

Chapter 281: Divine Armament Red Star!

At the same time, somewhere deep below the ground, a roar from the core of the moon's dark side was spreading in all directions and reverberating in the sky. Sound waves were formed, and they swept through the entire moon.

The sound took everybody by surprise. When it reached one's ears, one could vaguely feel an indescribable sense of sadness. It was like the final scream at the end of one's life, as if one was forcing open his eyes to take one last look at his loved ones. It was a kind of sadness similar to seeing one's home being destroyed while they survived. It was the sadness that accompanied the madness when one didn't have the strength for revenge.

The moment the sound was produced, the entire moon shook, and this was needless to say for the bases of the various factions that were built on it. The ones who felt the strongest vibration were the Federation elites who were attacking the array formation under the lead of Federation President Duan Muque outside the boundaries of the array formation.

When they heard the thunderous sound, they were all taken aback. Some of them even screamed out of surprise.

"Has the Night Immortal King awakened?"

"This sound... Compared to the last time it was awakened, this sound is even more frightening. Gosh! Didn't it die a long time ago and become a dormant corpse? Could it be that it was still able to train itself?"

"This is the revival of its cultivation. Every time the Night Immortal King falls into a slumber, its cultivation would be partially restored!" The people outside the array formation were immensely shocked. From the eyes of the Federation President, Duan Muque, a bright glow could be seen. His breathing quickened slightly, and a look of determination flashed across his eyes. He raised his right hand and grasped!

"Come!"

Upon saying that word, a wave seemed to emerge from all directions. On Earth, within Federation City, a blinding flash glowed from Duan Muque's sculpture, forming a ray of light that shot into the sky.

It could be seen that there was a flying dagger within the ray of light!

Every part of the flying dagger was red. When it appeared, a thunderous boom exploded in the sky, which also turned blood red. All the vegetation, all the infrastructure, and everything between heaven and earth were instantly enveloped in a red hue in that instant!

There was also an extremely imposing vibe that spread, as if it were the mightiest force ever produced. All forms of life, regardless of their level of cultivation, could sense it. Anywhere in the world, one would feel an irresistible urge to pray to it at that very moment.

The one that was being so earnestly prayed to by the masses was the one and only Divine Armament in the Federation!

It's name was... Red Star!

One could clearly see across the starry sky that at that moment, every possible part of Earth seemed to have been dyed red within the blink of an eye. After that, the flying dagger charged towards the skies at a fast speed, with a bright red glow trailing behind it like a red hurricane as it emerged from Earth!

Its target location was the moon. More specifically, it was headed towards the Federation President, Duan Muque, who now had his arms raised!

Outside the array formation, everyone was thrown into a flurry. As Duan Muque decisively summoned the Divine Armament, within the tunnels deep underground on the moon's dark side, someone was scared out of his wits. The giant tree's humanoid manifestation as a black-robed middle-aged man immediately retracted his raised right hand and retreated, fearful that he would agitate Wang Baole if he neared him after being jolted to his senses by Wang Baole's command and the Night Immortal King's shrill roar. At the same time, he screamed loudly.

"Fellow Daoist Wang, don't be rash! Please don't be rash! Let's discuss this peacefully!"

Wang Baole had never imagined that simply driving the green lotus to germination could agitate the Night Immortal King so strongly. Therefore, he hurriedly stabilized the green lotus. As the Night Immortal King's roar softened, he looked towards the nervous black-robed middle-aged man that had been formed from the giant tree.

"Now, the fruit would no longer be split amongst three sides. There are only two of us. I don't demand much, as I just want half of it!"

The black-robed middle-aged man formed from the giant tree looked deeply at Wang Baole. He had a deep impression of Wang Baole. Even though that impression was derived from the people that he had assimilated, it was no different from him experiencing it first hand.

Initially, he had planned to kill Wang Baole directly. However, right now, as Wang Baole displayed capabilities that posed a threat to him, he had no choice but to accept the request, despite his unwillingness to do so.

In reality, he couldn't afford to waste more time. The black-robed middle-aged man formed from the giant tree inhaled deeply and nodded his head unwillingly. He raised his right hand and pressed it directly on the fruit. That made his hair stand. He immediately began absorbing it, without paying further attention to Wang Baole.

Wang Baole narrowed his eyes, similarly raising his hand and pressing it on the fruit, all the while keeping his eyes on the black-robed middle-aged man formed from the giant tree. The devouring seed within his body was activated and unleashed, and instantly, an astonishing suction force flowed through Wang Baole's palm as he absorbed the fruit.

The fruit vibrated vigorously. An invisible cavity appeared to be formed as currents of a viscous flow of life were released continuously and instantly from the fruit, flowing towards Wang Baole before being absorbed into his body and the devouring seed.

Wang Baole's body trembled. He quickly realized that something was amiss, as the extremely viscous flow of life seemed to be partitioned by the devouring seed the moment it was absorbed into two portions!

One portion remained as the viscous flow of life, while the other portion was made up of drops of black dew!

The dew clearly harnessed some form of demonic force, one that seemed to be both poisonous and inhibitory at the same time. That made Wang Baole surprised as he realized that there was something wrong with the fruit!

Is this the true nature of the fruit, or did someone do something to it? Wang Baole's breathing quickened as he looked towards the black-robed middle-aged man formed from the giant tree. However, the youth didn't seem to have noticed anything peculiar with the fruit, as he continued to absorb it.

This made Wang Baole somewhat doubtful. As he hesitated, the green lotus inside the devouring seed suddenly began to shake violently. The life force that had been absorbed was sucked towards it, and even the poisonous venom was being voraciously taken up by it!

It appeared as if the poisonous venom was like a supplement. The green lotus turned a jadeite green, and even its wilted leaves were visibly rejuvenated!

It can take up the poisonous venom as well? Wang Baole was dumbfounded with delight.

That was not all. As the devouring seed continued absorbing and as the fruit speedily dried up, Wang Baole was surprised to find out that the green lotus was also growing during this absorption process. Even though the process was slow, it was visibly growing bigger. It was neither Spirit Qi nor the sign of life that was flowing from within the green lotus. Wang Baole couldn't put a finger on what it was, but he could clearly feel that the force that had been flowing out was quickly integrating with his physical body!

The integration occurred with that force acting as a form of nourishment. A sensation of strength and ferocity grew stronger in his heart. His breathing was so rapid that it became slightly destabilized. In this short period of time, his physical strength seemed to have increased two-fold!

Wang Baole's physical body had always been strong. Now that his strength had been further boosted, it made him a rarity amongst the Foundation Establishment cultivators. However, this wasn't the end of the strengthening process!

As the absorption continued and the green lotus continued to grow, Wang Baole's physical body grew even stronger. Regardless of whether it was his bones or flesh and blood, everything seemed to have evolved to a higher level!

Gosh! Is the green lotus defying limits, or is the fruit itself just abnormal... Wang Baole took a deep breath and swallowed. He felt incredulous, and at the same time, the black-robed middle-aged man standing opposite him began cursing under his breath, he stared with his eyes so wide that they were almost falling out of their sockets.

*This *sshole! How could he absorb so quickly... I recall now, when he was in Coulomb Basin previously, he depended on some sort of absorption method....* The black-robed middle-aged man formed from the tree

was on the brink of going crazy. His eyes had grown bloodshot from all the force he was using to absorb the fruit. He could feel that his level of cultivation was slowly being evolved. Following this process, he would be able to achieve a breakthrough in his cultivation in no time, reaching the Nascent Soul realm that no one within the different factions on earth had managed to!

The only issue was that... Wang Baole was probably the nemesis of the giant tree. The moment where the giant tree filled with an uncontrollable desire finally saw a glimpse of hope, the green lotus within Wang Baole's body was also growing as the flow of life was being absorbed. As it grew, a lotus seed head emerged from it. The lotus seed head glowed brightly as if the lotus seeds were about to be produced.

The force of the devouring seed within Wang Baole's body was being boosted by the minute. It was growing at such a speed that it made the black-robed middle-aged man gasp in shock!

As loud booms emerged and the fruit dried up at increasing speed, Wang Baole and the black-robed middle-aged man fought over the life source within it. The middle-aged man, being ten times slower, couldn't catch up to Wang Baole!

Impossible! The black-robed middle-aged man formed from the giant tree was screaming angrily in his heart while green veins bulged out from his forehead. At that moment, within Wang Baole's lotus, the first lotus seed appeared.

There was now approximately a fifteen-fold difference in speed between the two men.

As the second, third, and fourth lotus seed emerged, the difference in speed reached thirty times.

Wang Baole was immensely surprised himself. On the one hand, he felt that the black-robed middle-aged man had grown even stronger, and to some extent had reached a frightening level. On the other hand, there was something peculiar about the facial expression of the middle-aged man. His face was so black that ink might be able to flow from it if he were to squeeze it.

Excuse me, shall we awaken the Night Immortal King? I think that this giant tree was suppressed so much that it has become angry... Just as Wang Baole was feeling frightened, he decided to make the first move to wake the Night Immortal King that was in deep slumber. At the same time, the Divine Armament flying dagger that had stained everything red neared, charging towards Federation President Duan Muque.

As it circled one full round and evoked a bloody glow that shot into the skies, it dashed towards the Mystic Luna Realm's array formation!

It grew nearer and nearer until it made contact with the array formation on the Mystic Luna Realm!

Boom!

Chapter 282: The Night Immortal King Awakens!

The Red Star neared, carrying a bloody red glow with it as it traveled at high speed from Earth. It passed through the starry skies directly above the Mystic Luna Realm's array formation. The array formation,

which had largely been broken by elites of the Federation, were now being attacked. The sky's appearance was transformed as a loud boom spread in all directions!

Looking from afar, one could see that the moon was floating in the starry night sky. As the Red Star descended, a red glow covered the entire moon instantly. What followed was a cracking sound similar to glass breaking, erupting from the moon. It was like heaven and earth were breaking apart into a million pieces.

It took just a brief moment for innumerable pieces of fragments to explode out in all directions. The entire moon was vibrating, and at that very moment, the array formation on it was instantly destroyed!

That wasn't the end. As the array formation of the Mystic Luna Realm broke apart, the elites from the various factions were immensely surprised and were about to move forward. However, the Red Star went ahead, entering the destroyed array formation and forming a long rainbow as it charged towards the restricted area on the dark side of the Mystic Luna Realm!

It was like a blood-colored shooting star, shocking everyone!

The Federation President and all other elites from the various factions rushed there. They gathered together and dashed towards the moon's dark side instead of searching for their respective disciples.

