the Night Immortal King's gargantuan form.

Green-colored seals decorated the Night Immortal King's body, which bristled with unreleased violence and brutality. The sight was enough to send most Nascent Soul realm cultivators reeling back in terror. Wang Baole was clearly not most Nascent Soul realm cultivators.

Armed with the Thearch Armor, the unique capabilities of his Stellar Nascent Soul, and the bizarre power of his demonic eye, Wang Baole could kill a Soul Conduit realm cultivator with relative ease. What more the Night Immortal King, who was a mere corpse.

Having evaded the Night Immortal King's swipe, Wang Baole got up close and personal with him. He wasn't interested in the Night Immortal King but the nine heavy chains imprisoning the latter. The origins of the chains remained mysterious. In the Federation's records of the Night Immortal King's fall, the chains had already existed then. They had sunk deep into the moon's core and bound the Night Immortal King to the moon.

A chain that could fuse with a satellite must be crafted from extraordinary material and possess incredible power. Wang Baole considered the possibility of extracting the chain and refining it. It might become a valuable artifact that could pose a threat to Daoist You Ran.

With a side-step, he avoided another furious swipe from the howling Night Immortal King and appeared behind the latter. He was less than a hundred feet from the chains, and he inspected them carefully.

His findings sent his pupils contracting in shock. His head began buzzing loudly, and his breathing stopped momentarily. Then, his form blurred as his avatar materialized and stepped away from him. It raced towards the chains. Upon their sudden collision, bursts of red lightning bolts exploded from the chains. The lightning bolts seemed to possess sentience. They surrounded Wang Baole's avatar instantly, then blew up. Despite his avatar's resilient form, it was overpowered by the explosion. It shuddered and began showing signs of degradation.

The signs of degradation continued even after the avatar managed to free itself and retreat back to Wang Baole's side. Its hair was fully white, its body aged and wrinkled. It was as if it had been drained of life and vitality and had aged suddenly.

Wang Baole gasped at the sight, shock flooding his system. The chains... were not only immensely powerful, but they were familiar as well!

They're like the chains on the Never-Ending Clan battleship, the chains that bound the fearsome beasts and forced them to drag the wooden logs that moved the millstone! Wang Baole narrowed his eyes and stared at the chain in front of him. Then, he turned abruptly towards the Night Immortal King, his eyes glimmering with a solemn light.

It's impossible that someone who has to be kept in check by such chains is only at the Soul Conduit realm. There must be something I overlooked! Wang Baole narrowed his eyes and began circling the Night Immortal King quickly, studying the latter carefully. It didn't take long before he saw three healed scars on the Night Immortal King. They were almost impossible to spot underneath the fully regrown flesh and blood.

One was on the back of the Night Immortal King's head, another was right over his heart, and the last was on his dantian!

There were plenty of other scars like those in other locations, but these three left a deep impact on Wang Baole after a closer inspection.

They don't look like injuries inflicted during battle... they look like the result of someone ripping into flesh with their bare hands while he was unable to fight back! There was a dark look on Wang Baole's face. Someone else might not have so quickly realized what had happened, but not Wang Baole. The three wounds reminded him of what had happened to him on the moon, when his Dao Foundation had been torn out of his body.

Perhaps the exact same thing hadn't happened to the Night Immortal King, but the differences lay in degree and not in the nature of the action. Both of them had something ripped out of their bodies! The wounds had been the result of that!

"Taking his brain, digging out his heart, and destroying his Dao. What viciousness! How much did the person hate the Night Immortal King?" Wang Baole muttered. His gut feeling told him that this was some dark art that stole one's power. His eyes were filled with a mix of emotions and pity as he looked at the Night Immortal King. The Night Immortal King's cultivation, while he had been alive, must have

been incredibly powerful. That must be why even after the theft of his brain, heart, and Dao, he was still at the Soul Conduit realm!

The perpetrator didn't seem to stop there. After taking both brain and heart and destroying his Dao, they also imprisoned the Night Immortal King with chains that could drain his vitality. They drove the chains deep into the Night Immortal King's body so that the Night Immortal King can't heal himself. That's strange. Why would someone do that to a person who's already dead... unless the Night Immortal King isn't dead at all? Wang Baole's eyes widened at that thought. His breathing quickened as he examined the Night Immortal King again. He began to spot what was amiss. The green seals on the Night Immortal King's body... was another form of curse!

There's only one explanation for that. The perpetrator couldn't destroy the Night Immortal King completely because of some reason, and they were worried that the Night Immortal King would recover from his injury. That's why they used a mix of means to imprison the Night Immortal King... though that still doesn't explain the Night Immortal King's current state... Wang Baole frowned. Then, after a while, a flash of light flickered in his eyes. He dodged another swipe from the howling Night Immortal King, retreated a couple of steps, then muttered to himself.

"Who cares. Night Immortal King, I'm going to see for myself whether you still possess a God Soul!" Wang Baole's eyes turned completely black. His Dark Fire surged out as he unleashed the Dark Art. His demonic eye materialized as the power of the Dark Art rippled outwards. It fluttered open and gazed at the Night Immortal King.

The agitated Night Immortal King shuddered, and Dark Fire enveloped him instantly. Wang Baole had transformed into a guide for lost souls. His eyes pierced through the curse binding the Night Immortal King, into the latter's body, where a wisp of dark, murky soul remained!

Feral, barbaric, and without any intelligence—a wild beast's pure instinct. That was the soul that Wang Baole glimpsed!

This is a newborn soul, not the true soul that belongs to the Night Immortal King! The uninitiated might not have discerned that, but Wang Baole was a Dark Child who had been taught the Dark Art, a mystic art that had originated from the past Heavenly Dao era. He could see things in souls that ordinary people could not.

Wang Baole fell into a brief bout of silence. He wasn't about to give up now. He shut his eyes, then pressed his hands together in a series of hand seals. He bit the tip of his tongue, spilling a mouthful of blood. Then, with a wave of his right hand, he unleashed a spell that gave his Dark Fire a sudden, temporary boost in power. Wang Baole opened his eyes suddenly. When he looked at the Night Immortal King again, he could finally see a concealed wisp... that would have been undetectable if not for his Dark Art—the Night Immortal King's soul!

The low mumblings of the soul rippled outward as his eyes locked onto the soul!

"Zi Yue, my dear wife, why did... you do it..."

Chapter 705: Don't You Hate Her?

The soul's murmurs were gentle and brimming with love. There was no hint of confusion or doubt despite the question it was asking. It was as if the Night Immortal King wasn't confused about why his wife Zi Yue had done something so terrible to him. It was as if he was voicing regret over a relationship's end because of what had happened. His murmurs were like a pair of invisible hands, weighed down by regret and loss as they tried to caress an absent wife's face gently and smoothen her hair against her cheeks.

Even after suffering an injury that an ordinary person would have found unimaginable, he seemed to still only harbor thoughts of longing for his wife...

Wang Baole couldn't understand the Night Immortal King. However, he vaguely remembered something he had read when he had still been a young boy. What came next, after a love so deep?

The answers varied. Perhaps it was longing, perhaps it was duty, perhaps it was pain, or perhaps, it was the disappearance of one's soul.

Wang Baole was silent. He wasn't the Night Immortal King, he couldn't feel what the latter was feeling, but his eyes were dark with emotions. He couldn't tell if his compassion for the Night Immortal King was because of what had happened to the latter, or because he could sense the blind love the latter still held!

Wang Baole didn't spend time finding out if there were other emotions hidden within the Night Immortal King's soft murmurs. He wouldn't know that the unique qualities of his Dark Art had enabled him to see this lingering wisp of soul. His tiny blood sacrifice and the spell he had cast had helped as well.

Wang Baole shook almost immediately after the brief murmuring passed. His eyes no longer saw the wisp of the Night Immortal King's true soul. He could only see the murky soul of the newborn.

