

Looking coldly at Chen Hui escaping after transforming into a bloody figure, Wang Baole squinted his eyes. In reality, he had been having a sense that someone was following him in secret. However, no matter how hard he tried to use his mosquitoes to find out, he couldn't locate the other party's location.

That made him recall the young girl in the white top that he met at the place he found the small tripod cauldron. The girl was also proficient at hiding, such that Wang Baole didn't notice her at all before he entered the crack.

After analyzing it that way, Wang Baole was confident that the one following him was the same girl. Her tactics were bizarre, especially in terms of her Numinous Treasures, which were frightening. If he allowed her to follow him closely, it was like hanging a sword above his head and keeping a thorn in his throat.

Therefore, Wang Baole had intentionally tried to lure her out. However, several days had passed, and regardless of how hard Wang Baole tried to tempt her, he didn't see the girl. Until now, the number of injuries he had increased, and he was so close to the breaking point. Furthermore, meeting someone from the Senate made Wang Baole tempted to try again.

He leveraged on the group attack by members of the Senate to weaken himself and continue sustaining his injuries in a way such that he was on the brink of breaking down. It was so real that it managed to lure the girl out. He had originally planned to kill her with a single attack, but her tactics were unusual and, coupled with the injuries that Wang Baole was carrying, he only managed to cut off one of her arms.

At the same time, it came with a price. The backlash from the seventh-grade Dharmic Armament worsened Wang Baole's injuries. Thankfully, he managed to suppress them once again. As long as he didn't use the Dharmic Armaments for a while, he could prevent his injuries from erupting.

That feeling of having a lump in his throat had also disappeared simultaneously. Wang Baole heaved a sigh of relief, and as he turned, he saw Li Xiu not far away and chuckled.

"Brother Li, how have you been? Are you also planning to snatch from others?"

Li Xiu shivered as Wang Baole glanced at him. He had seen Wang Baole's attack, the bloodied, mangled corpse of Heavenly Sky City Lord's nephew, and also Wang Baole's scheming mindset and ferocity with his own eyes. All of that made him thankful for hesitating previously.

Now, he had seen through Wang Baole. The fatty seemed easy-going on the surface but was actually a vicious person who wouldn't bat an eyelid at killing someone. He was decisive and determined if he put his mind to killing someone, and was an extremely vicious person.

He felt that someone like Wang Baole didn't belong to the four major Dao Colleges. Instead, he would be a good fit for the Galactic Dusk Sect, carrying a smile on his face while holding a knife behind his back...

Therefore, with Wang Baole smiling and looking at him, Li Xiu tried to control his trembling body. Laughing awkwardly, he hurriedly retrieved a few pills from his storage bag and put them on the ground, before patting his chest and exclaiming loudly.

“Junior Brother Baole, that is a misunderstanding that you have towards me. I, Li Xiu, am not someone like that. I have integrity and value justice. My only goal here... is to send some pills to you, Junior Brother Baole.”

Wang Baole raised his eyebrows as he looked at Li Xiu.

“Give me a reason to believe you.”

Hearing Wang Baole’s words, Li Xiu was on the brink of tears, and his heart trembled uncontrollably. His mind was churning for excuses when he suddenly thought of one and voiced it out.

“Big Brother Baole, you’re still single, right? It’s alright even if you’re not. I have an older sister who is so beautiful it’s astonishing. Regardless of whether it’s her face or her figure, she has one of the best you can find. She’s now working at the Martian Colony and is well known throughout the entire Federation. I have found you extremely affable since I first saw you, and I think that it’s highly possible that you will become my elder brother-in-law!”

What on earth? Wang Baole was confused.

“Elder brother-in-law! I still have some matters to attend to, so I’ll make a move first, elder brother-in-law!” Li Xiu slapped his chest loudly, and as soon as he completed his sentence, he turned around and left hurriedly.

Looking at Li Xiu’s back view, Wang Baole didn’t give chase. He looked incredulous and left after picking up the pills. He suppressed his emotions and felt more relaxed after hearing Li Xiu’s words.

As he continuously explored deeper within the forest on the dark side of the moon, the number of people who were charging at him also decreased. After all, the corpses laying all around had an effect of frightening others, and that allowed Wang Baole to finally take a breather.

The only issue was that as he began searching for a place to begin the Foundation Establishment process, another batch of people, apparently lured by his Spirit Qi source, appeared.

They were the ones that Wang Baole was dreading the most to meet. However, he had no choice but to face them.

“Wang Baole...” Chen Yutong laughed bitterly as he emerged from within the forest. Beside him were several other people from the Dao College, totaling about twelve of them, including Li Yi.

Shi Ling, the natural talent at sensing the fragments were also amongst them, looking incredulously at Wang Baole.

They weren’t aware of who the Spirit Qi source was coming from previously, but now, when they neared, they realized that it was from Wang Baole, and that made all of them laugh bitterly.

Based on the ways of the world, Chen Yutong was very proficient and very clear that they were now at a juncture where misunderstandings could easily happen. He was a close friend of Wang Baole, and it was

especially important that he took care not to create any misunderstanding between him and Wang Baole.

Therefore, after he stepped out, he didn't go too close to Wang Baole. Instead, he opened his storage bag and took out a bottle of pills which he left at the side.

"Baole, I will not say much. It's not appropriate for others to be around you now. I hereby wish you all the best in Foundation Establishment!" Chen Yutong looked sincerely at Wang Baole, bowing to him with cupped fists.

The others in the crowd also took out their pills in silence.

Seeing the reactions of the people from his Dao College, Wang Baole felt a sense of warmth and was touched, especially by Chen Yutong's actions. He nodded his head and picked up the pills. He was about to turn and leave when at that moment, a flash was seen across Li Yi's eyes. She seemed to have some thoughts, but even before she could take any action, Chen Yutong stared angrily at her.

Li Yi stayed silent with her head lowered.

Even though Wang Baole didn't turn around, he saw everything clearly with the help of the mosquitoes. A look of viciousness flashed across his eyes, but he didn't say anything. Instead, he took out excess fragments that he obtained during his killings along the way, which were fragments in excess of the twenty he needed. He flailed his hand and tossed most of it to Chen Yutong.

"Senior Brother Chen, there are still some corpses lying around with fragments on them. I don't have time to pick all of them up, so they are yours to keep. Thank you, and goodbye!" When he finished speaking, Wang Baole turned around and charged into the distance, disappearing within the dense forest.

Soon, after Wang Baole had left the people from the four Dao Colleges behind, he continued advancing within the depths of the Mystic Luna Realm. As time passed, his injuries worsened and were about to relapse, and even though he could use his pills to treat them, it was only temporary respite unless he found a place to go into seclusion. If his injuries were to relapse, it would be a terrible situation.

Therefore, after bearing with it for another earth day, Wang Baole spread his mosquitoes out. After making sure that no one was after him, he found an area on a small hill and dug a cave in a secluded spot, before wriggling in and sealing the cave shut.

He then scattered the mosquitoes outside, before finally heaving a sigh of relief. He hurriedly took out the small tripod cauldron. His eyes burned with passion and agitation as he looked at it.

The small tripod cauldron was ancient, with signs of aging visible on it. There were also some indecipherable words and pictures of ferocious beasts densely covering it, making the entire cauldron seem very impressive.

I'll use this object for Foundation Establishment! Wang Baole took a deep breath. He first swallowed some pills and digested them quickly, to suppress his injuries yet again. He then sealed his hands, releasing his Spirit energy to encompass the cauldron according to the way of Foundation Establishment, as he began the first step of Foundation Establishment—Spirit Integration!

At the same time, as Wang Baole began the Foundation Establishment process, Chen Hui from the Galactic Dusk Sect who was thousands of miles away from him was charging forward with her face pale and aghast. She had lost an arm and was extremely beaten. The only thing that remained the same was the hatred and mania in her eyes.

If the hatred were to be transformed into a Sea of Fire, then the heavens and earth would be burned to the bone right at that moment.

Wang Baole! Chen Hui gritted her teeth, her heart filled with bitterness. She was charging forward as she searched for a place to rehabilitate when suddenly, a kind voice rang beside her ears.

“Hui-er, who has hurt you to this state?”

The moment she heard the voice, Chen Hui was shocked. When she turned around, she realized that an old lady had appeared without her knowing. The old lady’s face was covered with wrinkles, and she was standing there, holding a crutch as she smiled at her.

“Master!”

Chen Hui felt incredulous. She knew well that her master was one of the Grand Supreme Elders of the Galactic Dusk Sect whose cultivation was that of Core Formation level. People of Core Formation cultivation weren’t allowed to enter the Mystic Luna Realm, and that was especially so as the place had been sealed. Her first thought was that the seal had been broken, but when she raised her head to check, she realized that the firmament wood grains were still intact.

“There are some things that we didn’t tell you, the disciples, previously, for fear that you would not be able to keep the secrets well...” The old lady seemed to have sensed Chen Hui’s confusion as she smiled and spoke warmly while caressing Chen Hui’s head.

“This time, the Galactic Dusk Sect is supporting a special Fellow Daoist. With his help, we managed to enter by cheating the array formation. This is the case for the Five Generation Sky Clan as well. The only difference is that they are supporting another creature!

“As for this seal... It’s created by both our clans.

“I have gained a rough understanding of the perfect Foundation Establishment object that you have lost. Wait for me here, I’ll get it back for you.”

Chapter 262: Shocking Change!

Listening to the words from her master, Chen Hui’s breathing quickened as she stared incredulously with her eyes wide open. She had never imagined that the earth-changing transformations that had occurred were a result of the combined actions of her sect and the Five Generation Sky Clan.

She was also well aware of how severe the consequences would be. Naturally, the sect would have an idea of it as well, as it was akin to resistance against the whole Federation. Once exposed, there was no doubt that a great war would result.

However, even so, the sect still decided to partake in it. That made Chen Hui gasp in shock as she realized that the sect had great plans!

The old lady didn't speak any further. She passed Chen Hui some pills and inquired about the details of the Spirit Qi source. After knowing that the object was a small tripod cauldron, she turned around and charged in the skies towards where Wang Baole was carrying out the Foundation Establishment process!

She was so fast that wind and thunder roared ferociously, causing changes in the sky as loud noises spread in all directions. That attracted the attention of many cultivators. After seeing the old lady in the skies, everyone's mind buzzed as a torrent of emotions erupted in their hearts.

"Core Formation!"

"Gosh, how is this possible? Impossible... Someone of the Core Formation realm appearing in the Mystic Luna Realm!"

"The seal hasn't been broken, but yet there is someone of the Core Formation realm here!"

All the cultivators within the area were trembling with shock as their breathing grew rapid. They all felt that, within the Mystic Luna Realm, situations that were out of what they had imagined were occurring one after another. No one knew for sure what the eventual outcome would be, and the fear and reverence in their hearts had reached an indescribable level!

The old lady didn't care much about the shock experienced by the True Breath realm cultivators, not even bothering to mask her speed. After all, the preparations that she had been making were almost complete. Since that was the case, there was no need for her to hide. That was why she went out in search of her own disciple. Having heard news of the perfect object, she was happy.