At the same time, at the moment the array formation was destroyed, the caves on the dark side of the moon were vibrating vigorously. The black-robed middle-aged man formed from the tree was so frightened and anxious that his eyes became bloodshot. He sensed that the array formation had broken down and that a killing force was fast approaching. Simultaneously, he felt that all the Core Formation realm elites from the various factions were nearing him at that instant.

That was completely different from his original plan!

He had only one target from the beginning, and that was the fruit. However, he knew that it was immensely difficult to attain it. Even entering the moon was a challenging task.

After all, the array formation of the Mystic Luna Realm wasn't something he could break apart. It was impossible even though his parent tree was on the moon. Unless someone cooperated and worked with him, he wouldn't have had the opportunity to control the array formation of the Mystic Luna Realm.

Therefore, in order to obtain the fruit, there had to be perfect coordination throughout the process.

This made him begin a risky plot to mingle amongst the various factions. Even though the factions made use of him, he was also taking advantage of them, so that while the various factions kept tabs on each other, he could absorb the fruit's life source to the greatest extent to advance and become a Nascent Soul realm cultivator!

Once he became a Nascent Soul realm cultivator, he wouldn't have to fear anything anymore. Then, he could agitate the Night Immortal King and wake him up in order to create chaos on the moon. He could either leave or hide to find the right time to ambush. The level of cultivation possessed by a Nascent Soul realm cultivator would make him formidable if he were to ambush a Core Formation realm cultivator. Even if Duan Muque was in possession of a Divine Armament, he was confident that he could push Duan Muque to his wits' end, and even kill him in the process!

A scenario like that took elaborate planning and involved many sacrifices so that it would play out perfectly. After all, Duan Muque was an extremely sly person, making it difficult to trick him. Therefore, he pretended to go along with the Federation, helping them massacre the Five Generation Sky Clan and Galactic Dusk Sect and also handing out evidence against them.

The extremely challenging process finally gave him a chance to attack. However, when that chance was destroyed by the Sect Lord of the Galactic Dusk Sect, he chose to abandon the Federation and work with the Galactic Dusk Sect instead.

However, just as the tables turned, Wang Baole, who was a mere Foundation Establishment realm cultivator, appeared. Despite that, the giant tree bore with it in order to reach the Nascent Soul realm. It cooperated with Wang Baole and began the absorption process after reaching an agreement with him.

He had initially thought that as someone who had perfected the Core Formation realm, absorbing the fruit could be done extremely quickly such that he could become the Nascent Soul realm even before Duan Muque realized something was amiss and tried to stop him.

In the end, however, he realized in a state of mania that Wang Baole was absorbing it faster than himself. It wouldn't have mattered it was just a difference in speed. Instead, since there was a limited life source within the fruit, the faster and the greater the amount Wang Baole absorbed, the lesser there would be left for himself. That would directly affect his speed of advancement!

Seeing that this was the case, the black-robed middle-aged man formed from the tree turned anxious with bloodshot eyes. He was so close to becoming a Nascent Soul realm cultivator, and it would take too long if he were to go step by step. His only choice was to swallow Wang Baole whole!

As for waking the Night Immortal King, he figured that even though Wang Baole was able to do it, it still required some time. It was therefore impossible for the Night Immortal King to wake up immediately. He was unwilling to take the risk previously, but now, he had no choice but to do so!

Therefore, with great determination, he gave his all and grabbed in the direction of Wang Baole. However, at the moment he set his heart to it, and as the fifth lotus seed appeared in Wang Baole's body, the fruit was completely shriveled dry!

"No!" This scene made the black-robed middle-aged man who was about to launch his attack shocked, and he exploded in rage!

Isn't this going against me? The absorption rate is too fast to be true! Wang Baole was surprised as well. In reality, after the fifth lotus seed appeared, its speed wasn't just at five times the initial rate, but several more times than that!

The rate of absorption and swallowing was already at the limit. Now, seeing the giant tree go crazy with rage, Wang Baole stepped back immediately, crushing the Mystic Trace Beads that he had been holding in his hands. Releasing the suppression on his green lotus and the teleportation force of the Mystic Trace Fog, he caused the green lotus within his body to shake vigorously.

Wake up, wake up, wake up!

As the bead broke and the fog spread to engulf him, the black-robed middle-aged man formed from the giant tree approached quickly while roaring angrily. He sucked, and instantly, the fog surrounding Wang Baole was absorbed into the giant tree's mouth even before it could activate the teleportation function.

The giant tree shook as it grabbed towards Wang Baole!

He hadn't neared Wang Baole, but he was already so imposing that he formed a suppressive force. That caused Wang Baole to hold his breath. As if a catastrophe was about to begin, Wang Baole grew numb. He didn't have time to be frightened as he activated all his cultivation and unleashed all his physical strength. He even took out almost all of his Numinous Treasures and was wielding the Dharmic Armament in his hands. He flailed it and tried to block himself!

A loud boom emerged, and an indescribably strong force erupted from the hands of the black-robed middle-aged man's hands, forming a hurricane that destroyed everything in its path as it swept forward. When it smashed into Wang Baole, the Numinous Treasure he used to shield himself broke down entirely. His body trembled violently as bright red blood spewed from his mouth. Even the Dharmic Armament was unable to resist the force. As the loud bang reverberated, Wang Baole's body was grabbed by the giant tree!

A look of viciousness flashed across Wang Baole's eyes. He stared as he roared loudly, retrieving the scabbard in his body and using it to shield himself!

Black and purple mosquitoes, if the both of you don't emerge, we'll all die! As Wang Baole screamed, the giant tree was fast approaching and was about to land on the scabbard. Instantly, the scabbard flashed, and the purple mosquito emerged for the first time.

It seemed unhappy and somewhat indignant. Unwillingly, it charged towards the giant tree.

When they made contact, the black-robed middle-aged man screamed painfully as he retreated. His right hand instantly turned purple, and the purple hue swiftly spread. Every area it passed began to rot.

Wang Baole was shocked. Seeing the purple mosquito returning lazily, he didn't think much as he kept his scabbard. He was fearful of being blocked by the giant tree and decided to take out all his Mystic Trace Beads, crushing all of them together to unleash the fog. His body became a blur as he began to be teleported. At the same time, he punched himself in the stomach, agitating the green lotus while activating the cultivation in his body. He then agitated the green lotus once again, shaking the green lotus extremely vigorously.

"Wang Baole!" The giant tree screamed angrily upon seeing that Wang Baole was about to escape. He prevented the poison from spreading as he dashed out like a maniac. He wanted to absorb the fog to prevent Wang Baole from leaving.

However, at this time, as Wang Baole continuously shook the green lotus to call for it, an extremely deafening roar emerged from somewhere deep underground!

Roar!

A loud boom reverberated in all directions, shaking the entire moon. At the same time, the ground above the caves all burst open!

A black patch of fog emerged and spewed towards the sky. The walls broke apart, while the tree trunk and the shriveled fruit instantly rotted, disappearing into thin air... At the same time, a large black hand half the size of the cave emerged from the ground, grabbing a hold of the land as it struggled to emerge!

Clanking sounds reverberated in all directions. It was as if a supreme being that was previously restrained was born!

An indescribable wave of strong force and mania that seemed to be capable of destroying life erupted towards the sky, causing the moon to shake violently, and producing waves in the starry sky!

The force was simply astounding. At the same time, the black-robed middle-aged man received the most impact, and his face showed how fearful he was. He no longer cared about wanting to grab Wang Baole as he dashed out right away, his head smashing into the walls. With a loud boom, he broke through the stone layer and charged towards the skies. He was indignant, but he had no choice but to escape like a maniac!

Wang Baole was now in a state of shock. The Mystic Trace Fog was enveloping his body as the large hand grabbed forcefully. A large figure seemed to have climbed out from the deep trenches, and at that instant, Wang Baole disappeared, having been teleported away.

Chapter 283: Elimination With a Single Look!

At almost the exact instant Wang Baole left, the earth shook, and the cave located in the restricted area on the dark side of the moon exploded open. Mud and sand fell from all directions, and a gigantic trench in the ground was revealed!

In the sky, there was now a crimson red glow that was stretching as wide as the sea appearing at an astounding speed. It fell directly above where the deep trench in the restricted area of the moon's dark side was. As it stopped in mid-air, a red flying dagger could be seen!

It was the Red Star, the only Divine Armament remaining in the Federation!

Its emergence caused the skies and earth to turn crimson red. Even the forests were being dyed red. There was also an indescribable suppressive force that was continuously given off by the Divine Armament in waves.

Even though it was only palm-sized, it was like an imposing volcano. Once it erupted, it would be able to shock the heavens and earth.

That was especially so as the frightening waves spreading out from it were sufficient to vibrate the entire moon. It was as if, in the face of it, every Dharmic Armament would wither, unable to compete against it. It was because it was a Dharmic Armament, or more specifically, the God of Dharmic Armaments!

Even the Federation President could only unleash part of its powers. Without a doubt, in the Federation, no true owner that could completely unleash its potential had emerged... until now!

When it appeared, the forest was instantly filled with dead silence. However, one could see that, in this restricted area, all the Night Immortals and all the Moon Spirits behaved as if they had met with a formidable enemy, as they didn't even dare move an inch.

Outside the restricted area, there were still many cultivators, most of them disciples from the Five Generation Sky Clan and the Galactic Dusk Sect. It appeared that the sudden changes that happened previously prompted the Core Formation realm cultivators from both clans who were teleported away to anxiously send out orders to those who were in the vicinity to gather and check on the situation.

Chen Hui was also amongst them. Following the awakening of the Night Immortal King, the trembling of the earth made the ones who were around the area have the initial intention to retreat. However, when the Divine Armament appeared, they didn't dare move. The imposing manner of the Divine Armament scared them pale and stiff.

In the deep trench underground—where demonic vibes were churning and spreading in all directions, and sounds of metal chains clashing against each other were emerging in waves—a gigantic figure appeared to be slowly climbing within the trench and was about to crawl out and break into existence!

Other than that, in the forest not far away from the restricted zone, Wang Baole appeared after being teleported there. The moment he emerged, he noticed the Divine Armament in the skies, as well as the demonic vibe emerging from the restricted zone.

Why have I only teleported such a short distance away? Wang Baole's scalp grew numb. The teleportation by the Mystic Trace Fog could either transport one nearby or far away. However, now that he no longer had any Mystic Trace Beads, he was anxious. He immediately squatted down, hiding himself while raising his head to look at the skies above him.

In the sky, other than the frightening crimson red-colored Divine Armament that seemed to be riding on crashing waves, creating stress in anyone who saw it, there were also several figures fast approaching. There were over a hundred of them, and they were noisy as they neared!