"Zi Yue?" An unfathomable light appeared in Wang Baole's eyes. He turned to his side suddenly. Little Missy had materialized. She stood next to Wang Baole, her eyes filled with bitterness and an intense sorrow as she looked at the Night Immortal King.

Wang Baole didn't speak. He remained at Little Missy's side silently. A long while later, the Night Immortal King began to shake. He seemed to be trying to shake Wang Baole's Dark Art off. He began to howl. It was then that Little Missy said quietly, "Baole, lend me one of your lotus seeds."

Without any hesitation, Wang Baole activated his devouring seed, causing the green lotus within to sway. A single lotus seed fell and landed in Wang Baole's hand.

It wasn't real. The lotus seed was a mere illusion, translucent in form. Wang Baole held it before Little Missy.

"Thank you," Little Missy whispered. She took the lotus seed, then transformed into a soft sliver of light that darted into the Night Immortal King's forehead. A brief moment later, the Night Immortal King trembled and stopped struggling. He quieted down, then slowly shut his eyes, as if he had fallen into a deep slumber.

Wang Baole watched the scene before him in quiet contemplation. He waited silently. An hour passed. It was then that a ghostly light appeared on the Night Immortal King's forehead, and Little Missy

reappeared next to Wang Baole. Exhaustion lined her features. The sorrow she had displayed earlier had morphed into a fury tinged with sadness.

“Zi Yue was the first friend I made in the Vast Expanse Dao Palace,” Little Missy whispered after a long period of silence.

“On her wedding day, when she got married to Lord Zhou’s disciple, Chen Mofeng, I gave her a gift. It was a powerful artifact my father had given me.

“The most powerful Dao in the Vast Expanse Dao Palace was the Star-Seeding Dao. My father praised it endlessly when he first read about it. Lord Zhou had practiced the Star-Seeding Dao. Passing it down from one person to the next was extremely difficult. In each generation, there could only be one successor. The successor had to possess his predecessor’s Soul Seed...”

“Chen Mofeng was Lord Zhou’s only disciple. He was the next master of the Star-Seeding Dao in the Vast Expanse Dao Palace!” Little Missy said, then stopped speaking. She seemed unable to continue.

“Baole, I know why you are here. You want to test if the lotus can be used to control him. Unless you truly have to, please don’t disturb Senior Brother Chen’s rest... I’m tired...” Little Missy’s voice grew increasingly faint. Finally, it vanished completely as she returned back into the mask. It was as if she had returned to a deep sleep. Or perhaps she had simply lost herself in contemplation as she wondered about the horrors that a person was capable of committing.

Wang Baole stood there for a long time. Finally, he sighed. Little Missy had guessed his objective correctly. He had intended to verify the connection between the lotus and the Night Immortal King. He had wanted to know whether he could control the Night Immortal King. He didn’t know the details of the Night Immortal King’s past, nor did he know what Little Missy had done after entering the Night Immortal King’s forehead. However, he could make some guesses from what Little Missy had said.

The Never-Ending Clan invaded. Before Lord Zhou fell in battle, he passed the Star-Seeding Dao down to his disciple, Chen Mofeng. Chen Mofeng shouldered a heavy responsibility but fell victim to his Dao partner’s viciousness. His brain was extracted for his memories, his heart dug out for his soul, his Dao destroyed and robbed of his cultivation. They were used to refine a Soul Seed so that his Dao partner could gain the necessary qualifications to practice the Star-Seeding Dao. Wang Baole stared long and hard at the slumbering Night Immortal King.

Zi Yue’s methods were vicious and cruel. She seemed to want to prevent the Night Immortal King from awakening. Of course, she had no idea that the Night Immortal King didn’t harbor any hatred towards her. He only had feelings of longing for her... Wang Baole sensed the connection between the lotus seed and the Night Immortal King. He sighed. The pity in his eyes disappeared. He turned and left the cave, appearing outside, in midair in the next moment.

The green lotus and the Night Immortal King seem to share an intimate connection. Perhaps... he was the last owner of the green lotus. Or perhaps... he wasn’t. Maybe it was his master, Lord Zhou, instead? Wang Baole chose not to disturb the clearly depressed Little Missy with his questions. He flew off, raising his head and gazing into the starlit skies.

The most powerful Dao in the Vast Expanse Dao Palace? Even though it might be extremely powerful, who would do such a horrible thing just to own a mystic art... not me. Wang Baole’s eyes turned towards

the slumbering ground of the Night Immortal King. Then, with a single step, he headed for the lunar base.

Three days passed under Wang Baole's watchful supervision and detailed inspection. Assured that everything was running smoothly, Wang Baole stood inside the command center on the lunar base, amidst a crowd of busy cultivators, staring at numerous projection screens as endless data ran across them. Finally, he gave the order for the moon's departure!

"Let's take off!"

As Wang Baole's order rang out in the air, all engines on the moon began to activate at full force!

A loud thunder began to spread across the moon as vast stores of energy began to accumulate inside the moon after its engines were activated. Energy continued to build up. The moon began to quake, and its quakes slowly nudged it away from its orbital course. The Earth's gravitational pull continued to lock the moon in place though. They needed more time before the moon could pull completely free from its orbit. They needed time for the moon to gather more energy, enough to surpass the gravitational forces of Earth.

"The lunar array formation has been fully activated. Results of our simulations show that stability can be maintained at the moon's greatest speed!"

"We're at sixty percent of our full force and heading towards the seventy percent mark!"

"All indicators display as normal. I propose igniting ten Anti-Spirit Bombs to increase the moon's thrust!" Reports from various departments were sent to the command center and continued to come in. Wang Baole nodded and approved the ignition of Anti-Spirit Bombs.

As a stronghold fitted for battle, the moon housed numerous Anti-Spirit Bombs. Wang Baole had only found that out after he had taken command of the moon. He realized then that the Federation had been trying to present a weaker front. In reality, it had built a considerable stock of Anti-Spirit Bombs over the years.

The explosion of ten Anti-Spirit Bombs triggered a deafening boom that pushed the moon's propulsion to ninety percent. Everyone could sense a force tugging at them.

"Everything is going as planned. Waiting for your approval to merge with the Solar System Array Formation and give the moon a final thrust!"

"Approved!" Wang Baole took a deep breath and barked out his approval. The moon and the Solar System Array Formation performed the approved fusion. Upon complete fusion, the entire moon shook violently and thundered. It broke free from Earth's gravitational pull... and began speeding towards the stars!

The moon's departure sent tremors rippling through Earth itself, startling Earth's populace. Everyone raised their heads and stared skywards. The moon was no longer where it was supposed to be, it was far away and shrinking in size right before their eyes!

It was a mind-blowing sight to witness. The moon's deviation from its orbit had thrown the tidal waves into disarray. Towering waves rose all of a sudden, threatening to transform into a flood that would put all land underwater.

Fortunately, the Federation had been prepared for this. The cultivators left on Earth unleashed their full power against the tidal waves, finally stabilizing the tidal chaos. However, the image of the departing moon and the sudden tsunamis had been branded into the minds of the Federation citizens!

The Federation chose that moment to announce to everyone the person in charge of the lunar base. Wang Baole was the one who was commanding the moon and steering its course!

Wang Baole's reputation saw an instantaneous spike in the Federation. His fame might have surpassed even that of Duan Muque!

As the moon freed itself from its orbit and raced towards space, somewhere on Mercury, aboard the Never-Ending Clan battleship, Daoist You Ran—who had been sitting in meditation while repairing the battle robes that controlled the battleship—opened his eyes slowly.

The battle robes before him were mostly restored. He raised his head and stared at Venus, his eyes glimmering with a dark light. A moment passed. Then, his command thundered throughout the entire Dao Palace!

“Destroy Venus!”

Chapter 706: The Battle at Venus!

Daoist You Ran's order was transmitted throughout the base on Mercury. Dao Palace cultivators, as well as parasitic Never-Ending Clan members hiding in their host bodies and leading the Dao Palace cultivators, acted upon the order immediately. Because of greed and profit, a second great war had broken out in the Federation civilization!