That small tripod cauldron would be the perfect item for our Hui-er to begin Foundation Establishment!

On the other hand, Wang Baole was sitting with his legs crossed in the cave. With anticipation and agitation, he was fast in the process of Foundation Establishment.

Using an object for Foundation Establishment involved two steps. The first step was Spirit Integration, which involved using either sufficient fragments or perfect objects and covering them with one's own spirit energy to weaken it. That was to integrate one's spirit energy with the item before swallowing it and allowing it to sink to one's dantian.

What followed after that was the second step—Life Foundation!

Life Foundation meant sharing flesh and blood with the object. It involved completely integrating with the object from within, and using it to establish and build the Foundation Stone!

'Establishment' meant to build, while 'Foundation' referred to the object!

To a certain degree, Foundation Establishment was akin to having an additional organ in one's body. The purpose of the organ was to evolve and advance the cultivator's life!

From there, Spirit Qi would no longer be a rootless energy source. Instead, it would make one's body into a whirlpool of Spirit Qi source. It would be equipped with the ability to absorb the Heaven and Earth powers, and be the foundation for taking over the fortune of the firmament and the galaxy!

Once that was successful, the nature of life, spells, and everything else would be significantly transformed!

Soon, as Wang Baole's cultivation was activated and his spirit energy emerged to envelop the small tripod cauldron within it, he sealed his hands again and began the process of Spirit Integration according to the method outlined by the Dao College.

Gradually, as the small tripod cauldron was enveloped in spirit energy, it turned opaque. It shimmered, turning from opaque to translucent before it was completely translucent, invisible to one's eyes. When that happened, with passion in his eyes, Wang Baole opened his mouth and sucked. Instantly, the spirit energy that he released brought along the invisible small tripod cauldron and entered his mouth at a fast speed.

Instantly, Wang Baole felt like he had swallowed a block of jelly. It felt slippery, and when he swallowed, the spirit energy that had entered his mouth sank to his dantian.

There, the invisible small tripod cauldron gradually regained its appearance. When it was no longer transparent, it floated endlessly in the devouring seed.

It is indeed a rare perfect object suitable for Foundation Establishment. I've completed the first step so easily! Wang Baole was excited and agitated. From the information from Ethereal Dao College that introduced the first step, it wouldn't be an easy process to integrate twenty fragments and gather them within one's body so that they would completely fit into one another.

Furthermore, there couldn't be any mistakes made during the entire process, which required nurturing and care. Failure was of lesser consequence, as the damage to one's meridians and dantian during the process would be a more dangerous life-threatening situation.

That was especially so as during the entire process, one wasn't allowed to move his body. Therefore, it must take place in an extremely safe place. Wang Baole had to abide by that even though he was integrating with a perfect object. He even felt that right at that moment, he shouldn't be moving unnecessarily. If not, the newly integrated small tripod cauldron within his body would be unstable, causing the Spirit Qi source within it to be released. His body would be like a balloon, exploding directly.

That was the reason why Wang Baole didn't dare make an attempt at Foundation Establishment previously. It was only there that he felt safe and made use of the opportunity for Foundation Establishment. He took a deep breath and maintained his body posture to stabilize the small tripod cauldron which had integrated into his dantian. He then began the second step, which was also the most crucial last step of the process.

Life Foundation!

If the first step had to proceed smoothly without any incidents, the second step must be even more smooth-sailing. Any small turbulence would lead to failure as the Life Foundation step involved integrating one's life, flesh, and blood with the small tripod cauldron, in order to turn it into one of his own organs.

He couldn't afford to be distracted. After Wang Baole sent orders to his mosquitoes outside to patrol on their own and prevent anyone from coming near, he settled down and attempted to integrate his

meridians, flesh, and blood together with the small tripod cauldron according to the method taught by the Dao College.

The advantage of using a perfect object for Foundation Establishment was obvious. The whole process was extremely smooth sailing. Very quickly, Wang Baole's life, flesh, and blood began to connect with the small tripod cauldron to a certain extent. After five minutes, the integration had reached thirty percent.

Slowly, it became forty, fifty, and sixty percent...

As time passed and the degree of integration increased, the movement of Wang Baole's cultivation grew stronger. If others who had used the fragments for Foundation Establishment were to see him, they would be immensely shocked. Wang Baole, having reached only sixty percent integration, was giving off a vibe so strong that it was on a level similar to that of people who have achieved complete integration using the fragments.

The integration process didn't stop there. Gradually, it rose to seventy, eighty percent...

As the integration occurred and Wang Baole's cultivation was boosted significantly at astonishing speed, his life, his flesh and blood, his spirit, and his everything seemed to have been evolved in the process of combining with the small tripod cauldron. At the same time, memories and scenes of ancient times seemed to have emerged from the small tripod cauldron, flooding into Wang Baole's mind.

There were so many images that Wang Baole was unable to take a clear look at everything. He noticed that the image that appeared most frequently was that of a gigantic altar, with numerous blurry figures surrounding it and praying. Of those praying figures, there were so many of them whose vibes alone made Wang Baole frightened. He didn't know what level of cultivation they were at, but he had a feeling that a single look by one of them would be sufficient to destroy him thoroughly.

The altar that they were praying to consisted of three levels. There were four small tripod cauldrons on the lowest level, and one of them was exactly the one that Wang Baole was integrating!

On the second level was a pair of pearls, one black and one white, giving off a dark and shimmering glow respectively!

The third level was a fog layer. Faces of the commoners who were extremely devout appeared from within it. It looked extremely bizarre, and it was apparent that the objects placed on the three levels were offerings. They were in ascending levels in terms of value, and one could see how Wang Baole was bestowed with an unusually good fate that time around.

After all, it was only an offering from the first level, but it was already being revered by so many people. That made it clear that its value couldn't be described with words.

The thing that the countless figures were praying and offering valuable items to... could be seen in a blur from the image that appeared in Wang Baole's mind through the small tripod cauldron.

It seemed to be a green lotus growing in mid-air!

The instant he saw the green lotus, which was the exact same moment where the integration with the small tripod cauldron had reached eighty percent, Wang Baole's vibe was so strong that it had already

exceeded those who had succeeded in advancing to the Foundation Establishment stage. One could imagine that after he had succeeded, Wang Baole's Foundation Establishment would be much more formidable than everyone else's!

However, just at that point, something happened. Wang Baole's mosquitoes, which were outside his cave abode, exploded even before they could sense someone approaching. The gray-colored mosquito was more hardy but had only managed to last for a while more, just in time to send a signal to Wang Baole before it completely vaporized.

Wang Baole trembled. The image of the green lotus in his mind vanished, replaced by the expressionless face of the charging old lady sent by the gray-colored mosquito!

The moment the image of the old lady appeared in Wang Baole's mind, an astonishing loud noise reverberated in all directions and caused the earth to shake such that Wang Baole's small cave tumbled and was torn open from above Wang Baole's head!

The wall above his head exploded open. As innumerable rocks pelted down, the old lady, carrying a ferocious vibe and a boisterous manner, looked condescendingly at him...

Sudden change had occurred!

Chapter 263: Destroying the Dao Foundation

Everything happened too quickly. Almost the instant all the mosquitoes, including the gray-colored one, were destroyed, a deafening roar erupted in the cave.

Wang Baole, who was at a crucial juncture, having integrated eighty percent with the small tripod cauldron, was extremely shaken. The loud roar was like a thousand claps of thunder exploding right into his ears. The moment he opened his eyes, he saw the old lady—the Grand Supreme Elder of Galactic Dusk Sect—approaching from the opening in the wall above his head as broken rocks fell from the sky!

The old lady's figure carried such an imposing force that, in Wang Baole's eyes, it was as if he was being suppressed by the combined force of heaven and earth. He was at the most crucial stage of Life Foundation, and he wasn't supposed to move a single bit.

Everything happened in the blink of an eye. It was so sudden that Wang Baole didn't know what to do, as everything seemed like a catastrophe, forming a hurricane in his head.

The vibe given off by the old lady, coupled with the falling rocks tumbling onto Wang Baole, caused his body to tremble vigorously. As a result, the small tripod cauldron within his body was immediately destabilized. All the vibes were disordered, become chaotic from a previously perfect, well-controlled state.

Any interference during the process of Foundation Establishment for a True Breath realm cultivator was dangerous. Needless to say, that also applied to Wang Baole, who's location for seclusion was being torn apart by others.

The level of danger had already far exceeded that of the Pond Cloud Rainforest, and that of Coulomb Basin. After all, in those two areas where he experienced danger, he was able to retaliate somehow.

However, right then, right there, in the face of a Core Formation cultivator, Wang Baole was so weak that he wouldn't be able to withstand a single attack!

As the spirit energy moved in a chaotic manner, with his body trembling and the small tripod cauldron shaking all over, the only thing Wang Baole experienced was a current crashing heavily within his body, similar to if he were to swallow a self-exploding bead. The deafening boom within his body and by his ears overlapped at that instance, causing him to vomit fresh blood. He was like a deflated ball, his energy and spirit severely exhausted.

"Enlightened..." With blood filling his entire mouth, Wang Baole struggled as he tried to recite the Dao sutra to scare the other party away. That was the only means of resistance he could think of at the crucial juncture. However, after saying the first word, his body was unable to withstand anything else. That was because right then, his cultivation was connected to the small tripod cauldron. The violent shaking and disorder of the small tripod cauldron was, to a certain extent, similar to it undergoing exorcism, such that it was impossible for Wang Baole to recite the Dao sutra.

He vomited blood again, his face turning pale white. He was about to retreat without caring about the integration process, but in that chaotic environment, his body seemed like a ceramic vase about to be torn apart. Every part of his body was painful deep down to his bones.

"A worm-like scum like you dares to snatch away my disciple's fate?" A chilly look and a condescending, croaky voice erupted from within the cave. The old lady's lips curled into a cold smile, looking at the extremely beaten Wang Baole who had blood flowing from his mouth. She looked at him as if he was an irritating maggot. After stepping into the exploded cave, she stepped right towards Wang Baole.

She raised her left hand, grabbing directly at Wang Baole's dantian!

Seeing the old lady's arrival and her raised right hand, Wang Baole's eyes became bloodshot as his vision turned red. He let out a beast-like scream, but the blood that emerged instead prevented him from screaming out loud. Instead, it transformed into madness and indignation. He wanted to struggle, but all his tactics were useless against a Core Formation cultivator.

Needless to say, in his state of madness, it was difficult for him to use his tactics. The only thing he could do was watch the old lady's right hand swiftly pressing on his tummy with the speed of thunder.

Immediately, Wang Baole's tummy exploded, his flesh torn apart. The grip by the old lady perforated his stomach, exposing his intestines as he vomited fresh blood.

The pain made Wang Baole go berserk, his eyes filling up with blood.

The old lady reached directly into the hole she had made in Wang Baole's tummy, disregarding Wang Baole's injuries and pain. She was like a piece of unfeeling steel, grabbing the small tripod cauldron resting on Wang Baole's dantian forcefully, disregarding his mangled flesh and blood!

