

Chapter 251: Battling a Foundation Establishment Realm Cultivator!

With the aid of the mosquitoes' fields of vision, Wang Baole moved through the forest like a god of death, swiftly and with his eyes seemingly everywhere. His enemies were stung by the mosquitoes without even noticing his presence!

Under Wang Baole's control, the mosquitoes swarmed the cultivators from the Five Generation Sky Clan after stinging them. The cultivators, in their immense agony, had no time to send out a signal. They were slain immediately by Wang Baole, who would charge out suddenly at them!

The gray mosquito was bizarrely powerful. After discovering how powerful it was, Wang Baole allowed it to operate on its own. From Wang Baole's observations, he found that the cultivators who were bitten by the gray mosquito would very quickly turn blue in color and collapse. It was as if they had transformed into a block of ice. Every time the mosquito burrowed its way out of their foreheads, it seemed to become more powerful than before.

With the aid of the gray mosquito, Wang Baole was like a tiger given wings. In less than an hour, he had slain all eleven cultivators from the Five Generation Sky Clan who were in the vicinity!

When his flying sword pierced through the forehead of the last Five Generation Sky Clan cultivator and killed the cultivator who had been mutilated beyond recognition by mosquito bites, Wang Baole inhaled a deep breath and wasted no time in turning away and fleeing into the distance.

With his speed pushed to his limits as well as the aid of the mosquitoes, Wang Baole was like a monkey spirit in the forest, running faster and faster. He had slight regrets in his heart though. In order to escape being killed, and to split all the pursuing enemies and prolong the distraction, he had no choice but to distribute the fragments amongst his replicas. He was only left with two fragments.

Five Generation Sky Clan, I won't let this matter rest! Wang Baole gritted his teeth. He searched for low-lying areas while running away, and gradually sensed signs of teleportations around him.

The signs were accompanied by wisps of mist. Wang Baole saw them and was overcome with glee. His experience told him that those signs pointed to a Mystic Trace Fog in the making.

Even though it's not possible to tell when the mist will form exactly, but the deeper I go, the sooner the mist should form! Wang Baole got a boost to his spirits. He decided to venture deeper. However, at that instant, through his mosquitoes' visions, he saw a silent silhouette hidden in the translucent mist. Its form melded to a certain degree with the surroundings, and it was dashing at a startling speed, without the usual sounds accompanying the breaking of the sound barrier—towards him!

Its speed was too startling and unimaginable. The silhouette was a hundred yards away that moment and the next, right in front of him!

Wang Baole had no time to think further. He raised his right palm and slammed it into the ground, triggering the Supernova. With a loud rumble, dirt and soil exploded into the air. Wang Baole used the force of the attack to leap up and away from the translucent figure approaching him!

Everything happened too quickly. The figure cut through the air and struck where Wang Baole had stood. When Wang Baole turned around and took a look, it was no longer translucent but had revealed its true form. It was a middle-aged cultivator wearing the attire of the Five Generation Sky Clan. He looked vaguely dumbstruck.

He was the one leading the team hunting him—Zhou Fei!

Alarm rose in Wang Baole's heart when he saw Zhou Fei. Waves of Spirit Qi rippled off the latter, creating an oppressive weight on his person. It was clear that Zhou Fei wasn't at the earlier stages of the Foundation Establishment realm but appeared to be at the mid-stage.

His spells were bizarre as well. If Wang Baole didn't have the help of his mosquitoes' fields of vision, he would have been killed instantly like any other person without even realizing it.

"Interesting. That must be why you became one of the Federation's hundred seedlings. If we were on earth, it'd be a challenge killing someone like you in public. But here... there's no escape for you!" Zhou Fei clearly recognized Wang Baole. He sneered, a flash of cruelty flickering across his eyes. It was as if killing a prodigy was something he thought to be a fantastic life experience.

"Don't worry, I won't kill you immediately. I'll make you beg for your death, and record the whole thing so that I can enjoy rewatching it in the future!" There was perversion in Zhou Fei's expression, causing Wang Baole's scalp to go numb. His temper exploded, and he shouted.

"Damn you! Damn your ancestors to hell!" Wang Baole hollered. He didn't escape and instead charged forward without regard for his life. He pulled out numerous Numinous Treasures and mindlessly flung them into the air. Countless treasures blanketed the skies and flew towards Zhou Fei.

"A mere True Breath realm cultivator with a bunch of third-grade Numinous Treasures. You don't even deserve to fight for your life." Zhou Fei shook his head. He raised his right hand and was about to smack them all away. It was then, after pulling out huge quantities of Numinous Treasures and charging towards Zhou Fei, at the moment that Zhou Fei let his guard down, that Wang Baole pulled out from his storage bracelet a saber!

The saber was a seventh-grade Dharmic Armament!

As soon as the saber appeared, the skies transformed. A startling energy force erupted in the heavens, forming a black tornado that surged and howled around Wang Baole and grew outwards in all directions. The silhouette of a giant crocodile appeared inside the tornado, and it let loose a thunderous roar. Wang Baole, with a fearsome expression on his face and battle lust in his eyes, gripped the saber with both hands and leaped out from the black tornado in a single bound. He raised the saber and sent it sweeping towards Zhou Fei!

As the saber descended, the crocodile in the tornado lashed out its tail. Its enormous tail seemed to merge with Wang Baole's body, augmenting his power as he approached swiftly!

"You!" Zhou Fei's eyes widened. His thoughts were swept away by tumultuous waves, and he was overwhelmed by incredulity and shock. Everything happened too fast. The appearance of the Dharmic Armament was beyond Zhou Fei's expectations. He would never have thought in his wildest dreams that Wang Baole would actually possess a Dharmic Armament!

Furthermore, Wang Baole had initially thrown at him multitudes of Numinous Treasures as a visual distraction. The sudden and unexpected attack was like an earth-shattering lightning bolt that tripped Zhou Fei up. At that critical moment, as his mind was swarmed by buzzing confusion, he let loose a sudden roar. His features contorted, and he bit the tip of his tongue and spat out a mouthful of his lifeblood.

Three forms of his past lives appeared behind him. They merged with his blood and transformed the latter into a bloody palm that raced towards the Dharmic Armament. As the palm smacked at the Dharmic Armament, Zhou Fei pulled out a purple shield. It exuded an immense aura. It might not rival a Dharmic Armament, but it seemed to be at least a sixth-grade Numinous Treasure.

Zhou Fei prepared to defend against the incoming strike with everything he had!

As Zhou Fei fought with everything he had, Wang Baole burst out from the black tornado with the saber in his hands. An immense, awesome force erupted from inside his body and rose to the skies!

The awe and terror-inspiring force seemed to come from within Wang Baole, from the world, and even, to a certain extent, from the entire galaxy and the universe!

Enlightened... The mere utterance of those words inside his heart sent the immense force roaring into the skies, forming an immense, indescribable oppressive energy that seemed to originate from the distant, faraway stars. It was as if an ancient consciousness was on the verge of awakening.

The rise of the energy force came too suddenly and too quickly. Zhou Fei, his Spirit Qi erupting and at full force, suddenly lost all capacity for thought. The expression on his face transformed even before terror could threaten to take over his mind. The cultivation resting inside his body shuddered and quaked without stop. An instinctive feeling of utter helplessness and impotence rose from his gut. He was caught by the sudden urge to run.

As his mind was shaken, his spell showed signs of dissipating. His control of the small purple shield before him, due to the mental blast, also suffered and showed signs of destabilizing.

Everything happened within the span of a moment. As Zhou Fei's mental strength wavered and his control over his spell and Numinous Treasure slipped, Wang Baole charged forward and swung his saber at the bloody palm print!

A deafening thunder resounded in the air. The bloody palm print collided with the Dharmic Armament, their clash ringing loudly in the sky. The bloody hand was sliced into two, disintegrating instantly. Wang Baole spat out a mouthful of blood, but the expression on his face remained fierce and vicious. There was a tinge of madness in his eyes as he gripped the saber tightly and swung at the purple shield.

Another loud clash pierced through the air and rose into the skies. The force of the collision swept towards, sweeping the small purple shield away instantly and smacking Zhou Fei in the chest. A mouthful of blood spilled out of his mouth as Wang Baole's Dharmic Armament appeared before him and swept past in a single slice!

A thin line of blood appeared on Zhou Fei's forehead. The saber hadn't pierced his head... he let out a sudden cry of pain, and his body flew backwards rapidly as he retreated a hundred yards into the distance.

Staring at the retreating Zhou Fei, Wang Baole sighed with regret. The backlash from his attack had been too much. He had expended all his energy, and blood seeped from his eyes, nose, ears, and mouth. His head buzzed without stopping as a sudden weakness overtook his entire body.

An icy glimmer flashed across his eyes.

This hasn't ended yet...

In an instant, from around him, the ten mosquitoes, which had hidden and been lying in wait, dashed out and flew straight towards Zhou Fei!

Chapter 252: Death to Those Who Enter!

The ten mosquitoes had been dispersed throughout the area earlier. When Zhou Fei had first appeared, Wang Baole had immediately assessed the considerable disparity in their power. It was possible to kill Zhou Fei, but the probability of that happening was too low.

He had planned accordingly. He would kill the man if possible. If not, he had to at least frighten him off!

It was due to those considerations that he hadn't sent out the mosquitoes and had decided to first use his many Numinous Treasures as a distraction before executing a surprise attack with his Dharmic Armament. He had even uttered the beginning of the scripture inwardly, as both a scare tactic and a means to temporarily augment his abilities and complete the final strike!

At the same time, he had thought of a backup plan in case he had failed, and that was... the mosquitoes!

After his experiences in the Pond Cloud Rainforest, during the Beast Tide, as well as in the Coulomb Basin, Wang Baole had become more ruthless and calculated in his attacks and strategies. In order to let the mosquitoes succeed, he gritted his teeth and retreated swiftly to distract Zhou Fei.

The instant Zhou Fei lifted his head and looked towards Wang Baole's direction the ten mosquitoes swarmed in. A howl of pain rang out from Zhou Fei's lips suddenly. His body swelled up, and agonizing pain and an indescribable itch drove him mad. His body hummed and let loose a sudden burst of Foundation Establishment realm energy that rippled outwards.

It shattered the nine mosquitoes. The gray mosquito, strangely, remained and continued racing forward. It bit Zhou Fei on his arm viciously, and a patch of blue spread across his body abruptly. Zhou Fei was immediately alarmed. He retreated hurriedly, spat out a mouthful of blood, and attempted to crush the gray mosquito that was trying its best to burrow into his body!

Wang Baole narrowed his eyes at the rapidly retreating Zhou Fei. He didn't pursue the latter. He could sense the immediate regeneration of the mosquitoes, excluding the gray one, in the scabbard inside his body. The gray mosquito didn't immediately regenerate but was clearly forming inside the scabbard. After a while, it was ready to be deployed again.

