

**Worth 271**

**Chapter 271: Blood-Stained Mystic Realm!**

On the bloodied grass patch in the restricted zone, Wang Baole's figure emerged. He had already changed his top, and the armor made from the fragments from the puppets had been removed from his body. He was just wearing a simple Ethereal Dao College Daoist robe.

His slightly rotund body had significantly slimmed down after experiencing the ordeals, and even his face looked more chiseled than before.

That was especially so as a look of peace was exuded from his eyes. It was like the calm night sky before a storm. It seemed deep, and at the same time carried a scary and heavily suppressed madness.

He held the seventh-grade Dharmic Armament in his hands as hurricanes erupted around him. Behind him, the figure of a crocodile appeared amidst the blood-stained restricted zone.

Wang Baole appeared like a God of Slaughter returning from hell. As he stepped out, the vibe emanating from him settled. The movement of his cultivation was undetectable, but from the Dharmic Armament he held in his hands, one could see that there was unlimited power within Wang Baole's body. It made the once defiant saber, which would have easily attacked its owner, obey Wang Baole!

Along the way, Wang Baole didn't have the mood to joke, to mumble to himself, or to self-deprecate. He had an optimistic personality, but it depended on the situation. Right now, there was only one word in his mind.

And that was... Kill!

The person he wanted to kill most was the old lady from the Galactic Dusk Sect that destroyed his Dao Foundation and took away his chance for Foundation Establishment. The next person he wanted to kill was... Zhou Fei from the Five Generation Sky Clan!

Up next would be those cultivators who had pursued him in order to kill him. It didn't matter if they were True Breath realm or Foundation Establishment realm cultivators. Based on Wang Baole's judgment, with the exception of the old lady that he was not able to kill, he would be able to turn the others into corpses the moment he met them.

As he walked out, a thick fog circled in the restricted zone behind Wang Baole. The Moon Spirits and Night Immortals all followed behind him silently, as if sending him off with respect.

The three Foundation Establishment cultivators from the Galactic Dusk Sect who were waiting outside the restricted zone saw this with their own eyes. They had been indignant about simply leaving, so they were waiting for the fog to dissipate in an attempt to snatch Wang Baole's corpse and the Dharmic Armament.

Seeing the fog churning, they were initially excited as they thought that the fog was about to dissipate. However, very quickly, when they saw that the figure that had emerged from the fog was Wang Baole, they were shocked. Instinctively, their intention to kill kicked in, but at the same time, an indescribable, bizarre feeling arose in their hearts.

The moment those thoughts and feelings surfaced, they seemed to be transformed to shock and disbelief, as they saw that there were innumerable Night Immortals and Moon Spirits emerging from the fog and following behind Wang Baole. They seemed to be sending him off respectfully and only stopped when Wang Baole had completely left the restricted zone. After that, they even lowered their heads, as if bowing to send him off!

This scene created a noisy buzz in the trio's minds. Their breathing quickened, and their eyes were about to fall out of their sockets at the unbelievable scene they had witnessed.

*The Moon Spirits... The Night Immortals... They're bowing to him?*

*This Wang Baole... Not only did he not die, he even recovered fully?*

The three Foundation Establishment cultivators from the Galactic Dusk Sect were shaken. Even though they didn't manage to see Wang Baole's exact level of cultivation, they all instinctively chose to take a step backwards.

However, at the exact instant they retreated, a killer's glance emerged from Wang Baole, who had just stepped out from the restricted zone. He had long sensed the presence of the trio, and would never let go of the chance. The moment they were about to escape, Wang Baole's speed erupted with a turn of his body!

He was so fast that it was astonishing. Sonic booms erupted after him, even becoming a form of impact under the extreme speed. It led to many different tree branches breaking off after being shaken violently, and even a Foundation Establishment cultivator would be unsteady and filled with shock. At that moment, Wang Baole dashed past the Foundation Establishment cultivator, his saber shimmering. The Foundation Establishment cultivator trembled as he scrambled, a look of disbelief on his face as he looked at Wang Baole who had stopped in front of him.

"You..." The Foundation Establishment cultivator seemed to want to say something, but he had no chance. He only managed a word before a bloody wound appeared on his neck, and his head fell to the ground. His decapitated body had blood spurting out from the neck as it fell to the side.

It was a clean kill of a Foundation Establishment cultivator in the same realm. Wang Baole didn't even use all his power. His position as a green lotus Foundation Establishment cultivator, coupled with his Dharmic Armament, allowed him to become the top cultivator within the Foundation Establishment realm!

Without even looking at the Foundation Establishment cultivator's corpse, Wang Baole turned and looked coldly in the direction the other two had escaped, before charging after them!

Right now, a middle-aged Foundation Establishment cultivator from the Galactic Dusk Sect who happened to be standing in another direction was aghast with fear. His mind exploded with activity as if heavy waves were crashing violently in his head. An indescribable sense of fear uncontrollably emerged in his heart.

*How could this be possible?* He couldn't believe his eyes. The death of his comrade made him feel that he was in a nightmare. He couldn't imagine how Wang Baole could survive within the restricted zone.

Not only that, but he managed to heal his injuries fully and even became so strong that it was unbelievable!

However, there was meant to be no answer to his doubts. As he tried to escape and dodge like a maniac, Wang Baole was like an arrow that had left its bow, approaching him at an extremely high speed. If one were to look down on the ground from the sky, Wang Baole appeared ten times faster than the other people, catching up with the others in just a few steps.

“This is a misunderstanding... Wang Baole, listen to me...” The Foundation Establishment cultivator was taken aback. He immediately tried to explain himself, but what he got in return was the cold gaze from Wang Baole’s eyes that carried a heavy sense of his intention to kill, and the glow from the saber that covered his entire world as it approached in the blink of an eye!

The glow from the saber was transformed into a gigantic crocodile. As the sonic boom emerged, the crocodile opened its mouth and sneered, swallowing the person whole. When the glow disappeared, the Foundation Establishment cultivator’s body broke apart into several pieces, and Wang Baole turned and charged towards the third person!

Wang Baole remembered clearly that those three Foundation Establishment realm cultivators clad in armor had ambushed him, causing his injuries to worsen after a futile attempt at suppressing them!

“You’re fast?” Wang Baole was soft and calm, his voice like a winter chill as he spoke to the third cultivator who had escaped a certain distance away. The cultivator was frantically calling for help with his jade slip. His pupils constricted and his mind buzzed with activity as he took out numerous Numinous Treasures, activating all kinds of spells to try to defend himself while shouting out loud.

“Wang Baole, I have already sent out information about you! You still have time to leave, if not, the Elder will come and prosecute you!”

Wang Baole seemed not to have heard the threat spat out by the Foundation Establishment cultivator. With a few steps, he raised his right hand and waved, and lightning appeared instantly from the skies. The lightning was ten times thicker than when he was in the True Breath realm, erupting while creating a loud boom. It emerged in layers, forming swords that interlaced to form a lightning net. No matter how hard the Foundation Establishment cultivator tried to defend himself and fight back, it was futile as he was completely covered and electrocuted by the lightning net under the chilly gaze from Wang Baole.

Waves of painful screams reverberated as the Foundation Establishment cultivator’s body was diced into tens of pieces. As the pieces fell to the ground, the screams halted.

Wang Baole neared in broad steps, standing beside the corpse and stepping on the jade slip used by the cultivator. With a small force, he broke it into pieces.

“What I really wanted was for you to send out that voice transmission. This way, I don’t have to find people to kill one by one,” Wang Baole spoke calmly. Killing three people was insufficient to eliminate the hatred in his heart. He turned and stared in the direction of the restricted zone for a long time. When he turned around, Wang Baole went in the opposite direction in huge strides, carrying an extremely strong sense of viciousness and intention to kill.

*I didn't want to kill anyone originally. However, since the Galactic Dusk Sect wants to play the game of survival of the fittest, then I'll go according to their style.*

*I want to see for myself the number of people they can send for me to kill!*

*There's also Zhou Fei. I wish he would come find me himself and save me the trouble of searching for him.* Wang Baole narrowed his eyes as he disappeared within the forest. He left behind three incomplete corpses in three different areas, filling the mystic realm with even more blood as its stench spread in all directions.

## **Chapter 272: The Journey of Revenge!**

Wang Baole didn't move fast within the forest, but his speed was still shocking. With the flailing of his arm, his mosquitoes scattered around the area surrounding him, providing a wide field of vision for him. However, as Wang Baole felt for the flying sword within his body, he realized that two mosquitoes had yet to fly out.

One was black while the other was purple.

The two mosquitoes were like arrogant masters; they stayed within the scabbard, not heeding Wang Baole's orders. The grade of the scabbard seemed to be too low to force them out.

*It's them?*

The two additional mosquitoes made Wang Baole recall the messy existences that were once present in his body. Seeing that they had now entered the scabbard and became mosquitoes, he had some thoughts, and a fire started burning in his heart.

Wang Baole knew well that those two mosquitoes were definitely extraordinary. He was unable to order them around now, but he imagined that if he continued refining his scabbard, he would gain the ability to control them!

Wang Baole was confident in their strength and future performance. After all, the black colored mosquito was formed from the black lightning that had unknowingly appeared in his body. As for the purple sea, Wang Baole had managed to more or less guess that it was the purple glow that had wanted to kill him when they met it in Spirit Breath Village.

*These two fellas aren't to be underestimated.* Wang Baole looked excited. His heart, which was seeped in hatred, seemed to have eased a little because of it as well. However, his experiences had been so bitter that his heart was only partially soothed, with most of it still filled with a strong intention to kill.

It was as if he hadn't taken enough revenge, which filled him with angst as if there was a rock on his chest!

Therefore, he charged forward, carrying his complex of emotions. Taking advantage of the wide field of vision from the mosquitoes, he began another round of waiting and searching. He was waiting for people from the Galactic Dusk Sect and Five Generation Sky Clan to come to him on their own accord, and searching for cultivators from both sides that he would meet along the way.

His targets were the cultivators from the two different factions.

Those who were able to traverse the dark side of the moon were often not True Breath realm cultivators but Foundation Establishment realm cultivators. Very soon, after half an hour, Wang Baole sensed the presence of two Foundation Establishment realm cultivators, though he was unclear if they were simply passing by or had come after receiving the voice transmission.

The moment he sensed the duo, a chill flashed across his eyes. The intention to kill that was in his heart could no longer be suppressed. He knew the duo, as they were part of the crowd that had forced him into the restricted zone when he was on the brink of death. Wang Baole had a deep-seated hatred towards those people!

“Die!” Wang Baole carried an indescribable chill in his heart. Without a sound, his body charged towards the duo at such a high speed that he seemed like a wandering spirit within the forests. It was impossible to see him clearly, and unless there were other people whose level of cultivation far exceeded him, they would be unable to sense his presence!

Within the blink of an eye, Wang Baole neared one of them, and in that instant, he leaped into the sky like a wave of chilly wind and arrived beside his opponent. His opponent was cautiously monitoring his surroundings, but the sudden arrival of Wang Baole shocked him so severely that he tried to retreat. It seemed like he had received the voice transmission and come to know about Wang Baole’s madness.