The feeling was similar to someone grabbing hold of one of his internal organs!

The feeling of one's organ being gripped tightly by a hand that went through all his other tissues transformed into an indescribable amount of pain exploding directly in Wang Baole's mind, causing him to scream painfully!

"I've found it, it's not too late." The old lady smiled, her smile carrying a sense of indifference. Now, Wang Baole, who was trembling heavily with sweat drenching his entire shirt, saw the old lady as a devil through his bloodshot eyes. He had never felt that way before, and he felt helplessness, madness, and hatred on a level that couldn't be described.

Nothing could be salvaged. The old lady twisted her left hand, which was holding onto the small tripod cauldron, and at that moment, Wang Baole understood what was meant by living hell!

He was helpless and had wanted to call up the black mask. However, under the suppressive force of the Core Formation cultivator, the black mask stayed silent and motionless.

Feeling every ounce of pain, Wang Baole laughed bitterly as he attempted to activate his devouring seed. However, there was such a huge difference between his level of cultivation and that of the old lady that even if the devouring seed were to move a single bit, it would be suppressed by the old lady!

"Trying to retaliate?" The old lady sneered, nonchalantly kicking Wang Baole.

With a loud bang, a strong force flowed from the old lady directly into Wang Baole's body. Wang Baole trembled vigorously and, as he spewed blood out of his mouth, his body flew backwards as a result!

The small tripod cauldron had been integrated with his body over eighty percent. Regardless of whether it was his flesh or his soul, they had all already been combined, forming his Dao Foundation to a certain extent.

As the old lady kicked him, his body tumbled backwards. Immediately, the small tripod cauldron was pulled out by the old lady, together with his flesh and spirit. From the injury on his stomach, large amounts of Spirit Qi and life were leaking out. When the small tripod cauldron was pulled out, one could see that strands of his meridians and flesh had already been coiled around it. As the small tripod cauldron was removed, Wang Baole's body curled backwards, his meridians broken and his flesh torn apart!

Blood spewed endlessly, covering the entire area...

With a loud boom, Wang Baole, who had broken the cave on impact and landed outside, could only feel his vision darkening. He felt that an unbearable cold was surrounding him, and in the darkness and cold, a sense of hatred that could destroy the heaven and earth erupted from within him!

However, it was all useless... It would only be a waste of his efforts!

At that moment, he was convulsing. His anger, hatred, and pitiful screams had already become weak. His soul, his Spirit Qi, his everything... They were all weakening at an astounding speed. The immense pain in his body couldn't compare to the feeling of having someone snatch away his Dao Foundation with their bare hands. Furthermore, the feeling of having one of his organs taken away made Wang Baole's life dull immediately.

His Dao Foundation had been snatched away!

His Foundation Establishment process, which had been completed to eighty percent, was destroyed. Not only that, his dantian and all his meridians were broken by thirty percent under the forceful pulling of the old lady. The frightening wound on his stomach, as well as the severely damaged intestines,

worsened his injuries to an extent that he would have died even if he was physically at the level of Foundation Establishment.

However, no matter how determined he was at surviving, with his Dao Foundation being snatched away and his injuries so severe, it was impossible for him to have an opportunity at Foundation Establishment again in his life. Since the foundation had been destroyed, his cultivation would leak at such a fast speed that he would eventually return to a commoner's state and die from his injuries.

Something like that had happened before during the Spirit Inception Era. However, it was the first time it happened to a disciple from the four Dao Colleges, and to someone like Wang Baole!!

It could easily be imagined that if the Mystic Luna Realm wasn't sealed, the old lady would never dare to act that way. However, now that she saw that things were moving towards completion and that there would definitely be changes to the Federation, a mere Deputy Pavilion Head like Wang Baole was simply a small fry that she could destroy.

As she held the small bloodstained tripod cauldron and felt for the Spirit Qi source within it, a look of approval appeared in the old lady's eyes. She was irritated by the blood on the tripod cauldron, and with a single swing, the blood on it evaporated. She put it into her arms and looked towards Wang Baole as if he was already dead.

"I've heard that you have another Dharmic Armament?" As she spoke, the old lady stepped out. Wang Baole revealed a look of helplessness and madness in his eyes, as he watched the old lady attempt to kill him and steal his Dharmic Armament!

Chapter 264: Revival From the Brink of Death!

It was said that when one was on the brink of death, he would see a light appearing in a world that was pitch-black. The light was like a source of guidance, causing one's body to rise until it eventually integrated with the light.

What happened after the integration, where the person would go, and whether one would still retain their consciousness... There may be people who knew the answers to those questions, but they were unable to provide the answers to those secrets.

Wang Baole had already seen the light. In the pitch-black world, with the exception of the old lady's frightening face, there was only a light that had silently appeared behind her.

To put it more accurately, it was several rays instead of one that had appeared suddenly. As it appeared, a strong, imposing force was emanated from within those rays.

It was not very clear, but Wang Baole managed to vaguely see that the seven or eight rays were actually the figures of several individuals that had floated towards him. They didn't have any facial features, which made it impossible to see what they looked like. The vibe they were giving off was so much stronger than that of the Moon Spirit that it was incomparable.

They were... The strongest forms of existence within the Mystic Luna Realm, second only to the giant Ancient Corpse... The Night Immortals!

The level of cultivation of each Night Immortal was similar to that of a Core Formation cultivator. There were even a few of them who were able to battle cultivators who had perfected Core Formation, especially as they all had the characteristic which made them immortal. The characteristic, to a certain extent, made them exist even more boisterously than the Ancient Corpse in the Federation!

After all, the Ancient Corpse had been in a deep slumber all those years, and wouldn't awaken unless it was provoked. On the other hand, Night Immortals preferred to live in a group. Even the Federation was unclear about how many of them existed. All they knew was that there was an estimated fifty of them, spending most of their time in the regions of the moon's dark side. Even though they would also occasionally appear on the moon's visible side, it was rare.

They were a huge threat. They were filled with animosity towards outsiders, and wouldn't rest once they saw them, not until they killed the outsiders. However, thankfully, they didn't have a spirit sense like Core Formation cultivators and had to depend on their eyes to detect everything. As long as one wasn't noticed by them, he or she could escape.

That characteristic was similar to that of the Eye Ghoul.

It seemed like Wang Baole and the old lady had been seen by the group of Night Immortals that happened to have floated in their direction. Instantly, the Night Immortals charged directly towards the old lady.

The old lady, who was in the midst of kicking Wang Baole to death, was taken aback as she stopped in her attacks. Even she was afraid of the Night Immortals. It wouldn't have been so bad if there was only one Night Immortal, but now that a group of them had neared, she was stricken with fear. She knew clearly that she must definitely not be haunted by the Night Immortals, as when that happened, it would be difficult to escape, and death would definitely fall upon her.

The moment the Night Immortals appeared, which was the instant the old lady paused, Wang Baole—whose eyes were filled with despair and madness and whose laborious breathing had come to a halt—suddenly stared with his eyes wide open. Even though his body was weak, he was filled with indescribable pain, and fresh blood was still flowing out from the wound on his stomach, he suddenly had strength coming from an unknown source... Perhaps the suppression from Core Formation had suddenly disappeared, such that he could stand up, struggling as he scurried backwards, hugging his stomach.

He had only one thought in his mind, and that was to escape. Escape out of that place... Escape, so that he could perhaps survive!

*D*rn it!* If Chen Hui hadn't known that Wang Baole possessed a Dharmic Armament, the old lady wouldn't have further attacked the severely injured Wang Baole, who was an insignificant person in the old lady's eyes. However, it was clear that the Dharmic Armament was an attractive item, even to the old lady.

The old lady wanted to give chase, but the group of Night Immortals suddenly picked up speed and surrounded her. That made the old lady troubled, as she could no longer go after Wang Baole.

After all, the Night Immortals were comparable in cultivation to a Core Formation cultivator. With all of them ganging up, even someone like the old lady would be terribly beaten to a state that she could no

longer spare anymore effort on Wang Baole. The most important thing to her would be to ensure her safety.

After several hours, the old lady left, evidently beaten to her bones. Fresh blood was flowing out from the corners of her mouth, and she looked awful as her entire body was filled with pain. In order to escape from the group attack by the Night Immortals, she had to exhaust several valuable Numinous Treasures to obtain an opportunity to escape and avoid their pursuit.

She was about to change the direction she was heading and continue her search for Wang Baole, but roars from the Night Immortals sounded off behind her once again. She turned around, surprised as in the skies a distance away, another four Night Immortals had appeared, charging towards her.

*Sh*t! Why are there Night Immortals again?* The old lady gritted her teeth helplessly as she continued speeding away towards the visible side of the moon. A bizarre feeling overwhelmed her as she felt that the Night Immortals on the dark side of the moon seemed to be against her for some reason...

However, she was still indignant towards Wang Baole's escape. She groaned and took out a jade slip, which in that case wasn't a voice transmission ring but one that could be used for voice transmission even with the array formation seal present in the Mystic Luna Realm. It was developed by the Galactic Dusk Sect with other members of the clan, with the help of the Fellow Daoists of another species.

There weren't many such jade slips and were therefore not distributed to True Breath realm cultivators. However, of those from the Galactic Dusk Sect that had entered the Mystic Luna Realm, there weren't only True Breath realm and Core Formation realm cultivators, but also large numbers of Foundation Establishment realm cultivators!

Therefore, using the voice transmission, the old lady sent out an order, gathering Foundation Establishment realm cultivators from the Galactic Dusk Sect to find and kill Wang Baole!

You're unlucky. The direction you escaped is not far from the secret location in which our sect is located! The moment the old lady gave the order, the Foundation Establishment cultivators on the dark side of the moon immediately responded. A glow flashed across their faces, as they were all glad to take on the task given by the Grand Supreme Elder.

Therefore, very quickly, the Foundation Establishment cultivators began to move out. They even gathered some True Breath realm disciples to join them in the search.

At the same time, as an ally of Galactic Dusk Sect, Zhou Fei from the Five Generation Sky Clan that had previously tried to pursue and kill Wang Baole, remained 'sentimental' to him as he also carried out the search. He even activated his network of friends from the Galactic Dusk Sect, telling them to inform him if they met Wang Baole.

As the search carried on, Zhou Fei was rejuvenated, and somewhat anxious the moment he received the news. He was afraid that others would be faster than him. However, considering that he had received the news, it meant that there weren't many who were aware of the Dharmic Armament. Therefore, without wasting time, he rushed there immediately.

Gradually, a vast net filled with greed and intention to kill was cast above the dense forest of the moon's dark side. Gathering both True Breath realm cultivators and Foundation Establishment realm cultivators, the quest to find and kill Wang Baole had begun!

No one from the four Dao Colleges and the other factions, with the exception of the Five Generation Sky Clan and the Galactic Dusk Sect, knew about what was going on.

They were putting in their utmost effort to attack the array formation seal. After all the time spent trying to break it, it seemed to have worked. It wouldn't be long before the array formation was completely destroyed.