He released a sigh of relief, turned, and sped away, deeper into the forest.

The battle made him realize the rift separating him and a cultivator at the Foundation Establishment realm. Even though it wasn't his first fight with a Foundation Establishment realm cultivator, it was the

most significant one. After all, the last time he had fought against one was when he battled alongside Zhao Yameng and Zhuo Yifan against the giant tree, which was at the perfected Foundation Establishment realm.

There hadn't been such an intense and direct battle then, like what had taken place between him and Zhou Fei.

He knew that he had a chance to win the fight. However, the Dharmic Armament he had wasn't something a True Breath realm cultivator could fully wield and control. Even though he had used his wits and uttered the scripture, frightening Zhou Fei and destabilizing both his spell and Numinous Treasure, he himself had been relying on his Foundation Establishment realm physical form to wield the Dharmic Armament forcibly. His strategy had worked, but it wasn't perfect. He failed to kill Zhou Fei. The backlash on his body was also considerable.

If he employed the method more than three times, the enemy wouldn't have to dirty their hands to take him out, as he himself would collapse.

I'll have to risk great injury and almost dying to kill him... Wang Baole thought seriously and weighed his options. He retrieved a pill swiftly and swallowed it. Then, with great regret, he vanished into the depths of the forest.

In the forest, behind him, was the hastily retreating, pale-faced Zhou Fei. He realized Wang Baole hadn't continued his pursuit and started grinding his teeth. In reality, despite his grievous injuries, his earlier retreat had been a trap. He had intended to lure Wang Baole into pursuing him and use that as an opportunity to relaunch an attack on Wang Baole.

He had even rehearsed in his head how he would strike back as he retreated. However, Wang Baole hadn't followed.

The sly bastard! Zhou Fei wiped the blood from his mouth. He regulated his breathing and lifted his hand to touch the cut on his forehead. His heart pumped rapidly as he stared at the blue patch on his right arm.

It was like a terrible poison that he could only use his cultivation to suppress but not fully dispel. His arm was numb and ice cold to the touch—that terrified Zhou Fei.

To think that he, a mid-stage Foundation Establishment realm cultivator, had suffered so terribly at the hands of a perfected True Breath realm cultivator. He didn't even manage to kill the latter. He couldn't quench the raging fury in his heart. However, an unprecedented hunger soon appeared in his eyes, and his breathing grew uneven.

He actually has a Dharmic Armament! Zhou Fei grew more and more excited as he recalled the earlier battle. He knew too well the rarity and value of a Dharmic Armament. Even he only had a sixth-grade Numinous Treasure. He had hungered for a Dharmic Armament for years; however, a Dharmic Armament was too costly. He simply couldn't afford one and hence, couldn't own one.

However... a Dharmic Armament had appeared in the hands of a perfected True Breath realm cultivator. After the initial alarm and fear, the surprise and excitement that overtook him was indescribable.

It was especially so after he experienced the power of the Dharmic Armament firsthand. As he thought back to the terror that had overwhelmed him, his hunger grew. To his mind, the power of the Dharmic Armament must have been the cause of his terror.

It's at least an eighth-grade Dharmic Armament!

It's mine now! Excitement flashed in Zhou Fei's eyes. Initially, he had pursued Wang Baole because he had been given the mission of silencing the latter. However, his goal had changed. Silencing Wang Baole was simply a secondary objective. His real aim was to possess Wang Baole's Dharmic Armament after killing him.

He thought about how, with the Dharmic Armament, he could even hold his ground against a perfected Foundation Establishment realm cultivator to a certain extent, and he grew even more excited. However, the numb icy feeling on the blue patch on his right arm and the blood on his forehead made him very much aware of how difficult a foe Wang Baole was. He narrowed his eyes, lifted his right hand, and pulled out a round bead and shattered it. In an instant, thick black smoke rose into the sky.

Soon, multiple shadows sped from all four corners of the forest towards him. They were the remaining dozen or so perfected True Breath realm cultivators from the Five Generation Sky Clan.

They appeared and saw the disheveled Zhou Fei, and they were all instantly alarmed. They didn't dare question Zhou Fei though.

"Wang Baole has been injured badly. All of you are to go after him. I'll seek a reward for the one who kills him. You'll get twenty fragments and can advance to the Foundation Establishment realm immediately!" Zhou Fei spoke slowly. When the rest heard what he had said, their breathing quickened, and their faces flushed red immediately. They followed their orders and started their pursuit in the direction Zhou Fei had pointed them.

Zhou Fei followed behind. He stared at the dozen cultivators in front of him, contempt and indifference hidden deep in his gaze.

Their only purpose was to wear Wang Baole down. If they could force Wang Baole to use the Dharmic Armament again, it would be even better.

With them wearing Wang Baole down, he would be able to kill the latter more easily and get his hands on the Dharmic Armament. If the rest didn't perish in battle and found out about his possession of the Dharmic Armament, he could simply kill and silence them. Their deaths would be on Wang Baole's head. The plan was flawless.

At the thought, the greed and excitement in Zhou Fei's eyes shone more brightly. Alongside the rest, he disappeared into the depths of the forest.

Deep in the forest, Wang Baole was deeply wounded and breathing heavily. The most serious injury came from the backlash from using the Dharmic Armament. If he hadn't possessed one-hundred-percent spirit meridians and practiced the Compression Art the Little Missy had taught him, resulting in his cultivation vastly surpassing the typical perfected True Breath realm cultivation, the backlash would have been even worse.

Fortunately, his understanding of the Mystic Trace Fog greatly surpassed that of an ordinary person. In his continuous search and journey forward, the initial rare wisps of mist grew more numerous as he ventured further in the direction he had taken. It was then that he saw, in the field of vision of the mosquitoes that were scattered around him, the perfected True Breath realm cultivators from the Five Generation Sky Clan.

They just don't know when to quit! Wang Baole frowned. He ignored them and quickened his pace until he reached the center of the region where the Mystic Trace Fog would form. He studied the surrounding and whirled around suddenly. Instead of continuing to run, he raised his right hand and pulled out the seventh-grade Dharmic Armament, his saber. With a sweep of the saber, he drew a circle with a fifty-yard-wide radius on the ground.

He stood still, in the middle of the circle, Dharmic Armament in his hand, and stared into the distant forest coldly. Soon, multiple shadows dashed out and surrounded Wang Baole.

"He who enters this circle dies!" Wang Baole stared coldly at the people surrounding him. He gripped his saber, the tip of its blade pointed to the ground, the tone of his voice casual.

An intense battle aura erupted from his slightly round body suddenly. A black tornado circled around him, blanketing the rapidly gathering mist. Within the black tornado, a ferocious giant crocodile loomed.

The erupting spirit energy roared and rose to the skies. Death loomed in the air, and a cold, merciless aura surged outwards with Wang Baole's words. The assailants could feel a sudden drop in the surrounding temperature.

His words, together with his blood-stained clothes and his icy stare, seemed to be imbued with a startling power that alarmed all cultivators who heard him and shook them to their cores. It was like... a warning from the god of death!

Gradually, the cultivators around Wang Baole started breathing heavily. They were all highly strung and cautious, and they didn't immediately approach. The circle, and the person standing in the middle of it, had shocked them greatly. They weren't idiots. Someone who had fought Zhou Fei and survived could hardly be a weakling!

As a result... in the forest, be it Wang Baole in the center of his circle, or the group of cultivators surrounding it, all gradually fell quiet. A deathly silence broken only by breathing descended upon the area!

Chapter 253: The Mystic Trace Fog Appears

Wang Baole gazed at the group with calm and cold eyes. He looked unfazed as if he had cast aside all worries and anxieties and was unconcerned about his life and death.

He cared not for the cultivators from the Five Generation Sky Clan before him. Even if he didn't use the Dharmic Armament, even if he was heavily wounded, it wouldn't be that difficult for him to wipe them out in a fight to the death. His only real concern was the earlier Foundation Establishment realm cultivator!

The man had clearly gotten ahead of himself and wasn't willing to put himself out again. That was why he had made use of the True Breath realm cultivators to wear him down and test his strength. The man must have been hidden nearby, watching them intently.

From the looks of it, they don't know that the Mystic Trace Fog will appear here... Wang Baole narrowed his eyes as he confirmed his understanding. It wasn't surprising. He knew that there were few foolhardy enough to be teleporting all over the place using the Mystic Trace Fog.

In this case, the best strategy is to use a delay tactic... Wang Baole made up his mind then. The backlash from the seventh-grade Dharmic Armament was too great. He had just barely suppressed its effects and wouldn't use it a second time unless it was his final resort.

Time crept by slowly. The span of thirty breaths passed, and the oppressive aura in the air grew stronger and tenser. The cultivators from the Five Generation Sky Clan started stirring into action.

Wang Baole stood, holding the Dharmic Armament saber in his hand, exuding an aura akin to that of a warrior god. The black tornado and the crocodile that swam in and out of sight within formed an awesome backdrop and added to his fearsome aura...

However, the standoff couldn't persist indefinitely. Gradually, the breathing of the dozen people around him eased. Murderous intent flashed across their eyes. The bolder few stepped towards Wang Baole, growling.

"Everyone, let's attack together. This Wang Baole is only one guy!"

As the words rang out, three people dashed forward and stepped into the circle. Murderous intent flashed in the others' eyes as well. They charged into the circle as well, whipping out their Numinous Treasures and spells. In an instant, an explosion of colors attacked Wang Baole in the circle.

As soon as the first three people stepped into the circle, violence flickered in Wang Baole's eyes. He leaped, swift like lightning, and approached instantly. He didn't attack with the saber. Instead, he formed a fist with his left hand and, disregarding the injuries caused by the earlier backlash, used his full force to punch!

The Supernova erupted instantaneously. It formed a whirlpool that ripped everything apart, colliding directly with the three Five Generation Sky Clan cultivators. Upon collision, the three people resisted and fought back without avail. Pools of blood spilled from their lips as their bodies flew backwards. With a flick of Wang Baole's storage bracelet, three flying swords dashed out and shot through their foreheads!

With a series of heavy thuds, the three corpses fell outside the circle. Everything happened within a blink of an eye. The others, who had been about to strike, froze in alarm at Wang Baole's sudden turn of his head and the air of violence rolling off him. They retreated out of the circle swiftly, afraid to encroach further.

"He who enters this circle, dies!" Wang Baole said coolly after suppressing the blood churning inside him discreetly and slowly swallowing the blood in his mouth without drawing attention from the rest. The heavy scent of blood in the air and the aura of violence emanating from his person gave his repeated words a greater, more awesome weight than his initial utterance.

Under the oppressive, terrifying aura, the cultivators surrounding him took a few more steps back. When they looked at Wang Baole, it was with fear. They had never met someone who was also at the perfected True Breath realm but possessed such terrifying and demented fighting abilities.

Someone had noticed the saber in Wang Baole's hand but had no time to think about it further.