They were mostly Core Formation realm elites from the different factions of the Federation. The Federation President was also amongst them!

Their attention was fixated on their enemy, and they stared with great focus at the trench in the restricted zone. Nobody said anything, but they had all activated their cultivation, preparing to attack.

Just as the people were focusing their attention on the trench, a loud boom suddenly exploded from within the deep trench. After that, a thick cloud of demonic aura emerged, spreading furiously in all directions. Looking from afar, it seemed as though a large pair of black wings had been formed, covering the skies as a humongous figure rose from within the deep trench, with the sound of metal chains clanking in the background!

The figure was over a thousand feet tall and was dressed in a set of armor that was completely black. It was wearing a ghost mask, and its exposed skin was also black in color. The figure was a man without hair who had his head lowered. As his body rose into the air, nine metal chains attached to his body rose with it, lengthening as he rose higher...

When he emerged, an indescribable sense of suppressive force and frightening vibes were given off of him continuously in waves. That made everyone who saw him, including the Federation President, instinctively develop a strong sense of fear, regardless of their level of cultivation!

That was a suppression on the level of life's natural order, a suppression arising from the vast difference in the level of cultivation!

It was as if every single cell in one's body was screaming. Everyone's spirit was trembling, similar to when a commoner meets with a deity!

He was the legendary Night Immortal King, the corpse that had fallen onto the moon with the arrival of the ancient greenish-bronze sword!

However, things felt slightly different where Wang Baole was. He did feel the tremors, but the green lotus inside his body also began shaking violently the moment the Night Immortal King appeared. It seemed emotional and, to Wang Baole, that emotion was one of sadness and reluctance to part...

It was as if it had met with an enemy from the past!

Just as Wang Baole felt a torrent of emotions due to the influence from the green lotus, everyone in the skies, including the Federation President, were all extremely nervous and fearful despite their high levels of cultivation.

The Night Immortal King was the one that was being surrounded, but it was those surrounding him who were afraid!

As the thousand-feet-tall humongous corpse covered in armor rose into the air, the metal chains attached to him were pulled taut. He finally stopped moving and stood motionlessly in place.

Looking at it from afar, the demonic vibe forming his wings was spreading out from a center point from an area behind him. That alone made this humongous black corpse appear like a true supreme being, and threw the entire moon into silence.

At this moment, Duan Muque, the Federation President, took a deep breath. With the protection of the Divine Armament, he approached the corpse slightly, closing his eyes as he communicated with the Night Immortal King through a unique method.

As the communication process went on, everyone held their breaths nervously. Wang Baole swallowed hard and wanted to experience the emotions of the green lotus in his body in detail when, suddenly, he sensed a pair of eyes staring at him from a short distance away.

As the gaze fell on him, a familiar movement made Wang Baole turn his head suddenly. Following the direction of the gaze, he noticed someone familiar, someone who caused a strong desire to kill to appear in his eyes!

That person was... Chen Hui!

She was already at Foundation Establishment stage, and the fluctuations belonging to her Foundation Establishment realm cultivation that emerged from her body were extremely familiar to Wang Baole, as it was originating from the small tripod cauldron he once possessed!

When the two locked gazes, Chen Hui looked awkward and quickly retracted her gaze. However, she seemed to have thought of something as she threw a quick glance at the elders from the Galactic Dusk Sect in the sky, which didn't include the old lady. Her arrogant attitude emerged again, and she turned to stare at Wang Baole with a chill in her eyes.

This Chen Hui took part in a rebellion, and still dares to look so arrogantly at me... Wang Baole squinted his eyes. If it were possible, he would have loved to attack and kill Chen Hui. However, he was a distance away, and there were many other people around. Furthermore, with the suppressive force given off by the gigantic black corpse and the Divine Armament, he dared not move willy-nilly.

However, his intention to kill grew stronger by the minute and couldn't be suppressed at all. The small tripod cauldron in Chen Hui's body agitated Wang Baole greatly, especially as he recalled the experience of having it pulled out of his body by the old lady.

I'm gonna kill her! Wang Baole's breathing grew rapid, and as his intention to kill reached the limits, all of a sudden, the green lotus in his body seemed to have sensed this intention and began to shake once again.

It shook, but Wang Baole didn't manage to attack. That was when the motionless Night Immortal King in the skies, who had its head lowered while communicating with Federation President Duan Muque, suddenly moved!

Everyone surrounding the Federation President was taken aback, as the Night Immortal King standing in the skies suddenly turned and looked where Chen Hui was standing!

His previously shut eyes suddenly opened, revealing a pair of pitch-black eyes!

The moment the Night Immortal King laid his eyes on Chen Hui, Chen Hui's body burst open with a loud boom, breaking into many pieces as flesh and blood spewed out, disintegrating directly before she could react!

Even the small tripod cauldron in her body was unable to withstand it and disintegrated into ash together with Chen Hui's body...

All that happened so suddenly that everyone was gripped by shock. The Core Formation realm cultivators, including the Federation President, were all taken aback and began to unleash their cultivation fully. The Federation President began to hyperventilate. He controlled the Divine Armament, causing the Red Star's crimson glow to spread in all directions in an astonishing manner as he spoke quickly.

"Night Immortal King, we have a promise to not overstep into each other's boundaries!"

"I will provide you with an explanation for what has happened today!"

Chapter 284: Cries and the Master

Everyone was nervous to the maximum possible level. Their scalps grew numb, and they were getting themselves ready for a counterattack. At the same time, torrents of thoughts crashed in Wang Baole's

mind. He was incredulous at everything he had seen; it was so unbelievable that it made him hyperventilate and his heart palpitated furiously.

What situation is this? I have the desire to kill Chen Hui, and this Night Immortal King helped to destroy her for me? Wang Baole was trembling internally with surprise, as he thought about how the green lotus could awaken the Night Immortal King, and about how the green lotus suddenly shook... He checked immediately and realized that there was now one less lotus seed on the seed head that had sprouted from the green lotus, down from the original five.

As a result of this, Wang Baole made a conjecture that was shocking even to him.

Could it be that the Night Immortal King could be controlled by using the lotus seeds? A flash appeared in Wang Baole's eyes as he quickly looked around him, searching for the old lady. However, it was a pity that the old lady wasn't present. Wang Baole felt that it was a pity, and when he raised his head to look at the Core Formation cultivators in the sky, he realized that other than the Federation President, the Senate, and the four Dao Colleges, he hadn't met the rest of the people before.

This made him give up the thought of testing out his hypothesis. When he calmed down and analyzed the situation, he managed to come to a rough conclusion.

Unless I have sufficient lotus seeds, I wouldn't be able to control the Night Immortal King for long. One lotus seed for one attempt at controlling him? Wang Baole thought silently. At the same time, he also understood that no one should know about it, as he couldn't bet on the kindness of others!

This is the same case for my green lotus as well... I need to disguise it... With that thought, Wang Baole completely gave up his intentions to use the lotus seeds to control the Night Immortal King to kill the old lady. Instead, he tried to use the method he adopted when he was in Spirit Breath Village. Very quickly, the devouring seed in his body turned into a blur, and the green lotus was hidden along with it.

As for what he wanted to transmogrify, after thinking briefly about it, Wang Baole decided to transmogrify a pill bottle as the perfect item for his Foundation Establishment.

That way, he could explain how he managed to recover fully from his injuries. After all, the purpose of a pill bottle was to store pills. It made sense if he were to say that he had good fortune for receiving a pill bottle that contained healing pills. Furthermore, in Spirit Breath Village, everyone knew well that Wang Baole's luck was unbelievably good.

While Wang Baole was disguising the green lotus, in the skies, after the Federation President made repeated attempts to establish communication, the Night Immortal King finally retracted his gaze from the direction where Chen Hui had died.

He stood in mid-air, lifting his head as he looked in the direction of the sun, where the ancient greenish-bronze sword was. He watched silently, and after a long time, a black glow suddenly emerged in his eyes as his entire body charged forward!

Amidst the loud boom and the moon's violent vibration, the Night Immortal King dashed out, and the nine metal chains attached to him pulled taut as a result. That forcefully stopped him from moving further after he covered a small distance.

The instant he stopped, the entire moon erupted in vibrations, with the ground cracking apart and the basins exploding. Loud booms reverberated in the sky as if the entire moon was moved several feet due to his pulling force!

Looking from the sky, one could see that numerous waves had appeared in the night sky surrounding the moon. The entire moon was shaking as large cracks spread noisily and continuously.

This scene gripped everyone on the moon with fear. The Federation President further agitated the Divine Armament, causing its red glow to emerge once again in an attempt to stabilize everything.

However, the Night Immortal King's body seemed to be driven crazy once it was forcefully held back by the metal chains. It struggled continuously as if it wanted to break free of the metal chains to charge ahead. If that wasn't possible, it seemed as if he might instead choose to drag the moon along!

Witnessing the impending crisis, the metal chains on the Night Immortal King's body suddenly glowed purple. The purple glow flowed swiftly towards the Night Immortal King along the metal chains, enveloping him completely. The Night Immortal King seemed to be in huge pain as a result. He raised his hands to cover his head, screaming shrilly and painfully.

That scream of his caused the surrounding area to vibrate. True Breath realm cultivators near him were completely unable to withstand it, and their skulls all exploded at that instant. Even Foundation Establishment realm cultivators were bleeding from their orifices, including Wang Baole, who felt something churning in his body while fresh blood flowed from the corner of his mouth.

The Core Formation realm cultivators all turned pale as they scrambled to retreat. It all happened under the protection of the Divine Armament. If there were no Divine Armament, the situation would be unimaginably worse.

A long while later, the painful screams decreased in intensity. The Night Immortal King seemed to have lost a large part of its energy, and as he sensed that he was powerless in trying to change the situation, his body sank gradually, his eyes growing weaker such that they could no longer stay open. It seemed like he was falling into hibernation again, but he struggled to open his mouth, wanting to say something. However, what resulted were merely murmurs.

His voice, which carried an unlimited amount of sadness, evoked a wave of emotions in the hearts of everyone who heard it as if they all felt the same kind of extreme sorrow.

It was akin to the melancholy that remained after one witnessed their home being destroyed with their own eyes!

It was like the sadness behind the remnant indignation one carried to his grave due to an inability to take revenge!

It was like a sense of guilt, coupled with... pain that came along with madness!

All these emotions culminated in pitiful cries at that moment, spreading in all directions. What was sadder was that in this extreme emotional pain, his tears had already dried up.

In his cries, he gradually lowered his body, slowly kneeling down while facing the sun in the direction of the ancient greenish-bronze sword.