The members from the Five Generation Sky Clan and Galactic Dusk Sect amongst them didn't sense anything out of place. They all put on a relatively anxious expression as they cooperated with the rest in breaking the array formation.

It could be said that right then, the moon seemed to have become an invisible vortex, attracting most of the elites from the entire Federation, with the exception of the cultivators from the Martian Colony.

The Martian Colony was one of the most important bases of the Federation. Its purpose wasn't to solve the issues on the moon, and was therefore not deployed.

However, the number of Core Formation and Foundation Establishment cultivators gathered on the moon was astonishing. Their movement also became the media's spotlight within the entire Federation.

After all, in that era, movie stars were no longer the focal point for the masses. The cultivators were the ones who could gather all of the people's attention.

That was especially so as the transformation of the Mystic Luna Realm roused the entire Federation. Innumerable people were keeping watch, and rumors were abundant. In Phoenix City, Wang Baole's parents were pale with shock as they watched reports of the Mystic Luna Realm from the news.

"Husband... I... I feel light-headed, and my right eyelid is twitching... Baole..." Wang Baole's mother's eyes were reddened, apparently from crying. As she watched the news, tears streamed down her face uncontrollably again.

"That child... Why did he enter Ethereal Dao College and become a cultivator? Isn't it better if he had stayed as a commoner?" The tears from Wang Baole's mother became uncontrollable as she spoke. In that period of time, she seemed to have aged. Before Wang Baole left for the moon, he had ordered Liu Daobin to bring his parents the Ethereal Fruit for consumption. However, the anxiety she felt, and her worries for Wang Baole's wellbeing, still made her seem tired and old.

"Don't think about such nonsense. Don't you know Baole? He looks honest on the surface but is a cheeky person. When was he ever at a disadvantage?" Wang Baole's father also appeared visibly aged. However, he didn't reveal his anxiety as he consoled his wife.

In reality, not only was his right eyelid twitching, but an indescribable feeling also arose in his heart. It felt like he was about to lose something precious, and that caused the wrinkles on his face to deepen and grow in number...

Chapter 265: Escape

Other than the Galactic Dusk Sect and the Five Generation Sky Clan, no one knew what Wang Baole had experienced and lost in the Mystic Luna Realm. Naturally, no one was aware of how pitiful Wang Baole was right now.

Even using the word 'pitiful' to describe him seemed like an understatement. In reality, Wang Baole had experienced something unimaginable to most people, like a nightmare that no one could even think of.

As a cultivator, especially the highly-looked upon talent amongst the Federation seedlings, Wang Baole wasn't simply a Federation seedling, but also a popular star in the military. He was even a highly-regarded Deputy Pavilion Head of the four Dao Colleges and was considered formidable compared to his batch mates. Even though that seemed like an exaggeration, it was not far from the truth!

That was evidence of Wang Baole's combat capabilities and status. However, all of that was only applicable on Earth. In the moon's Mystic Luna Realm, it was a different story. The array formation caused darkness to overpower brightness, with all laws thrown out of the window without any regard. The survival of the fittest was a game that was playing out there.

How would a True Breath realm cultivator be able to resist the attacks from a Core Formation cultivator?

To Wang Baole, a True Breath realm cultivator, the most precious Foundation Establishment process was destroyed single-handedly by the old lady's attack. Furthermore, Wang Baole had used a rare perfect object, the small tripod cauldron, for Foundation Establishment, instead of his fragments.

That made the feud between him and Galactic Dusk Sect deepen exponentially. However, Wang Baole was unwilling to make an oath, as he felt that making an oath represented the useless screams of a weakling.

He felt that the teaching from the high officials' autobiographies made a lot of sense. His breathing was heavy as he hugged his stomach, trotting while escaping within the forest. Other than making an oath, there was no other outlet for his emotions.

I am still unwilling to swear, but if I could survive... Galactic Dusk Sect... Wang Baole smiled evilly without any tinge of happiness. The hatred in his eyes was unlike before, and in that moment, he seemed to have become an entirely different person.

People had to undergo different experiences in order to change. Wang Baole felt that was the way for him too. In the Pond Cloud Rainforest, he learned to kill and give his all. In Coulomb Basin, he learned about unity and cooperation, and here, he learned about what it was meant to have... deep-seated hatred!

It was hatred that arose from someone snatching away his chance at Foundation Establishment, for pushing him to the brink of death, and for destroying his future!

In the silence, blood flowed out from his stomach, which he had covered with his hands. He heaved heavily, supporting himself on a tree as he lowered his head to look at the wound. He could see his intestines, and if he were to release his hands, his intestines would fall out all over the ground.

Perhaps all his internal organs would slide out from the wound as well.

Even though he was covering the wound with his hand, the injury was so severe that Wang Baole was already feeling his body becoming increasingly weaker by the moment. The only saving grace was that he had managed to complete eighty percent of the Foundation Establishment process, even though his level of cultivation had been decreased.

He no longer had the Foundation Establishment, but as his devouring seed was still intact, he could forcefully stabilize the previously unstable cultivation after he escaped. That slowed the rate at which his cultivation was being lowered, and even though thirty percent of his meridians had been broken, no one knew that Wang Baole's Spirit Root was ten inches long instead of eight inches.

The remaining seventy percent of his meridians could forcefully activate his cultivation, allowing him to activate combat capabilities akin to the level of a Foundation Establishment cultivator once he stabilized after his escape!

That would be scary. It was worth mentioning that Wang Baole was only eighty percent Foundation Establishment, with thirty percent of his meridians destroyed, and was also carrying severe injuries. Even so, the combat capabilities that he could showcase were already on the same level as a Foundation Establishment cultivator. In other words, it could also be said that his injuries caused his level of cultivation to fall towards the level of a Foundation Establishment cultivator.

However, Wang Baole knew clearly that as time passed, his level of cultivation would gradually fall. It could take a few hours or a few days...

It would be useless even if I manage to find my mates from the four Dao Colleges. Instead, I might even bring danger to them... My only chance of survival now is time... As long as I can sustain until the seal has been broken, until Seniors from the Dao College come... Wang Baole adjusted his breathing, his face pale. He was previously bitter and felt hopeless, but since he managed to escape, the feelings of despair were transformed into a strong will to survive. The level of hopelessness he felt was transformed into the same level of desire to survive.

He didn't want to die. He couldn't bear leaving his parents and his friends, and he hadn't become the President of the Federation, or taken his revenge!

I must hold out. Heal my injuries, and find the Mystic Trace Fog... Wang Baole lowered his head to look at his injuries, before laughing bitterly again. His wound was so large and his injuries so severe that they couldn't be treated with pills.

It was a miracle that he was still alive with injuries on that scale. However, he knew that the special devouring seed helped in decreasing the harm from his injuries.

The pills in his storage bracelet weren't even able to provide any form of relief. If it were to carry on, his body would fall apart even before his cultivation was lowered to the level of a common man. He would then die as he lost blood and acquired infections as his cultivation diminished.

That was especially so if he met with enemies. If Wang Baole were to raise his hand that was hugging his stomach, his intestines would all flow out... Using the devouring seed to forcefully suck them in wasn't a long-term solution.

In the silence, Wang Baole knew that there was probably only one way out for him.

However, just as the idea popped into his head, Wang Baole raised his other hand, and a saber appeared immediately, slashing towards the trees on his right at something that wasn't visible!

A level of cultivation comparable to that of a Foundation Establishment cultivator was activated and used precisely on the Dharmic Armament. His cultivation far exceeded that of before, allowing his control of the Dharmic Armament to become even smoother. As the saber landed, a loud boom emerged as it made a slash the length of a man's height. A black crocodile appeared roaring, landing inside the forest as it prepared to attack a True Breath realm disciple from the Galactic Dusk Sect, who carried a look of greed in his eyes.

"Bang!" There was still a trace of greed in the disciple's eyes, but a crack began to appear between his brows as he was directly split into two. It was not long before the two parts fell to the ground, blood splashing out from each of them.

From the beginning to the end, Wang Baole didn't take a single look at him, and neither did he keep his Dharmic Armament. Instead, he stabbed the saber into the ground, a look of determination appearing in his eyes as he caught his breath.

He immediately took out four puppets.

The only solution is to dismantle all these puppets, transforming them into an armor that would encompass my entire body, sealing up the wound to a certain extent! Wang Baole didn't hesitate a single bit. He knew that he shouldn't stop, but compared to advancing, the danger from his injuries was greater. Therefore, he began to dismantle the puppets with one hand.

Thankfully, he was the Deputy Pavilion Head of the Dharmic Armament Pavilion and had made the puppets himself. Therefore, his knowledge of the Dharmic Armament and his familiarity with the puppets made him very efficient, and soon, he had completely dismantled the puppets and began carving new inscriptions to transform them with his Spirit Stones.

The scene seemed like art created by Wang Baole. The entire scene with him using his seventh-grade Dharmic Armament and the Heated Burst mystic technique surrounding him, along with Mystic Luna Realm's forest on the moon's dark side and his injured body as the background—a Dharmic Armament Master would be touched if he were to notice Wang Baole.

Soon, a set of armor appeared before Wang Baole's eyes. It was black and looked extremely vicious and cold. Its exterior was covered densely with sharp spikes that were astonishingly pointy. One could see that it was an armor prepared for war!

The whole process took about an hour. The armor was like a small giant about ten feet tall, and as it stood in front of Wang Baole, he felt a torrent of emotions.

Wang Baole wasn't completely satisfied with it, but due to the circumstances he was in, it was the best he could do. He struggled to stand and, as he activated his hand seals, the ten feet tall armor in front of him assembled on its own, breaking into numerous fragments and approaching Wang Baole as they covered him entirely.

When everything was completed, the Dharmic Armament vanished, and Wang Baole's body could no longer be seen. Instead, one could only see a figure decked in armor standing in front of the giant tree!

There was a black helmet that only revealed his eyes and black armor that covered his entire body, sealing the wound on his stomach. It seemed to have replaced his skin, preventing his intestines and organs from falling out.

Wang Baole finally felt the weakness that was gradually increasing ease significantly. If the weakness was coming at him like a turbulent river flow previously, it was now akin to a peaceful stream.

It was also at that time, when Wang Baole stopped moving, that the nine ordinary mosquitoes sent back an image of a figure charging at him from afar!

The figure hadn't neared, but a strong vibe of Foundation Establishment emanated from the figure, and could be significantly felt!

Wang Baole wasn't surprised at how they could accurately locate him. If he had a choice, he wouldn't have stayed put for so long. Seeing that the person coming after him wasn't the old lady, Wang Baole fell silent as a chill flashed across his eyes.

Chapter 266: Blood Floods the Mystic Realm!

As soon as the Galactic Dusk Sect Foundation Establishment realm cultivator came surging forward, Wang Baole raised his left hand without a word and swung his fist towards him!

The punch unleashed the Supernova and augmented Wang Baole's strength and power. The immense force erupted into a huge whirlpool that ripped everything apart and roared as it slammed into the Foundation Establishment realm cultivator.