Wang Baole narrowed his eyes at the group's collective retreat. It was then that, within the black tornado, where no eyes could see, the Mystic Trace Fog started to gather and form soundlessly. Wang Baole sensed that a teleportation was about to occur behind him. He seemingly took a casual step back, then another. His grip on the saber tightened.

In the forest, a short distance away, Zhou Fei stared unblinkingly at the battle before him. His brow slowly creased. The weakness of the True Breath realm cultivators displeased him greatly.

A bunch of trash! Still, why is Wang Baole trapping himself here? Suspicion colored Zhou Fei's eyes. His gut told him he couldn't drag it out any longer. He snorted. Lifting his right hand, he was about to cast a spell. It was then that he felt something amiss. He turned his head abruptly and saw, a short distance from him, a wisp of mist rapidly gathering.

He froze at the sight of the mist, and the expression on his face soon changed.

"A Mystic Trace Fog! Damn it, he knew there was going to be a Mystic Trace Fog here. He's trying to escape! You useless nitwits, stop him, quick!" Zhou Fei was no longer concerned with keeping himself hidden as he hollered. Panicking, he dashed out with a sudden burst of speed, charging towards the retreating Wang Baole.

The cultivators from the Five Generation Sky Clan, upon hearing Zhou Fei's furious yelling, gritted their teeth and rushed into the circle at Wang Baole.

As soon as they stepped into the circle, however, all of them suddenly widened their eyes. They started shuddering. They had a weird expression on their faces. Soon, all of them could not control themselves as they started scratching...

They couldn't understand. They had been fine a moment earlier. However, suddenly, a sudden itch had taken them over, either in the arm, their back, or their thigh—each one of them in a different area. It was an indescribable sensation. It was an itch that was unbearable, that forced them to instinctively scratch at it.

As they were scratching, Wang Baole suddenly raised his left hand. A lightning arc shot from his fingers and flew in all directions. Lightning exploded on the cultivators as a sword formed entirely out of lightning flew out.

In an instant, two people's foreheads were pierced through. Terror surged through the remaining Five Generation Sky Clan cultivators immediately. It was then that Zhou Fei approached, howling furiously and dashing straight into the circle. He was behind the Five Generation Sky Clan cultivators and struck instantly. He landed a kick on all of them, forcing mouthfuls of blood to spill from their lips. The cultivators couldn't retreat further. Zhou Fei used them as his weapon and, with a kick, sent them flying towards Wang Baole!

He followed behind, with murder and greed in his eyes, charging straight at Wang Baole!

“Die!” He howled while forming hand seals. A cloud of black fog appeared on each of his sides, transforming into two enormous black hands and grabbing at Wang Baole.

Wang Baole watched as Zhou Fei mercilessly disregarded the lives of his own clan and used them as human weapons to stop him from leaving, and a cold glint flashed in his eyes. He raised his left hand and slammed it into the earth suddenly, causing a wave of electromagnetism to erupt. Bolts of lightning exploded from the earth suddenly, transforming the entire area into a lightning domain!

He wasn’t done yet. The lightning bolts that flew out from the ground fused together in mid-air, forming swords made out of lightning. The crossing of the swords in the air formed what appeared to be a web of lightning swords. A thundering roar rose to the skies, and the Five Generation Sky Clan cultivators that had been sent flying towards him with a kick were halted in their approach.

Wang Baole retreated abruptly. His one foot had stepped into the Mystic Trace Fog behind him. He was on the verge of being teleported away. Zhou Fei, however, could hardly let his prize slip away.

He was filled with loathing and regret. He loathed himself for being overly cautious. He shouldn’t have allowed others to try and wear Wang Baole down; he should have taken the risk of great injury and just killed Wang Baole.

He howled madly when he saw the mist concealed within the black tornado behind Wang Baole. Lifting his right hand, he smacked his forehead violently, and three of his past lives appeared instantly behind him. They disintegrated instantly, becoming a black Qi that surged into his body and formed numerous black marks on his entire body.

The mystic technique gave him a temporary burst of enhanced abilities. Zhou Fei charged forward fiercely, his speed doubling twofold. With a deafening explosion, he burst through the lightning web and appeared before Wang Baole. He raised his hand and, with a crazed and violent glint in his eyes, grabbed fiercely at Wang Baole.

Wang Baole was prepared for it. He hadn’t let his guard down despite being half submerged in the mist. As soon as Zhou Fei approached, he gritted his teeth and, risking a second backlash, swept his right hand towards the approaching Zhou Fei. With a loud yell, he released the power of the seventh-grade Dharmic Armament saber and sent it flying forward!

The tornado around them erupted instantly. The black crocodile in the tornado howled as its tail lashed out. All the spirit energy culminated in the saber in Wang Baole’s hands and clashed head-on with Zhou Fei.

A loud thundering resounded in the air. An unimaginable destructive blast exploded and surged outward in all directions, destroying all plant life within a hundred-yard radius. The injured Five Generation Sky Clan cultivators saw their vision go black. Their bodies were smashed instantly, then ripped apart in an explosion.

Zhou Fei started spitting blood. He staggered backwards, retreating more than a hundred yards before his right foot landed on the ground and stood firm. He spat out another mouthful of blood, and his hair fell loose around his shoulders. He lifted his face, which was drained of all color. Where Wang Baole had stood earlier, there was no longer any sight of him!

There was only a rapidly expanding fog that blanketed Zhou Fei as he howled in fury. The fog lingered over the patch of forest for a very long time...

Chapter 254: An Extraordinary Source of Spirit Qi!

Within the Mystic Luna Realm, on the dark side of the moon—on the outer region alongside the boundary separating the dark and visible sides of the moon—sat a mountain range.

Wang Baole was being transported to somewhere on the mountain range. As soon as he materialized, he spat out mouthfuls of blood. Unable to stand, he fell to the ground, blood seeping from his eyes, nose, mouth, and ears. His face was pale, and his appearance disheveled and horrifying.

He had appeared on a downward slope, causing his fallen body to roll to the bottom of the mountain with a loud thud and get stuck in a sunken depression. He fell unconscious before he could even summon his puppets out to stand guard.

His injuries were too serious. Not only had he suffered a backlash from using the seventh-grade Dharmic Armament twice, but he had also used the Supernova and his mystic lightning techniques while injured by the backlash. There had also been the counterforce from the Foundation Establishment realm cultivator Zhou Fei's spells. Wang Baole's organs were on the verge of being torn apart from the cumulative damage. The extent of his injuries was almost equal to what he had suffered during his encounter in the Pond Cloud Rainforest.

He was unconscious for an entire day.

Fortunately, while the area was near the visible side of the moon, it was still located on the dark side. Few cultivators ventured there. Nobody discovered him while he lay unconscious the entire day.

During the period, his nine mosquitoes carried out the commands Wang Baole issued before he passed out obediently. They lay on Wang Baole's body and hid him from view. They kept a lookout for anyone passing by as well. Regardless of who it was, they would immediately attack the approaching person and prevent him from getting closer.

A day later, Wang Baole finally, slowly opened his eyes. He hadn't yet gotten a clear picture of his surroundings and fully awakened from his confusion when agonizing pain on every part of his body made itself known and shocked him awake. Sweat started pouring from his forehead.

A long moment later, Wang Baole struggled to sit up. He panted heavily as he eyed his surroundings, then assessed his condition. He smiled wryly.

That's the price for messing around with teleportation. Wang Baole grimaced. He stared at the Dharmic Armament that he had held onto with a death grip during his unconscious state and was overwhelmed with emotions.

He knew if he hadn't possessed the Dharmic Armament, he wouldn't have been able to escape death.

Despite being heavily wounded, he did escape with his life intact. Not only did he escape, but he had also injured the Foundation Establishment realm cultivator as well and drove him raving mad. The thought of that made Wang Baole quite pleased.

Little guy, I'll kill you when I reach the Foundation Establishment realm! Wang Baole patted his stomach out of habit. Intense pain immediately shot through his entire body. He shuddered in pain, the agony residing only after some time.

With a grimace, he struggled to his feet, then eyed his surroundings. He realized he was still on the dark side of the moon. He could see a corner of the planet Earth though. He must not have been far from the visible side of the moon.

If he left in his current wounded state, he would be defenseless should he encounter any danger. After some thought, he used the seventh-grade Dharmic Armament to dig a small cave in the sunken depression. He wormed his way in, sealed the opening partially, and then summoned his puppets to stand guard at one side.

He sat down cross-legged, took his pill out, and started to heal himself.

Wang Baole had prepared a sufficient quantity of pills for the journey to the moon. However, he had suffered grievous injuries. He would need a long time to recover from his injuries if he only took ordinary pills.

In exasperation, Wang Baole pulled out from his storage bracelet the only rare pill he had with extraordinary healing properties. It was the one he had received alongside Zhao Yameng and Zhuo Yifan after they had escaped from danger in the Coulomb Basin. The Ethereal Dao College Deputy Sect Lord who had led the rescue effort had given it to them. Wang Baole's injuries hadn't been as serious, so he hadn't taken it then.

He witnessed Zhuo Yifan and Zhao Yameng, after swallowing the pill, undergo a swift recovery despite their grievous injuries. After realizing that the common pills would take too much time, he sucked in a deep breath and swallowed the rare pill.

As the pill entered his body, it transformed into scorching energy that spread throughout his entire body. Wang Baole could immediately sense his injuries healing at an astonishingly swift rate.

Be it injured muscle and flesh or broken bones, they healed right before his eyes. Even his damaged, slightly failing organs that had been a result of backlash from using the Dharmic Armament, started showing signs of recovery.

Wang Baole was beyond excited. He focused both his mind and body on absorbing the healing energy from the pill, and his injuries gradually healed. The entire recovery process took a day.

A day later, when Wang Baole opened his eyes, he was brimming with energy. There seemed to be an endless well of energy within him, and his cultivation seemed to have advanced further as well.

You mean you can train this way too? Wang Baole was overjoyed. He stood up and loosened his joints, preparing to leave and continue his search for fragments.

After the previous battle, he was left with only two fragments. He was still a long way to reaching the Foundation Establishment realm. That was why he had no time to waste. However, just as Wang Baole approached the entrance of the cave and was about to push aside the rock used to seal the opening partially, he suddenly froze. His actions became careful and measured. Even his breathing paused for a second before slowing down, his heartbeat speeding up as dismay overtook him.

How is it that my luck has become so bad after landing on the moon. I'm just sitting in a cave healing. How did I manage to bump into an Eye Ghoul...

Through the opening in the rocks, Wang Baole peered outside and saw, on the slope beside the sunken depression, a hundred and counting... Eye Ghouls!

Each one of the Eye Ghouls had a form that towered thirty meters tall. Their forms looked vaguely humanoid until one saw the countless eyes covering their bodies. The eyes possessed the power to turn one into stone. The spell activated as soon as the Eye Ghoul trapped any creature in its gaze.