“He is here...” Almost instinctively, the Foundation Establishment realm cultivator twisted the jade slip and wanted to send a warning out, but it was too late. The moment he retreated, the moment he was about to twist the jade slip, Wang Baole carried a fierce and intense viciousness as he looked into the eyes of the cultivator. It was as if his viciousness was flowing and perforating into the cultivator’s eyes along with his gaze, pounding straight into his mind and causing him to tremble so vigorously that he felt as if he were in the face of a cruel and psychotic beast.

Suddenly, all that the Foundation Establishment realm cultivator saw was a blur. Wang Baole let out a punch the moment he neared. The instant Wang Baole sent out the Supernova, a sonic boom emerged, and a loud series of impacts reverberated, forming a huge vortex in front of Wang Baole and the Foundation Establishment realm cultivator.

The vortex seemed to hold an astonishing amount of force. When it appeared, it carried along with it the force of the surroundings, causing the vegetation all around to be torn into pieces due to its force. Looking from a distance, it seemed as if a black hole had been formed.

That was the real appearance of the Supernova, directly attacking a seeming emptiness, creating a hurricane and transforming a vortex into a black hole based solely on one’s physical strength. It looked like it was swallowing everything in its path, but was actually tearing everything apart!

It all happened so quickly. The Foundation Establishment realm cultivator’s resistance and struggle hadn’t taken effect when the vortex black hole formed by the Supernova swallowed him whole.

The boom from the vortex covered his shrill cry. Then, Wang Baole’s calm voice emerged as the boom erupted and the vortex dissipated, with blood emerging from it.

“The fourth one.”

The second Foundation Establishment realm cultivator standing in another direction, who had witnessed everything happening before his eyes, felt as if his mind was about to explode as a frightening wave of thoughts crashed in his head. He couldn't believe everything that had happened, and even though he had received the voice transmission previously, he was still stricken with fear now that he had seen it himself. He stood pale, without a single tinge of rosiness on his face, as his mind was filled with only one thought—escape!

As he breathed hurriedly, the second Foundation Establishment realm cultivator retreated like a maniac. He even used his mystic technique, biting his tongue until it bled to allow for a boost in his speed. However, as he charged away, the chilly voice from Wang Baole, who was like the Death, arrived upon his ears.

“The fifth one.” That was the last thing he heard while he was still alive. Fear and despair filled his heart, and he hurriedly opened his mouth, attempting to explain himself and seek mercy.

“Listen to me, Wang Baole, I...” If pleading were of any use, not as many cultivators would have died during the Spirit Inception Era. He hadn't even completed his sentence before he trembled all over, his vision instantly turning black and his world thrown into a whirl. As his consciousness vanished, the Foundation Establishment realm cultivator began to feel intense pain in his neck. The last thing he ever saw was a blade driven through his throat.

After that, his breath stopped, and he died!

Wang Baole stepped on the Foundation Establishment cultivator's body and gently removed the saber from his neck. Then, he wiped the saber expressionlessly on the cultivator's shirt before he continued advancing as if nothing had happened.

If someone who knew Wang Baole had seen what he was like now, they would feel extremely distant toward him. Wang Baole was normally a jovial, happy-go-lucky, and optimistic person, but that was what he presented on the exterior. If there was no such thing as cultivation in the world, and Earth hadn't entered the Spirit Inception Era, Wang Baole's personality would perhaps not have changed throughout his entire life.

However, it was a cruel world, a battle of life and death and the survival of the fittest. That made the viciousness and decisiveness hiding deep within the recesses of his optimism grow even stronger after continuous rounds of honing through experience!

Right now, it was at the point that those qualities were the sharpest!

Just like that, he continued on his way, giving off a strong sense of viciousness everywhere he passed. He killed every single Galactic Dusk Sect disciple that had attempted to kill him previously, regardless of whether they were True Breath realm or Foundation Establishment realm cultivators, and regardless of whether they were male or female.

He didn't soften nor think too much about the consequences. Since his enemies hadn't thought about the consequences when they were after him, there was no reason for him to care so much either.

However, most of his targets were the Foundation Establishment realm cultivators. He was lazy to care about the True Breath realm cultivators from the Galactic Dusk Sect that he occasionally came across.

Even so, his killing rampage had already garnered the attention of the members of the Galactic Dusk Sect who were in the Mystic Luna Realm. There was more than one Core Formation cultivator from the Galactic Dusk Sect in the Mystic Luna Realm, and even though none of them could afford to be distracted as they had other important matters to handle, the old lady—who had snatched Wang Baole’s small tripod cauldron away from him—was surprised after knowing what had happened. She then laughed chillingly, pausing what she was doing and dashing towards where Wang Baole was.

*Little worm, you were lucky the previous time. You managed to escape but still dared to appear. It seems like you still have other treasures, and are sending a message to your old lady here, inviting me to dig into your flesh again.*

At the same time, she sent out a task to assemble the Foundation Establishment realm cultivators nearby to pursue and kill Wang Baole!

*In that case, I will annihilate you this time!*

### **Chapter 273: Scram!**

The Galactic Dusk Sect had joined hands with the giant tree in the Mystic Luna Realm this time. To a certain extent, they could disregard the array formation on the Mystic Luna Realm and therefore made ample preparations. There seemed to be over a hundred Foundation Establishment realm cultivators.

However, not everyone from the sect participated, and not all the factions from the Galactic Dusk Sect agreed to participate in the collaboration and dangerous journey. Therefore, those that came forward were people of the same unit as the old lady.

After all, to a large faction, unless it was a well thought out mission, it was rare for them to risk everything. Usually, they would leave behind an escape route so that they could sever everything else and save themselves should anything go awry.

It was similar for the Five Generation Sky Clan. Not everyone was chosen to collaborate with the giant tree. Instead, only certain family clans took part so that the clan could withdraw easily. Even if they were to fail, they simply needed to clean up after themselves and give an explanation to the Federation.

Other times, the different factions were unwilling to start a war. As such, each party was accepting of making use of the tactic of punishment and weakening others.

Therefore, of the hundreds of Foundation Establishment cultivators who had come this time, most of them were in the early- or mid-stages. There were only eight or nine of them who had perfected the Foundation Establishment process.

That was the full strength of the old lady’s lineage. On the back face of the Mystic Luna Realm, three bases seemed to have been dug out. These three regions appeared to be the testing sites that were produced from the collaboration process with the giant tree. It appeared that they were searching for something.

There was a region that was one of the Galactic Dusk Sect’s bases in the forest near where Wang Baole was. Other than the few cultivators who were standing guard, the remaining twelve Foundation

Establishment cultivators had all been activated, charging towards where Wang Baole was last seen with strong killing intent.

At the same time, the old lady was moving at high speed towards the same area from another base. In the Mystic Luna Realm, she was fearless and didn't even try to hide her speed. She was like thunder, nearing at high speed with a chilly look in her eyes.

In this way, a net that was deemed huge by the Galactic Dusk Sect was formed, tightening quickly around Wang Baole. Wang Baole, who was moving within the forest, immediately sensed it through the fields of vision provided by the mosquitoes he had sent out.

After reaching the Foundation Establishment realm, the area that the mosquitoes could spread out had exceeded that of previous times. They could now reach an area of five kilometers, and even though Wang Baole couldn't see the entire area with equal clarity, he could gain a rough gauge of the distribution and surroundings of his mosquitoes.

Now, the first Galactic Dusk Sect cultivator had appeared in his field of vision. Wang Baole stopped and squinted his eyes, taking a closer look. Soon, in the different regions around him, he saw the second, third, and fourth cultivator...

When all twelve Foundation Establishment cultivators had appeared, Wang Baole smiled, a chill flashing across his eyes.

*Eight in early-stage Foundation Establishment, and four in mid-stage Foundation Establishment... There seem to be numerous factions from the Galactic Dusk Sect that arrived on the moon... Wang Baole licked his lips. After his near-death experience, after a green lotus had appeared in his body, and after he had managed to achieve Foundation Establishment again, Wang Baole hadn't found his limits.*

The attacks he unleashed previously and the feelings he physically felt right now didn't seem to be all he was capable of. The people he had killed previously were all in the early-stage of the Foundation Establishment realm. After analyzing everything, Wang Baole could gain a rough gauge of his own combat powers.

*It is easy to kill the early-stage Foundation Establishment cultivators, and it wasn't difficult to eliminate the mid-stage Foundation Establishment cultivators with the Dharmic Armament... As for the late-stage Foundation Establishment cultivators, it isn't easy to make conclusions as I haven't met them. I could probably emerge victorious, but I fear that I would waste my time.* Wang Baole concluded, keeping silent. Now, his eyes were narrowed as he charged towards the person nearest to him.

Wang Baole couldn't estimate his capabilities in the case where he didn't have the Dharmic Armament. To him, it was a normal thing for him to own Dharmic Armaments as the Deputy Pavilion Head of the Dharmic Armament Pavilion. It would be weird if he didn't have them.

At the same time, after his previous attacks, Wang Baole had a sense of the green lotus within his body. It seemed like the green lotus didn't have a huge effect on his spells, but more of an obvious effect in boosting his physical strength.

From the time he woke until now, Wang Baole didn't feel a tinge of fatigue. A source of vitality seemed to have appeared in his body, releasing an endless stream of life, keeping him at peak performance.

*Therefore, I shall make use of these twelve people to gauge how far my physical strength has increased...* An intention to kill flashed in his eyes as Wang Baole erupted at high speed. As the sonic boom reverberated and was sensed by the twelve Foundation Establishment cultivators, Wang Baole appeared before the nearest person to him like a flash of lightning. They all looked in the direction the sound had come from.

That person was a middle-aged man. The instant he heard the sonic boom, his vision blurred. Years of combat made him instinctively retreat and dodge to his left. He activated his hand seals, causing his spells and the protection formed by his Numinous Treasures to emerge with a glow, attempting to block Wang Baole.

However, under the test of Wang Baole's strength, his resistance was futile. The seventh-grade Dharmic Armament was unleashed, forming a saber glow several hundred feet long that slashed right in front of the middle-aged man. It destroyed everything it passed, with all the Numinous Treasures and spells decimated. There was no way to block it, and eventually, as the middle-aged man screamed in fear, the saber appeared between his brows, cutting through him as he collapsed to the ground.

A loud boom erupted from the ground. As a large crack appeared in the ground, the figures of numerous Foundation Establishment cultivators all around arrived at high speed. They saw the corpse that was split in half but didn't see Wang Baole at all.

The two halves of the corpse, as well as the crack in the ground, made all the Galactic Dusk Sect cultivators who arrived gasp in shock. They were filled with fear and glanced at their surroundings quickly while on high alert.

"One slash... And he killed a Foundation Establishment cultivator..."

"This person's combat power is at least on the same level of a late-stage Foundation Establishment cultivator. D\*arn it, I heard that Wang Baole owned a Dharmic Armament, but even so, how did his cultivation advance to such a level? He's not afraid of a backlash?"