The battle at Venus had commenced!

The Never-Ending Clan and the Vast Expanse Dao Palace seemed confident of their victory. There were no doubts that they would win this war. Their only concern was to do so with minimal loss while obtaining the greatest victory. The Federation's Anti-Spirit Bombs had made them cautious.

They were wary of the Anti-Spirit Bombs' power, as well as the Federation's display of its intent... to risk everything for the war!

Including, for example... blowing up a whole planet in order to kill its enemies!

Such a self-destructive method that caused harm to their own while inflicting destruction on the enemy was a source of frustration and annoyance for the Dao Palace and the Never-Ending Clan.

That was also the reason why, despite having taken over Mercury, Daoist You Ran hadn't immediately launched a full-scale offensive on Venus. He had instead waited for the Death Dao Battleship to be repaired to a level where it could overpower Venus' self-destruction before commencing an attack on the planet.

The Federation had known that this would happen. The main objective of this battle was to determine how to successfully initiate Venus' self-destruction and cause maximum damage to the Dao Palace.

It was a tough balance to strike. Despite a great deal of preparation, the Federation wasn't confident of its success. Timed too early, the self-destruction might be rendered useless. Timed too late... and they might lose all chances of even triggering an explosion in the first place.

That was why Li Xingwen and Duan Muque had decided to send the lunar stronghold over. The lunar stronghold was to hold off Daoist You Ran's battleship and allow the successful explosion of Venus.

That was why the Federation notified Wang Baole immediately when they had discovered movement from the Vast Expanse Dao Palace and the Never-Ending Clan troops. They instructed him to speed up and make sure he arrived in time.

Li Xingwen, Duan Muque, and the others in command also sent orders for all Federation cultivators and battleships to fall back and form a defensive formation around Venus. Nine strong defensive rows formed and awaited further orders. All mechanisms were activated. Array formations and large-scale military Dharmic Artifacts alike were kept running.

Numerous small teams that added up to tens of thousands of cultivators were spread out around Venusian galactic space. They were the first swords to engage in battle. Leading them were Sect Lord Xu of the Galactic Dusk Sect and the giant tree.

As Nascent Soul realm cultivators, they were given full responsibility of these teams. Li Xingwen was in charge of shifting the line of defense, while Duan Muque was to control the pace in which the battle would unfold.

They also had Feng Qiuran, the only Soul Conduit realm cultivator on base. Her cultivation had almost recovered to its former peak condition after a long period of rest. Her mission was to make use of the boost provided by the Solar System Array Formation, in coordination with her cultivation techniques, and create multiple doppelgangers to hold back Never-Ending Clan Soul Conduit realm cultivators!

It was an extremely heavy responsibility with grave consequences!

As Venus deployed its full defenses, the Vast Expanse Dao Palace troops were taking off from Mercury. The troops gathered and then fanned out into an offensive formation as they headed towards Venus. The day that the two forces were going to clash drew near. In the space between Earth and Venus, Wang Baole was commanding the lunar stronghold and speeding towards Venus. He was faced with a difficult decision.

"City Lord Wang, based on the moon's current speed, we will need at least two weeks before we reach the Venusian line of defense!"

"Even if we were to risk everything and overload the engines, we can only shorten our journey to ten days. That is assuming everything runs smoothly during the journey. Such prolonged overtaxing of the engines brings a high risk of instability... If any accident were to occur, the moon might cave in while traveling at such high speed."

In the command center, Wang Baole's face was stormy as he listened silently to his staff's report.

Li Xingwen's instruction to him was to arrive within two weeks. However, Wang Baole knew that nothing was predictable on the battlefield. If luck were on their side, nothing unexpected would happen. But should the Dao Palace and the Never-Ending Clan arrive earlier than expected and initiate battle before the lunar stronghold could arrive, the Federation would be plunged into a dire situation.

We have to get there as soon as possible... Wang Baole narrowed his eyes, which flashed with determination. He immediately ordered for the stronghold to sustain the prolonged overtaxing of their engines. The other cultivators in the command center showed signs of hesitation after receiving his orders. Regardless, they chose to obey. As the moon sped through space, it suddenly quaked as its engines received another boost of energy. It had been relying on the occasional burst of propulsion to glide through space. Now, it propelled itself forward with a sustained thrust.

Deafening booms thundered across the entire moon as its speed tripled. Waves of energy appeared to surge outward in endless ripples as the moon charged towards Venus.

Time continued to pass. The Federation's populace kept their eyes glued on Venus. Be it the folks on Earth or Mars, their attention was focused on the impending Venusian battle. They watched with great sorrow that concealed within it hope.

Six days passed on Earth. On the seventh day, the battle on Venus officially began!

First, a dozen enormous vortexes appeared beyond the Venusian line of defense. From within the vortexes scattered a myriad of colors. From within the dazzling colors emerged Dao Palace battleships that charged forward!

The first wave of Never-Ending Clan and Dao Palace troops had arrived in hordes of Dao Palace battleships. They approached the outermost ninth line of defense around Venus.

Venus was a blur in the cosmos. Surrounding it were numerous Federation battleships. Beams of light from array formations criss-crossed space, and countless Dharmic Artifacts glimmered with a cold light. The battle started as soon as the first wave of Vast Expanse Dao Palace troops arrived!

It was a fierce battle, whose intensity spiraled to a peak almost as soon as both forces collided with each other. The combat teams helmed by the giant tree and Sect Lord Xu faced the greatest dangers. Battleships on both sides thundered with each shot taken, and masses of Dao Palace cultivators rushed out from the battleships, their lust for battle credits driving them to attack. The clashes of battle rang in the cosmos, and explosions boomed and resonated throughout the entire ninth line of defense.

The Vast Expanse Dao Palace troops were like locusts, eating away at the Federation's defenses. They were like a flood that continued to push the Federation back. The ninth line of defense was in critical danger. Despite the Federation's continuous readjustments of their forces, the overwhelming difference in power was apparent. The ninth line of defense began to display signs of collapse.

The force of array formations and Dharmic Artifacts continued to be unleashed. Bursts of spells shot through the cosmos, blinding beams that lit up the battlefield. Some Federation cultivators chose the route of the kamikaze warrior, blowing themselves up. The casualty count spiked within the short period of time since the battle had commenced.

A Soul Conduit realm cultivator, who had been hiding inside a Dao Palace host body, appeared in the ranks of the Never-Ending Clan. He had been one of the cultivators who had attacked Wang Baole and escaped with Daoist You Ran's timely rescue. His appearance was like a sharp arrow that tore through the ninth line of defense. He was about to charge through when Feng Qiuran, who had received her orders, summoned a projection of herself. The latter flew out and intercepted the Never-Ending Clan Soul Conduit realm cultivator. The both of them engaged in battle instantly!

The battle seemed to have reached peak intensity. It was then that a dozen more vortexes appeared in the cosmos. The second wave of Dao Palace troops had arrived, and the situation on the battlefield was once again transformed!

Duan Muque had a full overview of the situation. He was able to see how the war was progressing through the Solar System Array Formation. Every other Federation cultivator on the battlefield was both part of a united front and an independent entity. They had no idea how they were faring as a whole. What they knew was... to keep on fighting!

Zhao Yameng, Li Wuchen, Kong Dao, and the others might not be part of the forces fighting in the outer regions, but as members of the rescue forces, they had been driven mad with killing. They continued to provide support. The battlefield was filled with the sounds of violence that continued with no end in sight.

As the battle raged on, Wang Baole was rushing towards the battlefield at full speed. His access rights gave him access to information that told him the battle on Venus had begun. This caused his heart to rage with anxiety. The cultivators in the lunar stronghold had calculated that at the speed they were traveling, they would need another four days before they could reach the battlefield.

Four days... can we make it? Wang Baole was silent for a few moments. Then, a bright, determined light filled his eyes. He couldn't wait four days. He wasn't willing to bet on Venus lasting four days.