The fighting prowess of each Eye Ghoul rivaled that of a perfected True Breath realm cultivator. If it were a true fight to the death though, the Eye Ghoul would turn out the stronger one.

There were more than a hundred Eye Ghouls on the slope outside the mountain cave. The thought of being discovered by them, after he had just recovered, and having to endure more injuries made Wang Baole's head throb.

What bad luck. Wang Baole sighed inwardly. He dared not move an inch. He intended to wait for the Eye Ghouls to leave before going out.

He waited for a long while, but the Eye Ghouls stood, unmoving, on the slope. Wang Baole peeped through the opening from where he was and saw, in the distant sky, a person flying towards them!

Wang Baole's scalp prickled with numbness. He instinctively thought it to be a Core Formation realm cultivator. However, as the figure approached, he caught a closer look and immediately realized it was not a Core Formation realm cultivator but... a Moon Spirit!

The Moon Spirit was like the poltergeist spirits people spoke of. It had an illusory form and was deadly. It rivaled a Foundation Establishment realm cultivator, and the stronger ones were the equal of a perfected Foundation Establishment realm cultivator. A True Breath realm cultivator had no chance of survival in an encounter with a Moon Spirit.

During the journey to the moon, the Sect Lord of the Ethereal Dao College had told them, should they come across a Moon Spirit... they shouldn't hesitate to shatter the Lifesaving Jade Slip immediately.

The jade slip is useless now. What's the point of breaking it? Wang Baole held his breath. He felt for his storage bracelet. The seventh-grade Dharmic Armament lying inside was the only thing he placed his hope and faith on.

He got a closer look and saw the Moon Spirit drifting in from the sky. It had the appearance of a young lady. As it approached, the surrounding temperature plunged drastically. Its illusory hair started floating in the air as it descended, and its face was a blur, indiscernible.

It didn't land on the ground but hovered in the air above the swarm of Eye Ghouls. They stared at each other quietly.

Wang Baole was slightly taken aback by the scene before him. It was as if the two sides were communicating with each other. He continued watching curiously. It didn't take long. The Moon Spirit turned, rising to the heavens, and drifted into the distance. One after another, the Eye Ghouls lowered their heads and, soundlessly, started marching towards the direction the Moon Spirit had headed.

Wang Baole watched as they finally left before letting loose a sigh of relief. He waited a while longer, ensured there was no further danger, then carefully left the mountain cave. He stared at where the Moon Spirit and Eye Ghouls were headed. It led to the deeper regions of the dark side of the moon. He turned towards the opposite direction and started running.

I have to leave the dark side of the moon as soon as possible. It's too dangerous here. His journey to the dark side of the moon had had him gripped in terror. As he raced off, he started activating his devouring seed, intending to use it to find more fragments for his Foundation Establishment core.

As soon as the devouring seed started churning, Wang Baole froze in his tracks. Incredulity and disbelief appeared on his face. He whirled around suddenly and stared in the direction where the Eye Ghouls and Moon Spirit had headed.

His devouring seed had clearly felt, in the same direction... a hundred miles away, a sudden Spirit Qi, immensely strong and powerful beyond description, pulsing explosively!

The intensity of the Spirit Qi was beyond anything Wang Baole had come across. It was more than ten times stronger than the Spirit Qi he had experienced in his encounter with Jin Duoming!

Wang Baole wavered between surprise and suspicion. His breathing quickened.

There's something... there?

Chapter 255: There's Someone Outside!

A myriad of emotions flashed across Wang Baole's face when he sensed the startling Spirit Qi. He stared at the direction the Spirit Qi originated from. He had a vague idea forming in his head. It brought him excitement, as well as great uncertainty.

It was clear that the Eye Ghouls and Moon Spirits were headed towards the source of the Spirit Qi. Wang Baole guessed that the monsters in the Mystic Luna Realm were drawn inexplicably towards the Spirit Qi. The Spirit Qi must have appeared quite recently. Else, the area would have been overcrowded with luna monsters.

Let's give it a shot! Wang Baole's eyes flashed. He gritted his teeth. He was reluctant to abandon the area and just leave. He wasn't a coward. After making up his mind, Wang Baole abruptly dashed out and, without hesitation, headed towards the source of the Spirit Qi.

Even though he had made up his mind, Wang Baole still remained cautious and didn't venture too near the Eye Ghouls. He steadily and calmly followed them. He knew that the intense waves of Spirit Qi would likely draw other cultivators near. However, he told himself not to be hasty.

If he panicked and did something extreme, there was a chance of him letting the opportunity of acquiring something rare slip through his fingers. He might even lose his life. It was a genuine possibility.

What I'm doing is keeping a cool head during a crisis! Wang Baole grew calmer at that thought. With that thought in mind, Wang Baole maintained his speed, with a focus on caution. He steadily trailed the Eye Ghouls and ventured closer to the deeper regions of the dark side of the moon.

He entered the forest. Wang Baole's breathing quickened as he felt the devouring seed inside him churn with an increasingly intense and startling Spirit Qi. He lowered into a crouch as he ventured deeper into the forest. Wang Baole tried his best to suppress his Spirit Qi.

As Wang Baole followed the Eye Ghouls and continued his approach, he soon reached the deepest part of the forest, where the astonishing Spirit Qi originated. He saw immediately before him—a giant fissure in the ground!

The fissure had clearly appeared recently. Around it, the trees were either uprooted or ripped apart. It was as if a sudden immense force had erupted from what had been flat ground, making the earth swell and rip apart, forming the fissure.

It was more than ten feet wide and thousands of feet long. Tremendous Spirit Qi surged out from the fissure continuously, spreading outward in all directions.

The Eye Ghouls, led by the Moon Spirits, approached the fissure. Without hesitation, they leaped straight in and vanished. Wang Baole spotted other luna monsters from the Mystic Luna Realm being led by other Moon Spirits approaching as well and jumping straight in.

It was as if the Moon Spirits were hunting food for the fissure. They kept spreading out, locating monsters and leading them there.

Wang Baole's heart rate sped up upon the sight. He didn't know what lay within the fissure, but what he could sense from the devouring seed told him that the tremendous source of Spirit Qi was coming from within.

After a long moment's silence, another swarm of monsters approached from afar and entered the fissure, disappearing from sight. The Moon Spirits left in search for more monsters in the Mystic Luna Realm. As the area quieted down, Wang Baole dashed out without hesitation, stepped into the fissure and vanished.

"I knew it. Fat people are all greedy at heart, and stupid too!" As soon as Wang Baole entered the fissure, a young woman in white at the other end of the fissure spoke. She had cast some sort of spell that made her blend perfectly into the surroundings.

It was impossible to see her standing there with the human eye. Even relying on one's cultivation, it would still be difficult to sense anything amiss. The young woman in white was extremely beautiful. Her appearance was alluring. Her eyes, though, held cruelty and an absence of mercy. Her lips curved into a disdainful smirk.

Her name was Chen Hui. She hailed from the Galactic Dusk Sect. Amongst the many disciples in the sect, her ruthlessness surpassed even that of the youth with the black-bandaged hand. She was said to be the top disciple from the Galactic Dusk Sect who had entered the Mystic Luna Realm that year!

She had clearly arrived earlier than Wang Baole but, having sensed danger, hadn't immediately entered the fissure. She continued to observe the surroundings while waiting for the Spirit Qi to draw others to it, with the intention of letting others open the way for her.

I'd planned to wait for half an hour. If no one came, I'd go ahead myself. Who would've thought, there came an idiot.

If that's the case, let him open the way. He'll be the unlucky one if there's any danger. I'll just reap the rewards of his efforts! Chen Hui laughed lightly. Her eyes fell on the fissure in the ground ahead of her. She waited for a period of another dozen breaths or so before dashing into the fissure.

She soon reached the inside of the fissure. It was not completely pitch-black inside. A faint red glow came from the lower depths, allowing the cultivator some degree of visibility. Light flickered in Chen Hui's eyes after she entered, and she raced deeper into the fissure. She could see the indistinct, rotund figure of the other cultivator in the distance moving forward cautiously.

That gave her extreme pleasure. She had the feeling that she was an oriole, perched behind the unaware mantis that was stalking the cicada. She kept her distance and followed her mantis.

However, as Chen Hui continued her pursuit of the rotund figure, in the not so far away distance, at the edge of the fissure, the soil loosened. Wang Baole dug his way out, blinked, and stared in the direction the young woman left. He laughed, surprised.

There was indeed someone outside.

When Wang Baole had entered the fissure earlier, he hadn't rushed off immediately. Even though he had observed his surroundings and concluded there was no one around before entering the fissure, out of caution, he had pulled out a puppet replica of himself and let the replica dash ahead while he swiftly dug a hole and burrowed inside.

Since he was unsure if there was indeed anyone else lying in wait, the best course of action, in his mind, was to rig some bait and try to lure them out. If there was indeed someone else outside, after seeing him enter, they would definitely rush out and follow closely behind. They might even have the intention of letting him foolishly scout ahead first for their benefit.

If there was indeed no one, he would dig himself out after waiting for a while and venture in.

Seeing how he had successfully lured someone out, and that someone was not only a young woman but an extremely beguiling young woman whom he was unfamiliar with, Wang Baole sniggered. Slowly and carefully, he started following her.

As the two of them ventured deeper into the fissure, one behind the other, both thinking themselves the oriole, outside the fissure, beyond the forest—in a place ten miles away—seven to eight tall and muscular cultivators, their eyes shining with a brilliant strange light, were racing towards the fissure.

One of them was holding a compass which rapidly pulsated with a bright red light. The light sat directly on the fissure, which Wang Baole and Chen Hui had just entered.

"The Seeking Compass that Elder Lee crafted personally is amazing indeed. It can seek out all sources of Spirit Qi within a thirty-mile radius. As long as we, the Plume Manifestation Connate Sect, have this compass, our sect will have the most number of people to reach the Foundation Establishment realm this year in the Mystic Luna Realm!"

"Even if something unexpected is to happen, as long as we attain the Foundation Establishment realm, we'll have the power to defend ourselves!" The seven to eight Plume Manifestation Connate Sect disciples spoke in hushed, excited voices, finalizing their plan of action as they sped up.

“Everyone, be ready. If the rare treasure falls not into the hands of someone from our sect but into the hands of someone from another political force... we’ll make sure to exterminate him, regardless of who he is! We must not let anyone else have it!”

The group of Plume Manifestation Connate Sect disciples raced ahead with murderous intent. In a separate direction, the youth from the Galactic Dusk Sect who had been robbed earlier by Wang Baole had clearly not sensed the Spirit Qi coming from the fissure, but he had unconsciously made his way to its vicinity in his search. He was dashing ahead dispassionately, searching for fragments to build his Foundation Establishment core.

Even further in the distance were the cultivators from the Senate faction, from the Five Generation Sky Clan, and even the four Dao Colleges. There were many who were traveling alone and many others who had formed groups of three to five cultivators.