As the crowd grew fearful and alert, a glow from the saber appeared suddenly from the right, several hundred feet away. Everyone was gripped with fear as they hurriedly tried to dodge. The glow from the saber landed on the ground before them, creating a loud noise as the mud splattered everywhere, and vegetation flew into the air. A black hurricane spread, covering the entire area and throwing everyone into chaos.

In the chaos, the figure of Wang Baole holding the saber appeared like a flash of lightning. He didn't want to ambush the crowd, instead, wanting to make use of the time when the vegetation was in the air to attack from the front.

*The best way to test my physical strength is to see how many times I can use the saber before a backlash occurs!* A chill flashed across Wang Baole's eyes as he neared someone instantly. He raised the Dharmic Armament saber in his hands and slashed.

A loud boom emerged, and the cultivator that had been cut by the saber blade didn't even have time to scream before he trembled and blood spewed in all directions.

As the other people were gripped in shock, Wang Baole emerged from the Blood Fog, appearing beside another person as he waved his saber again. This time, however, he was resisted by that person slightly.

“Mid-stage Foundation Establishment? Slay!” Wang Baole raised his brows, unleashing his cultivation. The force from his saber didn’t stop as it smoothly cut the body into two!

Just like that, as Wang Baole weaved through them at high speed, the spells around him roared loudly. Gripped with fear, every single Foundation Establishment cultivator unleashed their trump card.

Even though their trump cards were formidable, Wang Baole was so fast and his saber so frightening that the cultivators Wang Baole met along the way were all killed. The mess of flesh and blood created immense stress in the other people who were alive.

Everything happened within the time of a few breaths. It wasn’t long before six corpses were laying on the ground. The remaining six cultivators spread out quickly, but Wang Baole was like the God of Death, pursuing the seventh person, wanting to slash again as he carried a cold look in his eyes.

However, at that moment, an angry roar erupted from the skies above.

“How dare you?” A familiar, strong suppressive force was nearing from an area in the sky. The person hasn’t arrived, but the suppressive force was so strong that it was like the force of the heavens covering the entire forest. This made all Foundation Establishment cultivators tremble with fear as if their cultivation had been suppressed by the person’s arrival. However, while most of them were surprised, some were agitated.

“The Elder has arrived!”

“Wang Baole, you’ll be dead now!”

A flash shone across Wang Baole’s eyes. He continued slashing, cutting off the Foundation Establishment cultivator’s head while he grew distracted with excitement.

“Wang Baole, d\*mn you!” The old lady roared angrily, picking up speed.

Wang Baole killed people as easily as a saber through soft butter. He didn’t pause a single moment, and as he killed the seventh person, he turned his head and waved his raised right hand. Immediately, three beads dashed towards the figure that had appeared in the sky, the figure of the old lady approaching him, who was carrying extreme rage and killing intent!

“Scram!” In the face of a Core Formation cultivator, Wang Baole narrowed his eyes without any fear, sneering at her at the same time as he tossed out the beads.

The moment he spoke, the three beads exploded open on their own, forming a fog in front of the approaching old lady.

The old lady was carrying a chilling look, not even slightly affected by Wang Baole’s attack. She was confident that no matter how capable a Foundation Establishment cultivator he was, he would never be a match for a Core Formation cultivator.

She swept her sleeve, attempting to dissipate the fog resulting from the exploding beads. However, her pupils constricted, as she revealed a look of disbelief.

“This... This is... Mystic Trace Fog...” With her will, she exclaimed noiselessly. She didn’t manage to finish her sentence before the Mystic Trace Fog completely enveloped her. Instantly, she was sent away!

#### **Chapter 274: Killing at the Base**

On the periphery of another basin on the Mystic Luna Realm’s visible side, there were tens of cultivators fighting against each other. From the way they were dressed, it could be seen that it was the Senate against the Trilunaris Corporation, and Jin Duoming was amongst them.

Within this group of people, there were Foundation Establishment cultivators who had managed to find twenty fragments and succeeded in becoming Foundation Establishment cultivators. However, even though Jin Duoming from Trilunaris Corporation had long attained twenty fragments, he didn’t begin the Foundation Establishment process. Instead, he was lying on the chair, looking bored at the disciples within the Senate.

“All of you dare to battle me?”

Amongst the disciples in the Senate, there were Foundation Establishment cultivators who were looking angrily at Jin Duoming. For some unknown reason, a conflict had arisen between them. However, they couldn’t fight him, and could only express their rage with angry stares.

Just as the cultivators from both sides were glaring at each other, a sudden strong force of teleportation erupted from an area near them. The old lady appeared out of thin air just as they turned their heads to look.

A wave of force from a Core Formation cultivator instantly spread in all directions, gripping the hearts of cultivators from both sides. Even Jin Duoming sat upright, a rare look of concern apparent in his eyes.

The members of the Senate all held their breath but didn’t seem too surprised. It appeared that they were already aware that there were Core Formation cultivators from the Galactic Dusk Sect.

They remained vigilant as the old lady stepped out from thin air. The moment she appeared, she looked extremely awful and solemn. Green veins bulged from her forehead. The madness and suppressed indignation she felt in her heart had already reached such a level that it could no longer be described. When she appeared, she screamed shrilly and angrily at the sky.

“Wang Baole, you little bastard! It’s not the end from me!” As the old lady screamed angrily, her voice reverberated. This made the Senate and people from the Trilunaris Corporation even more alert. Jin Duoming even narrowed his eyes, as he had heard about the issues between Wang Baole and the Galactic Dusk Sect.

He had thought that Wang Baole must have died during the ordeal. However, seeing how the old lady was acting now, curiosity arose in his heart.

At almost the same instance that curiosity arose, the old lady’s anger rose to its limits as she looked angrily and frighteningly at the people from the Trilunaris Corporation and the Senate. She wanted to vent her anger on them but forcefully swallowed that urge.

After all, the people from the Senate and Trilunaris Corporation were from the second generation. Not a single one of their elders could be belittled. The old lady could kill and destroy Wang Baole but was unwilling to offend the direct relatives of any of these elites. That was especially so when she noticed Jin Duoming, which made her suppress her anger. She turned and charged towards the dark side of the moon.

She was indignant as she recalled what had just happened. She felt incredulous, and at the same time, she determined that she would never give Wang Baole another chance when she saw him again. She would attack forcefully, targeting and killing Wang Baole directly.

As the old lady rushed back at high speed, Wang Baole was standing on the dark side of the moon, his eyes shifting away from the position where the old lady was a moment ago. He then looked at the five dumbfounded and shocked Foundation Establishment realm cultivators around him, who had witnessed the scene.

Every single one of those cultivators was utterly shocked with disbelief, as they felt that everything seemed ludicrous. What just happened was something that they would have never imagined even in their dreams. The great Core Formation realm Elder who arrived so imposingly had actually been teleported away with the wave of Wang Baole's hand and his order for her to scam.

It was such a huge turn of events that their delight at the arrival of the old lady instantly turned into shock. The effect of the beads that Wang Baole had tossed out was clear to them. As reality and understanding sunk into their minds, their expressions changed, and they were taken aback. Voiceless screams uncontrollably escaped from their mouths.

"This... This is the Mystic Trace Fog! God! Wang Baole can actually store the Mystic Trace Fog into beads to form a Dharmic treasure!"

"D\*rn it! How did this happen? If Wang Baole possesses beads like this, it means that he can teleport away whoever he wishes. To a certain extent, this makes him invincible!"

As the crowd gasped in shock, they all lost their will to battle. Wang Baole's powers made them frightened, and the Mystic Trace Beads destroyed all their hope. They spread out in all directions, with only one thought in their heads, and that was to escape and hide!

To them, a Foundation Establishment realm cultivator on the same level as Wang Baole wasn't completely indestructible. However, it was still extremely frightening to them and was an existence that they couldn't fight against by themselves.

That was especially so as Wang Baole's speed and physical build made his abilities for continuous combat and resistance towards attacks exceed that of others significantly. It was sick simply thinking about it, but Wang Baole also possessed Dharmic Armaments that others could never obtain. That alone was a nightmare to people, and the only thing that they could do was wish to grow more legs in order to escape.

However, Wang Baole wouldn't easily let them escape. Now, a flash appeared across his eyes as his speed erupted, charging out like a bolt of black lightning. When he emerged and neared someone, he swung his left hand and sent out a sea of fire. That was him activating his Heated Burst mystic technique.

The heat wave was shockingly strong and spread instantly, enveloping the cultivators who were on the run. One cultivator tried to shield himself from it and retreat, but in the Sea of Fire enveloping him, bolts of lightning appeared, landing on him as the fire swallowed him whole.

Without stopping and after eliminating that cultivator, Wang Baole turned and charged towards the next person. Painful screams emerged one after another in the forest. Five minutes later, Wang Baole kicked the abdomen of the last Foundation Establishment cultivator, bursting his body apart. He looked at the twisted face of the cultivator who had once gone after him in an attempt to kill him and kicked hard at the destroyed abdomen once again.

Painful screams could no longer be heard. The cultivator laid there, trembling uncontrollably as his eyes clouded until he finally stopped breathing and died.

Wang Baole looked at the corpse before him coldly, before picking up the cultivator's storage bag. He opened it to take a look and retrieved a jade slip from it. The storage bags of the other cultivators also contained similar jade slips, which marked a location nearby.

*In order to send so many people here so quickly... It probably means that this spot is their assembly point.* The hostility in Wang Baole's heart had partially dissipated. He groaned as he dashed towards the point marked in the jade slip.

In reality, the marked point was one of the bases of the Galactic Dusk Sect, which wasn't far away from where Wang Baole was. There was a deep trench in the ground, with hundreds of True Breath realm cultivators entering and leaving it; they appeared to be excavating.

In the depths of the trench were two middle-aged men guarding the area vigilantly, looking at the disciples who were digging as they furrowed their brows. They had received the order from the old lady to kill Wang Baole, and also a reminder for them to take note of Wang Baole's Mystic Trace Beads.

"Mystic Trace Beads?"

"Sounds interesting." The duo grew vigilant. After all, for the old lady to personally alert them to it, it meant that there must be something shocking about it. Therefore, they looked at each other and were about to leave and begin their search outside the trench when suddenly, outside the trench, a painful scream arose, and gasps of shock gradually followed.

"Enemy attack!"

The duo was shocked as they instantly picked up speed and charged outside the trench. At the same time, outside the trench, Wang Baole had already emerged at high speed out of the forest. When he arrived, he dashed in with the Dharmic Armament in his hands.

He didn't bother to attack the True Breath realm cultivators unless they were looking for death themselves. His target was only the Foundation Establishment realm cultivators. As he neared, he unleashed the Supernova, killing several True Breath realm cultivators who charged at him without any fear of death. He waved his knife at every single Foundation Establishment realm cultivator that came at him, cutting them into two with blood spurting out from their wounds. The scene was too shocking to the True Breath realm cultivators around him. They all gasped in shock, and almost all of them stepped back and looked at Wang Baole with extreme fear and disbelief.

That was especially so for one of them, who was one of the Federation seedlings. As he looked at Wang Baole, a torrent of emotions and thoughts crashed in his heart. Even though he had heard about Wang Baole's matters previously, seeing how strong he was with his own eyes still made him feel incredulous.