Any accident on the battlefield could change everything. The best option was to reach the battlefield as soon as possible and throw the might of the lunar stronghold, as well as his own power, into the fight. That was the best way to optimize the Federation's advantages.

Everyone in the lunar stronghold's command center could see the resolution in Wang Baole's eyes. They could guess his thoughts. One of them grimaced, then spoke.

"City Lord Wang, this is the greatest thrust the lunar stronghold is capable of generating at the moment..."

"That's not true!" Wang Baole raised his head skyward. There was a strange light in his eyes. He vanished amidst the crowd's startled looks and reappeared in midair. Gazing toward the resting place of the Night Immortal King, he cupped his fists and made a deep bow. He muttered, "Senior Chen Mofeng... my apologies for disturbing your rest!"

Then, without hesitation, Wang Baole unleashed the full force of his devouring seed. The green lotus resting within began to sway violently. Out of the hundreds of lotus seeds it had, one exploded!

At that same instant, deep within the moon's cavern, the slumbering Night Immortal King suddenly... opened his eyes!

Chapter 707: Controlling the Corpse!

Using the lotus seed to control the Night Immortal King was something Wang Baole had done before. During the battle in the Mystic Luna Realm, Wang Baole had unintentionally used his lotus seed and directed the Night Immortal King into killing Chen Hui, a disciple from the Galactic Dusk Sect, with a single glance!

The Federation had their guesses regarding the matter. Some felt that it might have had something to do with Wang Baole. Regardless, there had been no evidence to prove anything. Most importantly, Wang Baole had not attracted as much attention then as he did now.

That had been the first time Wang Baole had successfully gained control over the Night Immortal King. The second time had been the earlier attempt. These two attempts had given him confidence. He was sure that the lotus seed wielded some form of control over the Night Immortal King.

He had planned to arrive on the battlefield, then unleash the lotus seed at the most opportune and critical moment in the war. That would help gain the Federation the edge for the Venusian battle. However... it seemed that he couldn't wait that long after all.

After weighing his options, Wang Baole had finally chosen to unleash his control over the Night Immortal King without hesitation. He had crushed a lotus seed, causing the Night Immortal King's eyes to flutter open. That was soon followed by a thundering roar that rose from the Night Immortal King's slumbering ground and shook the entire moon.

Even though the moon was propelling itself forward at full thrust, it still quaked slightly at that roar. The cultivators on the moon reeled back in alarm simultaneously, their hearts racing with fear.

Before they could recover from their shock, the ground underneath their feet shuddered again. From deep inside the Night Immortal King's cave, an enormous hand covered with green seals suddenly stretched out and pressed its palm against the edge of the cave. As the ground caved in under the weight of the palm, the gargantuan form of the Night Immortal King rose from the cave and rushed towards the heavens!

He didn't go far before the heavy clanking of chains resonated in the air. The chains shackling him were pulled tight, making the Night Immortal King's form jerk in midair. He was stopped in mid-flight. His eyes reddened, and he lifted his face skyward and let loose another furious howl.

The thundering roar rippled outward and swept across the sky. Inside the command center, Wang Baole hovered in midair. The shocked cultivators in the room heard his low voice boom in their ears.

"Heed my command. Adjust the thrust ratio and shift the point of propulsion to the dark side of the moon. Prepare to re-initiate thrust!"

Loud gasps could be heard amongst the cultivators on the moon as they realized what Wang Baole was trying to do. Waves of emotions threatened to pull them under as they exclaimed in shock.

"Is he trying to get the Night Immortal King to propel the moon forward?"

"City Lord Wang actually holds influence over the Night Immortal King!"

Amidst the sudden outburst, Wang Baole shattered his second lotus seed without hesitation and sent another command to the Night Immortal King!

As the command was transmitted, Wang Baole felt as if he had transformed into the Night Immortal King. The command was a thought inside his head. As soon as that thought was sent out, the howling Night Immortal King shuddered, his red eyes beginning to glow with a strange light.

The light was like another pair of eyes looking through the Night Immortal King's eyes... Wang Baole's eyes!

The Night Immortal King swerved around and, with a thunderous roar, unleashed his full speed and raced towards the heavens. His strength could only be rivaled by the strength of the chains binding him. His power traveled down his shackles and into the moon, tugging at the moon with equal strength.

Under Wang Baole's instruction, the moon readjusted its thrust at the same moment. The full force of its propulsion, coupled with the Night Immortal King's crazed tugging, sent a series of booms thundering across the moonscape. The ground trembled and splintered, and the satellite seemed on the verge of being ripped apart into multiple chunks. It was then that a sudden burst of speed erupted from the lunar stronghold!

The new burst of speed was many times that of the moon's initial speed. It sent the moon hurtling through space, like a satellite driven by a crazy driver!

The Night Immortal King seemed to have transformed into a giant, a humongous dragon that was half dead, half alive, bound by chains that acted as its reins. He dragged the moon... and sped across the cosmos!

The speed that the moon was traveling at reached the max speed a Soul Conduit realm cultivator was capable of. It seemed to rival that of a Spirit Immortal realm cultivator. The price paid for it was the destruction of Wang Baole's lotus seeds, the shattering of one lotus seed after another sustaining the impossible speed.

Everyone on the moon could feel it as they hurtled through space. They couldn't see it with their own eyes, but they could imagine what was happening. It was a shocking image that surfaced in their minds, and it would likely never be forgotten for the rest of their lives!

The person who managed to accomplish this was Wang Baole... that, to everyone on the moon, made him seem even more mysterious and, at the same time, even more worthy of their respect!

The cosmos itself was affected by the Night Immortal King's roars and his pull on the moon. Waves of energy rippled through the cosmos, surging outward. Space transformed into a lake, and endless ripples disturbed its surface. A journey that had required four days was violently shrunk to a single day!

One day might seem brief to some, but to the Federation cultivators fighting on the battlefield of Venus, it was a torturous eternity. The ninth line of defense had collapsed one day ago. The eighth, seventh, sixth, and fifth lines of defense were being blasted at relentlessly by endless waves of Dao Palace troops.

The Federation was faring horribly in the war. Their Anti-Spirit Bombs and the meticulous preparation that they had made hadn't nudged the battle in their favor. They could only stand firm and resist, drawing out the battle while awaiting their inevitable defeat.

More than half of their Dharmic Artifacts had been rendered useless, and a great portion of their array formations had been deactivated. The casualty count was sky-high. The Dao Palace also suffered great losses, but the worsening situation was gradually driving the Federation's morale into a downward spiral.

Everyone was waiting, not for Wang Baole's arrival, but for Duan Muque's command to blow up Venus. That was the critical maneuver for this battle. But... no such order came.

Duan Muque was ready to give the order, but he couldn't. Since the battle had commenced... more than three hundred thousand Dao Palace cultivators had rushed the Venusian line of defense, and countless enemy battleships had attacked. Five to six Soul Conduit realm cultivators, including Mie Liezi, had even entered the fray. The enemy had the planet surrounded, but... Daoist You Ran remained absent!

You Ran's absence meant that the enemy had not yet displayed its full strength. That meant that Duan Muque couldn't give the orders to blow up Venus. He had learned his lesson on Mercury. Then, the explosion of the planet had been swiftly overpowered by Daoist You Ran and his fearsome Death Dao Battleship.

"We will keep waiting for Daoist You Ran to appear. When he turns up, we will activate the Solar System Array Formation to hold him down. That will be when we blow up Venus!" Duan Muque stared unblinkingly at the screens before him. Scenes from the battlefield flashed across the screens and reflected onto his reddened eyes. His nerves were pulled tight to their very limits.

The fourth line of defense collapsed as they continued to wait. Feng Qiuran had summoned five projections and was doing her best to hold back the five enemy Soul Conduit realm cultivators. She might have fully recovered from her previous injuries, but the five-way fight was still challenging the limits of her capabilities. She risked new injury in order to keep the enemies away and prevent them from unleashing their full power.