As time passed, the visible side of the moon had been fully searched. The cultivators from the various political forces soon turned their sights to the dark side of the moon. The boundary between the dark and visible sides of the moon quickly saw the gathering of numerous cultivators.

Fortunately, even though the Spirit Qi from within the fissure was immense, unless one possessed something like Wang Baole’s devouring seed, one would have to reach a certain distance before they could sense the Spirit Qi. If they were slightly further away, they wouldn’t be able to locate it without great difficulty.

As the crowd gathered and hurried about in the regions nearby, Wang Baole followed secretly behind Chen Hui and gradually reached the lower depths of the fissure...

Chapter 256: A Small Tripod Cauldron!

As they ventured further inside the fissure, the faint red glow grew deeper in intensity and shade, its color almost like blood. Earth lined the two walls of the only path, and before them was an endless crimson glow.

Be it the Eye Ghouls or the other mutated beasts, they all leaped into the red light after entering and vanished. Wang Baole and Chen Hui, as well as Wang Baole’s puppet, didn’t do the same, of course. They backed up against the wall and approached cautiously.

There was a slight distance between each one of them. Both Chen Hui and Wang Baole had their guard up while they surveyed their surroundings cautiously. They were also trying their best to keep themselves hidden and prevent their own discovery.

As for the presence of Spirit Qi formed from the cumulative fragments on her person, if the quantity had been too great, Wang Baole’s devouring seed, despite being able to suppress the Spirit Qi to a certain extent, would not have been able to completely wipe out the presence of Spirit Qi. His discovery would have been inevitable. That was what had happened at the Five Generation Sky Clan’s secret location. However, he had only a few fragments on him now and, as a result, was able to conceal his presence temporarily.

Chen Hui seemed to have some means of doing the same, as Wang Baole couldn't feel the presence of Spirit Qi on her.

As they continued their descent, the occasional beasts continued to jump in from above, flying past them and into the red light below.

It was as if the beasts had lost control of their minds. Wang Baole observed them closely and realized that they had a lost, dazed look in their eyes. It was as if they were under someone or something's control and being led straight into the crimson glow.

Alarm grew in Wang Baole's heart. If not for the incredibly strong Spirit Qi the devouring seed was sensing from the red glow, making it impossible for Wang Baole to give it up, he would have turned tail and left by now.

The bizarre red glow gave Wang Baole a feeling that behind it lay a huge secret, and an unimaginable horror.

I have a feeling that I'm doing something extremely stupid and reckless... Wang Baole sighed inwardly. He eyed his puppet ahead as it approached the edge of the red glow. He shook himself alert and started to exert control over the puppet, observing it. It was at that moment that, suddenly, the look on Wang Baole's face shifted.

His puppet... with no rhyme or reason, after approaching the crimson glow, suddenly shuddered. It whirled around abruptly and stared at where Chen Hui stood. Its gaze seemed to sweep past her, towards him.

Then, the edge of its mouth lifted into a smile. It was a bizarre smile that had a hint of icy cold to it. With a sudden leap, it loosened its grip on the wall and jumped straight into the dense, ocean-like, nebulous depths of the red light!

Chen Hui's expression changed to that of alarm at the sight. She realized she had been discovered. The thought of the figure before her not being that of an actual person didn't occur to her. Even if that thought had crossed her mind earlier, his turning his head, the strange expression on his face and the flicker of light in his eyes had convinced her of his being a real human. Even Wang Baole had been taken aback. A myriad of emotions surged in his heart.

What's going on? Wang Baole felt his scalp prickle. An indescribable feeling took over him. His heart started beating rapidly. His muscles twitched. He hadn't made the puppet turn its head, and he hadn't engineered that expression on its face. Despite his skill in the creation of puppets vastly surpassed many others, regardless how lifelike his creations looked, they couldn't have achieved the effect the puppet had made one feel when it had turned its head.

In that instant, he felt... as if the puppet had come to life!

If that were what had truly happened... with the puppet being fashioned in the exact appearance of Wang Baole, it would be like coming face to face with his doppelganger. Wang Baole's head couldn't stop buzzing. He was overcome by inexplicable bafflement.

Wang Baole's wariness of the glowing red sea below him intensified. Just as he was deliberating whether he should leave immediately, he noticed Chen Hui forming hand seals. She was casting some sort of spell. Suddenly, a violent wind appeared where she was.

As if finding it lacking, Chen Hui lifted her right hand and whipped out a wooden figurine. It was purple in color. From the far distance where Wang Baole stood, he could only see that the figurine seemed to have its arms folded across its chest and couldn't discern any other features. The sensation that the figurine gave Wang Baole, though, was that of alarm and awe. It seemed to exude a power that was only a tier below his Dharmic Armament.

After whipping out the figurine, Chen Hui quickly flung it towards the red glowing light. It fell into the red glow. The violent winds seemed to be instantly drawn towards the light and sped after the falling figurine. They seemed to draw strength from the figurine, growing larger and larger, transforming into a tornado that whirled around the figurine. As the tornado sunk into the red glow, it suddenly exploded!

Air surged outwards in waves following the explosion. Wang Baole clung fiercely onto the walls, and he was nearly swept away by the rush of the violent wind. As alarm rose in his heart, he saw, following the combustion of the figurine and tornado, the glowing red light-sea growing fainter. It was like a dispelling. The light grew increasingly translucent and, very quickly, turned clear!

As soon as the light was completely dispelled, Wang Baole saw the secret that was hidden within the depths of the fissure!

Deep inside the fissure, was a tree branch!

The tree branch was of considerable size and buried deep underground. The small part of it exposed to sight was three hundred meters long. It was yellowed, with hints of black, the colors entwined with each other like markings on a snake. Many parts of the tree were completely shriveled and appeared dead. It exuded an ancient spirit energy as if it had been around for a very, very long time. Too long, in fact.

The tree branch was clearly a small part of the larger whole. A greater part of its full form was buried deep underground. Its depth and width were unknown. If a fissure hadn't appeared there, Wang Baole wouldn't have known that such an enormous tree existed underground on the moon!

His first instincts were that it must be the mythical... Osmanthus Tree on the moon!

That was, however, something from the ancient myths. Even Wang Baole found it hard to believe. He couldn't even begin to imagine the actual size of the tree. Only a small part of it was exposed, after all, and that was already such a stirring sight.

Be it his encounter in the Coulomb Basin or with Huang Shan, the trees that had been revealed couldn't begin to compare with the tree in front of him. It was like the chasm separating a human and an ant.

Wang Baole saw, on the branch of the large tree, a scar that probably seemed tiny to the giant tree but to Wang Baole's eyes, was huge wound hundreds of feet long!

It didn't seem to be caused by an external force but the result of a shriveling and fracturing from the inside. There were no tree fluids to be seen. However... everything that entered, be it Eye Ghoul or bat beast or even Wang Baole's puppet, seemed to be swallowed up by the giant tree of their own accord—willingly becoming part of the tree!

Above the torn wound, on the tree's bark, was a small tripod cauldron embedded in the bark. As soon as Wang Baole saw the small tripod cauldron, there was a loud explosion in his head. Emotions rushed through him in a torrent. The small tripod cauldron was the source of the startling Spirit Qi. As soon as Wang Baole saw it, he felt a rush of instinctive longing!

The object was something that could be used to form one's Foundation Establishment core!

It was, as the materials from the college had stated, a fully intact artifact that only the ones blessed with the utmost luck could get their hands on!

He had had his guesses, which was why he had risked such danger to go there. But when his eyes fell on the tripod cauldron, and his guesses were verified, he was still visibly excited. His emotions stirred, and a flash of want appeared in his eyes!

Equally stirred was Chen Hui. Her breathing quickened. She calmed herself down quickly and formed hand seals, pointing at the figurine that was currently fueling the tornado. The tornado slowly changed its course and tried to nudge the small tripod cauldron, drawing it into its center.

Wang Baole stared unblinkingly ahead and waited patiently for his chance to strike.

Under Chen Hui's tremendous efforts, the small tripod cauldron slowly, steadily trembled and was loosened. Before long, under the watchful, nervous eyes of Wang Baole and Chen Hui, the small tripod cauldron shook and was swept away by the tornado!

Chen Hui was overjoyed. She immediately wielded the figurine to bring the small tripod cauldron to her. Wang Baole's eyes brightened suddenly. He was about to strike when at that moment... suddenly, within the crack on the giant tree, a red light erupted. It was like a sea of glowing red, spreading outward and about to flood everything anew.

The figurine collided with the red light and trembled with instability. It seemed on the verge of being drowned out by the light. Seeing her efforts nearly coming to a waste, Chen Hui panicked and formed hand seals rapidly, pointing suddenly.

"Explode!"

Chapter 257: A Battle for the Tripod Cauldron!

In an instant, the figurine shuddered violently and, before being drowned by the red sea, erupted and exploded. It strengthened the power of the surrounding winds multiple folds and was on the verge of drawing the small tripod cauldron away.

It didn't succeed, however. The crimson sea seemed to possess a strange power that dispelled all spells. Despite the figurine's self-combustion spurring stronger winds, it seemed to have made little difference.

Chen Hui could only watch on, unwillingly and helplessly, as the tornado was dispelled, and the small tripod cauldron hovering in mid-air was drawn back and under the red sea.

She knew she had no chance of snatching away the small tripod cauldron that could be used for one's Foundation Establishment core. A stranger may not know what the red sea was, but she had vaguely

read about it in their sect library. She knew how terrifying it truly was. She bit her lip and decided to give up and leave.

It was when she had abandoned all hope, and the small tripod cauldron was about to be swept under the crimson sea, that Wang Baole finally struck. A strange bright light shone in his eyes. The devouring seed inside him erupted with an unprecedented force and intensity, forming an extraordinary suction force that he focused in his hands. He held them towards the small tripod cauldron bobbing in the sea of red light and, across an expanse of emptiness separating them, grabbed at it!

Come to daddy!

In the sea of red light, the small tripod cauldron instantly shuddered. It was as if an enormous pair of invisible hands had suddenly grabbed at it. Chen Hui watched, stunned, as the small tripod cauldron flew out and raced straight towards Wang Baole. Wang Baole snatched it out of the air with a gleeful look. As he used the devouring seed to suppress the Spirit Qi, he dashed upwards towards the fissure's entrance!

Chen Hui's eyes widened as she stared at Wang Baole's figure, identical to the earlier puppet. White noise erupted in her head. She came to a sudden realization and let loose a terrifying scream. She dashed out immediately and pursued Wang Baole.

A murderous aura erupted from her person as she chased relentlessly after Wang Baole. Her eyes shone brightly with violence and madness. Arrogant and prideful, she never would have thought in her wildest dreams that the fatty would trick her!

He had clearly set up a trap and hidden after summoning his replica. She had stalked a replica for so long, like a fool, even wasting a precious figurine. The damn asshole must have been so pleased with himself, following behind her, stealing the small tripod cauldron from her at the most critical moment!