Everyone, including Wang Baole, fell silent as they looked at the Night Immortal King, who kept kowtowing in the direction of the sun after kneeling, crying pitifully. This feeling rested heavily in their hearts.

As the crying sounds reverberated for a long time, a word could be heard, albeit somewhat unclearly. However, it was not a language used on earth, and no one could understand it, except... Wang Baole!

Perhaps it was because of Little Missy, or perhaps it was due to the green lotus, but Wang Baole understood the unclear word.

That was... 'Master'!

The Night Immortal King was kneeling and bowing in the direction of the ancient greenish-bronze sword, which was on the sun. In his cries and sadness, he spoke with a sense of longing, a sense of guilt, his myriad of emotions encompassed in one word...

"Master..."

After a long while, the word 'Master' reverberated amidst the crying sounds. The Night Immortal King's body slowly fell back into the deep trench, before he eventually became completely silent.

A moment passed without anyone speaking a word. After making sure that the Night Immortal King had fallen into hibernation, Duan Muque, the Federation President, finally heaved a sigh of relief. The Core Formation realm cultivators around him followed suit, and they all noticed that the Federation President was drenched in sweat.

If a single mistake occurred just now, their existence could have all been pushed to the brink of nothingness.

"Now, it's time to tidy up matters here! Three hours later, after you've all found your respective disciples, bring them back to the bases and inspect them all. Before a conclusion is reached, the seal will not be opened, and no one shall leave!"

Duan Muque turned his head suddenly, carrying a chill in his gaze as he looked at the corpses of the people who had died due to the tremors of the Night Immortal King's cries. His gaze also swept across those Foundation Establishment cultivators who were still alive but were bleeding from all their orifices. At the same time, he saw Wang Baole, and after nodding at him, he turned and left.

At the same time, people began to disperse to search for the disciples from their own factions. The Ethereal Dao College Sect Lord, who was previously standing beside Duan Muque, approached Wang Baole. His eyes seemed to be conveying a complicated thought, while Wang Baole remained silent without a word.

He was no longer the ignorant True Breath realm cultivator he was when he first entered the Mystic Luna Realm. After experiencing the battle of the giant trees over the fruit, and listening to the conversations between the various factions, he seemed to have gained a somewhat complete and accurate grasp on the transformation that had happened in the Mystic Luna Realm.

This Mystic Luna Realm was a trap!

He wasn't sure whether he should believe that the four Dao Colleges were completely ignorant of that.

The Ethereal Dao College Sect Lord seemed to have something to say, but eventually, he merely sighed deeply without speaking a word. He brought Wang Baole away, making plans for him to stay in one of the bases of the four Dao Colleges. Very quickly, the Core Formation realm cultivators from the four Dao Colleges began to bring the disciples from their respective factions away.

Wang Baole saw Zhuo Yifan and Zhao Yameng, who were both impressive and had reached the Foundation Establishment state. That was especially so for Zhao Yameng, who gave Wang Baole a sense that she had reached Foundation Establishment stage with a perfect item!

Chen Yutong and company had returned as well. As people returned, a battle was about to begin in a patch of forest land on the dark side of the Mystic Luna Realm.

Amidst the loud noise, the black-robed middle-aged man was pale as he hurriedly retreated. In the forest before him, a red glow was spreading, and when it completely enveloped him, the Red Star appeared on his glabella.

Duan Muque slowly emerged from the forest. Step-by-step, he appeared before the black-robed middle-aged man.

The black-robed middle-aged man looked perplexedly at Duan Muque, giving up all intentions of retaliation as he sighed.

“No wonder you could become the center of attention from someone insignificant amongst the candidates, surpassing your classmates to become the Federation President... Duan Muque, I had thought that you only had two ways of bringing me down, one legitimate and one underhand method, but I seemed to have belittled you. You had a third tactic...!”

“I don’t know how you found the fruit before me. Furthermore, you even poisoned and put restraints on it. However, this time, I concede defeat!”

“Say it with the fruit as a witness. What happened?” Duan Muque spoke calmly.

The black-robed middle-aged man laughed bitterly as he sighed, rattling out the truth. He only hid the details about Wang Baole, as Wang Baole was the only tool he had to get rid of the Federation President. At the same time, Wang Baole was also the key for him to reach Nascent Soul realm in the future, as Wang Baole had absorbed so much of the fruit. Therefore, for his own sake, he needed to protect Wang Baole.

Right now, in a basin on the visible side of the moon, Galactic Dusk Sect’s Sect Lord was wielding a ninth-grade Dharmic Armament as he looked at a middle-aged cultivator dressed in a long black robe approaching him without emotion, carrying a similarly frightening ninth-grade Dharmic Armament long spear.

“Li Qidao, as the Lead Senator of the Senate, why are you collaborating with White Deer Dao College? Furthermore, there is no sure win for either of us if we were to battle, so why is there a need for us to battle in the first place?” The Sect Lord from Galactic Dusk Sect frowned as he began to speak.

“Sect Lord Xu, the loser shall concede defeat. Since that is the situation now, why aren’t you satisfied? Based on your intelligence, you must have understood that the fruit could only be used by wood types. It’s useless for human cultivators in terms of their cultivation. All it does is strengthen their bodies.

Otherwise, it wouldn't have existed until now. Someone altered it, such that it would be useless even for someone like you who was proficient in wood techniques and was using it to advance to reach the Nascent Soul realm."

Galactic Dusk Sect's Sect Lord fell silent, before sighing deeply after a long while.

"Is it enough that I go into seclusion for fifty years, never to emerge in society in that period of time?"

"It's not enough! Sixty years is needed, at least!"

Chapter 285: I'm His God-Grandfather!

While Federation President Duan Muque, Senator Li Qidao, as well as the elites from the various factions, were handling the rebellion by the Five Generation Sky Clan and Galactic Dusk Sect in the Mystic Luna Realm, the disciples from the four Dao Colleges who had been through the Mystic Luna Realm assessment were all gathered at the base of the Dao College and undergoing interrogation.

Everyone was included in the list to be interrogated, except for one person!

That person was... Wang Baole!

From the beginning until now, no one disturbed or asked him about what had happened in the mystic realm.

However, one prominent point was that the hut residence that Wang Baole was staying in was different from that of other people. It had more privacy and was more luxurious, as it was originally a resting place prepared for the Elder.

At the same time, regardless of whether it was the disciples from the four Dao Colleges who had been through the mystic realm assessment, or the Dao College Foundation Establishment cultivators that had arrived on the Mystic Luna Realm from Earth, they all looked at Wang Baole oddly in the three days that passed. Many of them even took more than a single glance, and in the depths of their vision hid a sense of reverence and fear!

Apparently, what Wang Baole had experienced in the mystic realm and the killings that happened thereafter were no longer a secret. Everyone had heard about how he had obtained the perfect object before it was cruelly dug away by a Core Formation realm cultivator, which in the process destroyed his Dao Foundation. They also heard that he had managed to reach Foundation Establishment stage, and stained the mystic realm red with his killings of innumerable Foundation Establishment realm cultivators.

He wasn't simply an ordinary disciple, but the Deputy Pavilion Head of the Dharmic Armament Pavilion who was already well-known while he was in Ethereal Dao College. He was also one of the Federation seedlings. With such an illustrious battle history, it was natural that he would catch the attention of many.

Wang Baole kept all that in mind and didn't say anything nor head out. He stayed quietly in his hut residence, waiting for the chaotic rebellion outside to end, and for the four Dao Colleges to give him an explanation.

After all, he was no ordinary disciple of the four Dao Colleges. He was the Deputy Pavilion Head of the Dharmic Armament Pavilion, and even though the incident in the Mystic Luna Realm didn't have much of an impact on others, it had affected him greatly, far exceeding what he had experienced before!

Just like that, two days went by. On the second night, a pursuit was taking place in the forest on the dark side of the Mystic Luna Realm. The one escaping was the old lady who had dug out Wang Baole's Dao Foundation!

The old lady's face was pale white, her hair in a mess and unkempt. As she ran, blood spewed out of her mouth. She looked lifeless, with fear apparent in her eyes as she swiftly turned and spoke to someone behind her.

"Fellow Daoist Li, listen to my explanation..."

"To hell with your explanation!" Even before she could finish, an angry roar emerged from behind her, as a figure leaped out, instantly catching up with the old lady while raining punches on her.

A loud boom reverberated. The old lady wanted to resist the attacks, but her attempts were futile. The punch that landed on her caused her to spew even more blood. She hurriedly retreated, but the figure immediately arrived in front of her.

It was a silver-haired elder, carrying a look of anger that could burn down the skies. Madness erupted from the elder's body, making him like a walking volcano that was extremely eye-catching in the dark night.

Every part of the forest he passed burned, and the ground was charred black by the heat. The suppressive force emerging from his body raged unusually. It was such an imposing force that the old lady was completely unable to resist it, screaming while vomiting fresh blood out once again.

"Fellow Daoist Li, there should be a limit to all this. All I did was destroy his Dao Foundation. You have pursued me for two days, and based on your level of cultivation, you could have killed me right away. What is the point of torturing me? I am also a Core Formation cultivator, and I have my dignity! Wang Baole is merely one of the disciples from your Dao College!"

The old lady had become a maniac, and she screamed angrily like a lunatic. The past two days had been a nightmare for her. As she said, the ex-Federation President pursued and tortured her all the way, even purposely letting her escape before getting hot on her heels again.

This made her completely exhausted, draining her of all her energy and putting her in a living hell.

"That's all you can take? Why didn't you feel this way when you were after Wang Baole? You didn't choose to bully anyone else, but Wang Baole, who has no direct relatives who are Core Formation cultivators? Is that why you were so cruel and ruthless to him, treating him like a toy?" The Grand Supreme Elder from Ethereal Dao College appeared amiable with his head full of silver hair. However, those who knew him knew that he was extremely hot-tempered.

He stared as he neared, raising his right hand. The old lady widened her eyes, as the Grand Supreme Elder perforated her flesh in one swift motion, reaching into the old lady's stomach!

An indescribable pain erupted like crashing waves in the old lady's mind, flooding and overcoming her instantly as she let out a shrill, painful scream.

"You b*itch, let me tell you something. Wang Baole indeed has no direct relatives who are Core Formation cultivators, but I like that chap. I am his god-grandfather, and you'll get it from me if you were to bully him!" The Grand Supreme Elder announced while gripping the Core Formation in the old lady's stomach tightly. As he yanked it hard, the old lady's painful screams reverberated in all directions.