Wang Baole noticed him as well but retracted his gaze in silence. The other party hadn't participated in the pursuit for his death and didn't seem to want to attack him now. Furthermore, he was one of the Federation seedlings. With this shared relationship, Wang Baole chose to ignore him as he walked towards the trench without anyone blocking his way.

Just as he neared, the strong aura of two people erupted from within the trenches right at Wang Baole. Wang Baole didn't even bother to take a look as he tossed the Mystic Trace Beads out.

"Scram!"

A loud boom emerged as the beads exploded. A thick fog filled the entire trench, and even though the two late-stage Foundation Establishment cultivators were alert, it wasn't possible for them to react and resist the Mystic Trace Fog that had appeared so suddenly. In the blink of an eye, they were teleported away.

### **Chapter 275: The Osmanthus Tree on the Moon!**

The Foundation Establishment realm cultivators in the base had mostly gone to take Wang Baole's life. Therefore, there were only a few that stayed behind, and that included those two late-stage Foundation Establishment realm cultivators.

Now, of all the people that Wang Baole had killed, the only one surviving was the one who was a Federation seedling like him.

The True Breath realm cultivators standing around had seen Wang Baole arrive with their own eyes. They witnessed him killing Foundation Establishment realm cultivators as if he was slaughtering chickens. Fear had long gripped their hearts completely, and as they were immersed in fear, they had given up the thought of resisting. They were all clear that in the face of a formidable person like Wang Baole, resisting would be futile. Instead, it would become the spark for more trouble to come.

As for Wang Baole, all the killing along the way had already helped dissipate the hostility in his heart. The remnant of grudge that remained was that he hadn't seen Zhou Fei from the Five Generation Sky Clan.

Wang Baole's hatred towards Zhou Fei was second to the Core Formation old lady. Now, he was standing outside the trench, alternating between looking into it with his head lowered and at the people around him who didn't dare to even breathe. A flash appeared across his eyes as he looked towards the only Federation seedling cultivator.

"Who's that... Lin Guizi? That's your name, right? Explain the plot and goal the Galactic Dusk Sect is trying to achieve, and also tell me about the relationship between you and the Five Generation Sky Clan."

“I don’t wish to kill you, so you’d better be upfront. Also, I want you to tell me the location of the Five Generation Sky Clan’s base!” Wang Baole didn’t bother mincing words, conveying what he was looking for directly.

The True Breath realm cultivators standing around all lowered their heads. The Federation seedling cultivator laughed bitterly and didn’t hesitate to tell Wang Baole everything he knew.

After all, the intelligent ones were the ones who knew when to act according to their circumstances. The Federation seedling from the Galactic Dusk Sect didn’t hesitate a single bit in revealing the secrets of his sect and was even very detailed in doing so...

Based on the answer, Wang Baole finally understood the relationship between the Galactic Dusk Sect and the Five Generation Sky Clan, as well as their goal.

At the same time, he began to gain a more precise grasp on the sequence of events that led to the changes in the Mystic Luna Realm.

In reality, there was a large ancient tree buried deep underground on the moon. An unknown length of time ago, it was born into existence, even though no one knew exactly how it arose. It seemed to have already been present on the day the moon was born.

The ancient tree had experienced many trials and had been through the passage of time, be it the period when Spirit Qi hadn’t filled the area or the period where it survived against all odds in an unfavorable environment. Its roots were spread across a wide area in the ground of the moon, integrating together with the rocks and mud, which made it difficult for people to sense its presence.

Signs of its existence only began to appear many years ago, which led to a series of tales, such as that of the osmanthus tree inside the moon.

However, the large ancient tree died a long time ago. After all, it had existed in the moon for too long, and there was a limit to how long it was possible for it to live. Therefore, when it had reached a near-death stage and felt that its life could no longer be sustained, it dispersed its seeds towards Earth in order for them to grow again on Earth.

In that manner, it managed to achieve some sort of eternal existence.

*Eternal existence...* As Wang Baole listened, thoughts arose in his head. In reality, there were many sayings about eternal existence in this time and age. Going back in time, before the arrival of the ancient greenish-bronze sword, somebody had once mentioned that the purpose of the early humans procreating was to prolong their life’s existence, and to some extent achieve eternal existence.

You’re reading on [Boxnovel.com](http://Boxnovel.com) Thanks!

The phrase ‘eternal existence’ flashed across Wang Baole’s mind. He didn’t care about eternal existence, as the only thing that was important to him was having dreams.

As Wang Baole fell silent, the Federation seedling from Galactic Dusk Sect continued illustrating.

The giant tree that had almost completely integrated with the moon continued growing to its limits. It dispersed its seeds towards the earth, but it was a pity that Spirit Qi had still not existed on earth then. The environment was also unfavorable for the germination of the seeds, and as a result, the seeds either

withered and died or remained dormant. If nothing unexpected happened, the seeds would have the same outcome as the giant tree on the moon, and that was a gradual death.

That was until... the arrival of the ancient greenish-bronze sword!

That was until... the falling of the fragments!

That was until... the eruption of Spirit Qi!

The effect of Spirit Qi on humans and ferocious beasts was extremely strong, and that was the case for the plants and vegetation as well. Of them, the ones that received the most impact were the seeds that were dispersed from the giant tree many years ago.

Under the nourishment of the Spirit Qi, those seeds evolved insidiously. After a series of integration and elimination, three seeds managed to emerge and survive until this day. They each possessed a Core Formation level of cultivation and were vigilant and spiteful towards each other.

*Three of them!* Wang Baole's pupils constricted. He wasn't sure if the giant tree on Huang Shan was the same as the one he had seen in Coulomb Basin. If it wasn't, he would have seen two of the three trees with his own eyes!

"I heard all of this from the elders from the Ancestor's Gate. Other than depending on their own cultivation to grow, another easier method for the three trees to develop would be to swallow each other. Therefore, they are extremely hostile towards each other. It was a pity that the three of them were comparable to each other in terms of capabilities, and were extremely vigilant towards each other. As a result, there was no opportunity for any swallowing to happen."

"As such, in order to achieve a breakthrough in cultivation and to swallow each other, they decided to be assimilated into a host body in order to enter the Mystic Luna Realm. Their goal... to find their parent tree!" The Federation seedling from the Galactic Dusk Sect lowered his voice as he spoke about the crucial reason behind the arrival of the three trees on the moon!

The large parent tree deep under the moon's surface had existed for so long that it had been on the brink of death for an extremely long time. Even with the arrival of the ancient greenish-bronze sword and the Spirit Qi, it was unable to rejuvenate its life. However, before it died, it managed to grow a fruit!

That fruit was the target of the parent tree's three offspring. Swallowing the fruit would allow them to achieve a breakthrough in their cultivation and reach the Nascent Soul realm!

However, to induce the parent tree to grow a fruit, nutrients were needed. One source of the nutrients were the cultivators within the Mystic Luna Realm. However, the more significant and indispensable source would be from the three giant trees themselves.

With every death of one of the three giant trees, the growth of the fruit by the parent tree would be accelerated. Once two giant trees die, the parent tree would instantly bear fruit!

The trees didn't hide this goal of theirs from the people that they were cooperating with. One of the trees collaborated with the Five Generation Sky Clan, while another collaborated with the Galactic Dusk Sect. After each reached an agreement, the two factions supported and assisted the mutant tree that they were collaborating with, and they began a battle against each other in the Mystic Luna Realm!

The tree that had blended itself within the crowd of the four Dao Colleges was the third tree. It was killed through the collaboration of the two groups of allies, consisting of the Five Generation Sky Clan and the Galactic Dusk Sect with each of their trees!

That resulted in two trees remaining of the three!

At the same time, the Five Generation Sky Clan and Galactic Dusk Sect each established numerous bases. That was the result of the endless pursuit for the parent tree that had occurred as part of the collaboration between the trees and each clan.

This particular base was still in the process of excavation. Right now, it could more or less be determined that the path that was being dug out was not leading to the main stem. Therefore, knowing that, the old lady and the other Core Formation cultivators left for another base to continue guarding it.

Towards the end of his illustration, the Federation seedling from the Galactic Dusk Sect hesitated momentarily before speaking softly again.

“According to the information that I have received, the third base of our sect is the one that would truly lead to the main stem. Its excavation has almost been completed. However, it is unclear why there are still people staying at and personnel being sent to the remaining two bases.” As he concluded his sentence, he passed the location of the other two bases of his sect, as well as that of Five Generation Sky Clan that was found by the other sects, to Wang Baole, not thinking too much about it.

“That’s all I have, Brother Wang. I didn’t hide a single detail! I don’t ask for more. I’m not worried about you regretting it and deciding to kill me after all. However, please give these True Breath disciples a chance to live. They didn’t offend you in any way!” In the end, the Galactic Dusk Sect disciple sighed as he looked pitifully at the True Breath realm disciples that had fallen silent around him. It was unclear what thoughts were running through his mind, but from the surface, it could be seen that he had betrayed his sect in order to protect his fellow disciples.

Looking at the Federation seedling before him, Wang Baole was clear about his intentions and had no plans to stab him in the back. After all, the Federation seedling had cooperated fully, and even though Wang Baole was uncertain about the truth of the jade slip’s contents, the location of the base of the Five Generation Sky Clan was one that Wang Baole had seen previously.

After comparing the information, he concluded that the information was still somewhat accurate. He nodded his head before turning around and charging into the distance, heading in the direction marked on the jade slip.

Seeing that Wang Baole had left, the disciples from the Galactic Dusk Sect all heaved sighs of relief. They all felt as if they had risen from the dead, and they all thanked the Federation seedling, their hearts filled with gratitude.

Lin Guizi, the Federation seedling, picked by Wang Baole, also heaved a sigh of relief. Looking at Wang Baole disappearing into the distance, he was filled with a torrent of emotions as he recalled what he had experienced in Federation City.

“This person has become completely different from us...” As he mumbled to himself, he retracted his gaze and turned his attention towards the disciples who were thanking him. He felt a sense of pride as he thought that he had handled the matter well.

Right now, Wang Baole was charging forward through the dark side of the Mystic Luna Realm. The viciousness in his eyes grew stronger. He wasn't afraid of falling into any traps, as he could always toss some Mystic Trace Beads around. And if the Mystic Trace Beads were of no use...

*I'll awaken the Night Immortal King!* A desire to kill flashed across Wang Baole's eyes as he picked up speed.

## **Chapter 276: Return to a Familiar Place**

Be it the Galactic Dusk Sect or the Five Generation Sky Clan, Wang Baole had always taken the stance of neutrality. He wouldn't move against them if they didn't offend him. Since he had entered the Mystic Luna Realm, though, he had multiple adverse encounters with the two powers.

He had already exacted his vengeance on the Galactic Dusk Sect, with interest. He had wiped out all those who had hunted him. He was unable to kill the Core Formation realm old woman. However, she couldn't do anything to him while in the Mystic Luna Realm either. The feeling of having to watch him kill her own while helpless to stop him would only drive her into a spiraling madness.