The insult to her intellect and the loss of a precious opportunity was something Chen Hui, hailing from the Galactic Dusk Sect, could not swallow. Murderous intent gathered around her. At that instant, a sea of blood seemed to rise behind her.

Such a strong killing intent! Wang Baole was shocked. Before dashing out from the fissure, he sent a Supernova punch below him.

The fissure quaked amidst the deafening explosion, and a whirlpool erupted into being. The force of the Supernova surged towards Chen Hui, and a cold glint flashed across Wang Baole's eyes. His past near-death experiences had taught him that Chen Hui was intent on killing him. He wouldn't bother to be gentlemanly with her then. After striking with the Supernova, he pulled out a handful of self-exploding beads and threw them out!

A loud rumbling traveled through the air. The earth trembled and parts of the opening started collapsing. Upon seeing Chen Hui on the verge of being buried in, Wang Baole dashed out from the opening without hesitation and sped off into the distance at full speed!

He wasted no time lingering. After snatching the small tripod cauldron, the latter's Spirit Qi, upon coming into contact with his own, had erupted anew. Its reemergence was an earth-shattering force that rose to the sky.

The devouring seed tried suppressing the Spirit Qi, but the results were dismal. He was like a gigantic fiery hurricane in a pitch-black night, clearly visible regardless of how far away one was. It was more startling, more glaring, and more intense than it had been in the fissure!

The intense Spirit Qi was like strong waves surging and hitting against Wang Baole's spirit. An instinctive, overwhelming longing overcame him. He longed to meld with the cauldron and attain the Foundation Establishment realm!

At such a time, lingering even for a moment was dangerous. If the young woman caught up with him and Wang Baole was caught in a fight, any delay, even if Wang Baole was forced to use his Dharmic Armament and kill her, would be a waste of precious time. If Wang Baole was to be wounded, he didn't know if he would be able to guard against the small tripod cauldron being snatched by others before reaching the Foundation Establishment realm.

He knew clearly that the moment he snatched over the small tripod cauldron, he had become a brightly burning torch that would drive any powerful person in the Mystic Luna Realm mad with hunger for it!

In the past, every time the Mystic Luna Realm was open, before the current strange happenings, death was common during contests amongst the political forces. It was worse now, with the realm sealed and them separated from the outside world, and with a fully intact artifact in his possession.

The temptation and appeal were too great for everyone. He could imagine the blood that would be shed, the danger that loomed at every corner!

He had no choice. Unless he decided to cast the small tripod cauldron aside, the other path left to him was to attain the Foundation Establishment realm as soon as possible. Only by achieving the Foundation Establishment realm did he have a chance to turn the tide against them.

Wang Baole's greater worry was the Foundation Establishment realm and Core Formation realm cultivators from the Five Generation Sky Clan. He knew he had no time to waste. That was why he had immediately raced away after exiting the crevice.

He sped away into the distance, swift like a sudden bolt of lightning.

It was as Wang Baole had predicted. In the forest miles away, the seven to eight Plume Manifestation Connate Sect disciples had been racing when the one ahead carrying the compass froze at the exact moment Wang Baole grabbed hold of the small tripod cauldron.

"The Spirit Qi source is moving. Damn it, someone's gotten to it first! My god, this source... how can it be so strong? It's more than ten times stronger than before!

"This isn't just a fragment. It's a... fully intact artifact!"

As soon as the words were spoken, everyone's eyes popped. Their breathing quickened, and a murderous intent flickered across their eyes. They didn't hesitate, charging at full speed towards the location pointed out by the pulsing light on the compass that was ten times brighter than it had been before.

At the same time, a distance away from the fissure, the black-robed youth from the Galactic Dusk Sect was approaching with a dark, solemn face. The expression on his face transformed suddenly. He twisted his head towards where Wang Baole was at, incredulity and a mad joy on his face.

This Spirit Qi source... could it be a fully intact artifact? I don't care who has it. It's mine! An air of viciousness erupted from his person. He swiftly unraveled the black bandages on his right hand. Wisps of black gases spread out rapidly. His speed increased multiple folds as he dashed towards the source!

There was no end to it. At that moment, the cultivators from the various political forces were gathered at the boundaries separating the visible and dark sides of the moon. The visible side of the moon had been searched clean. Everyone had their sights on the dark side of the moon.

As a consequence, even though the fissure was located at only one of those intersections, the cultivators gathered there still numbered in the hundreds. Amidst the chaos, killings and fights over fragments took place from time to time. They were all painfully aware that some of them might have already attained the Foundation Establishment realm.

However, the Mystic Luna Realm was too vast. With the failing of the voice transmission jade slip, there was no way of truly knowing.

At that moment, with the Spirit Qi source on Wang Baole erupting like a fiery tornado and roaring to the heavens, every cultivator within a two thousand mile radius, to varying degrees, sensed it. With great eagerness and excitement, they raced from all directions towards the source of the tremendous Spirit Qi!

As for the region where the fissure stood and where Wang Baole had snatched away the small tripod cauldron, a loud explosion rang from underground after his departure. Earth was flung into the air, and a disheveled Chen Hui, her hair loosened and in a mess, shot out from underground. She spat out a mouthful of blood as soon as she emerged above ground. Her face was pale, and blood lined the veins in her crazed eyes. She let out a shrill shriek.

I'm going to kill you! She whirled around and glared in the direction where the obvious and glaring source of Spirit Qi lay. She raced towards it with murder in her eyes.

If someone were to stand perched atop an elevated spot and look below, he would be able to see, within the two thousand mile radius that included the intersection between the visible and dark sides of the moon, hundreds of cultivators approaching swiftly from all directions.

The location they were approaching was where Wang Baole stood!

Chapter 258: So What If You're a Dharmic Armament Cultivator?

Wang Baole was fully aware of the consequences of acquiring the small tripod cauldron. He knew what lay ahead of him. He also knew the dangers that loomed at every corner after the Mystic Luna Realm had been sealed.

He still decided to use the item to build his Foundation Establishment core!

I've learned from the high officials' autobiographies not only the ways to handle human relationships but also lessons about life. There was something from the autobiographies that said, few things in life are guaranteed. Oftentimes, you can make a gamble for it if there's a sixty percent chance of success. With a seventy to eighty percent chance, you should bet heavily on its success!

Even though the element of gambling is strong in the statement, how could I live with myself if I don't try and fight for this? Wang Baole's eyes shone with a brilliant light. He was rarely so serious. There was none of his usual mirth. In its place was a streak of vicious and crazed determination.

He was calm, instead of impulsive, and his mind raced through his various options. He knew that leaving for the visible side of the moon was out of the question. What he was worried about the most wasn't encountering strangers but people he knew and was familiar with.

Have faith in the goodness in others, but do not bet on it. That was a line from the high officials' autobiographies that Wang Baole had given a great deal of thought to. In conclusion, human nature was not up to the challenge.

Many times, a person's transformation was not due to himself but a result of an opportunity that others had given him, one which he might come to regret his entire life.

As a result, the more familiar a person is, the closer a friend, the more intimate a family member, the more one should avoid presenting such an opportunity to the person. That was something Wang Baole was deeply aware of. Now, he was that opportunity in other people's eyes.

"I'm left with the dark side of the moon then. There are fewer familiar faces, and fewer enemies too..."

"I can't give up on finding the Mystic Trace Fog either. Even at the risk of being teleported to other regions. It'll be the last resort, using the Mystic Trace Fog to escape.

"Everything's just a means to an end. The most important thing now is to find somewhere to build my Foundation Establishment core quickly!"

"Before that happens, if anyone dares to harm me out of greed, I may have to... fight my way out!" Wang Baole mused silently, and a cold glint flickered in his eyes. He hurriedly raced deeper into the forest on the dark side of the moon.

Wang Baole knew that his strengths lay in his resilient physical body and a cultivation that surpassed that of a typical perfected True Breath realm cultivator. He also had an abundance of Numinous Treasures as well as a Dharmic Armament. Another clear advantage he had was his experience in navigating the forest on the dark side of the moon!

Not everyone possessed his experience and knowledge. He had the experience of hunting and being hunted in the forest on the dark side of the moon. He fell back on such knowledge, and as he ventured further into the forest and the plant life thickened around him, Wang Baole's sense of security grew. The gray mosquito regenerated anew then and, together with the other mosquitoes, spread out in the forest. Wang Baole could see everything within a hundred yards clearly.

As a result, while the rest were slowing down slightly, unaccustomed to the unfamiliar dangers in the forest, Wang Baole's speed increased instead.

I need three days to reach the Foundation Establishment realm... Wang Baole did some calculations as he ran. He also tried repeatedly to suppress the cauldron's Spirit Qi with his devouring seed. Though the results were not astounding, it was still of help.

Six hours had passed since he had gotten the small tripod cauldron. He hadn't yet come across any other cultivators. However, just as Wang Baole had gotten a handle on the time that had passed, suddenly, his pupils contracted. His right hand raised and sent an arc of lightning dashing behind him, to the right, in the forest.

With his current cultivation, the Flash Arc no longer summoned a mere bolt of lightning. The attack was infused with electromagnetic force. It expanded into a vast lightning web in mid-air that flew past the trees, towards a young woman who suddenly dashed out like an arrow shot from a bow from behind him!

The young woman had a towering, muscular form and held a large sword in her hand. She was not Chen Hui, nor was she someone from the Galactic Dusk Sect. She was a cultivator from the Plume Manifestation Connate Sect who had raced ahead of the rest. They had been more prepared than Wang Baole had expected, attempting to stage an ambush after approaching Wang Baole, only to be discovered by the mosquitoes.

In the face of the sudden lightning web, the young woman roared and slashed violently at the vast net. A tremendous force erupted from her. The web was sliced into two halves instantly, transforming into countless lightning arcs that scattered throughout the area.

"Hand over the source of Spirit Qi on you, and we'll leave your corpse intact!" The young woman lifted her head and stared at Wang Baole. As she laughed viciously, seven to eight silhouettes dashed forward from behind her. They were young men and women, and all of them had towering, muscular builds. The battle lust stemming from them was alarming. They were clearly fearsome warriors who were physically powerful.

"Get lost now, and I won't have to kill you," Wang Baole said coolly.

"What a joke!" The young woman burst out into furious laughter. She leaped and was about to charge forward. The people standing behind her sneered and leaped into the air as well. As soon as their feet left the ground, Wang Baole's right hand raised and formed a hand seal. The lightning bolts forming the lightning web, which had been sliced apart earlier by the young woman, flew suddenly into the air and transformed into swords made out of lightning. They wove their way through the crowd.

They dashed about swiftly, with alarming speed. The disciples from the Plume Manifestation Connate Sect all had coarse, thick skin and hard muscles. They disregarded the swords, racing through the crisscrossing flying lightning swords with greed in their eyes and ugly grins on their faces, straight for Wang Baole.