Alarm flashed across the face of the Foundation Establishment cultivator from the Galactic Dusk Sect. He had thought Wang Baole weakened and knew that their elder had destroyed his Dao foundation. That was why he had attacked confidently. He hadn't expected the force behind Wang Baole's punch. It gave him the illusion of facing off against a cultivator of equal cultivation realm instead of one at the True Breath realm.

How is this possible? Didn't the elder destroy his Dao foundation? As emotions flashed across the Galactic Dusk Sect cultivator's face, and a flicker passed his eyes, he formed rapid hand seals. A large crescent moon appeared before him and collided with the whirlpool formed by the Supernova.

At that very instant, as the Supernova erupted from Wang Baole's left fist, his right hand rose in the air. A seventh-grade Dharmic Armament saber appeared in his hand. With a thundering roar, it slashed at the Supernova whirlpool!

"Die!"

An explosion of unprecedented proportion followed. In the earlier battle with Zhou Fei, Wang Baole's cultivation hadn't been as advanced. He had suffered a backlash from wielding the Dharmic Armament and was unable to fully unleash its power. Things had since changed. He unleashed his full power and the remaining, damaged Spirit Qi inside his body without holding anything back. He was the short-lived lotus in its last moments, unfolding into its fullest blossom without regret!

With a thundering roar, the black tornado rose to the skies and shook the surrounding lands. The black crocodile unleashed its true roar, which rumbled and stirred the surrounding air. It replaced the sound-barrier-breaking thundering of the saber, and a sudden hundred meter tall light erupted from Wang Baole's Dharmic Armament saber.

The saber light flashed and slashed through the Supernova whirlpool. It parted with the blade, allowing the latter to slice clean through it and land on the crescent moon summoned by the Galactic Dusk Sect Foundation Establishment realm cultivator.

Shock and alarm flashed across the cultivator's face, and he fell back hastily. The crescent moon disintegrated without putting up much of a fight. The saber light, unhindered, raced towards the Foundation Establishment realm cultivator!

"No!" The Foundation Establishment realm cultivator let out a terrible cry. He tried to fight, pulling out numerous Numinous Treasures hurriedly to defend himself, but he was like an ant before an upraised boot. The overpowering slash of the saber, powered by Wang Baole's explosive lifeforce, shattered the Numinous Treasures that the Galactic Dusk Sect Foundation Establishment realm cultivator had thrown at him. It was as if the treasures had been sucked clean of all spirit energy. The brilliant saber light fell straight on the cultivator's head and slashed... clean through!

A thundering rumble shook the earth, and a crack appeared between the two legs of the Foundation Establishment realm cultivator. It went deep into the earth and was at least thirty yards long...

Wang Baole landed, his blade piercing the ground and his body folding into a half-crouch. He lifted his head, panting, then slowly stood up.

Before him, the Foundation Establishment realm cultivator from the Galactic Dusk Sect shuddered. His body split apart into two cleanly cleaved halves. They exploded. Blood and torn body parts flew in the air. His flesh form and spirit were both destroyed!

That was the present power of Wang Baole. Despite his grievous injuries, despite having a third of his meridians ruined, despite his Dao foundation being robbed, despite his growing weakness—he still had the ability to kill a Foundation Establishment realm cultivator!

Wang Baole stood up. He didn't spare a glance at the dead cultivator but looked instead to his left and then his right. He raised his Dharmic Armament and pointed at his left and his right, then turned around and ran further into the forest at top speed.

As soon as he left, two Foundation Establishment realm cultivators walked out slowly from where he had pointed his Dharmic Armament. They both had a terrible look on their faces, their expressions grave and serious.

They had arrived merely a moment later than the cultivator who had just been killed. They hadn't even had the chance to rush out to his aid before the fight had ended. They had seen, with their own eyes, Wang Baole's attack. The terrible and fearsome sight was a dagger of fear driven deep into their hearts.

"Did he really have his Dao foundation destroyed by the elder?" After a long moment, one of them asked, uncertainty in his words.

“The elder didn’t just destroy his Dao foundation. I heard she ripped a fully intact artifact straight from his body... he was on the verge of attaining the Foundation Establishment realm then,” the other person whispered.

The first person who spoke, upon hearing that, sucked in a breath of cold air. He knew very clearly what that meant. He also knew the agony that one would have suffered throughout the entire process. It was an unimaginable pain.

Despite having gone through that, Wang Baole was still able to fight to such an extent. That made them realize that the young man wasn’t a mere prodigy. If he had successfully achieved the Foundation Establishment realm, his reputation would grow far greater in the Federation.

“He didn’t reach the Foundation Establishment realm, but still possesses the same level of combat ability... it’s such a waste.”

The two stared at each other. A hint of greed unfurled in their eyes. There lay unspoken words between them. They were about... the Dharmic Armament in Wang Baole’s possession!

With their level of cultivation, they had recognized the weapon to be a Dharmic Armament at first glance. Now, they had an even greater reason not to give up the pursuit. However, after considering Wang Baole’s resilience and battle prowess, they decided unanimously to continue the hunt at a safe distance, without venturing too near.

“He’s seriously wounded. I can feel his Spirit Qi weakening...”

“When he weakens more considerably, that’s when we kill him!” Both had their own ideas. They continued to keep their distance while readying themselves. If Wang Baole turned around and attacked, they wouldn’t engage. They would choose instead to wait it out.

They weren’t idiots. Regardless of how precious a Dharmic Armament was, they knew well about Wang Baole’s Foundation Establishment realm level fighting ability. There were those who would have bravely approached head on and fought for the Dharmic Armament, but such people were rare and few. Even if they didn’t perish in the encounter, they would, eventually, in the others that followed.

The Galactic Dusk Sect, especially, was extremely focused on its self-interests and gains. It would never do anything that required self-sacrifice for the benefit of others. That was why, as more Foundation Establishment realm cultivators appeared, after noticing the strange situation as well as the Spirit Qi exuding from Wang Baole—despite Wang Baole having kept his Dharmic Armament—they also chose to follow and observe.

There would always be a few brash ones, however. One Foundation Establishment realm cultivator from the Galactic Dusk Sect could no longer hold himself back. He sensed Wang Baole’s weakening Spirit Qi and attacked immediately. The glimmering light of a blade flashed in the air instantly, and a thundering roar threatened to split the earth apart. The disembodied head of the Foundation Establishment realm cultivator flew into the air as his headless body fell to the ground. The eight to nine Foundation Establishment realm cultivators who had been following closely behind were driven to shock. They rediscovered a sense of self-restraint. At the same time, fierce desire burned in their eyes.

They unanimously decided to keep news of the situation to themselves instead of reporting back to the Core Formation realm elder. They continued tracking Wang Baole while waiting for the opportune moment.

Wang Baole knew what the people following him were up to. His eyes flashed, and he ignored them. The current situation was actually to his advantage. In fact, he had revealed his Dharmic Armament not just to inspire fear but also to use the cultivators' greed and lust for the Dharmic Armament to his advantage. They would not as easily report his whereabouts to the Core Formation realm cultivator.

They had their own schemes and naturally so did Wang Baole.

At the same time, the delay tactic suited Wang Baole's plans. As he moved forward, he went towards low-lying lands in search of the Mystic Trace Fog.

Wang Baole knew that he was weakening at an alarming rate. If he could locate the Mystic Trace Fog before he weakened to the extent that they were moved to attack, he would be able to buy himself some more time.

If he failed to do so... Wang Baole fell silent then. He no longer knew where he was precisely. Based on his calculations though, he knew that even though he was currently not in the deeper regions of the dark side of the moon, he was approaching the restricted zone that the college had spoken of and that he was not to enter at all costs.

I hope I can find it... Wang Baole inhaled deeply. He could sense himself weakening. He was about to continue his search when suddenly, from the left, a figure raced towards them at an alarming speed.

He seemed to be in great anxiety. As he approached, he drew not only Wang Baole's attention but that of the eight to nine Foundation Establishment realm cultivators behind Wang Baole as well. They turned their eyes on him.

They soon saw the approaching person clearly. It was... Zhou Fei of the Five Generation Sky Clan!

As soon as he appeared, Zhou Fei said abruptly, "Stop waiting around, everyone. He has found a way to locate the Mystic Trace Fog. If we don't do anything soon, he'll find the Mystic Trace Fog and teleport himself away. That was how he escaped from me the last time!"

As soon as Zhou Fei said that, the Foundation Establishment realm cultivators from the Galactic Dusk Sect froze, and the expressions on their faces shifted. Wang Baole frowned. He sighed softly, inwardly, and leveled a frosty glare at Zhou Fei. Zhou Fei, with greed in his eyes, initiated an attack and raced towards Wang Baole!

Chapter 267: The Land of Deep Slumber

Zhou Fei's words instantly exposed Wang Baole's delay tactic. The latter's plan failed as soon as Zhou Fei appeared. At that moment, Wang Baole could clearly feel the difference between a True Breath realm cultivator and a Foundation Establishment realm cultivator.

Compared to a True Breath realm cultivator, a Foundation Establishment realm cultivator would have lived through numerous fights to the death as well as contests for resources. That was how they had

emerged from the faceless crowd of True Breath realm cultivators to form the central forces of the Federation.

Such survivors would have honed their mind after undergoing many hardships as well as events that broadened their horizons. Their mental resilience surpassed that of a True Breath realm cultivator. Their decisiveness, as soon as they made up their minds, was something a True Breath realm cultivator couldn't compare to. Once their minds were made up, they weren't easily swayed. The level of their craftiness was also greater than that of a True Breath realm cultivator.

Wang Baole couldn't spare a moment more for thought. His eyes flashed. As soon as Zhou Fei approached, he raised his right hand and summoned his seventh-grade Dharmic Armament saber in his hand, slashing it at Zhou Fei!

He knew clearly that Zhou Fei held an understanding of his Dharmic Armament that was far greater than anyone else there. Since he dared to appear out in the open, he must have a certain degree of confidence in his chances. If Wang Baole had still maintained the level of strength and power that had allowed him to cleave a Foundation Establishment realm cultivator into two, he might not have been too bothered. However, he clearly sensed the weakening of his cultivation. It had dropped by three-tenths. His current level of cultivation was a mere seven-tenths of his full cultivation.

The only option left to him was to kill Zhou Fei quickly. His death would serve to terrorize the others. Even if they were aware of his plans, they would move with greater caution and give him more time to seek out the Mystic Trace Fog.

Wang Baole placed his full strength behind the attack. The tornado expanded outwards, and the black crocodile roared and lashed out in all directions. Wang Baole narrowed his eyes and stomped heavily on the ground with his right foot. His entire person sprang upward suddenly, like the long arc of a rainbow, surging behind the arc of his blade light towards Zhou Fei.

Zhou Fei sneered as he watched Wang Baole attack, his hands swiftly forming hand seals. A large mirror, which seemed to be crafted from Spirit Stones, appeared before him. It started giving off a bright, blinding light as soon as it appeared. It was something Zhou Fei had borrowed from someone in order to suppress Wang Baole's Dharmic Armament.