*There's another person I have to kill who's from the Galactic Dusk Sect, and that's Chen Hui!* An icy glint flashed across Wang Baole's eyes. He had gotten the name of the old woman's disciple and made the connection between the two.

*Zhou Fei is another!* Chen Hui was nowhere to be found at the moment. Thus, Wang Baole had his eyes set on Zhou Fei. Besides, he had wiped out most of those on his list that were from the Galactic Dusk Sect but had yet to touch anyone from the Five Generation Sky Clan.

*We must be fair in how we treat people and manage all affairs.* Wang Baole narrowed his eyes. He charged towards the Five Generation Sky Clan base at top speed, like an approaching meteor. The Moon Spirits and Eye Ghouls hidden within the forests of the dark side of the moon lowered their heads in a bow wherever they saw him.

Without any obstacle in sight, Wang Baole approached the Five Generation Sky Clan base at startling speed. He ran for two hours before suddenly, the deafening rumble of the sound barrier being broken thundered in the sky. A burst of Core Formation realm cultivation erupted, and the howling voice of an old woman resounded in the air.

“Wang...”

Before she could finish her words, Wang Baole, without even a turn of his head, flung out a handful of Mystic Trace Beads. They exploded instantly around her. Mist rolled outward in waves and blanketed everything in a rush, including the old woman who had finally caught up with Wang Baole.

“D\*mn it! D\*mn it! D\*mn it!” The old lady raged. Her hair fell loose and disheveled over her shoulders. She had been so cautious and had controlled herself. Despite the eruption of her cultivation, she had

kept her distance instead of launching a physical attack, relying instead on her Numinous Treasures. The Mystic Trace Beads were too powerful, however. Whatever they came into contact with it, be it a Numinous Treasure or a cultivator, would be teleported away instantly.

Wang Baole had flung out a big handful of them as well. Mist immediately surrounded the area. She had no way of avoiding it and could only be covered in mist and forcibly transported away a second time.

“Wang Baole, I’m going to kill you!” The old lady reappeared elsewhere, on the visible side of the moon. Her features were twisted into an ugly expression on her face, and blood lined the veins in her eyes. The feelings of frustration and powerlessness drove her howling mad. She stomped the ground heavily. The earth groaned as she burst forth in full speed and charged, with reddened eyes, towards the dark side of the moon once again.

Wang Baole simply turned his head and stared coldly at the spot where the old lady had stood. He turned around again and continued his approach towards the Five Generation Sky Clan base. Instead of slowing down, his pace increased.

From afar, he was like a long rainbow arrow, flying near the ground and dashing forward, through the forest, until he reached... the place he had previously come across... the Five Generation Sky Clan base!

The crater inside the base had grown multiple times larger than its previous size. The giant tree and the old Core Formation realm cultivator were nowhere to be seen, but more than a hundred Five Generation Sky Clan cultivators sat around the crater. They sat cross-legged around the crater as if guarding and stabilizing the area.

Most of the hundred-odd cultivators were at the True Breath realm, with thirty-odd Foundation Establishment realm cultivators amongst them. Zhou Fei was one of them. There were also seven cultivators at the late-stage of the Foundation Establishment realm. Every one of them was sitting cross-legged around the crater while surveying their surroundings alertly.

From time to time, loud rumblings would travel out from the large crater that they were watching over. Some form of grand ceremony seemed to be taking place within the giant crater!

Wang Baole arrived, like a piercing arrow shot from afar, whizzing past the alert eyes of the cultivators. The Foundation Establishment realm cultivators immediately sensed his arrival. They twisted their heads around and watched as Wang Baole charged out from the forest with an intense murderous air!

The reactions of the Five Generation Sky Clan cultivators were immediate. Many of the Foundation Establishment realm cultivators didn’t recognize Wang Baole at first. However, this was an important base belonging to the Five Generation Sky Clan. Most of the cultivators didn’t hesitate and attacked as soon as Wang Baole appeared.

“You have a death wish!” A late-stage Foundation Establishment realm cultivator, as well as three other mid-stage Foundation Establishment realm cultivators, were nearest Wang Baole. Without hesitation, they stood and raced towards him.

“My quarrel is with Zhou Fei. Anyone else who stands in my path... dies!” Murderous intent burned in Wang Baole’s eyes. His pace didn’t slow down. With a wave of his right hand, the Dharmic Armament

saber appeared. He gripped it tightly and, with alarming speed, sent it slashing towards the four approaching cultivators!

A black tornado blasted outwards, and the crocodile appeared. The force of the saber was astounding, its sweeping blade roaring in the air and alarming the four Foundation Establishment realm cultivators who had rushed forward to stop him. The late-stage Foundation Establishment realm cultivator's breath stilled momentarily. With a rapid forming of hand seals, he summoned numerous Numinous Treasures as well as talismans that formed a defensive barrier. The remaining three mid-stage Foundation Establishment realm cultivators followed suit hastily. It was clear, however, that they couldn't withstand Wang Baole's attack as well as the cultivator in the late-stage of the Foundation Establishment realm.

A deafening rumble thundered across the air. Pained cries rang out. The defenses of the three mid-stage Foundation Establishment realm cultivators were useless against the gleam of the incoming blade. They shattered and disintegrated immediately. Then, the cultivators shuddered, and their bodies were ripped into pieces as screams of terror escaped their lips!

Someone's disembodied head flew in the air. Another had half his body blown up. The third, who had been the first to rush forward, disintegrated into a mist of blood... the late-stage Foundation Establishment realm cultivator was the only one left standing. He had put everything he had into his defense and into countering the gleam of the incoming saber. After defending against the attack, his face was drained of blood and shock colored his eyes, but he still had a burst of energy left in him. He didn't fall back and, instead, charged forward with a burst of sudden speed, appearing right before Wang Baole. He prepared to strike.

"Scram!" Wang Baole wouldn't have minded fighting the late-stage Foundation Establishment realm cultivator if time permitted it. In fact, he would have liked to test his limits. However, he had no time for that at the moment. With a wave of his left hand, he threw out a Mystic Trace Bead.

The bead exploded, and mist rolled outward in waves. The late-stage Foundation Establishment realm cultivator, who had rushed before Wang Baole and was about to attack, suddenly froze. Before he could react, he was enveloped by the mist and instantly teleported away!

Everything happened too quickly. It all took place within a blink of an eye before anyone else could react. Wang Baole had suddenly appeared, four people had tried to stop him, and then, instantly, one of them had vanished while the other three had died!

Everyone was immediately taken aback by the scene that had unfolded before them. They were overwhelmed by a sense of incredulity and disbelief. A myriad of emotions surged within them. This was especially so... for Zhou Fei!

"Wang Baole!" Zhou Fei widened his eyes. His breathing stopped. He could not believe his eyes. He had been summoned by the clan to guard the base. To prevent any accidents from occurring, they had their jade slips confiscated and were forbidden from having any external communications. He had no idea Wang Baole had survived and returned. Witnessing Wang Baole's sudden appearance and the display of his alarming power, Zhou Fei was uncontrollably overwhelmed by shock and terror!

As everyone stood, stunned, and Zhou Fei let out a gasp of shock, Wang Baole's icy stare locked onto Zhou Fei who was standing amidst the crowd.

“Zhou Fei!” Wang Baole’s lips widened into a fierce grin. At that moment, he only had eyes for Zhou Fei. Wang Baole had come here with the sole purpose of killing him, so he charged murderously towards Zhou Fei.

Zhou Fei’s head buzzed as he retreated hastily, shouting, “This is the guy the elder spoke of, the one we’re supposed to silence. Everyone, kill him. He has a Dharmic Armament with him. It’s an eighth-grade Dharmic Armament!”

As soon as the words left Zhou Fei’s lips, more than thirty people dashed out and charged towards Wang Baole. Terror fled from Zhou Fei’s face as he witnessed the scene, and savagery started to glimmer in his eyes.

“Wang Baole, you’ve traveled so far just to present us with a gift!”

“Fine, since you seek your own deaths, let’s see what my limits actually are!” More than thirty people charged at Wang Baole. Many of them were Foundation Establishment realm cultivators while a few were True Breath realm cultivators. Wang Baole narrowed his eyes and muttered under his breath.

“Enlightened!”

The heavens and earth seemed to quake. The skies transformed. An extreme, terrifying presence, from the deep ends of the expansive, vast universe seemed to have traveled across the universe and descended upon them. Its presence weighed down on the earth, rumbling in the skies and erupting suddenly. The swarm of cultivators who had been charging towards Wang Baole shuddered violently as alarm flashed across their faces...

As they stood, frozen and shaken to their cores, a blinding flash of light erupted from the Dharmic Armament and took the place where Wang Baole had stood. It transformed into a black crocodile brimming with aggression and violence that rushed straight at the crowd!

His hand rose, the blade fell, and heads rolled!

All of them slain!

### **Chapter 277: Kill Zhou Fei!**

Wherever the light of the blade passed, death followed!

According to what Little Missy in the black mask had said, the scripture’s power was only meant to scare others, but Wang Baole was applying new uses to the scripture. He was using the sudden surge of awesome power to create an overpowering presence that would instill fear and awe in others and destabilize their aura.

As a result... his approach was like the descent of the Death. In his wake, he left cries of pain, the eruptions of Mystic Trace Beads and the never-ending sounds of explosions reverberating in the air. Wang Baole and the other group of cultivators separated with a sudden explosion. The ground was littered with a dozen corpses.

The rest were also injured. Three late-stage Foundation Establishment realm cultivators had vanished within the Mystic Trace Fog, and the remaining cultivators retreated hurriedly. When they looked at Wang Baole, it was with terror in their eyes.

Wang Baole was panting lightly, and his eyes shone brightly. He had roughly assessed his combat abilities after engaging the other group in direct battle. He flung out the Mystic Trace Beads decisively and sent the third batch of late-stage Foundation Establishment realm cultivators away while killing a handful of cultivators.

*I can hold my own against a late-stage Foundation Establishment realm cultivator!* Wang Baole narrowed his eyes. He ignored the cultivators who had been scared out of their wits and were hastily retreating away from him. Instead, he turned towards the shocked Zhou Fei standing a distance away. His face split into a wide grin.

“Zhou Fei, it’s been a while.” Wang Baole strolled towards Zhou Fei as he spoke. Zhou Fei’s face was pale. He hurriedly fell back, yelling in panic.

“Everyone, let’s attack together. Once he breaks into the crater, he’ll ruin our clan’s plans. We’ll all have to suffer the consequences!”

Everyone hesitated when they heard his words. Since Wang Baole had appeared, the extent of his battle prowess and his brutality that he had displayed within the short span of time had sent them reeling back in shock.

He had killed both early-stage and mid-stage Foundation Establishment realm cultivators easily. Even when they had attacked in a group, the outcome had remained unchanged. Only late-stage Foundation Establishment realm cultivators posed a semblance of a threat to him. However, he had the bizarre ability to teleport them away.

With such means, Wang Baole had become invincible in the entire Mystic Luna Realm!

While the others remained rooted in indecision after Zhou Fei yelled at them, Wang Baole moved immediately. With a sudden burst of speed, he left a blurry silhouette of himself where he had stood. Zhou Fei’s scalp prickled with numbness, and he watched in horror as Wang Baole appeared before him the next moment.