They could disregard the lightning, but they couldn't escape the mosquitoes. Wang Baole's ten mosquitoes charged forward swiftly, biting each person they came upon. In an instant, the looks on the seven to eight disciples from the Plume Manifestation Connate Sect changed drastically. They gasped in shock.

"What's going on!"

“Something bit me!”

As alarm colored their expressions, Wang Baole dispensed with useless speeches and took a step forward. With a sudden burst of speed, he arrived before a male disciple from the Plume Manifestation Connate Sect. An icy glint flashed across his eyes as he threw his fist out. The disciple, a hideous grimace on his face as he tried to withstand a terrible itch, threw his fist forward in a roar as well.

Wang Baole didn't dodge the attack. Instead, he put more force behind his. An explosive sound rang into the air the moment the two of them collided. The disciple from the Plume Manifestation Connate Sect let out an agonizing cry. His right arm, which had collided with Wang Baole's, was crushed from the fist. The damage traveled up his entire arm, extending to half of his body, his flesh smashed bloody before he finally exploded!

He hadn't even the time for a single thought before he died from the immense injury.

The sight was a sudden shock to the rest. Alarm and terror rose within them, and they fell back instinctively. When they looked at Wang Baole, it was with eyes of horror and incredulity. Only the muscular young woman who had slashed through the lightning web narrowed her eyes then. She didn't retreat. Her battle lust intensified instead.

Wang Baole ignored the crazy woman and, instead, raised his right hand and swept it across the air. A line appeared on the ground.

“I'm not a person who enjoys killing others. He who crosses this line... dies!” After he was done speaking, Wang Baole turned and prepared to leave.

“Don't be frightened. Why not kill us if he really was capable of doing it? He's actually afraid, and trying to scare us off!” the young woman carrying the big sword said immediately. She charged forward, ignoring the line that was drawn. The other disciples, upon seeing their senior sister disciple attacking and hearing what seemed to be words of reason, grew aggressive once more. They passed the drawn boundary and charged at Wang Baole.

As soon as they came charging, Wang Baole turned around and flicked his storage bracelet. The seventh-grade Dharmic Armament saber appeared in his hand. With a sudden wide sweep of the saber, he slashed at the seven to eight people behind him.

He controlled the power that was released, ensuring it wasn't too overwhelming and that the extent of the backlash was something within his tolerance. Even so, as soon as the Dharmic Armament appeared, the skies changed, and a black tornado suddenly erupted. The shadow of a crocodile appeared instantly and lashed out alongside the blinding slash of the blade!

Wang Baole stored away his saber the next instant. As his hair drifted in the wind, and the black tornado and crocodile around him vanished, he turned without looking at the Plume Manifestation Connate Sect disciples standing there. He stared instead into the distant forest and said, dispassionately, “This line applies to you too.”

Done with speaking, Wang Baole turned and left, vanishing into the deep forest. A black-robed youth appeared at the spot he had originally stared at. He was the young prodigy of the Galactic Dusk Sect who had been robbed by Wang Baole previously. He couldn't control his trembling body and found

breathing difficult. His eyes were filled with unprecedented shock and horror as he stared at the line on the ground and the Plume Manifestation Connate Sect disciples who were, at present, slowly keeling over, their heads rolling off their shoulders. A sudden cold rose up his spine and throughout his entire body.

Damn it, that weapon of his must be a Dharmic Armament... hmmph! What's so great about having a Dharmic Armament? He even went to the extent of doing something as ridiculous as drawing a line in the ground. How juvenile! The youth was furious but hesitated over whether he should continue his pursuit. He eventually released a long sigh, after realizing that possessing a Dharmic Armament was indeed quite impressive, and chose to give up.

Chapter 259: Devouring Your Master?

Some were killed, some gave up, and others continued their pursuit. The brightness of the source of Spirit Qi on Wang Baole surpassed the definition and concept of a torch. It was like a burning volcano. Every cultivator within a two thousand mile radius would immediately sense it.

Those within the hundreds of miles, especially, upon sensing the source of Spirit Qi, immediately stirred and grew excited. Even though they knew that it might be all for naught, the greed in their hearts and the tiniest sliver of possibility still drove them towards the location of the spiritual source.

The Galactic Dusk Sect, for example, had seventy to eighty disciples within the radius. They were scattered throughout the area and on their respective solo hunts inside the Mystic Luna Realm. At that moment, however, an icy glint flickered across their eyes. They started dashing towards the same location.

Besides the Galactic Dusk Sect, there was also the Five Generation Sky Clan. Not every disciple from the clan knew about what was going on at the dark side of the moon. The Five Generation Sky Clan, after all, comprised of multiple family clans that were in constant conflict. At that moment, there were as many Five Generation Sky Clan disciples seeking their fortunes and fragments in the mystic realm. They grew excited and agitated as well after sensing the source of Spirit Qi and rushed towards it.

The same happened for the Plume Manifestation Connate Sect. Besides the three political forces, there were also the descendants and heirs of the City Lords who sat in the Senate, as well as minor political personalities affiliated with the Senate. There were easily more than a hundred people within the two thousand mile radius. Regardless of where they were scattered in the area, they all chose to charge towards the source of the Spirit Qi like the rest.

Amongst them were those with a prominent status, like Li Xiu. Besides him, there were two others—one a nephew of the Heavenly City's City Lord and the other a nephew of the Eternal Joy City's City Lord.

The latter two were your typical tyrants and bullies. They had attended the Ethereal Fruit Feast as well. Now that they were there and had the Foundation Establishment realm within reach, they had no reason to give up when they sensed the source of Spirit Qi.

Every political force gathered. They seemed to form a huge spiraling whirlpool that had Wang Baole as its locus, spreading a thousand miles in all directions.

Wang Baole, who had become the eye of a storm, was presently racing through the forest and silently counting down the time. He didn't mind fighting to the death, but he wasn't a bloodthirsty person at heart. If he could resolve the crisis he was in without having to kill anyone, he would do so in a heartbeat.

That was what he had planned to do. If he could find a chance and create a window of three free days for himself, he would be able to build his Foundation Establishment core. It was a good idea. The execution of it was the challenge.

Wang Baole was racing through the forest when his eyes suddenly flashed. His right hand raised and swept behind him. His Spirit Qi burst out, and lightning bolts snaked around his right hand as he caught the flying sword surging towards him.

The flying sword was black in color, and a strange glimmer shone on its blade. It seemed to contain some sort of poison. Wang Baole used his Spirit Qi to stop it in mid-flight, lightning bolts snaking up the sword, and, without any hesitation, flung it back where it came from.

His series of actions were fluid like water and very, very fast. In an instant, a pained cry rang out. A silhouette dashed out from deep within the forest, hand pressed against his chest as he retreated hurriedly.

He didn't get far. The person shuddered as blue spread rapidly over his entire body, and he quickly fell to the ground with a thud—dying on the spot.

There was a cut on his forehead. A gray mosquito flew straight out from the cut and vanished in the surrounding forest.

Another one. Wang Baole's face was cold and hard. He recognized the other's attire. It was a disciple from the Galactic Dusk Sect. Excluding the black-robed youth, that was the seventh person from the Galactic Dusk Sect.

They were all eccentric characters who were extremely skilled in concealment and camouflage. They were proficient in staging ambushes as well. If Wang Baole didn't have his mosquitoes' vision, he would find it challenging to sense them as clearly.

Wang Baole didn't check out the corpse. He was about to continue his journey deeper into the forest when a flash of light flickered across his eyes. He retreated hastily. As soon as he stepped back, the light from ten spells surged forward from both sides in a deafening roar, disintegrating the trees around him. The ground on which Wang Baole had stood a moment earlier quaked, and snapped branches and torn leaves flew in the air.

If Wang Baole hadn't dodged in time, he would have been struck by the ten spells.

As soon as he had fallen back, twenty odd people dashed out from both sides of the forest. Most of them were from the Five Generation Sky Clan. They weren't from the same family clan of those Five Generation Sky Clan disciples Wang Baole had crossed paths with earlier, but the greed and murder in their eyes were the same.

They wasted no time talking. As soon as they appeared, the twenty-odd people charged at Wang Baole with greed in their eyes. They had never seen each other before and hadn't held grudges against each

other before that moment. However, at that moment, anyone who held such a tremendous source of Spirit Qi was the enemy in their eyes! The consequences they would face after snatching such an item from Wang Baole was something they, in the face of extreme greed, hadn't considered. They had to get it first.

Wang Baole wasn't an indecisive person. He didn't enjoy killing. However, if he couldn't set aside the three days he needed by any other means, he was left with no choice.

If I have no choice but to kill my way to a three-day window, I'll do it! A vicious light flashed across Wang Baole's eyes. As the twenty or so Five Generation Sky Clan disciples rushed towards him, he shifted and formed hand seals with his right hand. Bolts of lightning descended immediately, and a web of electromagnetism was cast out over the air. It transformed into numerous lightning swords that shot out towards his enemies.

It didn't end there. As the deputy pavilion head of the Dharmic Armament Pavilion, Wang Baole had countless Numinous Treasures. Even though he had expended quite a few, he still had enough of them at his disposal. With a sweep of his hand, he summoned a dozen Flying Frost Swords and a handful of self-exploding beads and flung them out. In an instant, deafening explosions shook the lands and sent heaven and earth quaking.

Amid the chaos, as the twenty or so Five Generation Sky Clan disciples whipped out their Numinous Treasures and cast spells, Wang Baole's form blurred. It was like the sudden eruption of a lightning dragon as a shrill cry pierced the air. He appeared suddenly before one of the disciples and, without a pause in his step, slammed right into him.

A myriad of emotions flashed across the person's face. He hurriedly fell back and tried to counter the blow, but to no avail. He was slammed straight in the chest. Blood spilled out from his mouth as his chest was crushed inwards. He let loose a terrifying scream and, like a kite cut from its string, keeled over. Wang Baole, without any stutter in his steps, turned and kicked smoothly at another person's crotch. The latter tried to block the blow with his right hand. It didn't work.

There was the sound of an arm breaking as Wang Baole's kick landed on the person's crotch, and an almost inhuman cry rang out into the air. A spasm shot through the cultivator's body before he fell to the ground, dead.

After two consecutive kills, the battle lust emanating from Wang Baole intensified. He knew that they were intent on exterminating him. He had two choices before him—kill, or be killed!

"I'll kill you all!" Wang Baole roared. He dashed forward in a blur and engaged in battle with the twenty odd cultivators, leaving death in his wake.

A mere fifteen minutes later, corpses lay scattered on the ground. All that remained of the Five Generation Sky Clan group were two cultivators. Their faces were drained of blood, and their eyes bright with terror and confusion. They seemed to have been roused from their earlier madness and greed. With a shrill scream, they fled hastily.

Wang Baole was panting slightly. He hadn't suffered many injuries. However, battling with twenty odd perfected True Breath realm cultivators was an exhausting feat. It was a pale comparison to the backlash from using the Dharmic Armament though. It was still something within Wang Baole's limits.