As blood spewed out of her mouth, the already haggard old lady seemed to have aged even more. She trembled, turning pale. The pain of having her Core Formation plucked away from within her body far exceeded that of one's Dao Foundation being taken away. It was no longer on the level of an organ. Instead, it was like taking her life away!

"Don't worry. You won't die from this. I would never let you die so easily. After all, death is only short-lived pain. I will turn you into a warning for others!" A chilly look flashed across the Grand Supreme Elder's eyes, as he squatted down before the trembling old lady, slapping her face while enunciating every single word clearly.

"This is your retribution for bullying our Baole!

"Go, continue to run. If you don't, I'll bring you back and lock you in Venus's Poisonous Spirit Cellar. You know that place... It's very suitable for you."

Hearing the term 'Poisonous Spirit Cellar', the old lady who was drifting out of consciousness from her pain suddenly jolted awake. She suddenly shivered, carrying a look of fear in her eyes that was far more intense than before. She wanted to kill herself but was unable to do so as she had been made handicap and weak. Therefore, she decided to commit suicide by biting her tongue. However, before she could do that, the Grand Supreme Elder stepped heavily on her chest, and as a heavy puff of air emerged, it blew away all her teeth.

"It's still not time for you to die. If you dare to die, I will extract your spirit and turn it into a chamber pot Numinous Treasure before tossing it in the restroom of the Dao College!" The Grand Supreme Elder spoke calmly while staring at the old lady, whose wrinkled face revealed extreme fear.

"You..." The old lady stared with her eyes wide, wanting to say something before the Grand Supreme Elder slapped her tightly.

"Shut up!"

It was a tight slap that almost broke the old lady's neck. The old lady was in so much pain that she fainted immediately.

The Grand Supreme Elder hummed unhappily, before turning around and grabbing the old lady by her hair.

Following the capture of the old lady, the third day arrived. In his hut residence inside the base of the four Dao Colleges, Wang Baole was meditating with his legs crossed. He suddenly opened his eyes, looking at the door of his room.

Outside, someone had arrived, without making any attempts to mask their breathing and footsteps. When the visitor neared, he stayed silent for a while, before speaking with a raspy voice.

“Baole.”

Wang Baole recognized the voice as belonging to the Sect Lord of Ethereal Dao College. He then stood up to open the door, greeting the Sect Lord standing outside with cupped fists.

“Greetings, Sect Lord.”

The Sect Lord from Ethereal Dao College looked at Wang Baole with a complex expression. After the investigations regarding the Mystic Luna Realm were conducted over the past few days, everyone, regardless of whether it was the four Dao Colleges, the Federation President, or the other factions, were completely shaken by the revenge killings carried out by Wang Baole.

They felt especially shocked at the invention of the Mystic Trace Beads, which were never before seen. What Wang Baole had experienced was also shocking to everyone who heard about it. Wang Baole’s reaction towards whatever had happened to him in the mystic realm evoked more emotions in the masses than before.

“You’ve had a hard time.” The complex look in the Ethereal Dao College Sect Lord’s eyes was replaced by an apologetic one. After entering the residence hut, he sought the agreement of Wang Baole before pressing on his wrist to assess his internal injuries, as well as his wellbeing.

When he noticed the pill bottle resting on Wang Baole’s dantian, an unsurprised look surfaced in Ethereal Dao College Sect Lord’s eyes. However, he still felt somewhat incredulous. After taking another close look at it, he tuned down his cultivation before looking at Wang Baole again.

“This is the second perfect item that I have obtained.” Wang Baole guessed what the Sect Lord would ask him and replied calmly without any unusual facial expressions.

The Ethereal Dao College Sect Lord looked deeply into Wang Baole’s eyes without probing further. It was the principle of the four Dao Colleges to not question excessively in issues regarding their disciples’ fates. After all, everyone had secrets, and the more they were questioned, the more likely the disciples would lose faith and integrity. That was especially so for Wang Baole, who had experienced a series of events. He could see that Wang Baole’s attitude had become vastly different from before he entered the mystic realm.

He understood the situation and sincerely wanted to rectify it. Therefore, he took out a box from the storage bag, placing it in front of Wang Baole before opening it up.

A bloody flesh pill was revealed!

When the box was opened, and the flesh pill was revealed, a thick cloud of Spirit Qi instantly emerged, carrying a pungent smell of blood.

Wang Baole was thrown into a daze, and as he turned to look, he seemed to have guessed the box’s contents. He raised his head and looked at the Ethereal Dao College Sect Lord.

“Baole, you know what is to be known. I will not say anything unnecessary. All you need to know is that now, the White Deer Dao College leads the four Dao Colleges... As for your matter, regardless of

whether it's the Grand Supreme Elder or me, we share the same consensus, and that is... We will not let it rest!

"Wu Tianlan from the Galactic Dusk Sect dug away your Dao Foundation. Therefore, the Grand Supreme Elder will personally dig her Core Formation out!

"A simple outcome like death would naturally not be easily available as an option to her. Therefore, the Grand Supreme Elder will send her to the Poisonous Spirit Cellar of Venus, which is one of the worst prisons of the Federation. There, she will have to repent and refine poisonous gold for Ethereal Dao College for the rest of her life!"

"Are you satisfied with this punishment?" The Ethereal Dao College Sect Lord looked at Wang Baole, speaking calmly.

Wang Baole was shocked, his breathing growing rapid and his eyes turning red. An indescribable feeling emerged in his mind. All the grudges he held towards the sect vanished instantly, and all that remained was the surprise of someone standing up for him.

After a long while, he stood up, bowing deeply to the Sect Lord.

"Thank you so much, Sect Lord!"

Chapter 286: Farewell, Moon

The Ethereal Dao College Sect Lord smiled a smile of consolation when he saw the expression on Wang Baole's face. The Ethereal Dao College had had no choice but to participate in the fiasco. He didn't wish for such an exemplary disciple, whom he approved of, whom he recognized to have a bright future, to lose hope and be disillusioned with the college.

The Grand Supreme Elder must have thought the same. That was why he had personally done the deed and exacted revenge for Wang Baole. He had left the old woman with her life not out of pity but to serve as punishment and a warning to the other political forces. It was also a message to the White Deer Dao College and the current Federation President to show their extreme displeasure!

The look on Wang Baole's face made him feel that everything they had done was not in vain. In his comfort, he spoke a while longer with Wang Baole. Before leaving, he gave Wang Baole a pill bottle.

The bottle contained extremely rare pills for healing. There were three five-colored pills. Any single one of them would fetch an extraordinary price. This was because they were equivalent to having three chances to save one's life from the brink of death.

After seeing the Sect Lord off, Wang Baole stood outside his residence. He lifted his head and stared at the sky. After a long while, he inhaled deeply. He could feel the release of tension from his body. He thought back to everything that had happened in the Mystic Luna Realm. They seemed a lifetime away.

After a long while, Wang Baole released a long sigh of satisfaction.

It's better this way. Death is too good for her... After all, dying is just a moment's pain. But now, she'll be suffering for years, maybe decades, without rest! With that thought, Wang Baole finally let go of his hatred towards the old witch.

As for the Galactic Dusk Sect... Wang Baole narrowed his eyes. He concealed the icy glint flickering in them.

What's left now is for us to return to Earth. Wang Baole buried his thoughts and feelings deep in his heart. He turned and gazed at Earth, which was hanging amidst the stars in the sky. He studied the blue starry heavens. Longing unfurled in his heart—longing for his parents, for the people back in the college, for the things they used to do, and for every tree and leaf in the college.

It was as Wang Baole had predicted. Later that night, he received a notice from the college informing him to return to Earth the next day. It was clear that the matters pertaining to the Mystic Luna Realm affair had been settled. There was no need for their cooperation and help anymore, which was why they could leave.

Wang Baole packed his luggage and then settled down into a cross-legged sitting position. He allowed his emotions to settle and for himself to come to peace with everything that had happened. This carried on until late in the night... until an unexpected visitor arrived outside his residence!

The sounds of knocking on his door resounded in his room. Wang Baole, who had been meditating, was startled. He lifted his head. The doors to his room slid open soundlessly, revealing a towering figure standing outside his room.

He stood there, as tall as the heavens, exuding an indescribable, oppressive presence. There was also a blood-colored spirit energy rippling in the air. Despite having clearly been suppressed, a muted surge still leaked out and spread throughout the room.

Wang Baole was no stranger to the energy signature. It was the Divine Armament!

He was equally familiar with the person approaching. He was... the Federation President, Duan Muque!

Alarm bells rang in Wang Baole's head, and he immediately became cautious. He rose to his feet hurriedly and cupped his fists in a bow towards Duan Muque.

"Greetings, President!"

Duan Muque didn't speak immediately. He stood there and eyed Wang Baole. His shrewd mind and his years of experience told him that Wang Baole was clearly wary of him. He didn't tone down the force of his presence but instead intensified it.

Wang Baole stared at Duan Muque's smile, and his breathing quickened. His instincts told him to step back. This meeting with Duan Muque was completely different from their previous encounter at the Federation's Hundred Seedling Award Ceremony.

Then, Wang Baole hadn't known Duan Muque. Now, however, after all that he had gone through in the Mystic Luna Realm, he had come to his own conclusions. He knew Duan Muque's cunning and the hidden depths of his thoughts.

If they had been on Earth, Wang Baole would definitely be more nervous than he was now. But they were on the moon now. Wang Baole remembered the Night Immortal King and the green lotus inside his body and gained a slight measure of confidence. He didn't take a step back and, instead, raised his head and met Duan Muque's eyes.

Their eyes met, and a flicker of surprise flashed across Duan Muque's eyes. Surprise slowly transformed into approval, then into a smile on his lips.

"Wang Baole, come take a walk with me," he said, then turned and walked away.

Wang Baole considered for a moment before following Duan Muque. They started strolling on the vast and expansive base grounds.

They didn't leave the base. Instead, the two of them walked along a small path in the base, treading on the dim light cast from the overhead lamps. Half an hour passed, but Duan Muque didn't speak; Wang Baole was silent as well.

They walked past a pagoda that was in the midst of being rebuilt. Duan Muque continued to look ahead as his voice rang out.

"Wang Baole, you asked me before when you were in the capital city about how one becomes the Federation President."

Wang Baole raised his head and stared at Duan Muque's back when he heard Duan Muque's words. He remembered asking that, as that had been his dream.

"What I told you then was the way to become the Federation President. What happened in the Mystic Luna Realm..." Duan Muque paused in his steps as his words trailed off. He turned and leveled an unfathomable, meaningful stare at Wang Baole.

"... is the first lesson you need to learn on your path to becoming the Federation President!"

"So, what have you learned?" Duan Muque smiled lightly after he asked the question. With a wave of his right hand, he threw a black pill bottle towards Wang Baole.