As he formed the hand seals and the mirror appeared, the blinding light of the saber came rushing towards him. Both the light from the mirror and the saber met. Everything seemed to happen at the same time. Amidst a deafening explosion, the twin lights collided.

The mirror shattered with an explosion. As it cracked and shattered into pieces, an ethereal hand reached out from within the shattering mirror and stretched towards the approaching Wang Baole. It pointed at him.

An immense energy silently unfurled in the air. It formed a binding force that cast itself over Wang Baole, who suddenly felt the sensation of sinking deep into water. He felt as if his whole body had been suddenly and tightly bound. He froze in his steps, his movements slowing down considerably.

It was as if he had frozen on the spot, unable to move and unable to fight back!

The surrounding Foundation Establishment realm cultivators witnessed the sight before them, and their eyes glimmered. They were about to dash out when Zhou Fei, with a loud burst of laughter, his spirits energized, raised his right hand and grabbed towards Wang Baole's Dharmic Armament!

The surrounding cultivators' breathing and pace quickened as Zhou Fei was about to wrap his fingers around the Dharmic Armament. However, as Wang Baole lay bound and helpless, suddenly, an icy glint flickered in the eyes hidden behind his helmet.

His devouring seed had been focused on keeping his injuries under control. His black lightning and the power of the purple sea hidden in his eye had also sunk into slumber after the events in the Coulomb Basin, without signs of awakening. They hadn't emerged even when the old woman had struck.

That didn't mean that Wang Baole had no way of activating them, however. As the fierce light in his eyes flashed, the black armor he was wearing started emitting a black light. A series of cracking, metallic sounds rang out. The exterior of Wang Baole's armor started caving inwards, and in the middle of each dent, lay a self-exploding bead. They shot out into the air instantly.

More than a hundred self-exploding beads scattered outwards from Wang Baole's armor and exploded instantly. Explosions resounded in the air, sending tremors through the ground. They were like a sudden boiling thunderstorm, their immense force sending shockwaves across the land—shaking the earth around Wang Baole, tearing the grass and leaves, and uprooting whole trees. The binding power that had trapped Wang Baole within its grasp was blown apart instantly!

Zhou Fei was alarmed. He retreated hastily, but it was too late. The icy glimmer in Wang Baole's eyes transformed into a murderous glint. He eyed the approaching Foundation Establishment realm cultivators and started chanting inwardly.

"Enlightened..." He echoed the words in his heart, and remarkable spirit energy exploded from his person. The heavens boiled, and amongst the distant stars, a faraway, ancient being seemed to be awakening. It had its gaze on them. The oppressive weight of the gaze sent shivers through the Foundation Establishment realm cultivators who had been closing in.

"What is this aura!?"

"My god, this is... this is..."

The Foundation Establishment realm cultivators from the Galactic Dusk Sect fell back in unison, but Wang Baole paid them little attention. As he muttered the scripture, he dashed forward in a sudden burst of speed and arrived before the retreating Zhou Fei. With murder in his eyes and a rage that he had been suppressing all along, he slashed towards him!

The sudden sweep of the blade almost drove Zhou Fei's spirits out from his body in terror. He did his best to counter it but to no avail. As the blade fell, amidst a loud thunder, Zhou Fei spat out a mouthful of blood and let out an agonizing cry. His body fell, like a kite cut from its string, to the ground. His chest was a bloodied mess. Even though the actual injury wasn't visible, it was clear that he had been wounded severely.

Wang Baole narrowed his eyes. He stared at Zhou Fei, who was on the verge of passing out. The latter had fallen near where the other Foundation Establishment realm cultivators stood. That couldn't have

been a coincidence. He chose not to follow through with a killing blow and instead, turned and fled into the forest.

“Stop him. He’s trying to find the Mystic Trace Fog. What frightened you earlier was the aura from the Dharmic Armament...” Zhou Fei struggled to speak. He spat out another mouthful of blood and passed out.

The others treated his words with equal doubt and belief. However, there was something he said that they clearly believed, and that was... the reason for Wang Baole’s fleeing. It was something they hadn’t expected. However, it held a hint of truth and possibility to it. Their eyes flashed as Wang Baole raced further away. The earlier terrifying spirit energy wasn’t enough to deter them from continuing their pursuit.

Instantly, seven to eight sixth-grade Numinous Treasures as well as a dozen spells erupted from the cultivators’ hands, heading straight for Wang Baole.

The color drained from Wang Baole’s face. He wanted to put on a strong front that would continue to strike fear in his pursuers’ hearts. The mind was willing, but the flesh was weak. He could only spare a sweep of his right hand as he fled. He put all he had behind the attack, but his weakening cultivation and the severity of his injuries made it impossible for him to stop the full onslaught. Two Numinous Treasure-grade flying swords pierced clean through his left arm and shoulder!

Wang Baole staggered from the blow. Inside his helmet, blood started flowing heavily from his lips. He continued escaping hurriedly, and the thought of casting the Dharmic Armament aside to lure the group away even flashed across his mind.

Doing so, however, wouldn’t change the situation drastically. With the Dharmic Armament in his hands, he would be pursued relentlessly by the crowd. Without it, the situation wouldn’t change. It might even have adverse consequences.

His weakened state was immediately exposed. The Foundation Establishment realm cultivators pursuing him had excited glimmers in their eyes. They dashed forward in a burst of sudden speed, in fierce pursuit. The fire in their eyes burned brightly. It was the chance they had been waiting for!

A cacophony of noises exploded within the forest. Wang Baole fought as he retreated. Spell after spell, and Numinous Treasure after Numinous Treasure, flew at him from all directions. A few Foundation Establishment realm cultivators skilled at sudden, swift attacks drew near and ambushed him from time to time.

If the eight to nine Foundation Establishment realm cultivators had combined their efforts and made a unified attack, they would have instantly killed the rapidly weakening Wang Baole. Unfortunately, they were all lusting after the Dharmic Armament for their own and guarding against one another. They were also wary against any sudden counterattacks from Wang Baole right before he died. Each of them had their own ideas and schemes and hence held back. They continued to engage in a long-drawn battle with Wang Baole to wear him down.

Wang Baole’s condition worsened. Amidst another explosion and the cleave of Wang Baole’s saber, a Foundation Establishment realm cultivator had his hand chopped off, and blood splattered everywhere.

At the same time, Wang Baole's stomach was pierced through by a flying sword that had sneaked up on him!

It pierced through the existing raw wound on his stomach, making even the devouring seed stutter in its churning. Wang Baole shuddered, and blood spilled from his mouth. He could no longer suppress the full extent of his injuries, and they erupted. His cultivation drained away like the sudden rushing away of flood waters.

His eyes reddened as a deadly calm took over him. He was like a silent lone wolf, charging straight into one of his foes and slamming him right in his forehead. The latter was knocked aside while Wang Baole fell back hastily as well, panting. His hands shook, and black spots danced in his vision. The violent aura exuding from Wang Baole grew more intense.

He continued to flee from the group of cultivators' pursuit, unknowingly approaching the deeper regions of the dark side of the moon, the most restricted zone of all restricted zones—the center of where the mysterious ancient corpse, the Night Immortal King slept!

The roots intertwined on the ground like a thick blanket and were crimson in color. With a single glance, one would be able to recognize the place as the restricted zone highlighted in the materials distributed by all of the political forces. That was because anyone who entered that place would be faced with inevitable death!

The Foundation Establishment realm cultivators who had been pursuing Wang Baole, upon realizing where they had been led, were shocked. A few of them stopped in their tracks, their breathing stilled.

"He's not looking for the Mystic Trace Fog. He's trying to lure us to the land of the slumbering Night Immortal King!"

Chapter 268: The Spirits and Immortals Kneel!

As soon as the words were out and they realized where they were, the expressions on the Foundation Establishment realm cultivators' faces changed. They froze in their steps, becoming wary and uncertain. To the Galactic Dusk Sect, the domain meant death to all who hadn't reached the Core Formation realm!

They weren't typically that brash or slow to realization, but their single-minded focus on pursuing Wang Baole while having to keep their guards up against one another proved distracting. They had also been so sure, after what Zhou Fei had said, that what Wang Baole was searching for was the Mystic Trace Fog.

Everything culminated in their late realization that they had actually approached the vicinity of the restricted zone!

Wang Baole saw his pursuers stop in their tracks. He panted heavily. Blood was seeping out from the armor on his stomach. His vision had darkened, and everything was a spinning blur in his eyes. He leaned against a big tree and stared at the cultivators.

"Come on! Not coming after me, your Grandpa Wang, anymore?" Frustration swelled in Wang Baole. He ripped off his helmet, exposing his death-pale face. Blood stained his lips and colored his eyes, his smile

was grim and fearless, and he had a faint crazed, murderous aura around him as he stared at his pursuers.

“Don’t you have your eyes on your granddaddy’s Dharmic Armament? It’s here. Come and take it!” Wang Baole’s legs felt like jelly. There was mockery in his smile, his words taunting. His vision was blurred and blood dripped into his eyes, coloring his vision red.

“And that one, the guy from the Five Generation Sky Clan, the one who did a pretty good job at faking his death. You can come out too. Hiding and following behind them without their notice is one thing, but do you think you can hide from your granddaddy?” Wang Baole felt a chill come over him. It wasn’t merely his cultivation that had weakened; his vitality was draining from his body rapidly as well. He struggled to lift his head as he stared into the distance.

As soon as he said that, a few of the Galactic Dusk Sect cultivators turned their heads in surprise, though some remained unfazed as if they had known all along.

Zhou Fei emerged from the forest under the eyes of those who had turned their heads around. One step after another, his transparent form slowly solidified and became visible. He had clearly used the same ambush technique that he had used in his earlier pursuit of Wang Baole to conceal himself.

He had been prepared for the injuries that he would sustain as well. They seemed serious but were, in reality, still within the limits of his tolerance. He had intended to be the oriole preying on the unaware, hunting mantises, planning to wait for the cultivators to kill Wang Baole and strike as they fought amongst themselves for the Dharmic Armament.

“Wang Baole, you’re at the end of your rope. Hand over the Dharmic Armament and end your own life. I believe the other Fellow Daoists will find that acceptable,” Zhou Fei said slowly. He remained on high alert as he eyed his surroundings. He had previously realized that they had approached the edge of the restricted zone, but his greed was too great so he didn’t give the others a heads-up. He, though, had raised his guard.

“A bunch of trash. You want the Dharmic Armament? Come and get it!

“Don’t worry. Before your Granddaddy Wang dies, I’ll make sure to get a few of you as well. It all depends on who amongst you are the unlucky ones. As for the rest, you’ll get to find out if the restricted zone is as scary as the legends say.”

Wang Baole glanced at Zhou Fei contemptuously, and his eyes swept across the rest. His right hand pressed heavily into the large tree and, using the force of that push, he retreated suddenly. He stepped straight into the area where the red plants grew, right into the restricted zone on the dark side of the moon!

He seemed to hear a sigh as he took a step into the restricted zone. With the world blurring before his eyes, he didn’t spare it further thought. He simply struggled to make his way forward.