Wang Baole narrowed his eyes upon seeing the two fleeing people. He didn't plan to pursue them, but as he was about to leave, he heard a scream, followed by another not long after.

A flash of light flickered across Wang Baole's eyes. He didn't issue an order to kill the mosquito...

The gray mosquito returned swiftly and hovered before Wang Baole. After experiencing multiple rounds of massacre, its Spirit Qi had transformed. One could clearly sense, after careful observation, bloodthirst exuding from the gray mosquito.

That was the first time it was displaying signs of rebellion before Wang Baole. It buzzed aggressively, with enmity. As soon as the buzzing sound rang out, the other nine mosquitoes emerged from the surrounding forest, racing forward and surrounding Wang Baole, displaying hostility towards the gray mosquito in the nine-to-one stand-off.

"I was the one who made you. How dare you rebel against your master? You've grown gutsy, haven't you?" Wang Baole snorted. The scabbard inside his body started churning. Instantly, a binding force erupted and blanketed the gray mosquito. The mosquito shuddered violently. Its body started showing signs of shattering!

Wang Baole, who possessed the sword scabbard, held the life of the mosquito within the palm of his hand!

After some time, the gray mosquito started crying out for mercy. Its thoughts surfaced clearly in Wang Baole's mind, causing surprise and startlement to flicker across his eyes. He withdrew the power of the scabbard.

"If this happens again, I'll break your proboscis!" Wang Baole said coolly, then turned and left.

The gray mosquito was still for a moment, before immediately following Wang Baole. Together, with the other mosquitoes, they split up and flew off into the distance, extending Wang Baole's vision and, at the same time, guarding their master.

Chapter 260: A Broken Arm!

The killing was still going on!

The pursuit was still happening!

After all, the mob came from all around, and one couldn't send voice transmissions in the Mystic Luna Realm. Hence, there wasn't much communication between them, and they didn't know who the Spirit Qi source was or how strong he was.

Wang Baole couldn't do anything to change that. He only had one option—to kill and keep on killing. After killing someone, he would leave the corpse, letting the stench of blood spread throughout the air. He was using that as a deterrent!

It would cause the next group of people to pass through the area littered with corpses to hesitate and not dare to continue giving chase. That was because they would feel fear after seeing those corpses and experiencing the murderous intent of the murderer.

That kind of deterrent had some effect, but humans would always want to try their luck. There were those who remained logical and backed away despite the strong temptation, but those who actually did so were few and far between.

Two days had passed since Wang Baole stole the small tripod cauldron. In those two days, he tried to fuse the small tripod cauldron with his body. However, he discovered that once he started fusing with the small tripod cauldron, his body would enter a state where it couldn't be disturbed or touched. If he were to try to reach the Foundation Establishment realm in such a dangerous place, he would surely fail if any accidents happened.

Hence, Wang Baole stopped considering the method of infusing the cauldron while fighting. As he bolted deeper into the Mystic Luna Realm, the number of cultivators killed by him increased gradually, and the tally was quickly approaching one hundred!

Among the close to a hundred people, there were those from the Galactic Dusk Sect, the Plume Manifestation Connate Sect, and the Five Generation Sky Clan... So long as they gave chase and had murderous intent, they would all be slain by Wang Baole eventually.

His feelings changed from an initial hesitation to silence while he murdered and eventually became cold-blooded bloodlust. As he stood there and gazed in front of him, eight to nine people walked out silently.

Among those eight to nine people, Wang Baole knew three of them. Not long ago, he was even talking to one of them like they were close friends. But as they walked out, the atmosphere immediately became tense.

Those that walked out were the family and sons of the senators in the Senate, Li Xiu, and the nephews of the city lords of Heavenly Sky City and Yongle City were also present.

As for the rest, they all looked like young masters on the surface. Although Wang Baole had never seen them before, he could guess that their social statuses were not that far off from Li Xiu.

And those people, for them to have come out from the forest ahead, could be seen to have put in a lot of effort and positioned themselves strategically. If not, they wouldn't have blocked Wang Baole's path so precisely.

After all, that place could be considered the border separating them from the depths of the moon's dark side.

"Brother Wang..." Li Xiu had complicated feelings and a hesitant look. He didn't want to be Wang Baole's enemy. In fact, if he knew that it was Wang Baole who had gotten the Spirit Qi source, he might not have come at all. Alas, it was too late when he found out that the person who had the Spirit Qi source was Wang Baole.

Wang Baole also sighed. During the slaughter in the past two days, he didn't use the Dharmic Armament again. Although his body didn't suffer a backlash, he faced too many enemies from all factions. In the end, he still couldn't prevent minor injuries from time to time, and the minor injuries gradually accumulated. Although he suppressed his injuries, they would open up again if he suppressed them for too long.

At the same time, his mental fatigue was a huge problem as well. Even though Wang Baole had become ruthless and cold-blooded, his continuous attacking and sprinting made him feel increasingly fatigued.

As he saw familiar faces, that feeling of fatigue increased even more.

“Don’t hurt yourself by making a mistake.” Wang Baole took a long look at Li Xiu and bolted away to one side, disappearing into the forest. Right at that moment, everyone except Li Xiu only hesitated for a moment. They seemed to notice that Wang Baole was suppressing his fatigue and injuries. So a murderous glint appeared in all their gazes, and they gave chase, disappearing into the forest one after another.

Only Li Xiu stood there. He was in a dilemma and didn’t give chase as he was hesitating. Not waiting for him to stop hesitating, sounds of tragic cries could be heard from within the forest up ahead, from a place that couldn’t be seen.

The tragic cries were extremely shocking and sounded as though the people making said cries had met a huge horror. Loud rumbles and beams of light from spells exploded forth. Even Li Xiu saw a sea of lightning bolts spread from within the forest. It caused a burnt smell to be spread from the surrounding flora.

Very quickly, under the rumbling and tragic cries, the nephew of Heavenly Sky City’s City Lord and someone from a senator’s affiliated family clan, ran out rapidly. They both had frightened looks on their pale faces.

But they didn’t escape very far away before a flying sword flew straight into the back of one person’s head. It caused the guy from the affiliated family clan to widen his eyes and die on the spot.

“Wang Baole, my uncle is Heavenly Sky City’s City Lord and one of the seventeen Senators! You dare to kill me?” The remaining person, the nephew of Heavenly Sky City’s City Lord, had a huge change in his expression. He retreated backwards rapidly while screaming, and his gaze was filled with fear while looking at Wang Baole, who walked out from within the forest.

Wang Baole’s clothes were stained with blood, and he breathed heavily. Blood even leaked from the corner of his mouth. He looked very weak, as though he was unable to suppress his internal injuries any longer.

However, the murderous intent emanating from his body was stunning.

“Xiu Xiu, save me, save me!” The nephew of Heavenly Sky City’s City Lord called out anxiously to Li Xiu while retreating.

The scene sent shivers down Li Xiu’s spine. He knew Wang Baole was powerful. He could tell that from Wang Baole’s fight with Zhuo Yixian previously. He didn’t expect, however, that he had still underestimated the man.

He was very clear that Wang Baole must have been attacked many times and sustained heavy injuries throughout the past few days. Despite that, he only needed a few moments to slaughter all his comrades.

Although he didn't see the entire slaughter, he could picture and analyze it through the rumbling and the disturbances caused by spells being cast. It was obvious that his comrades weren't in Wang Baole's league.

He's still only at the perfected stage of the True Breath Realm... Once he reaches the Foundation Establishment Realm, he'll definitely become even stronger! Li Xiu was stunned. Seeing Wang Baole walk over with murderous intent and seeing the fearful face of the nephew of Heavenly Sky City's City Lord, he hesitated once again and decided to remain silent.

Wang Baole panted with some difficulty. As he looked at the nephew of Heavenly Sky City's City Lord, a cold glint flashed across his eyes. As he raised his right hand and was about to attack, he seemed to have affected his injuries. Surprisingly, with a shake of his body, he spat out a large amount of blood and retreated a few steps unsteadily. It seemed like he was no longer able to suppress his injuries. He seemed to be unable to stand still, and his head was lowered.

However, what others couldn't see was that deep within Wang Baole's gaze, a keen glint flashed as though he was on high alert for something.

It made the nephew of Heavenly Sky City's City Lord stop retreating. When he looked towards Wang Baole, the fearful glimmer in his eyes was replaced by one of greed and desire as though he had discovered an opportunity.

"Get lost!" Wang Baole took a deep breath, raised his head, and shouted hoarsely. He did not look at Li Xiu, instead choosing to retreat backwards to seem like he intended to leave. But right at that moment, the nephew of Heavenly Sky City's City Lord ground his teeth and actually burst forth towards Wang Baole. He roared.

"Die!"

As that person burst towards him and roared, Wang Baole raised his head abruptly. As he did so, a glaring glimmer appeared in his eyes. All of his weakness disappeared immediately, and a shocking force erupted from his body.

Although he had suffered heavy injuries, they weren't to the point where Wang Baole was unable to suppress them. Everything that he did previously was fake. His purpose was obviously not to kill the nephew of Heavenly Sky City's City Lord. Instead, he was aiming for... the figure charging towards him from behind the nephew.

The figure was a woman. Her speed was too fast, and she approached right as Wang Baole's power erupted.

Wang Baole ignored the nephew of Heavenly Sky City's City Lord. As he turned around with the seventh-grade Dharmic Armament saber in hand, he slashed towards the woman!

"You're finally willing to show yourself!"

A black storm exploded forth, and a black crocodile roared from within it. The sword glint shook the surroundings, and the woman planning to launch a sneak attack had a huge change of expression as Wang Baole slashed towards her. But she wasn't an ordinary woman. In such a dangerous situation, she

actually took out three statues. The three statues were all hugging their chests and spread an eerie aura. As they appeared, their auras exploded forth to counter Wang Baole's slash directly.

Rumbles shook the surroundings and created a strong shockwave. Wherever the shockwave passed, the flora tumbled and the earth trembled. Not waiting for the nephew of Heavenly Sky City's City Lord to approach, the shockwave hit his body and broke all his bones. In fact, he didn't even have time to let out a tragic cry before he became a bloody mess and died.

No one noticed his death. Wang Baole spit out fresh blood and landed with the saber in hand while all three statues exploded. The woman let out an aggrieved scream and tried her best to dodge. Alas, she could only prevent her vital organs from getting hit, and her right arm was chopped off by the slash!

Fresh blood spurted out. The woman's hair was disheveled, her face was pale, and her gaze was filled with hatred. A large amount of blood spurted from her mouth, covering her whole person in blood. She became a bloody figure and fled rapidly. One could only hear her frenzied voice filled with hatred echoing through the heavens.

"Wang Baole, I, Chen Hui, swear that I will kill you and destroy your soul no matter how many lives it takes me!"