"This is the antidote. The fruit was poisoned, and I also hexed it. You must have come across your own share of good fortune as I can't feel the hex on you, and the poison likely didn't work on you either. However, if you're still worried, this is the antidote. You can take it and get rid of any hidden complications.

"As for the fruit... the most it can do for a human is strengthen his body. It can't be used for any breakthroughs in cultivation. Only mutations, such as the giant tree, can devour and absorb it. The Sect Lord of the Galactic Dusk Sect practices wood element mystic techniques, and I have a feeling he's no longer human anymore."

Done speaking, Duan Muque shook his head and laughed. He turned and walked away, vanishing into the distance. He left Wang Baole standing alone before the pagoda, reeling in shock.

Wang Baole's breathing was uneven. He held onto the antidote and stared into the distance where Duan Muque had disappeared. After a very long time, he took a deep breath in. Finally, he knew the truth to everything that had happened in the Mystic Luna Realm.

The giant tree mutation had plotted against the Five Generation Sky Clan and the Galactic Dusk Sect, as well as the Federation. Its objective had been to monopolize the fruit!

The Five Generation Sky Clan had gone along with the schemes of the Galactic Dusk Sect because of what the Galactic Dusk Sect had promised them. Wang Baole was unaware of the details, but he believed it must have been something the Five Generation Sky Clan had been dying to get their hands on.

The Galactic Dusk Sect had expended the most effort and resources for the entire affair. Their Sect Lord had even made a personal appearance, as his aim had been the same as the giant tree. They had both desired the fruit, and had wanted to use it to break through their cultivation and enter the Nascent Soul realm!

That was why the old witch had been so fearless. If her Sect Lord had indeed had a breakthrough and attained the Nascent Soul realm, the current political stalemate in the Federation would be broken. The loss of balance would herald a new set of rules!

It might be challenging to determine who had been the mantis preying upon the cicada in the group of the giant tree, the Five Generation Sky Clan, and the Galactic Dusk Sect, and who had been the cicada that had been preyed upon. However, one thing was clear; the oriole had been the Federation President, Duan Muque, right from the beginning!

It was because his goal had been grander. He had planned for the Five Generation Sky Clan and the Galactic Dusk Sect's loss and the maximum weakening of their power, which in turn strengthened the political stability of the Federation. He had also used some unknown means to locate the fruit prior to the opening up of the mystic realm and had planted both a poison and a hex in the fruit. Regardless of who eventually absorbed the fruit, he would be poisoned and fall under Duan Muque's control!

Be it the giant tree or the Five Generation Sky Clan and Galactic Dusk Sect, they had lost this round. The only one to emerge victoriously was... Duan Muque!

So, this is the first lesson I learned in order to become the Federation President... Wang Baole was silent for a long while. A glimmer began to shine in his eyes. He remembered something similar in the high officials' autobiographies.

Wang Baole returned to his residence while deep in thought. He thought for a very long while. His experience in the Mystic Luna Realm and what he had learned was a turning point in his life. He had gone from mere realization to deep consideration, and he finally ended up with strong conviction.

My dream is still... to become the Federation President! Wang Baole met the next day with a raised head and a look of resolution in his eyes. He stepped out of his residence and onto the cruiser that would bring him back to Earth. He shelved the many thoughts, including that of murder, that had arisen from his encounters on the moon to the back of his mind.

When the cruiser rose, humming, into the air, and as it was about to speed off into space, Wang Baole stood on the deck and patted his sizable stomach. The darkness and violence in his eyes vanished. In their place was his usual smiling cheerfulness. He grabbed Zhuo Yifan, who was standing beside him, into a hug, and started bragging about his adventures. As he laughed, he turned his head and stared at

the moon through the cruiser's windows. It grew smaller as the distance between cruiser and moon widened.

Farewell, moon.

Farewell, Night Immortal King.

Chapter 287: Return to Earth!

Be it traveling for a vacation or any other reason, one was always beset by the same strange feeling. The journey there was always especially slow, and the journey back miraculously fast.

It was the same for the trip to the moon. Their return was swift, and the cruiser quickly landed on the Upper Academy Island of the Ethereal Dao College. Those who had successfully reached the Foundation Establishment realm, and those who had not, all got off. They stared at the sky vastly different from the one seen from the moon, and at the Sword Sun. They could hear birdsong and smell flowers blooming. They could feel the air, and the Spirit Qi infused in it. Wang Baole was finally able to relax completely.

Even though a mountain of tasks awaited him after he had advanced to the Foundation Establishment realm, Wang Baole still decided to give himself a long vacation. He was going back to Phoenix City, back to his parents.

His return was of great importance to the City Lord of Phoenix City as well as all the city officials. They didn't go to the extent of journeying outside the city to receive him; however, the City Lord and the Deputy City Lord stationed themselves outside the port and had a short chat with Wang Baole when he arrived. They didn't impose on his reunion with his family and instead left after exchanging a few words.

Wang Baole's spirits were high on the way back home. He listened to his mother's nagging with a great deal of patience, and his father was quiet most of the time, only interrupting his mother's nagging with a few words of reprimand now and again. He remained smiling, and they spent the next two weeks in harmonious cheer.

During that period, Wang Baole also settled his spirits and did more in-depth research on the green lotus inside his body. He gradually became convinced that the green lotus was an augmenting presence on his cultivation, and its effects on the physical body were even greater, almost out of this world.

Wang Baole recalled being hunted for his life in the Mystic Luna Realm. His recovery speed had saved his life, as all his injuries had healed at a tremendous rate.

His physical strength was also receiving increasing nourishment from the green lotus. It grew exponentially on a daily basis. Wang Baole assessed his physical capabilities to have surpassed that of a typical cultivator in the same realm. In other words, if he were to split himself into two people—one with his cultivation and another with his physical body—the one to emerge victorious after a fight would be the one with his physical body!

The green lotus triggers the devouring seed to absorb vitality from all living things while it sits inside the devouring seed so that it can receive sustenance... Wang Baole mused. He observed the green lotus's

seed head and the four lotus seeds inside it. He had a feeling that the lotus seeds weren't only useful for controlling the Night Immortal King.

He had only recently acquired the green lotus though, and he was unable to fully pin down the full properties of the lotus seeds in such a short period. He tried absorbing them but found it a tedious challenge.

He didn't give up. The few benefits that the Green Lotus Foundation Establishment core had given him were enough to send him into an excited flurry.

With the devouring seed, I believe the green lotus will flourish with continual cultivation and nourishment. With its augmentation, my physical body will grow increasingly stronger as well!

Wang Baole inhaled deeply. He found his future ever bright and hopeful. He had to climb back from the gates of hell in the Mystic Luna Realm, but it had all been worth it!

Wang Baole continued to study the green lotus while enjoying his family life. He had wanted to extend his stay for a few more days, but he received a voice transmission message from Chen Yutong. The latter was swamped with endless work at the Dharmic Armament Pavilion to the point where he could barely cope with it alone. The college had also called for Wang Baole to return and retrieve his Foundation Establishment realm mystic technique.

Besides the messages from the college asking him to return... at home, Wang Baole had also discovered, much to his grief, that his mother had begun to arrange matchmaking sessions for him these few days... he was utterly horrified.

"My dear mother, your son is an esteemed Foundation Establishment realm cultivator, a young genius, the Deputy Pavilion Head of the Dharmic Armament Pavilion, and one of the Federation's hundred seedlings. There are few who don't recognize who I am when I walk the streets. I just have to say the word and ladies who want to be my girlfriend will line the streets all the way from Phoenix City to the Ethereal Dao College. And you still think I need to be matchmade to solve my singlehood status?"

"Matchmaking is an insult to my good looks and talents!"

Wang Baole's mother rolled her eyes and glared as soon as she heard Wang Baole's protest. She grabbed at his ear. Under duress, and with much exasperation, Wang Baole was left with no choice but to sneak out of Phoenix City and escape from his grudging parents.

Wang Baole ended his vacation and returned to the college. The first thing he learned from Chen Yutong was what had followed after the Mystic Luna Realm fiasco.

Those who had left the Mystic Luna Realm two weeks prior weren't only the disciples from the four Dao Colleges but also those from the other political forces. The real clean-up on the moon had commenced after their departure.

It was an utter bloodbath, an absolute massacre intended to squash the mutinous forces!

Chaos overran the entire Mystic Luna Realm. Trapped within the seal of the array formation, none from the Five Generation Sky Clan and the Galactic Dusk Sect could escape. Every Five Generation Sky Clan cultivator who had participated in the revolt—be it a Core Formation realm or Foundation Establishment

realm, or even a True Breath realm cultivator—with a few exceptions, was exterminated. The exterminators were the other family clans of the Five Generation Sky Clan.

It was a cleansing that had to be done. They needed to answer to the Federation, and this answer required the heads of hundreds and thousands of their clan members!

The Five Generation Sky Clan also paid a heavy price elsewhere. They lost nearly a third of their lands and only then did the Federation and the other political forces finally let them off the hook. After all, it wouldn't look good if they went too far.

The fate of the Galactic Dusk Sect was worse. They had been the mastermind behind the entire fiasco. The Sect Lord was sent away into seclusion for sixty years, and the various political forces in the Federation would be keeping guard over where he was secluded, to prevent him from sneaking out.

Save a few True Breath realm cultivators who had advanced to the Foundation Establishment realm, all others from the sect who had entered the mystic realm were executed. Their resources, as well as their lands, were also seized by nearly half.

This was a catastrophic blow to the Galactic Dusk Sect. They would be feeling the pain of their losses for a long time.

Finally, all Core Formation realm cultivators from both sect and clan who had been part of the lunar rebellion were captured. Unlike the old lady, they wouldn't suffer the agonizing fate of having their Core Formation core ripped from their bodies. However, they would be spending the remainder of their lives in prison and use their lives to serve their penance.

Such a fate was worse than death.

The entire affair received extensive coverage from the media. Everyone in the Federation knew about it. The popularity of the Federation President Duan Muque spiked instantly, and his power grew and surpassed that of the former president because of this event.

In the present political climate, after the severe weakening of the Five Generation Sky Clan and the Galactic Dusk Sect, the Trilunaris Corporation, who had maintained cordial relations with the Federation, stood to gain a great deal. As for the isolationist Plume Manifestation Connate Sect, it maintained a low profile after the ordeal.

In the eyes of those unaware of the truth, the Federation's response to the luna rebellion might be perceived as slow but decisive. They might feel that the Five Generation Sky Clan and the Galactic Dusk Sect were also the victims in the entire ordeal. They had paid a heavy price and should be forgiven for their crimes.