The Dao Palace Nascent Soul realm cultivators should have given the Dao Palace an advantage on the battlefield. However, the Federation had drawn up a strategy that targeted this group specifically. The Core Formation realm cultivator leading each small Federation combat team had ignited an Anti-Spirit Bomb at the beginning of their fight. Dealing with the bombs became a source of headache for the Dao Palace Nascent Soul realm cultivators. As the battle continued, rescue efforts led by Zhao Yameng and the rest became increasingly challenging.

No one had the time for a breather. Zhao Yameng and Kong Dao could have used their status and chosen to station themselves behind the safety of the first line of defense, but they had chosen to head for the front lines in the end.

The rescue teams, which included Li Wuchen in their midst as well, had suffered great casualties during the battles of the past few days. Everyone was exhausted and stretched to their limits. Injuries accumulated and worsened. Regardless, retreat was not an option!

The combat teams were still deep in battle, engaged in a fierce fight. There was no reason for them to retreat and leave their comrades in the lurch!

Venus was one of the two key strongholds for the Federation. It was paramount to the Federation's survival. There was no way they could retreat and give it up!

"Hold our ground!" Zhao Yameng clenched her jaw and dashed forward. She saved a fellow Federation cultivator and blocked a blow from a Dao Palace Core Formation realm cultivator. The latter had a familiar face. He seemed to recognize Zhao Yameng as well and immediately drew back from her cautiously.

Kong Dao followed closely behind Zhao Yameng. The injury on his chest was deep, bone visible through its opening. He sucked in a quick breath, gritted his teeth, then flung his pills towards the cultivator whom they had just rescued.

There were multiple wounds on the cultivator. His face was pale, his lips streaked with bright crimson blood, and a bitter smile split his face in half. He was about to say something when the bright glowing barrier of the fourth line of defense suddenly... collapsed!

It happened too quickly. The precarious state of the Federation took a plunge for the worse. The cause of this was the sudden charge of a cultivator from the ranks of the Dao Palace cultivators. He appeared, then immediately attacked the array formation holding up the fourth line of defense. A Soul Conduit realm cultivation blasted at the fourth line of defense, tearing it apart and causing its collapse.

This cultivator was... Mie Liezi!

He blasted the fourth line of defense apart, dodged Feng Qiuran's hastily conjured projection, then headed straight for the third line of defense. He seemed intent on destroying every array formation in the area and forcing the Federation to deploy its trump card ahead of time!

"Stop Mie Liezi!" Li Xingwen's roar thundered across the entire third line of defense. He raced towards Mie Liezi with a sudden burst of speed. Sect Lord Xu had turned around and was doing the same. It seemed like both of them were too late.

The third line of defense was about to fall... it was then that a sudden shout erupted from behind the Never-Ending Clan and Dao Palace forces, overpowering the cacophony of battle!

The lunar stronghold approached from the distant starlit space, thundering as it drew near!

Chapter 708: A Grand Entrance!

The moon might not seem huge when compared to Venus, but it was still a cosmological entity in its own right. As it sped across the cosmos, it left ripples in its wake that surged outward and distorted the fabric of space!

Its entrance sent cultivators on and outside Venus reeling back.

What made the sight more shocking was the gargantuan, crazed-looking giant before the hurling moon. The giant was armored, his skin covered with seals, and his entire person enveloped in an aura of death. Vast chains bound him as he dragged the moon forward, howling!

The sight was unbelievable and utterly terrifying. It made the moon's entrance even more dramatic and forceful. Everyone's eyes landed on the figure standing on the Night Immortal King's shoulder—it was Wang Baole!

His robes fluttered, his black hair flowed. His good looking features, his slim build, and his cold eyes made him seem strange and foreign. There was an aura of authority that forbade others from challenging him!

The Night Immortal King might be towering in form, but he was still an ant when compared to a planet. Wang Baole's spells might not be able to physically grow the Night Immortal King's size, but casting an illusory projection of the Night Immortal King was still something within his means!

The effects... struck true. Shock and terror rose in the hearts of Dao Palace cultivators as soon as they saw the Night Immortal King's enormous form. They were like ants before a giant. The overpowering pressure exerted by the Night Immortal King made their scalps prickle with fear!

Recognition flashed across the faces of a few older Dao Palace cultivators. They shouted in alarm, "Chen Mofeng!"

While the Dao Palace cultivators were caught in sudden shock, waves of spirit energy suddenly rippled in the region before the charging moon. Dozens of vortexes appeared, and another wave of Dao Palace troops emerged. They charged at the moon, intent on stopping it in its path.

These battleships had clearly kept their presence on the battlefield concealed for some time. Their objective was to waylay Federation reinforcements and also to keep the full strength of the Dao Palace hidden from enemy eyes. When the right time came, they could then show themselves and join forces with the other troops, overpowering Venus in a single overwhelming wave of attacks.

These hidden troops who had concealed themselves in the periphery of the battlefield were significant in number. Waves of spirit energy continued to ripple across the cosmos. Within the blink of an eye, dozens of vortexes appeared. There were almost a hundred vortexes spinning in space now. Hordes of Dao Palace battleships rushed out of the vortexes. They seemed to be closing in on the moon and surrounding it. Spells erupted in beams of light, transforming the area into a sea of light. The moon and the Night Immortal King were flooded by the light instantly.

Any other Federation planet that had arrived as reinforcements might have been able to hold its ground against such an ambush, but it wouldn't have been able to avoid the damage that would have resulted from the clash. The best it might have done was to divide the Dao Palace forces and lessen the pressure being placed on Venus. It wouldn't have been able to rescue Venus completely from attack.

This was the lunar stronghold, though, which had the Night Immortal King under its command. Such attacks were useless against it. Wang Baole's eyes had narrowed when the sea of light had flooded the area. Then, he raised his right hand and pointed his finger forward.

A howl tore itself loose from the Night Immortal King. It was like the sudden roar of a hurricane. His enormous form charged out of the sea of light. He tugged the moon, ignored the battleships blocking his path, and charged headfirst into their ranks!

The battleships were powerful weapons not to be trifled with, but the enemy they were facing down was the Night Immortal King and the enormous moon. They were like a house of cards. The sea of light might be powerful, but it wasn't strong enough to keep the moon back!

The battleships had no time to run. They crashed against the waves of energy created by the moon as it approached and were flung outward, crushed by the moon as it sped into them!

The sounds of collisions resonated in the air as battleships were destroyed, followed by continuous screams of pain and terror. Many cultivators tried escaping from their battleships, but they could only watch in despair as the waves of energy surging from the moon bound their bodies. The moon approached, grew larger in size, and finally crushed and robbed them of their lives!

The Dao Palace cultivators were being massacred. The Night Immortal King's roars resonated in the cosmos as his enormous form tugged the moon forward. Both gargantuan entities charged through enemy ranks, rushing into the center of the battlefield!

Dao Palace battleships exploded and were torn to pieces in the wake of the Night Immortal King's charge. Wang Baole's eyes flickered with a cold light as he barked another order. Every cultivator in the lunar stronghold unleashed their Dharmic Artifacts. The moon was bathed in an instant red glow. Every Dharmic Artifact on the stronghold was activated, and countless beams of light blasted into space from every corner of the lunar stronghold, blindly and with full force.

On their own, each beam of red light might not be extremely powerful, but... combined, their numbers exceeded a hundred thousand beams. Waves of spirit energy surged into the cosmos, and dozens of eruptions blasted into space with hardly any rest between each wave!

More than a million beams of red light flooded the battlefield. Every Dao Palace battleship within the lunar stronghold's line of sight received hundreds of blasts from the latter. Dao Palace cultivators who had rushed out of their battleships were not spared either. The thunderous explosions of battleships and the pained screams of cultivators filled space like an endless song of violence!