“Wang Baole, wait, listen to me. I...” Zhou Fei’s heart beat rapidly. He started pleading. Wang Baole ignored his plea and waved his right hand suddenly. The saber gleamed with a violent brilliance. Cries of pain and fear escaped from Zhou Fei’s lips. His right arm was sliced right off, and as soon as it separated from his body, it exploded!

All blood drained from Zhou Fei’s face as he tried to escape with his bloodied, mutilated body. Despair and helplessness filled his eyes, and a hateful vengeance boiled and erupted inside him. Yet, it fell apart before Wang Baole. As soon as he took a step back, the violence in Wang Baole’s eyes flashed. Wang Baole’s icy voice drifted past Zhou Fei’s ear.

“An arm... is the price you pay for hunting me relentlessly...”

“Another arm... to reward you for your persistence in joining the Galactic Dusk Sect in hunting me...” As soon as Wang Baole spoke those words, another scream escaped from Zhou Fei. His other arm had been chopped off by Wang Baole’s saber. It exploded instantly!

“That’s not the end yet. Next is your leg... that’s for lusting after the Dharmic Armament!” Wang Baole said casually as he circled Zhou Fei. His hand rose, the blade fell, and he sliced off Zhou Fei’s right leg!

The scent of blood was heavy in the air. With a heavy thud, Zhou Fei fell to the ground. With the loss of both arms and a leg, he had no means to escape. His hair spread loosely around him, he trembled and screamed, and terror and utter despair colored his eyes.

The cultivators around them gasped as they witnessed the scene. Nearly all the True Breath realm cultivators fell back immediately. Wang Baole was like a demon in their eyes.

The Foundation Establishment realm cultivators reeled back in shock as well. There were seven to eight amongst them whose eyes flashed. They didn’t stop Wang Baole...

“Then your other leg, because...” Wang Baole stared at Zhou Fei. At a sudden loss for words, he simply chopped off the last limb.

“Because I just hate your guts!” Wang Baole said. Zhou Fei widened his eyes and stared as the final blade fell on his head and sliced clean through him. He died instantly!

Upon Zhou Fei’s death, the seven to eight Foundation Establishment realm cultivators, whose eyes had flashed earlier, suddenly formed hand seals and pointed towards his corpse.

Zhou Fei’s corpse shriveled instantly. A faint shadow rose from his dead body, indistinct and blurry, and wrapped itself around Wang Baole’s Dharmic Armament. It started screaming silently. The soundless scream formed a kind of attack that lashed at Wang Baole’s mind.

Murder flashed across the eyes of the seven to eight cultivators, and they charged at Wang Baole suddenly.

“Die!”

Amidst a deafening thunder, waves of spells and countless Numinous Treasures exploded around Wang Baole. They stirred a dust storm that enveloped him.

Gasps of shock soon rang out from within the dust clouds. The seven to eight cultivators leaped back hastily, but it was too late. The flash of a saber’s blade swept past in a wide arc. The cultivators were beheaded in mid-air...

Everything happened too fast. It ended before anyone around them could react.

The dust clouds settled, revealing a towering figure that stood ten meters tall. Upon closer look, it was not a person but a dozen puppets entwined with one another, forming a shield!

The puppets started disintegrating. They fell apart in fragments, revealing within a dozen protective screens. Sheltered behind the screens was Wang Baole. He hadn’t suffered a single injury.

Everyone's pupils contracted upon the sight. The shock they had been feeling intensified, and those with the intention to attack Wang Baole immediately cast aside such thoughts.

Wang Baole was simply too powerful... it was easy to feel helpless before such a person in the Mystic Luna Realm.

Wang Baole turned around and stared coldly at the other cultivators. There were still late-stage Foundation Establishment realm cultivators amongst them. They looked extremely solemn. They didn't retreat and instead, raced towards Wang Baole.

Their intentions were clear. They didn't wish to attack. They only wished to be teleported away!

They weren't idiots. They knew that Wang Baole would investigate the giant crater, and the accountability was too great. If something did happen, their family clan would hold them responsible. If they were transported away by Wang Baole, the accountability on their shoulders would lessen considerably.

Wang Baole immediately sensed the choice these few late-stage Foundation Establishment realm cultivators had made. Their intentions were very clear. They wouldn't make trouble for him. He, in turn, should extend the same courtesy. After all, they had no grudges against each other...

*Works for me too!* With a wave of his right hand, Wang Baole threw out a handful of Mystic Trace Beads. The beads exploded in mid-air and turned into a mist. The late-stage Foundation Establishment realm cultivators froze momentarily, then raced towards the mist. A few mid-stage Foundation Establishment realm cultivators also came to their senses then and hurriedly dashed out. They fought to get into the mist...

Those slower on the uptake stared in a daze as the mist dispersed. They looked at Wang Baole, then at the others. Everyone immediately retreated without hesitation, departing the area and scattering to the winds.

Soon, the entire base was left with Wang Baole and a ground littered with dead bodies. No other living person remained.

*The number of people I've killed in the past two days is more than those I've killed in the past twenty years...* Wang Baole's eyes fell shut. He was silent for a long while. He could feel the raging bloodlust inside him slowly quieten. He opened his eyes and eyed the giant crater before him.

*Revenge must be taken!*

*The thing that the two powers and the giant tree are trying to get their hands on... I'll snatch it if I can. If I can't, no one else gets to have it. I'll destroy it myself!* Wang Baole's eyes flashed. He marched towards the crater and entered!

A wave of heat surged towards him as soon as he stepped inside. There was a blood-red glow that emanated from deep within the crater. Something seemed to be brewing inside. The feeling was similar to what he had felt when he had first discovered the fissure where the small tripod cauldron had been.

Around him were signs of trees fused with rocks.

Wang Baole narrowed his eyes. He knew that the cultivators he would find inside would most likely be Core Formation realm cultivators. With a flip of his palm, he pulled out a handful of Mystic Trace Bead and raced in!

### **Chapter 278: The Sect Lord of the Galactic Dusk Sect!**

*The Core Formation realm old wretch from the Five Generation Sky Clan was an absolute bully. It was obvious he was trying to silence me. I'm going to check the crater out and see exactly how he's going to silence me this time!*

*The Galactic Dusk Sect as well, pouring in so much effort. This entire thing isn't just a simple alliance with the giant tree. It's not as simple as them each having to gain from this alliance. They must both have their own secrets and are scheming against each other. They must both think they'll be the one left standing at the end of it all.*

*If that's the case, since the old witch from the Galactic Dusk Sect dares steal my Dao foundation, I'm going to steal this precious fruit of theirs!* Wang Baole narrowed his eyes. Having made up his mind, his pace quickened as he sped further into the crater.

The giant crater went a long way down. Wang Baole soon reached the depths he had reached in the previous fissure where he had discovered the small tripod cauldron and the exposed tree branch. Unlike the previous fissure, though, he seemed to have only traveled through a short segment of the crater. The red glow below him appeared more demonic than when he had first seen it nearer to the surface. Wang Baole was able to come to some conclusions on the depth of the crater by assessing the red glow.

He didn't stop there. He continued deeper in and approached the red glow. As he approached, frequent and muted rumbling thundered from below. It grew louder as he ventured deeper downward.

It didn't sound like a growling that would come from someone when he was awake. It was more similar to the sound of snoring when one was deep asleep. Wang Baole was caught by the sudden revelation. He paused in his steps and started pondering.

*Snoring...*

Amidst his thoughts, Wang Baole soon reached the lowest level of the crater. It might have been the lowest level, but it didn't seem to be the end of the crater. The red glow and the snoring both came from another tunnel that led to the lowest level.

The entire crater was the shape of a right-angled triangle. Wang Baole inspected the surrounding before heading into the tunnel. He raced down the extremely long tunnel. One could see faint tree veins threading through the earthen walls. It was as if the tunnel itself was carved out and rested within a tree branch.

The red glow grew brighter, and the snoring grew louder. The latter roared like thunder next to Wang Baole's ear. The odd look Wang Baole had on his face grew odder by the moment. Based on his calculations, the path seemed to be leading towards... the restricted zone on the dark side of the moon.

The place where he got his Green Lotus Foundation Establishment...

*It should be somewhere below the cavern with the green lotus... the snoring seems to be coming from ahead, but it's actually also coming from below...* Wang Baole seemed to have understood something. Images started forming in his head, images of Five Generation Sky Clan members digging a long tunnel that led to some place below the cavern where the green lotus had rested.

A tunnel that led... to where the Night Immortal King slumbered!

There was a flicker of light in Wang Baole's eyes. Wang Baole slowed down. He suppressed his aura and released the mosquitoes. He allowed them to speed ahead while he followed a distance behind.

It might be because of the snoring gaining volume or the red glow intensifying, but, gradually, a strong, almost overpowering spirit energy started to vibrate in the air. The Five Generation Sky Clan was likely confident in their ability to contain whatever situation might occur on their base. They seemed to have relaxed their guard. That was why Wang Baole's intrusion hadn't drawn any attention from the group of people gathered at the deepest end of the tunnel!

When Wang Baole was still a distance away from the end of the tunnel, his mosquitoes had already flown to the end. With the aid of their vision, he could see a cavern that spanned a hundred yards at the end of the tunnel. In the middle of the cavern was a shriveled tree branch. It was thirty meters wide, and clearly a small part of the ancient tree. A giant fruit three meters wide hung from the branch!

It might seem enormous to an ordinary cultivator, but compared to the actual size of the ancient tree, it was a tiny thing that was smaller than a sesame seed.

The fruit was completely dried up, but waves of sweet fragrance continued to emanate from it. A blood red glow radiated from the fruit. The light pulsed ceaselessly, but it wasn't glaring. Upon first glance, Wang Baole was seized by the sudden feeling that the red light that he had seen the entire time he had been walking in the crater had come from the fruit!

*Is that the fruit? Its light doesn't seem that bright. Who knew that it would possess such strange properties?* As Wang Baole observed in surprise, he saw eight figures standing around the fruit. They were split into four groups and seemed to be in a tense face-off against one another. The atmosphere was so tense that swords might fly at any moment!

One of them was the Core Formation realm elder from the Five Generation Sky Clan whom Wang Baole had crossed paths with that day. Standing next to him were two others, both middle-aged. One was clearly a Core Formation realm cultivator. He did not conceal his cultivation, and it was rushing off him in waves. Standing opposite them were three elders from the Galactic Dusk Sect. Perhaps it was inappropriate to describe them as elders. Their faces were heavily wrinkled, but their hair remained black. Their appearance seemed to be the result of practicing a special kind of mystic technique.

Their eyes were cold and devoid of emotion. A ghostly light, like will-o'-the-wisp, seemed to glow in their eyes. They stared at the other two groups, who weren't from the Five Generation Sky Clan, with hostility.

The remaining two groups were divided into... a man and a tree. What could be referred to as a man was actually a mutated giant tree that had implanted itself into a cultivator host body. He wore black robes and looked to be in his middle ages, had an unfathomable look in his eyes, and was smiling.