Wang Baole knew, however, that the negotiations and choices ultimately made at the end weren't something that could be easily explained with a few words. He had no interest in making wild guesses. After bidding farewell to Chen Yutong, he poured himself into the matters that required his attention since he had reached the Foundation Establishment realm.

First was the Foundation Establishment realm mystic technique to be given by the college. Within the Ethereal Dao College were multiple Foundation Establishment realm mystic techniques. The one most commonly practiced was the Ethereal Piercing Technique.

It was simple and safe and suited most disciples. Wang Baole didn't receive that commonly practiced technique, however. Instead, the college had given him a choice of three top Foundation Establishment realm techniques that existed in the college and were practiced explicitly by those who had a fully intact artifact as their Foundation Establishment core.

One was the Ethereal Nine Killings Technique, the second the Five Elements Unification Mystic Art, and the third... the Lightning Dao: First Volume!

The Ethereal Nine Killings Technique was the Grand Supreme Elder's creation. Its power wasn't to be underestimated, and it suited college disciples who had formed their Foundation Establishment core from a fully intact artifact. The Five Elements Unification Mystic Art had been discovered on the ancient sword, and it was a complete mystic art with equally astounding power. It was able to wield the five elements, and the art of escape formed the essence of this mystic art.

As for the Lightning Dao: First Volume, it didn't originate from the extraterrestrial giant sword, but had been branded onto a meteorite. The meteorite had crashed onto earth two millennia ago, before the appearance of the ancient green-bronze sword. It had been cast aside when it had first appeared, until the arrival of the ancient green-bronze sword and Spirit Qi had permeated the planet. That was when people had discovered the inscriptions carved into the meteorite. It landed in the hands of the Ethereal Dao College eventually.

From the engravings on the meteorite came the unique... Lightning Dao: First Volume!

All three mystic techniques required one to have a Foundation Establishment core formed from a fully intact artifact, as they would be difficult to master otherwise. In the best case scenario, a cultivator would be mastered by the technique. In the worst case scenario, one would spiral into madness and die from instant self-combustion.

Wang Baole weighed his options. He didn't choose the Ethereal Nine Killings Technique nor the Five Elements Unification Mystic Art. The former was best for those whose Foundation Establishment core was formed from a metal artifact. His might have the appearance of a pill bottle, but in reality, it was a green lotus...

The Five Elements Unification Mystic Art would produce Spirit Qi of all five elements in his body after practicing it. It was powerful, but if any of the elemental Spirit Qi in his body became too strong, it would adversely affect the other elemental Spirit Qi.

As a result, Wang Baole was left with one remaining option, and that was the Lightning Dao: First Volume. Effects of practicing the technique included the strengthening of his physical body. After some thought, Wang Baole decided on this technique!

There were four levels to the Lightning Dao: First Volume. They aligned with the early-stage, mid-stage, late-stage, and perfected-stage of the Foundation Establishment realm. At every level, the practitioner would have a lightning tattoo seared into his body. He would sustain and nourish the tattoo, which would eventually transform into actual lightning.

After some studying and a great deal of thought, Wang Baole mused on how he enjoyed kicking his opponents, especially in the crotch. Both the fluidity of the movement and the extent of damage were astonishing. He decided to have the first lightning tattoo on his right leg.

This way, there will be lightning every time I kick someone. Even if they block the actual physical blow, they'll still be electrocuted. They won't expect that. It'll be great! Wang Baole became immeasurably pleased at the thought. He was in the middle of practice when he thought of Little Missy in the black mask. His eyes lit up.

Little Missy taught me the Great Void Qi Devouring Art when I was at the Ancient Martial realm... and the Compression Method before I reached the Foundation Establishment realm... now that I'm at the Foundation Establishment realm, she might have something better than the Lightning Dao: First Volume!

Wang Baole grew excited at that thought. He immediately pulled out the black mask and reached out to Little Missy.

Chapter 288: A Forbidden Dark Art

The Lightning Dao: First Volume was indeed impressive, but Wang Baole felt that Little Missy would definitely have something better. He eagerly pulled out the black mask and initiated the hallucination realm. When he opened his eyes, he was standing in the hallucination realm.

He stood on a snowy plain. A biting wintry wind blew past, weeping. His present entry to the hallucination realm was different than his previous entries, as he didn't have to call out to Little Missy. He could see her in the distance, a young woman of unearthly beauty, her long silky black hair adrift in the breeze and her white robes fluttering in the winter wind. She stood with her back towards Wang Baole, the wind in her face, her gaze seemingly out towards the distant horizon of the hallucination realm.

He couldn't see her face, only her long flowing hair. He couldn't discern the shape of her body, only her white robes swaying in the wind.

It was as if she wasn't of this world. Such a feeling fell over the entire snowscape, and the land transformed into a fairyland of the immortals. Staring at her back, one was overcome by shame and a sense of sin. It was as if before her, all those tall and mighty would lower their heads and give everything up as tribute.

If this scene were immortalized in a painting, Little Missy would be an extraordinary beauty in the painting. She would have a distant beauty that was ethereal and would seem like a fairy who shouldn't be of this world. She would vanish with the winds.

Wang Baole took in the scene before him and couldn't control the stirring in his heart.

In reality... on Little Missy's face, with its fair, delicate skin and its beauty that was of mythical proportions, was a look invisible to Wang Baole's eyes. Her eyes seemingly gazed into the distant horizon but... actually contained a flicker of slyness and self-satisfaction.

This little fatty hasn't been showing me much respect these days. Even his eyes look perverted. I'm going to make use of his gratitude for what I did for him in the Mystic Luna Realm and reinforce who's holding the reins in this master-slave relationship!

At that thought, the woman in white robes raised her chin higher. The light in her eyes made her beauty even more intense. It was a beauty that would send hearts racing and minds spiraling into a foolish daze, one that would make one bow to her willingly.

Wang Baole's breath quickened. He could feel an unearthly, ethereal air exuding from Little Missy. Curiosity rose in his heart. He thought back to the encounters in the Mystic Luna Realm and his narrow escape from the jaws of death. He thought how, without Little Missy, he wouldn't have had the chance to return to Earth and to see the sun again. He would have bade farewell to this world.

These thoughts quieted Wang Baole's earlier excitement. He stared at the back of the extraordinary figure and bowed slightly.

There was nothing more to be said. Everything was encompassed within that single bow. Silently, Wang Baole walked towards Little Missy and stopped beside her, standing next to her and gazing into the distant horizon.

Time seemed to stand still in the hallucination realm. Under the heavens of the hallucination realm, amidst the falling snow, Wang Baole and the young woman in white stood alone, gazing silently into the distant sky. Snowflakes landed in their hair, and remained there, frozen. Their hair would soon turn white this way.

It painted a beautiful scene. Wang Baole's mind slowed to a calm. It was a calm he had never experienced before; it was as if he had been released from life's burdens. The snowy landscape relaxed him. He studied Little Missy next to him, and his eyes glowed with a different sort of light.

Little Missy sneaked a glance at Wang Baole. She was extremely pleased with the effects she had engineered. She was about to amp it up when... Wang Baole let out a soft cough, lifted his right hand, and whipped out a bag of chips. He started munching noisily. The mood was instantly ruined...

The sounds of munching were especially piercing in the snowy realm. In an instant... the young woman in white turned around and gave Wang Baole a look.

Wang Baole seemed slightly embarrassed. He coughed softly and handed the snacks over.

"Do you want some too? I didn't think that we could conjure up snacks in this realm. They taste exactly the same as the snacks in the real world... try some. This is barbeque flavored..."

"No thanks!" Little Missy sucked in a deep breath. She shoved down the growing rage inside her and forced herself to remain calm and maintain her composure. She leveled a cool gaze at Wang Baole. Her experience told her that this look of hers would make anyone feel ashamed of themselves.

That was indeed what happened. Under her gaze, Wang Baole started to feel sheepish. He kept his snacks and pulled out a bottle of Ice Spirit Water. He drank a small gulp, then kept looking at Little Missy as he continued drinking.

The woman in white instinctively lifted her hand to her forehead as she watched Wang Baole's series of actions. She felt as if she had been playing the lyre to an unappreciative bull. A sense of resignation rose inside her. She lifted her right hand in a sudden wave, and an illusory jade slip appeared before Wang Baole.

“The Myriad Wood Ice Heart Art. This is the Foundation Establishment realm technique most suitable for you. That’s the reason you have come here, right? Just take it and leave.”

Wang Baole’s eyes flashed. He seemed slightly embarrassed. He wasted no time in grabbing the jade slip, though. After a quick glance, he realized that the method revolved around the wood element in the five elements. It seemed slightly convoluted and difficult to understand, and it didn’t feel as impressive as the Five Elements Unification Mystic Art. He was slightly disappointed. He looked at Little Missy and opened his mouth as if wanting to say something.

“What is it? Out with it!” The woman in white robes saw the look on Wang Baole’s face and raised her eyebrow.

Wang Baole perked up when he heard Little Missy ask him to speak up. He hurriedly voiced his request, adding an important last note.

“I want something really powerful. It’d be great if it’s a technique that can strike fear into people’s hearts as soon as they see it!”

Her eyes sharpened into a glare when she heard what he said. She decided to teach the ambitious Wang Baole a lesson he would never forget. As a cultivator, he should be taught to be realistic about his potential and not to run before he could walk. How else would he be able to enter the league of the great and extraordinary? An imperceptible flicker flashed past her eyes, and she coughed.

“Is that so... let me think then... yes, I do have a legendary mystic technique with me. It is everything you’re asking for. Once it is unleashed, it’ll move heaven and earth. It’ll strike fear into the hearts of everyone who witnesses it. They’ll be scared out of their wits!”

“A legendary mystic technique?” Upon hearing those words, Wang Baole immediately perked up. He straightened up and listened carefully.

“That’s right, a legendary mystic technique that’s many times more powerful than the Myriad Wood Ice Heart Art. They’re leagues apart. If you can master it, you’ll be nearly invincible. It has a really nice name, called... Corpse Face!”

“Its full name is... the Dark Corpse Face Art! How’s that? Doesn’t it sound really powerful?” She whirled around and looked at Wang Baole with eyes bright with the light of encouragement.

“It sounds... really powerful. But why do I feel that the name sounds a bit scary?” Wang Baole froze for a moment before scratching his head.

“You may feel that, but your enemy’s going to be even more frightened when they see it in action!” she said firmly. The encouragement in her eyes grew brighter, and she even patted him on the shoulder.