Wang Baole continued to crush lotus seeds to perpetuate his control over the Night Immortal King. The latter spread his arms wide, instinctively sweeping his arms through the cosmos. Each sweep of his arm sent a hurricane spiraling through space, destroying everything in the vicinity. Wang Baole leaped up and rushed towards the five Never-Ending Clan Soul Conduit realm cultivators whom Feng Qiuran's avatars had been keeping busy. He wasn't greedy, he only targeted the three nearest to him.

His avatar split from his form and walked away. It didn't charge into the fray. Instead, it remained perched on the Night Immortal King's shoulder!

Wang Baole's arrival was like a nightmare to the Never-Ending Clan Soul Conduit realm cultivators. They had heard of what had happened in the previous battle with Wang Baole, including the bizarre mystic art he had unleashed with the black demonic eye that had hovered at his back. It had been the cause of dozens of Soul Conduit realm cultivators' deaths!

As soon as they saw Wang Baole appear, these Soul Conduit realm cultivators began to retreat and attempted to stay away from Wang Baole.

“Elder Qiuran!” Wang Baole roared as his enemies made an attempt at retreat. A black demonic eye materialized behind him and opened!

Feng Qiuran and Wang Baole had fought together numerous times. The former immediately steered her avatars forcefully into the paths of the retreating Soul Conduit realm cultivators, risking everything to keep them in place. What awaited them then would be... their worst nightmare!

Thunder boomed in the cosmos. The dark demonic eye opened, and a strange power surged from the open eye. Wang Baole attacked without hesitation, killing one Soul Conduit realm cultivator instantly. Feng Qiuran seized the opportunity and, together with Wang Baole, managed to kill another Soul Conduit realm cultivator and injure the third!

The last Soul Conduit realm cultivator was lucky enough to escape with his life. He was also the sole surviving Soul Conduit realm cultivator who had escaped with his life intact in his last battle with Wang Baole. It was this instinctive fear of Wang Baole that had made him draw back immediately upon Wang Baole’s arrival on the battlefield. That had been what had saved his life.

Within the blink of an eye—following Wang Baole’s sudden arrival, the million crimson blasts erupting from the lunar stronghold, and the terrifying roars of the Night Immortal King erupting in the cosmos—the Venusian battlefield had descended into complete chaos!

Every Federation cultivator who witnessed the sight was shocked. Some couldn’t control their excitement and cried out, saying, “It’s Wang Baole! It’s the Night Immortal King!”

Compared to the name “Chen Mofeng”, which was unfamiliar to many in the Federation, the Night Immortal King was a familiar name to all Federation cultivators. Ordinary citizens might not know much about the Night Immortal King, but any Federation cultivator would have heard about the legend of the Night Immortal King!

And now... they were witnessing the true form of the fully awakened Night Immortal King. They also saw Wang Baole’s true power. Both were a shock to the Federation cultivators. Even Li Xingwen and Duan Muque were reeling. Mie Liezi was equally affected, shuddering momentarily. The Night Immortal King’s appearance seemed to have stirred something in him. Memories seemed to be shifting inside his head. His eyes glimmered, as if he were struggling with his own mind.

His charge towards the third line of defense seemed considerably slower. That cost him the element of surprise and lost him his prior advantage of speed. Li Xingwen intercepted him with his team before he could reach the third line of defense.

Of course... everyone’s attention was captured by the moon and the Night Immortal King’s arrival, as well as Wang Baole’s powerful attacks. As their minds reeled from shock, no one noticed Li Wuchen, who was part of the rescue teams on the battlefield. They didn’t see the look of confusion on Li Wuchen’s face when he saw the Night Immortal King.

This wasn't his first time seeing the Night Immortal King, but it was the first time strange images had surfaced in his mind upon the sight of the giant. He didn't know the cause behind that, he only felt a strange and near-imperceptible sense of familiarity as he gazed at the Night Immortal King.

Before Li Wuchen could examine the sudden surge of images in his head and the unexpected feeling of familiarity, an emotionless snort thundered across the cosmos, descending upon the battlefield like the voice of a god. A black light appeared out of nowhere and shot across space, traversing the vast starlit battlefield and heading straight for Wang Baole!

It was extremely fast, like an arrow piercing through space itself and leaving waves of spirit energy rippling in its wake. The ripples of spirit energy rushed outward, draining any ordinary cultivator that was unfortunate enough to come into contact with it and destroying said cultivator completely, in both body and soul!

Wang Baole's pupils contracted. He didn't hesitate in the face of sudden danger, switching places with his avatar immediately. He reappeared on the moon, sitting cross-legged on the Night Immortal King's shoulder. The green lotus inside his devouring seed swayed fiercely, and Wang Baole crushed another five lotus seeds and strengthened his command over the Night Immortal King!

Wang Baole knew that he had to awaken and keep the Night Immortal King's true soul awake. His true power would remain in slumber otherwise, under the reins of the newborn zombie soul. Wang Baole knew that the Night Immortal King's true power wasn't in his Soul Conduit realm cultivation but in his endless strength and powerful physical body!

The Night Immortal King trembled when the five lotus seeds were smashed to dust. The red glow in his eyes intensified, brightening like two stars. He raised his head up and roared. Then, he raised his right hand, tightened it into a fist, and sent a powerful punch flying towards the approaching black light!

Chapter 709: You Ran Arrives!

The punch smashed into the cosmos and created an instant vortex that seemed capable of tearing everything coming its way apart. It spiraled towards the approaching black light and crashed into it. The black light released its full power, unleashed its full force, and exploded!

The resultant backlash and destruction rushed outward like angry waves, pulling the Night Immortal King under. The giant shuddered and staggered backward under the force of the backlash. He didn't slam into the moon but instead stumbled in another direction.

Amidst the series of thunderous booms, the chains on the Night Immortal King whined under the force of the black light. They creaked and swayed dangerously. The moon quaked and was jerked hundreds of feet into the distance.

The strength of the attack was so immense that it struck terror into the hearts of every cultivator present. Both Dao Palace and Federation cultivators alike stared at the sight, their hearts racing and their minds reeling.

Wang Baole's heart sank. If it were him, he would have found the attack immensely challenging to hold back. The price in exchange for that would have been serious injury and blood spilling from his lips. He immediately turned towards the Night Immortal King to inspect the latter's condition.

The result led to an odd expression on Wang Baole's face. The Night Immortal King had been driven back, to the point where he had stumbled off course. But the next moment, he had lifted his head fiercely again, with hardly a scratch on his body!

That eased the worry in Wang Baole's mind. He narrowed his eyes and stared into the distance, towards where the black light had come from. An enormous, familiar-looking battleship formed from three circular disks was rapidly shifting from its initial translucent form into something completely visible!

Atop the vast battleship stood a person. He appeared tiny next to the huge battleship. Regardless, this person was clearly the core of the battleship!

It was a sight that Wang Baole found familiar...

A strong build, with three heads and six arms, that exuded terrifying Spirit Qi. The aura he exuded was overwhelming and seemed as if it could overpower anything and everything. It surged from his person, as if attempting to assert authority and control over every living thing in the area!

He didn't look like Daoist You Ran. Instead, he looked like the Never-Ending Clan battle robes that had been soaked in spirit liquid on the battleship and that Wang Baole had destroyed!

Regardless, when Wang Baole set his eyes on the transformed battle robes, he immediately recognized that as... Daoist You Ran!

"So they've fused..." Wang Baole narrowed his eyes. There was no fear or intent to retreat in his eyes. What there was instead was a steadily rising, fierce battle lust. Red meridians materialized around his body as the Thearch Armor clanked loudly and assembled over his form. Growing and extending over his right arm was the Divine Armament and its star-bright, gleaming blade. The dark demonic eye hovering behind Wang Baole chose this moment to grow larger in size, its eye opening in a narrow slit as it stared unblinkingly at Daoist You Ran!

As its gaze locked onto Daoist You Ran, a gray light also surfaced in Daoist You Ran's eyes. Hidden deep within those eyes was an irregularly shaped shard the size of a human fingernail. Its form straddled the boundaries of illusion and reality, giving off black and white glows that merged into a gray, murky light in Daoist You Ran's eyes!