They appeared to have noticed the mosquitoes that had appeared around them but clearly couldn't spare any attention on them. They could sense how weak the mosquitoes were as well, and hence decided they weren't worth the attention.

Wang Baole saw the scene before him and stopped in his tracks. He didn't venture nearer.

"Esteemed tree cultivators and Fellow Daoists, why do you still fight us? Do you think you stand a chance against us?" Amidst the tension, the Core Formation realm elder from the Five Generation Sky Clan smiled coldly. He turned towards the Galactic Dusk Sect members.

"Esteemed Fellow Daoists, let us begin. We will stand guard over you!"

The eyes of the three Galactic Dusk Sect members flashed. They instantly formed hand seals in unison, raised their palms and reached into their chests. It was as if they were reaching for their hearts. Instantaneously, a thick black Qi erupted from their bodies. It rose rapidly into the air and formed an enormous black gate above their heads!

Alarm flashed across the faces of the man and the tree. They moved in unison to stop the attack. The three men from the Five Generation Sky Clan swooped in and blocked them with everything they had. The black gate swung open, and waves of black Qi rolled out. An alarming Spirit Qi surpassing the cultivation of everyone in the cavern and at the perfected Core Formation realm burst forth from the black gate.

It sent the cavern quaking as soon as it appeared. Its awesome presence contained intense violence and madness. It was as if a terrifying demon lay behind the black gate. The Five Generation Sky Clan cultivators immediately retreated. The man and tree were also alarmed and fell back as well, staring unblinkingly at the open gate!

As the black gate swung open, a youth, wearing a crimson robe and treading on mist, stepped out!

He had a fair complexion and delicate features. His eyes looked old, his expression was solemn, and there was an air of authority about him. At the same time, he also exuded an air of superiority. His presence, to a certain degree, rivaled that of the Federation President. They were both clearly of an elevated status, and were amongst the most powerful figures in the entire Federation!

"Greetings to the Sect Lord!" The three Core Formation realm cultivators who had reached into their chests and grasped their own hearts immediately lowered their heads respectfully.

Even the three from the Five Generation Sky Clan fell back immediately and extended a respectful bow towards the youth.

Wang Baole reeled back in shock. He stared at the youth through the eyes of his mosquitoes.

This youth was... the Sect Lord of the Galactic Dusk Sect!

The Galactic Dusk Sect was different from the other political powers where the Grand Supreme Elder was the most powerful person in the institution. In the Galactic Dusk Sect, the most powerful figure wasn't an elder but the Sect Lord. He was the one who had founded the Galactic Dusk Sect. He was the one who had acquired the mystic techniques and mystic arts from the ancient green-bronze sword. The entire sect had been built with his hands!

“The agreement between our sect and the Five Generation Sky Clan remains unchanged. The fruit will be divided between us—seven parts to our sect and three parts to your clan. You have provided much aid and also lured the mutated trees here. For your efforts, the Galactic Dusk Sect will answer what you have asked for!” The youth gave the three Five Generation Sky Clan cultivators a slight nod. He then threw a glance towards the mosquitoes, and the mosquitoes disintegrated instantly!

The youth then turned towards the giant tree and the black-robed man.

“The first one to join and swear his life to our sect, and take the Nine Lives Poison, will get the aid of our sect. We will help you destroy the other mutated tree and allow you to have three parts of the fruit!”

The black-robed man frowned, and the giant tree remained silent.

It was clear that the Five Generation Sky Clan and the Galactic Dusk Sect had allied themselves from the beginning and come to some sort of agreement where the Five Generation Sky Clan would aid the Galactic Dusk Sect. The fact that the Sect Lord of the Galactic Dusk Sect could make an appearance here must have been the result of the Five Generation Sky Clan’s aid. The latter must have helped in concealing signs of his presence, hiding his arrival from the rest of the Federation, allowing the plan to unfold smoothly.

### **Chapter 279: Everyone With a Trick up Their Sleeves!**

As the different political factions stood in a face-off against one another, Wang Baole hid in the tunnel. His pupils had contracted suddenly. After his cultivation had reached the Foundation Establishment realm, his mosquitoes had gained considerable resilience. They might not rival a Foundation Establishment realm cultivator, but they weren’t mere ants that could be destroyed with a single glance.

A mere glance from the youth in crimson robes, however, had turned all nine of his mosquitoes to dust instantly. This meant that the youth’s power had reached stupendous levels.

*The Sect Lord of the Galactic Dusk Sect...* Wang Baole narrowed his eyes and frowned. He kept his distance and pulled out a handful of Mystic Trace Beads. He was reluctant to simply leave. He released nine mosquitoes again and commanded them to fly ahead.

Inside the cavern, the Galactic Dusk Sect Lord’s strange entrance, his overpowering presence that blanketed the entire area, his piercing eyes, and his strong words had the effects of a game changer. The precarious balance was thrown. The tides turned.

The allied Five Generation Sky Clan and Galactic Dusk Sect had seven Core Formation realm cultivators between them. The Sect Lord of the Galactic Dusk Sect was at the perfected Core Formation realm, and he alone was enough to turn the tide.

The balance of power was collapsing. It was then, under the piercing gaze of the Galactic Dusk Sect Lord, amidst the heavy silence, that the black-robed man and the giant mutated tree suddenly laughed.

Both the giant tree and the black-robed man smiled. Upon closer look though, one might notice that the black-robed man had started smiling first. The giant tree then followed shortly after.

The black-robed man started shaking his head and sighing as his smile grew wider.

“I’ve been trying to figure out the trump card the Five Generation Sky Clan and the Galactic Dusk Sect were holding. I didn’t expect it to be the Sect Lord of the Galactic Dusk Sect’s personal appearance. What a big catch.”

“But this is our parent tree. The moon... can be considered our home. How can we not have something to protect ourselves from you outsiders?” As the black-robed man spoke, he lifted his right foot then stomped the ground suddenly. The others began to frown as a face suddenly emerged from the tree branch upon which the fruit was hanging.

As it appeared, the rest of its body started to form with startling speed as well. In a blink of an eye, a man was stepping out from the tree!

He had the appearance of a young man, and his eyes were cold and merciless. As he stepped out from the branch, a Core Formation realm cultivation erupted from his person. The Spirit Qi was identical to the aura belonging to the black-robed man and the giant mutated tree!

His appearance sent the cultivators from the Five Generation Sky Clan and the Galactic Dusk Sect gasping. The Sect Lord of the Galactic Dusk Sect narrowed his eyes. His face was solemn as he seemed to realize something, the look on his face darkening.

It was then that the second batch of nine mosquitoes that Wang Baole had released reached the center of the cavern. Upon seeing the person who had walked out from the tree branch, Wang Baole reeled back in shock. Incredulity flashed across his eyes.

*Huang Shan!*

The person who had walked out from the tree branch was the third descendant of the mythical Osmanthus Tree on the moon, the one who had been destroyed by the Five Generation Sky Clan and the Galactic Dusk Sect with the aid of the other two giant trees after he had just entered the Mystic Luna Realm!

He wasn’t dead!

As soon as he stepped out, Huang Shan and the other giant tree immediately raced towards the black-robed man. The three started melding with one another instantly. Upon closer look, one could see that Huang Shan and the other giant tree had merged themselves with the black-robed man’s body!

The elders of the Five Generation Sky Clan and the Galactic Dusk Sect were immediately alarmed. They moved to stop them but were themselves stopped by the solemn-looking Galactic Dusk Sect Lord.

“He’s trying to lure you over!”

The black-robed man smiled as soon as the Galactic Dusk Sect Lord spoke. The seemingly slow fusion suddenly sped up and was instantly completed, taking but the span of a breath. The giant tree and Huang Shan vanished, and only the black-robed man remained standing. Aura suddenly erupted from his person.

Waves of a perfected Core Formation realm blast surged outward, roaring to the heavens; its power rivaled that of the Galactic Dusk Sect Lord!

If the human cultivators had approached earlier and tried to stop the black-robed man, they would have been caught by surprise, and a number of them would have been killed. It was clear... that the black-robed man's fusion had been complete. The earlier performance had been an act to lure them in!

"It's a pity no one took the bait." The black-robed man rolled his shoulders. As he lamented, he turned towards the Galactic Dusk Sect Lord. The latter had an ugly look on his face.

"Someone told me that you would have something else up your sleeve. I didn't doubt that. That's why I had something prepared as well. I provided you with two pieces of wrong information right from the start!"

"The first is the supposed myth of the parent tree being survived by three descendants that grew up on earth. This is both true and untrue. The truth is that it did happen. The lie... is that before entering the Mystic Luna Realm, I had already absorbed the other two trees. I've absorbed their memories and senses and become the main host, while they became my avatars!" The black-robed man smiled. He was about to continue when the Galactic Dusk Sect Lord snorted and interrupted him.

"You need not say more. The second lie you are referring to is allowing us to witness the death of your avatar. His death misled us into believing that this avatar didn't ally himself with anyone else and had journeyed to the moon on his own!"

"This avatar of yours must be working with the Federation, right? The four Dao Colleges? Or the Seventeen-Member Senate? Neither seems likely. You must be working with the current Federation President!" The Sect Lord of the Galactic Dusk Sect said in a grave voice.

The pupils of the black-robed man contracted ever so slightly. He wasn't surprised to have his lie exposed so openly and directly by the Sect Lord of the Galactic Dusk Sect. They had all nearly revealed their full hand by now. It would be embarrassing if they hadn't already guessed what had indeed happened.

Still, he felt something was amiss and began to raise his guard.

With the aid of the mosquitoes, Wang Baole was able to witness and hear the entire exchange. Waves of emotions threatened to sweep him under. The layers of scheming and conspiracy that were involved here was too much for him. The conspiring against one another, even the sudden change that had taken over the moon, had all been foreseen!

It was clear that the Federation had known what was going to take place on the moon!

To be more exact, the Federation President had known all along. The four Dao Colleges and the other political powers might have been aware and had also gone along with it...

What had appeared to be mutiny from the Five Generation Sky Clan and the Galactic Dusk Sect in the Mystic Luna Realm was actually a trap set by the Federation President for the two powers!

*That must be why the array formation sealing the mystic realm hasn't been broken yet!* Wang Baole's breath quickened. His emotions stirred like a wild storm inside him.

*In that case, the people must be talking all about it by now... high officials' autobiographies stated before—public opinion... is a politician's weapon!*

*So, the first step is to stir public debate, then create public pressure. At the same time, use the other political forces' disciples trapped in the mystic realm as bargaining chips, gather all their forces, and carry out a rescue effort. While erecting a positive image, it'll also create pressure on the Five Generation Sky Clan and the Galactic Dusk Sect. They'll have something over the two and be able to weaken the power of both political forces to the greatest extent!*

Wang Baole didn't know if he had guessed right, but everything he had seen and heard seemed to lead to this single conclusion!

The key to everything seemed to lay with the black-robed man, the last surviving heir to the Osmanthus Tree on the moon!

He had reached an agreement with the Federation President and turned the tables on the Five Generation Sky Clan and the Galactic Dusk Sect. Both would satisfy their end of the bargain and get what they wanted...