Every step sent agony snaking through his entire body. The world was a blur in his eyes, and his body grew weaker and colder. The weakness and cold were like waves sweeping over him, threatening to drag him under.

The wound on his stomach could no longer be held together. Blood slowly dripped from the open wound, and his intestines started to slip out. He tried his best to hold them in with his hands. His armor had been damaged and ruined in multiple places, a few spots being ripped apart and others dented. Where he passed, he left a trail of blood in his wake. It seeped into and merged with the blood-colored plants, creating a gruesome sight.

Behind him, silence fell over the Foundation Establishment realm cultivators. They stared at Wang Baole, whose tenacity had exceeded their wildest imagination. They might have harbored their own individual schemes and mistrust towards one another, and their uncoordinated efforts might have lacked unity, but they could recognize, to a certain degree, that Wang Baole himself possessed certain extraordinary qualities that allowed him to survive for so long.

They asked themselves whether, in his place, they would have done as well. They might have discarded the Dharmic Armament much earlier in the pursuit as a gambit to save themselves.

But they knew, deep in their hearts, that if Wang Baole had abandoned the Dharmic Armament, they would have fought for it, but they would also have killed Wang Baole in a shorter time. His death would be swift. They wouldn't have let him escape.

After all, the reward from the elder's mission didn't include the Dharmic Armament. The only way to receive the reward was to kill Wang Baole.

That was why even though Wang Baole's head wasn't worth as much as the Dharmic Armament, it was still enough to make them kill him.

However, Wang Baole never discarded the Dharmic Armament. That left them speechless. They knew that he had come to some kind of realization. That he had been able to retain such mental clarity in such a critical situation was what had made them most wary of and cautious towards him.

"If the kid had joined us Galactic Dusk Sect, he would likely be even more powerful now!" The Foundation Establishment realm cultivators from the Galactic Dusk Sect, after the prolonged hunt, came to a unanimous conclusion.

They couldn't bear to leave, not even with the restricted zone in front of them. They watched as Wang Baole entered with the Dharmic Armament. Be it Zhou Fei or the others, they couldn't control the quickening of their breathing. An internal struggle took place within their hearts. Then, a glimmer, filled with vicious determination and an intention to take up the gamble, shone in their eyes.

Just as they prepared to make a gambit, suddenly, soft sobbing rose around them. The faint cries echoed in the air, sorrowful and unearthly. As the sounds resonated, a pale mist started to rise around them.

It was not the Mystic Trace Fog but a pale, thin mist. In the mist, blurry, indistinct silhouettes gradually appeared. It was a group of Moon Spirits...

Not three to five, or even a dozen, but a whole group of them...

In mid-air, in the mist, Night Immortals began to appear as well... similarly, not just three to five of them, but... a whole crowd of them!

They appeared silently and hovered around like guards, standing watch over the restricted zone. They drifted with the spreading mist around the crimson area in the restricted zone. The mist swallowed Wang Baole in its midst and hid him from the other cultivators' sight. White noise exploded in their heads, and all of them, including Zhou Fei, retreated hastily without hesitation. Their hearts beat rapidly while their muscles twitched in alarm and terror.

They reluctantly cast aside all thoughts for Wang Baole and instead, tried their best to escape as quickly as possible from the area. Fortunately, the swarm of Moon Spirits and Night Immortals seemed to be focused only on guarding the restricted zone. They didn't pursue the cultivators, allowing the latter to escape with their lives intact.

The cultivators turned around and stared in the direction of the restricted zone, falling silent. Sighing inwardly and with their hearts heavy, they went their own separate ways. Some left while others chose to linger around and wait for the mist to dissipate. They wanted to see if they might get a chance to retrieve Wang Baole's dead body.

They no longer considered the possibility of Wang Baole's survival. The appearance of the mist and Wang Baole being trapped amongst the Night Immortals and Moon Spirits pointed to his inescapable death!

Defying all odds, Wang Baole didn't die!

As the mist rose and blanketed everything, Wang Baole turned around. He gazed past the mist at the people who had been hunting him and grinned widely. He turned back. His consciousness was growing hazy, and his body was beyond exhausted. He continued walking without conscious thought. As he was about to stumble and fall, the black mask flew away from him and floated above his head.

Wang Baole had lost consciousness by then. He didn't see the soft glow radiating from the black mask. The light drifted to his side and gradually formed a faint glowing figure.

It was a woman of unprecedented beauty, dressed in white, her long hair adrift in the air.

She held onto Wang Baole. Even though her form seemed illusory, a strange power seemed to allow her to support his body and prevent him from falling over. She led him forward.

They treaded on mist as they ventured deeper into the restricted zone. The number of Moon Spirits and Night Immortals grew as they went further in. The Federation would be alarmed at their numbers, as it far exceeded their estimation!

What was bizarre was how the countless Moon Spirits and Night Immortals, upon seeing the woman, parted and made a path for her...

It was as if a supreme ruler had returned. The Moon Spirits and Night Immortals didn't simply make way for her... they knelt and bowed down before her on both sides of the path!

They watched as the Little Missy supported the unconscious Wang Baole and led him deeper into the mist, to a place where no one had ventured before. There, lay a vast crater!

Chapter 269: The Immortal Establishment Realm!

The illusory form of Little Missy led the unconscious Wang Baole into the depths of the crater.

The mist was thinner here, and unable to conceal the full sight before them.

It was a vast, round cavern that stretched for thousands of yards. Unless one was perched atop an elevated spot, try as they might, they wouldn't be able to see the end of the cavern.

What was visible within the expansive cavern was the thousands of figures on the ground, laid out in circles, kneeling forward in a bow. They didn't move a single inch. Their attires were different from those of people on Earth and clearly from a more ancient time. If there had been a specialist from the Federation well versed in the study of the ancient green-bronze sword, he would immediately recognize them to be... ancient sword cultivators!

In the crowd were both men and women, old and young. All of them were kneeling forward in a deep bow. They had long passed, but the bodies they had left behind retained the last expression on their faces before they died. It was as if they had shut their eyes in devoted prayer, or perhaps in an attempt to summon something just before their death...

In a single glance, one would see rings upon rings of cultivators filling the entire cavern. In the center of the rings was a towering altar!

The altar stood three hundred meters tall and had three tiers... If Wang Baole were awake, he would find the altar familiar. It was the exact same altar that he had seen during his fusion with the small tripod cauldron!

Even the lowest first tier and its four corners upon which the small tripod cauldrons sat were exactly the same. However, there were only two small tripod cauldrons on the altar, and they were both broken. No Spirit Qi emanated from them. The other two cauldrons had somehow been taken away, perhaps shot out from the crater or through some other means and for some other reason. One of those was undoubtedly the one Wang Baole had fused with!

Some of the beads on the second tier and the mist on the third tier were also either absent or broken and left without Spirit Qi.

They were all unimportant though. What was most important... was the mist that hovered above the altar in mid-air. It exuded an astounding vitality, and within the mist was the indistinct form of... a green lotus!

The green lotus was partially shriveled up. Despite that, when it swayed gently in the breeze, it radiated a green light that emanated spirit energy which seemed to have surpassed certain limits. It sat within the green glow, contained. However, looking at the green lotus, one was faced with a vision of a thundering Spirit Qi hurricane that rose to the heavens!

In comparison, the small tripod cauldron that Wang Baole had gotten his hands on previously was like a pale pinprick of a star hanging in the same sky as the bright luminous moon. The light exuding from both heavenly objects weren't of the same class!

The vitality in the mist had clearly originated from within the green lotus. The intensity of the vitality could blanket the entire Mystic Luna Realm if unleashed!

The green lotus sat in the mist. It felt like something that didn't belong to this world. The mere sight of it would shake one to their core, like a violent hurricane sweeping away one's spirit and soul!

It was something that had been worshipped by tens of thousands of ancient cultivators and had received tribute in the form of numerous small tripod cauldrons and other even rarer items. That itself was a sign of its immense power!

It was as if it were the embodiment of legends!

The embodiment of myths!

The embodiment of hope and endless possibility!

One might even say that its power didn't affect only the cultivators on Earth. Those who hailed from other civilizations and practiced the art of cultivation, regardless of their cultivation realm, would, upon seeing the green lotus, go mad with longing for it. Waves of lust would rise roaring in their hearts!

It was as if the green lotus reigned supreme and was one of the many mysterious life-transforming powers in the universe!

The cultivators here might have been people who had landed on the moon after the ancient green-bronze sword shattered. Before they died, they had carried out a grand sacrificial ceremony and attempted to summon the green lotus. They had succeeded, but for some reason, had still fallen.

Or perhaps the green lotus had been a sacred object that had belonged to their clan and had been something they had used their lives to protect.

With the support of Little Missy, the unconscious Wang Baole was brought here. She placed him at one side, lifted her head, and stared at the green lotus in the mist. The soft glow of memory seemed to glimmer in her eyes. She appeared to be immersed in happy memories. After a long, long time, she lifted her right hand and pointed. Suddenly, the green lotus in the mist shuddered. It slowly flew out from the mist and dashed towards Little Missy. It stopped, finally, in mid-air before her.

A large part of it might have already shriveled up, but it still exuded an alarming and intense vitality. The life force surged forward. It seemed to contain within itself a Spirit Qi that had been compressed to the extreme. The Spirit Qi was bubbling with life. The young, healthy shoots were a vibrant jade green that surpassed all earthly beauty. One glance at it was enough to drive one crazy for it, enough to summon an instinctive want to possess the green lotus!

"Count yourself lucky, meeting me..." Little Missy lowered her head. It was unclear whether her words were directed at Wang Baole or the green lotus. She seemed reluctant, unwilling, yet exasperated. She waved her right hand and pressed the green lotus directly onto Wang Baole's dantian.

Upon contact, the green lotus instantly melted into Wang Baole's body. It disappeared, then reappeared inside Wang Baole's body, within the severely injured dantian that was on the verge of collapse.

Upon its fusion, an indescribable life force erupted within Wang Baole's body. It was as if an earth-shattering, heaven-moving transformation was about to unfold within Wang Baole at that moment!

The life force was so overwhelming that it healed the wound on Wang Baole's stomach almost instantly, within the blink of an eye. It repaired the ruined meridians in his body, and even his flesh wounds and damaged organs were all instantly healed!

This wasn't the full extent of the astounding transformation. After repairing Wang Baole's injured body, the green lotus sank its roots deep in and surged towards the devouring seed.

The devouring seed showed its first signs of submission. It allowed the green lotus to sink its roots deep inside it. The two fused into one, and the devouring seed appeared to take the place of the mist that had formerly enveloped the green lotus. After becoming a part of the green lotus, the devouring seed also became its source of sustenance!

It was then that the signs of shriveling on the green lotus faded away. It no longer appeared to be a rootless form. It now had a foundation, and roots from which it could sustain itself and grow!

The Spirit Qi within it erupted at that moment. As it transformed Wang Baole's body, it began to build... a Foundation Establishment core!