As his eyes flickered with gray light, Daoist You Ran ignored the gaze of Wang Baole's demonic eye. He stepped off his battleship and onto the starlit sky, transforming into a blur. His speed was so swift that the vast distances in space seemed like mere inches!

His murderous aura arrived before he did!

His palms pressed together in a series of hand seals, and moon and sun-like shapes materialized around him. They spread out, shone like the stars, and transformed instantly into a miniature cosmological map!

Within the map were nine suns and hundreds of moons, and countless stars lit the map. It wasn't the map of the Solar System, but of a piece of sky that didn't exist in reality. An awesome power erupted as soon as the map appeared. It was a power that seemed capable of crushing everything. Daoist You Ran's low voice boomed as the surge of energy rushed at Wang Baole, thundering!

"Hold him down!" The cosmos shuddered and rippled, and the stars in the sky seemed to have dimmed. The map that Daoist You Ran had summoned appeared to be the only source of blinding light in space as it rushed towards Wang Baole. It was as if Daoist You Ran was wielding a piece of the cosmos in his hands and using that to overpower Wang Baole!

That seemed like sheer exaggeration. In fact, the actual power of the spell might not be as incredible as what had been described. Regardless, the impression it gave and the feelings it inspired were indeed awe-inducing!

An intense danger that sharpened into a murderous intent the likes of which Wang Baole had never experienced before exploded in his head with the force of a hundred thousand thunderbolts. All alarm bells in his head went off wildly. His heart almost stopped beating under the overpowering force of the approaching attack. A bout of dizziness struck Wang Baole, and his soul began to tremble. He couldn't avoid the attack. He had no time to wonder why his demonic eye had lost its power. Eyes red, he could only pour everything he had into activating the dark demonic eye behind him!

Freeze Daoist You Ran in his tracks and disrupt his star map—that was the only way to retaliate against this attack and avoid being killed!

"I've killed you once, I can do it again!" A crazed look shone in Wang Baole's eyes. His Stellar Nascent Soul opened its eyes as well and activated its full cultivation to support Wang Baole's demonic eye. The eye shot wide open in the next moment. Blood-like strands appeared in its iris and spread throughout the white of the eye. A sudden force that contained an immense seal within it erupted and enveloped Daoist You Ran!

The shard hidden in Daoist You Ran's eyes glimmered, but before it could act, Wang Baole shouted the scripture in his head. An awesome power descended from above them. It came from the deepest regions of space and erupted all around them!

A thunderous roar erupted in every cultivator's head as the power of the scripture arrived. Meanwhile, the dark demonic eye unleashed its full power. The expression on Daoist You Ran's face finally shifted and revealed alarm, and he and his fearsome star map stumbled to a momentary halt.

Nested deep inside his eyes, the irregularly shaped shard dimmed considerably, its glow seemingly sealed and enveloped by an external force. It cloaked the shard and momentarily imprisoned its light within!

Wang Baole seized the opportunity without hesitation, leaving his avatar behind and dashing out. His armored form raised its right hand, and the light flaring from his Divine Armament was like the sun, its light blinding. The Divine Armament pointed towards Daoist You Ran and slashed!

Waves of spirit energy surged through the cosmos. The force of the slash was like a long arc of rainbow that shot through the abyss and appeared instantly before Daoist You Ran. It evaded the star map and attacked Daoist You Ran directly.

It was then that the shard inside Daoist You Ran's eyes managed to struggle free. Wang Baole's demonic eye trembled as he spat out a mouthful of blood. The shard unleashed its full power once again.

Alarm flooded Wang Baole's senses, and an intense violence surged alongside it. He didn't retreat, he held his ground and continued the forward slash!

Daoist You Ran had just managed to regain his mobility. He didn't attempt to dodge Wang Baole's attack either. Murder filled his being as he pressed his hands together in a series of hand seals, wielding his star map to intercept the attack. The star map and Wang Baole's Divine Armament collided in the next instant.

"Shatter!" Wang Baole roared. His Divine Armament fell heavily, crushing the star map and shattering the latter into pieces!

A loud thunder resonated in the cosmos as waves of spirit energy rushed outward like the waves of a tsunami. The backlash hit at cultivators from both sides of the war. Many cultivators spat blood from their mouths as they staggered away hurriedly.

Blood seeped from Wang Baole's mouth. An unbelievable force had rushed at him the moment the star map had shattered. His Thearch Armor's protection didn't save him from being injured. His armor creaked under the backlash, and cracks appeared all over it. Wang Baole was driven back, an intense flare of danger erupting in Wang Baole's head as he watched Daoist You Ran's arm reach out from behind the shattered star map.

The arm seemed to be imbued with a strange power. The shard that had rested in Daoist You Ran's eye materialized inside the palm of that arm as the arm continued stretching towards Wang Baole, intent on capturing him!

There was no doubt that should he be captured, his fate would be the destruction of his body and soul. He would be powerless to defy the inevitable. Fortunately, Wang Baole was an experienced fighter. Just as the hand of death was about to close in around him, he switched places with his avatar.

Wang Baole's true form vanished. In his place appeared his avatar, which blew itself up as soon as the fist tightened around it. The explosion thundered in the cosmos, and the force of the explosion hit the hand squarely.

Daoist You Ran grunted. Then, he transformed into a long arc of rainbow and charged through the shattered star map towards where Wang Baole's true form was—on the Night Immortal King.

He was a blur that rushed towards Wang Baole. It was clear that he intended to end this battle quickly. He wasn't going to give Wang Baole the chance to recuperate and react. However, he had underestimated Wang Baole's quick response. As soon as Wang Baole had switched places with his avatar, he had shattered another ten lotus seeds decisively. Under his control, the Night Immortal King roared and charged, lifting his right hand and sending a punch forward!

It was as if Wang Baole and Daoist You Ran had acted at the same time. They rushed at each other and soon clashed. The Night Immortal King stumbled back amidst their thunderous collision. Daoist You Ran staggered backwards as well, driven back a thousand feet before he finally managed to plant his feet

down and stop. He lifted his dark, furious face and glared at the Night Immortal King's shoulder, where Wang Baole was.

There was blood seeping from Wang Baole's lips. He, too, lifted his head and returned Daoist You Ran's stare. Their fight had only lasted a few moments, and Wang Baole was clearly at a disadvantage, but he had managed to hold his own through various tricks and means.

Chapter 710: Refining Venus!

"Wang Baole, we've activated the Anti-Spirit Bombs on Venus. They are ready for deployment anytime. Find a way to get Daoist You Ran to unleash his Death Dao Battleship's power. That should hold his full attention and prevent him from focusing on overpowering the planet's self-destruction!" As Wang Baole stared at Daoist You Ran, Li Xingwen's frantic voice traveled into his ear via the Solar System Array Formation.

Wang Baole narrowed his eyes, and his right hand lifted skyward, pointing at Daoist You Ran. The Night Immortal King's eyes went ablaze with a crimson glow. He roared and charged forward, heading straight for Daoist You Ran. The chains shackling him jerked tight, the moon barely holding him back.

An array of lights flared on the moon, and its Dharmic Artifacts became fully activated. They didn't start attacking in all directions like they had earlier but shifted and targeted a single spot instead. A hundred thousand red lights locked onto a single target, then blasted at Daoist You Ran.

A flicker of light flashed across Daoist You Ran's eyes as his hands came together in a flurry of hand seals. Two beams of light, black and white, surged from his palms, rushed forward, and merged into a gray light before him, blocking the stream of red as well as the Night Immortal King's fist.

Booms thundered across the cosmos. Wang Baole summoned an avatar, sent it out, and blew it up!

The expression on Daoist You Ran's face shifted immediately. He flew back amidst the deafening explosion. He was a single man fighting a hard battle against the combined forces of the lunar stronghold, the Night Immortal King, as well as Wang Baole's self-exploding avatars.