Just as Wang Baole was reeling from his revelation, the Sect Lord of the Galactic Dusk Sect laughed. There was an unfathomable look in his eyes as he stared meaningfully at the black-robed man.

"Even though I don't know why Duan Muque believes that you can execute his plan flawlessly, but if I guess correctly, based on the plan you and the Federation President made, he and his friends from the other political powers should have destroyed the array formation and arrived. They should be here right now, ready to persecute us, and to end everything, shouldn't they?"

"So... why aren't they here now? Why isn't the array formation open?"

"Fellow Daoist Osmanthus, your ambitions are indeed great!" The Sect Lord of the Galactic Dusk Sect narrowed his eyes and said coolly.

As soon as his words fell from his lips, a flicker of light passed the black-robed man's eyes. His wariness of the Galactic Dusk Sect Lord grew. With just a few words, regardless of if they were made in hindsight, he had exposed the truth and revealed the answer.

"Seems like I've guessed correctly again..." The Galactic Dusk Sect Lord laughed.

"Let me venture another guess then. Duan Muque is able to exert a degree of control over you, but it's not perfect. That's how you managed to beat him at his own game. Right from the start, your goal has been to monopolize the fruit... or should I say fuse with the fruit, so that you can become the first Nascent Soul in the Federation. With that, you would no longer have anything to fear!"

## **Chapter 280: Snatching Food From a Tiger's Mouth!**

The expression on the tree-turned-man darkened as the Galactic Dusk Sect Lord spoke. His stare at the latter also grew more piercing.

The Galactic Dusk Sect Lord narrowed his eyes, and his smile widened. He seemed confident of his victory.

"I know Duan Muque and his methods. He likes his backup plans. The first is the mysterious way he's exerted his control over you. As for the second, I can vaguely guess it as well..."

"It must be... the Night Immortal King!" The Galactic Dusk Sect Lord burst out into laughter. He raised his right hand suddenly. Within his palm was a ball of mist!

It was a rainbow-colored mist. As soon as it appeared, it transformed into seven differently-colored dragon heads. They looked almost like the real thing. They roared endlessly as they surged outwards.

As soon as they spread out, a startling Spirit Qi that threatened to overpower everyone erupted and rose in the air. Its power surpassed Wang Baole's seventh-grade Dharmic Armament by leagues. There was, in fact, no basis for comparison. It was like a tiny firefly competing against the luminous moon!

*A ninth-grade Dharmic Armament!* The tree-turned-man in black robes was taken aback. His pupils contracted into pinpricks. He experienced panic for the first time. Every word that fell from the Galactic Dusk Sect Lord's lips was more powerful than a prophet's. The Sect Lord was slowly but surely revealing all his innermost thoughts as if he could see through him!

"Fellow Daoist Osmanthus, I'm not sure what you're afraid of. Is it the destruction of your parent tree, or the Night Immortal King's awakening? Or perhaps, there is a connection between the two. Once the Night Immortal King awakens, your parent tree will be inevitably destroyed... this must be why Duan Muque wasn't worried when he let you in, and why he is confident of steering the events towards his desired outcome!

"I can do both! That's why I'm changing my conditions now. I'll claim two-tenths of the fruit on behalf of the Five Generation Sky Clan and a half for myself. You can take it or leave it... but know that I will destroy my own Dharmic Armament in order to destroy your parent tree and awaken the ancient corpse. Calamity will fall upon this land. No one will get to have the fruit then!"

A sullen gloom fell over the face of the tree-turned-man. He rapidly weighed his options. It was as the other had said. Despite him working with Duan Muque, and despite Duan Muque's limited control over him, he remained ambitious and didn't wish to be constrained. He had planned to go along with Duan Muque's plans and use them to his advantage to become a Nascent Soul.

That was why he hadn't followed the plan to activate the array formation to allow those outside to enter the Mystic Luna Realm. However, the Galactic Dusk Sect Lord had pointed out something of utmost importance, and that was Duan Muque's backup plan.

It was something that the black-robed man was terrified of. Once the Night Immortal King awakened, he would start absorbing the vitality of the parent tree instinctively. Everything would be ruined then!

As the black-robed man fell into deep thought, Wang Baole's mind was wavering. He had been shocked by the ninth-grade Dharmic Armament, the various conspiracies and counter-conspiracies that had bubbled up, and by the giant fruit. He held his breath as a myriad of mixed emotions flashed across his eyes. There seemed to be a struggle taking place within him. He soon made up his mind. Instead of retreating, he raced towards the cavern where the crowd was gathered.

As he charged forward, he took out half of all the Mystic Trace Beads he had on him as well as seven to eight puppets. He got the puppets to hold onto the beads and race ahead of him!

*Fortune favors the bold. I'm blessed with great looks and a good character. I'll bet on those!*

As Wang Baole approached rapidly, the tree-turned-man remained silent. After the span of a few breaths, he sighed inwardly and made his choice.

"You'll be taking away seven-tenths of the entire fruit. I'll be left with less than what Duan Muque promised me... after all, there are three of us here, the Five Generation Sky Clan, you and me. We're not going to get a large part of the fruit after dividing it amongst us three."

"I'm only agreeable to splitting half of the fruit with you..." The black-robed man said firmly. As he spoke, he glanced towards the entrance to the cavern, as if he had noticed something. He didn't pay it further attention.

The others seemed to have sensed something as well. However, as Core Formation realm cultivators, they wouldn't pay any attention to the appearance of a Foundation Establishment realm cultivator. One of the elders from the Five Generation Sky Clan, who had been going on a rollercoaster ride of emotions, didn't spare a further thought before he raised his right hand and sent an attack towards the entrance!

A giant handprint materialized in the air and surged towards the entrance. It looked as if it was going to smack the hell out of the insolent trespasser.

As soon as the giant handprint appeared and blasted towards the entrance, suddenly, the three elders from the Galactic Dusk Sect who had summoned their Sect Lord sensed something and seemed to come to a certain realization. Looks of alarm flashed across their faces. They were about to say something, but it was too late...

They could only watch as seven to eight figures dashed out from the entrance and collided with the incoming handprint. Everything happened too quickly. The seven to eight figures disintegrated in a deafening explosion. As they shattered into dust, the hundreds of Mystic Trace Beads they were carrying... exploded at the same time!

The thundering booms of the explosions resounded all around in the cavern, stirring deafening reverberations as well as summoning vast clouds of mist. The mist erupted and rapidly blanketed the entire area!

The three elders from the Five Generation Sky Clan were the first to be caught in the blast. The mist instantly enveloped them. The other three from the Galactic Dusk Sect retreated hastily but were still a step too late. The mist enveloped them in the next instant.

Even the Sect Lord of the Galactic Dusk Sect, the crimson-robed youth at the perfected Core Formation realm, displayed his first signs of alarm. He tried to escape at full speed. He even wielded the ninth-grade Dharmic Armament in his hand and tried to slash the mist in halves. However, while the Dharmic Armament might be powerful, the mist was fluid and changeable, and it had the ability to teleport anything!

The explosion of hundreds of Mystic Trace Beads wasn't something to be trifled with!

The Mystic Trace Fog contained within them was voluminous. Deep underground in the cavern, unless one was a Nascent Soul and was able to teleport away... he would be cornered with nowhere to go!

In a blink of an eye, the entire cavern was filled with rolling wave-like mist. It blanketed the entire area. The mist enveloped everyone—be it the Galactic Dusk Sect Lord, the black-robed man who was a tree-turned-man, or anyone else.

The mist that Wang Baole had adapted for his own use had no source. It erupted swiftly and dispersed equally swiftly... After it had dispersed, neither hide nor hair of the Five Generation Sky Clan Core Formation realm cultivators, the Galactic Dusk Sect elders, or their Sect Lord could be found in the cavern...

They were powerless against the mist. Every single one of them was teleported away...

Only the tree and its giant hanging fruit, as well as a flabbergasted black-robed man, remained standing.

Everything had happened too quickly. A moment ago, they had still been at each others' throats, fighting for their own gains. A single misstep would have resulted in a full-blown fight. The next moment, the people who had been fighting with him for the fruit had all vanished.

*The Mystic Trace Fog?* The black-robed man was stunned and lifted his head towards the entrance of the cavern. Wang Baole walked in with a calm expression on his face.

Wang Baole narrowed his eyes at the giant tree that hadn't been transported away by the mist. He wasn't too surprised. The mist was only effective against outsiders. The giant tree could be considered a native of the moon.

"Wang Baole..." The black-robed man stared at Wang Baole, then narrowed his eyes. He started to laugh. There was a hint of madness to his laughter, a hint of mad glee as well as an unprecedented excitement. He could hardly describe the excitement he was feeling right now. He raised his right hand, intending to destroy Wang Baole with a single blow.

He did not care whether Wang Baole lived or died. As a token of his gratitude though, he was willing to send him on his way.

Wang Baole remained unfazed as the black-robed man raised his hand. The former said casually, "Awaken!"

Wang Baole activated the green lotus inside him as he spoke the word. Instantly, from deep down underground, a roar thundered and traveled through the ground. Its loudness surpassed the snoring, shaking the heavens and the earth. It sent a tremor through the entire Mystic Luna Realm. Even those outside could hear it clearly, and countless people were shaken to their core at that instant!

At the same moment, the Galactic Dusk Sect Lord had been transported to a lowland on the visible side of the moon. The crimson-robed youth let out a furious howl as soon as he reappeared.

"Damn it, what the hell happened!" He was furious. He knew that even if he were to rush over right now, it would be too late. All his ploys, all that preparation, withstanding the pressure from the Federation and risking it all for something that would be considered mutiny, breaking everything down for the giant tree and persuading it to share the fruit...

The fruit was within reach, but everything was lost when the mist appeared...

The Galactic Dusk Sect Lord thought about the sacrifices he had made—those he had made in order to execute this entire thing and those that awaited him in the future—and was driven absolutely mad with rage. He was almost tempted to destroy his own Dharmic Armament and awaken the Night Immortal King. Since he couldn't have what he wanted, others shouldn't dream of having it either.

He held his Dharmic Armament, but he was unable to destroy it... not for the lack of ability... but because of fear!

If he had gotten the fruit, it would have been worth the price of awakening the Night Immortal King. As long as he attained the Nascent Soul realm, everything would be resolved. He would have been able to change the current situation in the Federation!

However, now... the fruit was beyond his reach. If he simply left without doing anything more, it was still possible to save his sect. The Galactic Dusk Sect would inevitably be punished, but the penalty would be light. However, if he made any further moves and awakened the Night Immortal King, he wouldn't only lose the fruit but also make enemies of everyone in the Federation. It would no longer be a simple matter of light punishment. The price he had to pay might cripple his entire sect. They would be persecuted fiercely by all the other political forces in the Federation!

His feelings of powerlessness, fear, and raging fury reddened his eyes. He ground his teeth and whirled around, growling inwardly as he sped away.

*I'm going to find out who exactly has the audacity to do this. What kind of grudge he has against me... to ruin my path towards the Nascent Soul realm at such a critical moment!*