With the small tripod cauldron stolen and his Dao foundations ruined, it shouldn't have been possible for Wang Baole to achieve the Foundation Establishment realm again in his lifetime. But now... the tides had turned. As Spirit Qi continued to erupt in his body, a thunderous boom rumbled inside him. The green lotus took the place of the small tripod cauldron and started to meld with Wang Baole's flesh form.

The speed of the fusion was quicker than the previous fusion with the small tripod cauldron. In the span of a dozen breaths, a tenth of the lotus had melded with Wang Baole. Spirit Qi erupted from his body, rumbling outwards. The mere one-tenth exceeded his previous eighty percent fusion with the small tripod cauldron!

Such luck was inconceivable and utterly incredible. As Spirit Qi continued to erupt from Wang Baole's body, the fusion progressed to twenty percent, then thirty percent...

The Spirit Qi inside Wang Baole's body increased at a crazy, exponential rate. When the fusion was complete at a hundred percent, an earth-shattering transformation took place inside Wang Baole. An overpowering Foundation Establishment core formed inside him. After fusing with Wang Baole and becoming his Foundation Establishment core, the overpowering green lotus seemed to view the other presences inside Wang Baole's body with disdain. It swayed, causing a shudder to travel through Wang Baole. The purple sea in his eye appeared, trembling, and the black lightning resting in his meridians was also startled awake.

Unable to withstand the overwhelming presence of the green lotus and left with nowhere to go, the purple sea burrowed its way into the scabbard inside Wang Baole and transformed into the eleventh mosquito!

The black lightning bolt, after a slight pause, chose to compromise as well and snaked inside the scabbard, turning into the twelfth mosquito!

After cleaning up the mess inside Wang Baole's body, the green lotus was finally satisfied. It slowly sank into the devouring seed and began the last step to the Foundation Establishment realm, one that no one had ever carried out before!

Elevation!

Rumbling continued to erupt inside Wang Baole's body. The act of elevation was one of distilling Wang Baole's current cultivation and enhancing its quality, and in doing so, transform him.

After the green lotus fused with Wang Baole's flesh form and become another organ inside his body, it had also spread its roots throughout Wang Baole's body. Wang Baole's muscles, bones, and meridians underwent a rapid transformation akin to an evolution!

As time passed, his Spirit Qi grew stronger and had long since surpassed his original levels. His Dao foundation, under the evolution of his physical form and cultivation, also gradually met the green lotus' expectations and transformed into... one of the rarest forms of Dao foundation!

His Foundation Establishment core was no longer a mere creation from fusion. It was one that was famed throughout the cultivation civilizations in the entire universe... the invincible, supreme Green Lotus Foundation Establishment core!

Chapter 270: I Have Returned

Time passed, seemingly fast and slow at the same time. Wang Baole didn't know how much time had gone by, but when he came to, Little Missy had vanished. The first thing he saw when he opened his eyes was the ceiling of the cavern.

Wang Baole seemed lost for a moment before his pupils contracted, and he sat up suddenly and inspected his surroundings cautiously. He widened his eyes at the sight before him, shock flooding his mind.

This is... Wang Baole was stunned. His breathing stilled as he observed the majestic scene before him. The sight of the tens of thousands of ancient cultivators' corpses and the three-tiered altar they had been worshipping sent a flood of emotions surging through him.

The altar, especially, and the items placed on the altar, inspired in him an indistinct feeling of surreality. He had immediately recognized the altar. It was the one which had appeared in the scenes that flashed across his mind during his fusion with the small tripod cauldron.

How did I end up here... There was confusion in Wang Baole's eyes. He couldn't recall anything that happened after he entered the restricted zone to escape from his pursuers. He remembered distinctly that he had been at the end of his rope then. His vitality had been a faint, weak flame that had been on the verge of being extinguished any moment.

He had felt death looming close over him. It had felt inevitable. His small tripod cauldron had been robbed from him, the foundations of his Dao destroyed, and he had been injured grievously. He had then been forced to flee from the countless Foundation Establishment realm cultivators after his life. It didn't matter how many he had taken down. His death had seemed inevitable.

His memories halted at the point when he entered the restricted zone. Then, he seemed to have fallen into a long, deep slumber. After he had woken up, he found himself here.

In his loss and confusion, Wang Baole took in a deep breath and looked down at his chest and the black mask that had appeared there without his knowledge. As he fell silent, he could feel the changes. His injuries had been healed, and there was a certain strength brimming within him that hadn't been there before.

Upon that discovery, Wang Baole started shivering, and his eyes shone with incredulity. He started inspecting his body and soon fell into a dazed shock; it was as if he had just been struck by lightning.

He saw, within himself, the ruined foundations of his cultivation completely rebuilt. His meridians were completely healed, and where his dantian lay, in the emptiness that had formed after the small tripod cauldron had been ripped out by the old woman, was... a green lotus!

The green lotus was the size of his palm. As it swayed, it radiated tremendous vitality and Spirit Qi which flooded Wang Baole's entire body. Wang Baole's breath froze instantly. At that moment, he was caught in an illusion of utter invincibility, as if he had the power to pluck the sun, the moon, and the stars from the heavens!

He knew what he was feeling wasn't real, but he could still clearly and distinctly feel that the Spirit Qi in his body surpassed his earlier small-tripod-grade Foundation Establishment realm cultivation by more than tenfold!

It was like a miracle. Wang Baole felt as if he was in a dream. He found the green lotus familiar... it seemed to be the same lotus that was being worshiped by the small tripod cauldron and other beings in the scenes that had flashed within his mind during his fusion with the small tripod cauldron!

There was no need, and no basis, for a comparison. He knew that if the green lotus within his body was indeed the lotus he had seen in his mind, then... the lotus and the small tripod cauldron were clearly in different leagues.

How did it appear inside me... Wang Baole was brimming with excitement and agitation. He hadn't simply regained what had been lost to him. He had, after losing something precious, found something even more valuable and priceless. That feeling was beyond what words could describe.

His heart started beating fiercely. He inspected his body and surveyed his surroundings. Finally, his eyes landed on the black mask. Somehow, Wang Baole felt that he had perhaps found his answer.

"You're the one who saved me, right, Little Missy?" Wang Baole asked softly. He picked the black mask up, but it didn't respond. After a long while, Wang Baole stood up, placed the mask before him, and with great gravity, gave it a deep bow!

"Little Missy, you saved my life. I, Wang Baole, will never forget this!"

The black mask glimmered faintly, like a reply to Wang Baole's deep bow of gratitude. Wang Baole stared at the black mask's response until it faded away and silence reigned again. He carefully kept the mask, then lifted his head. He could feel the immense vitality and Spirit Qi emanating from the green lotus that had melded with the devouring seed in his dantian. He could feel the Spirit Qi of a Foundation

Establishment realm, and the waves of spirit energy that were much more powerful and terrifying than before.

An intense murderous intent suddenly erupted inside Wang Baole. His eyes narrowed, and within them flashed a cold, terrifying glimmer.

“Galactic Dusk Sect, Five Generation Sky Clan... since I, Wang Baole, am not dead, the grudge I have against you is due for settlement!” His soft, murmuring words were laced with ice. They echoed faintly in the cavern. Wang Baole tried activating the green lotus in his dantian. He wanted to know the degree it had changed him since he had used it to attain the Foundation Establishment realm.

The thought surfaced and seemed to fuse with the green lotus, but as the latter was about to stir, suddenly, the earth rumbled and quaked. An immense, remarkable aura suddenly surged from the depths of the land, terrifying even Wang Baole.

The aura was so potent that its momentary release was enough to shake the heavens and the earth. Every living thing that existed within the Mystic Luna Realm was shaken to the core of their souls. Wang Baole could sense that the owner of the Spirit Qi was deep in slumber and that the sudden burst of spirit energy seemed to signal its awakening.

The Night Immortal King? Wang Baole instinctively withdrew his consciousness, which was in the midst of sinking into the green lotus. As soon as he withdrew it, the immense spirit energy disappeared. All prior signs of its awakening vanished, and the Night Immortal King continued its deep slumber.

Doubts rose within Wang Baole. He was guessing that within the Mystic Luna Realm, the only being that could give off such remarkable spirit energy must be the terrifying ancient giant corpse deep in slumber. He didn't try to test his theory further. However, he could sense that, somehow, the green lotus inside his body and the ancient corpse were related.

Wang Baole fell silent. He was uncertain of what the awakening of the ancient corpse due to him activating the green lotus would bring. He wasn't confident that he could wield and control the corpse successfully if it truly woke up.

The uncertainties made him set the idea of awakening the corpse aside. He lifted his head and looked towards the exit to the cavern. He leaped out and saw, immediately, in the thin mist outside, the silhouettes of Moon Spirits and Night Immortals.

The Moon Spirits and Night Immortals, upon seeing Wang Baole, lowered their heads as if in a bow...

Wang Baole froze at the sight. His eyes flashed. He tried to exert control over the creatures, but after a few attempts, he realized that even though the Moon Spirits and Night Immortals bowed to him, they weren't receptive to his commands.

Wang Baole silently observed the mist around him. He could sense that the mist was different from the Mystic Trace Fog. However, it seemed to share the same essence. There even seemed to be wisps of Mystic Trace Fog appearing within it from time to time.

He withdrew his gaze and lifted his head towards a point in the distance. That must be where he had come from. He could barely suppress the icy glint in his eyes.

He had killed few in his short life. His experience in the Mystic Luna Realm had been a memorable one. The sense of helplessness he had felt, the grievances he had suffered, how he had been forced to the brink of death—all these incited an uncontrollable rage that surged in Wang Baole's mind. A murderous want, eager to be unleashed, boiled within him. If he didn't let it loose, he would go mad.

Based on his assessments, the green lotus was definitely an extremely powerful object. However, regardless of how overwhelming its power was, he was still merely at the Foundation Establishment realm. He needed time to become more powerful. It still wasn't within his means to fight a Core Formation realm cultivator, as the chasm separating cultivation realms grew wider the further one progressed.

Wang Baole didn't lose his reason because of his green lotus Foundation Establishment realm. He pondered, then turned and eyed the mist around him, a glimmer flickering in his eyes.

I've studied the Mystic Trace Beads for quite some time. There are still a few steps I haven't tested. If I succeed... there will be no one in the Mystic Luna Realm who can stop me from taking my revenge! Wang Baole narrowed his eyes and suppressed his vengeful fury. He walked towards the fog and flipped his right hand over, revealing a handful of beads. Then, he continued his research of the Mystic Trace Fog.

A Foundation Establishment realm cultivation didn't only give Wang Baole enhanced fighting abilities, but also augmented his mind. He became more adept in his control and craft of inscriptions and Dharmic Armaments. There was also an abundance of Mystic Trace Fog in this place. In addition, Wang Baole discovered that with the green lotus inside him, he was no longer affected by the Mystic Trace Fog.

His research progressed swiftly and extensively. Days later, Wang Baole successfully refined the Mystic Trace Bead and walked out from the restricted zone. Battle thirst erupted from his person, murderous intent rising to the skies!

I've returned!