He seemed reluctant to bring the Death Dao Battleship into the fight. As he retreated, his six arms came together to form a series of hand seals. An enormous flower with pale-white petals and a black center materialized next to him. It grew to full bloom, then scattered its petals into the cosmos. The snow-white petals enveloped the Night Immortal King.

The Night Immortal King roared, his arms thrashing violently in the air. His armor separated from his body into multiple separate pieces that spread all around him. Wang Baole leaped and sent his Divine Armament downward in a decisive slash. The moon shuddered. The cultivators on the satellite gave everything they had in them. Even the stellar source housed inside the lunar stronghold churned fiercely. The red stream then transformed into a gigantic red hand that charged past the petals and made a grab for Daoist You Ran.

Waves of energy rippled through the cosmos again. The Night Immortal King shook, and blood seeped from Wang Baole's lips. Their combined forces destroyed the petals. They then pulled their efforts together and made another charge at Daoist You Ran.

A flash of grim determination flickered in Daoist You Ran's eyes as danger loomed over his head. He raised his right arm and pointed at the Death Dao Battleship. His hoarse, raspy voice echoed across the cosmos as he spoke!

"Seal!"

All three disks on the Never-Ending Clan Death Dao Battleship unleashed a blue light as soon as the command was issued. A sea of light appeared, cold and chilly, rushing outwards and freezing everything in its wake!

The blue sea of light flooded the battlefield within the blink of an eye. At the sight, a faint ghostly light flickered in Wang Baole's eyes. He seemed thoughtful and anxious at the same time. Without hesitation, he retreated, unleashing his full speed in order to escape. It was too late. The moon, the Night Immortal King, and Wang Baole were flooded by the sea of light instantly, then rapidly encased in ice!

The sight sent both Dao Palace and Federation cultivators reeling back in shock. It wasn't the first time they had seen the power of the Death Dao Battleship. Mercury's self-destruction had failed to achieve its purpose precisely because the Death Dao Battleship had unleashed a similar attack when the Anti-Spirit Bombs had gone off. It had frozen the entire planet and overpowered the Anti-Spirit Bombs, causing the mission to blow up Mercury to be a complete failure!

This same attack had made a second appearance, but its target hadn't been a planet this time. Instead, it had been the invincible looking lunar stronghold and the Night Immortal King... as well as Wang Baole!

Zhao Yameng's face turned pale instantly as she swayed on her feet. Kong Dao shook as battle lust and violence erupted from his person with increased intensity. As for Wang Baole's other friends, they were all filled with shock and worry.

Li Xingwen and Duan Muque clenched their jaws. They had been waiting for this moment for a long time. Li Xingwen activated the Solar System Array Formation to teleport the Federation cultivators away while Duan Muque immediately triggered Venus' self-destruct mechanism!

They weren't being reckless or bold. They worried that this was a trap planted by the enemy. However... if they missed this opportunity, the fate of Venus might end up like Mercury's. That was why... they had decided to bet on it, despite the fact that it might be a trap!

Unfortunately... they lost the bet!

Just as Venus' self-destruct mechanism was triggered and the Anti-Spirit Bombs buried deep inside the planet were about to blow up, Daoist You Ran laughed. He raised his right hand, then clenched it into a tight fist!

The blue light blasting from the Never-Ending Clan Death Dao Battleship turned black instantly. A sea of black, vaster than the sea of blue, was unleashed in the cosmos. It surged past the Dao Palace and Federation cultivators, the lines of defense, and appeared right above Venus. Then, it transformed into an enormous seal that blanketed Venus from above and fell heavily onto the planet!

Venus shuddered violently. The Anti-Spirit Bombs buried deep in the planet were overpowered by the seal's force, their explosions stopped midway!

Duan Muque shook. A crazed look colored his eyes as he and Li Xingwen formed hand seals and activated Venus' final trump card!

Deep underground on Venus, there was a prison that had been built at the beginning of the Spirit Inception Era. It held every criminal who had committed serious offenses since the start of the Spirit Inception Era, the old lady from the Galactic Dusk Sect being one of them. There were also beasts from Earth imprisoned there!

Most of them were at the Core Formation realm and hadn't posed a great danger. However, Duan Muque had given a secret order that led to Zhao Yameng's father, Zhao Pinfang, personally modifying an Anti-Spirit Bomb that was eventually planted inside these prisoners' bodies. These were Anti-Spirit Bombs with stellar source as their core. Each was as powerful as a blow from a Nascent Soul realm cultivator. An array formation had also been set up around these prisoners, with every hundred prisoners coming together to form a mini array formation. These mini array formations came together to form an enormous array formation!

This array formation... was directly linked to the planet's stellar source. The self-destruction of the prisoners would, therefore, trigger the collapse of the stellar source and the destruction of Venus!

This was the double-layered strategy that the Federation had prepared!

As the array formation was activated, every mindless criminal in the Venusian prison began to shake violently. Beams of light erupted from their bodies, forming waves of destructive energy that affected the planet's stellar source. The entire planet began to shudder, seemingly on the verge of blowing up again!

"So that's your trump card!" Daoist You Ran laughed lightly. His right hand formed a series of hand seals, then pointed. The black seal hovering above Venus released countless black flames immediately. The flames burned fiercely, swept around, and surrounded Venus like a gush of strong wind. The planet was enveloped entirely in flames. The black flames became the second seal that caused the Federation's final trump card to fail. As the flames burned, they began to refine the planet!

Venus' third line of defense collapsed instantly, with its second line of defense melting away rapidly!

Fury rushed up Duan Muque's body and emerged as blood was spat out from his mouth. His eyes were red. Bitterness flooded his heart. Li Xingwen was in the same condition. He was swaying slightly on his feet, his face pale. Meanwhile, the other Federation cultivators fell into a deathly silence!

"If I hadn't required your assistance to blow up Venus so that its stellar source could fully expose itself and be accessible for my collection, I would've refined all of you earlier," Daoist You Ran said as he smiled. His aim wasn't simply to destroy Venus, it was to make use of the Federation to stir the planet's stellar source into an active state. This wouldn't only perfect his refinement, it would also provide a great source of energy to repair the Death Dao Battleship he had fused himself with on a larger scale.

He had made it seem as if he had been forced to bring the Death Dao Battleship into the fight with Wang Baole, the lunar stronghold, and the Night Immortal King, but that had been a trap. His aim had been to lure the Federation into blowing up Venus.

“Wang Baole, I want you to watch the planet that you’ve tried so hard to protect be slowly eaten away and turn into nutrients for my battleship.” Daoist You Ran raised his face skyward and laughed out loud. His eyes fell on Wang Baole, who remained encased in ice on the Night Immortal King’s shoulder.

Wang Baole was trapped and frozen to a spot, but he was still alive. No one knew what he was thinking. However, Daoist You Ran could see the anxiety in Wang Baole’s eyes clearly.

“Now, let the feast begin!” Daoist You Ran’s spirits soared at the sight of Wang Baole’s anxiety. He laughed. With another wave of his hand, the sea of fire that surrounded Venus burned through the planet’s second line of defense. The defensive array formation shattered. The Dao Palace cultivators were all struck dumb by the power that was on display. However, in the end, greed prevailed. After realizing that the black flames posed no danger to them, they rushed excitedly through the fire and began fighting.

The self-destruct mechanisms had failed, and the planet’s lines of defenses were falling, it seemed that defeat was inevitable. Duan Muque laughed bitterly. He was about to send the orders to abandon Venus and instruct the troops to escape to Mars via the Solar System Array Formation—they would reorganize the remaining troops on Mars.

It was then that Wang Baole, encased in ice and frozen to the Night Immortal King’s shoulder, stared deeply into Daoist You Ran’s eyes. A black flame suddenly erupted from his body. It seemed similar to the one that Daoist You Ran was using to refine Venus, yet was completely different in essence. The flame passed through the ice, melting it at an astonishing rate. Wang Baole’s voice boomed across the cosmos.

“Does that mean you have no cards up your sleeve now as well?”