“This... that seems to make sense...” Wang Baole stuttered. The woman in white didn’t give him time to think. She immediately explained in detail how the Dark Corpse Face Art worked.

The Dark Art involved a certain kind of substance found within the Spirit Qi. The woman in white explained to Wang Baole that humankind’s understanding of Spirit Qi was still lacking. Even though the typical cultivator could release Spirit Qi, he couldn’t fully absorb it. There always remained a small portion that resisted absorption and would be expelled naturally from the human body.

Ninety-nine percent of all cultivation techniques found on Earth possessed the ability to expel such substance during the cultivation process. That was how cultivation could continue without a hitch.

In actuality though, the expelled substance could also be used for cultivation. That was how the so-called Dark Arts were born!

Where she had come from, the expelled substance found in Spirit Qi was called the Dark Spirit Qi!

Practicing the Dark Art allowed one to absorb the Dark Spirit Qi, forming a wisp of Dark Fire inside one's body, and the flame was capable of burning anything in the world. Its power was so great that it was beyond what words could describe. It was the opposite of ordinary Spirit Qi and of a greater caliber. That was why, to a certain extent, it could defeat all other types of cultivation!

When practicing the Dark Art, one would be able to form a wisp of Dark Fire inside one's body during the early-stage Foundation Establishment realm. After reaching the mid-stage of the Foundation Establishment realm, another wisp of Dark Fire would be born. If one were able to generate a third wisp of Dark Fire, one would be able to ride on the creation of the third fire wisp and propel themselves from the mid-stage to the late-stage Foundation Establishment realm!

When the time came, the three wisps of Dark Fire would fuse into one and form a Baneful Flame. That was when the cultivator would advance to the perfected Foundation Establishment realm!

This Dark Art was also referred to as Corpse Face because of what the technique did. It shared the same name as its effects!

The cultivator would use the Dark Fire to paint on his opponent's face. First the Corpse Eyebrows, then the Corpse Eyes, followed by the nose and lips, finally forming a... Corpse Face!

Once the Corpse Face was formed, it would explode and destroy everything!

After listening to Little Missy's description, Wang Baole's eyes widened, and he sucked in a sudden breath of air. He could feel a chill shivering up his spine, then spreading throughout his body. This Dark Corpse Face Art was simply too freaky.

"This is..." Wang Baole hesitated. He had a feeling that Little Missy was playing him for a fool.

The glow of encouragement in the young woman's eyes grew brighter when she saw Wang Baole's hesitation. She went on a bit longer about how impressive the Dark Art was. When she saw that Wang Baole still remained doubtful, she glared.

"Tell me, Wang Baole. Since the beginning, when you were at the Ancient Martial realm till this day, have I ever led you down the wrong path?"

Wang Baole thought about Little Missy's words and was immediately assaulted by a sense of shame. It was true. Little Missy had treated him well since the beginning; she had never lied to him.

"I'll learn it! Little Missy is right. You've never lied to me!" Wang Baole nodded resolutely.

The young woman in white was extremely happy when she heard that. Then, for some unknown reason, she started feeling despondent. She couldn't remember the number of times she had played Wang Baole for a fool. Every time, she had been prepared to watch him make a fool of himself, but every time,

the fatty had been able to exceed her expectations. She didn't know if it was something in his blood or something else. She had almost begun to doubt herself...

This time, though, nothing like the Golden Body will happen. This is the legendary forbidden mystic technique. I had looked down on the Myriad Wood Ice Heart Art then too and didn't want to practice it. This was how my mother taught me a lesson and made me see the reality of things. That was how I rose to join the league of the powerful and exceptional... even I didn't manage to master the Dark Art. Not to mention the hardship I'd gone through trying to learn it. Finally, I'll get to see someone else suffer. I don't believe he can master it!

Chapter 289: A Transfer!

Wang Baole left the hallucination realm with his faith in Little Missy intact and great hopes for the Dark Corpse Face Art. He immediately started practicing in the cave abode.

However, regardless of how hard he tried to sense the Dark Spirit Qi in the Spirit Qi around him, he couldn't make heads or tails of it. He didn't believe that he couldn't do it and poured in more effort studying. At the same time, he also began cultivating the Lightning Dao: First Volume.

If there had been no basis for comparison in the first place, he wouldn't have realized how difficult the Dark Art was. The Lightning Dao: First Volume was a mysterious mystic technique. It was obviously a challenging technique to learn and master. If that weren't the case, the Ethereal Dao College wouldn't have restricted its practitioners to those with a Foundation Establishment core formed from a fully intact artifact.

When compared with the Dark Art though, Wang Baole was caught by the realization that... the Lightning Dao: First Volume was much simpler than the Dark Art. Others would be flabbergasted if they knew this was how he felt.

With a different point of reference came a different perspective.

Time passed steadily. Soon, a month had gone by. In that month, he had risen from the True Breath realm to the Foundation Establishment realm. His cultivation level had exceeded the required cultivation for a Deputy Pavilion Head at the Dharmic Armament Pavilion. It was no longer appropriate for him to remain in his current post in the Dharmic Armament Pavilion.

The organizational structure in the four Dao Colleges was slightly different from that in the other political institutions. His position as the Deputy Pavilion Head of the Dharmic Armament Pavilion, for example. If it had been an equivalent position in another political establishment, it wouldn't have fallen to a True Breath realm cultivator to take up the role. At the very least, the position would have gone to a Foundation Establishment realm cultivator.

The four Dao Colleges were different though. Tradition dictated that all disciples who reached the Foundation Establishment realm would have to join the Federation. They would train and continue their cultivation in the various government departments. This was why a True Breath realm cultivator could hold the position of a Deputy Pavilion Head in a Dao College.

In the same month, Chen Yutong had already shed his role as Deputy Pavilion Head and taken up office in the Federation Capital. His Deputy Pavilion Head position had laid the foundation for his promotion to his next office, which was of a higher status when compared to the other cultivators who had recently reached the Foundation Establishment realm.

The other disciples who had reached the Foundation Establishment realm in the most recent Mystic Luna Realm episode had also received their transfer orders in the same month. They had gone their separate ways and begun their deployment and life after reaching the Foundation Establishment realm.

This was the case for Lu Zihao as well; he had been transferred to Venus. He intended to send a warning to Wang Baole before he left, to let Wang Baole know that they were all Foundation Establishment realm cultivators now. He wanted Wang Baole to stop addressing him as his son whenever he saw him.

However, he recalled the series of violent and brutal acts committed by Wang Baole on the moon and decided not to risk offending the latter. Erring on the side of safety wouldn't go against his principles...

Zhuo Yifan didn't choose to leave. He decided to remain in the college and was made the Pavilion Head of the Combat Pavilion. Even though his cultivation had reached the Foundation Establishment realm, the Combat Pavilion was a unique place. Having a Foundation Establishment realm cultivator as a Pavilion Head wasn't something forbidden.

As for Zhao Yameng, Wang Baole had his guesses. Her family background must have been pretty impressive for her home to be in the Federation Capital. He wasn't surprised when she came to bid farewell and inform him that she was leaving for an office in the capital city. He gave her a strong hug, then spoke just as she narrowed her eyes and was about to say something.

"Yameng, take care of yourself. Let me know if anyone bullies you. We're all part of the Male Gods Society and brothers to one another!"

Zhao Yameng heard what Wang Baole said and gave him a deep, unfathomable look. Then, she smiled gently and left.

Throughout the month, Wang Baole saw many people off, but the transfer orders for him didn't arrive. Wang Baole found this surprising.

Is it because they aren't sure where to put me? That's good news. I may be in for a surprise! Wang Baole became excited at the thought. He had a mind to seek Bunny out, but he found out that she was still in seclusion.

That made him slightly moody. He stood outside the Alchemy Pavilion, staring and sighed.

Bunny won't turn into an old bunny after she comes out from seclusion, right...? The Alchemy Pavilion is trying to drive a wedge between two lovers! Bunny, my mother forced me to go for matchmaking sessions. I turned them all down for you!

Dispirited, Wang Baole remembered Du Min. He then found out that Du Min had left the college with a few other Combat Pavilion disciples on a mission.

Utterly bored out of his mind, Wang Baole went back to his cultivation. He began to craft and stock up on his previously expended stock of Numinous Treasures as well. The remainder of his time was spent in seclusion, practicing the two mystic techniques.

He had a plan set out. The Lightning Dao: First Volume would allow him to form the first lightning bolt inside his body, and the Dark Art would give him the Dark Fire once mastered.

Both mystic arts would enhance his battle prowess while he was still at the Foundation Establishment realm, and his green lotus further augmented his physical capabilities. He thought himself quite powerful already.

Another month passed, and Wang Baole's transfer orders still didn't arrive. He was starting to feel anxious. He thought for very long and decided that he would wait for another month. If the transfer orders still didn't appear then, he would seek the Sect Lord for answers.

By now, most of the familiar faces in the college had left. There were many in the Dharmic Armament Pavilion who continued to treat him civilly and with respect, but it all felt meaningless.

Fortunately, he still had Liu Daobin at his side. That made Wang Baole feel slightly better. He thought about how he was going to be deployed soon. In the remaining time he had, while waiting for his transfer order, Wang Baole started making plans for promotions and advancements.

He made arrangements for Liu Daobin and the other subordinates who had followed him from the Lower Academy Island. Liu Daobin especially had passed the Armament Soldier Assessment while Wang Baole had been cultivating in the Mystic Luna Realm. He was made the person-in-charge of the College Administrative Department.

The others were also assigned their respective offices. They would work closely with Chen Yutong's subordinates to ensure that the Dharmic Armament Pavilion remained under their control even after Chen Yutong and Wang Baole left.

Wang Baole even made a trip to the Lightning Domain. He endured the lightning blasts and made it through the final two bouts of lightning strikes, being rewarded with the final two mystic techniques. He gained the full set of mystic techniques from the Lightning Domain and was now able to wield... the Electromagnetic Pulse!

He realized that he would gain a better effect if he practiced the Lightning Dao: First Volume inside the Lightning Domain. As a result, he spent most of his remaining time there.

Wang Baole finally obtained his first lightning talisman and had it tattooed on his right leg. He could feel the pulsating power of a lightning bolt inside his right leg. He still hadn't made any headway with the Dark Art, but by then, his transfer orders had finally arrived.

The Sect Lord summoned him to Sky Path Island and personally met him. In the great hall of the Sky Path Island, he presented two options before Wang Baole!

"Baole, you're aware of the college tradition. Because of the attention you drew during your time in the Mystic Luna Realm, the Federation has given your deployment a great deal of consideration. They finally came to a decision, though you still have the final say!

“The first option is to remain in the college. You will become the Pavilion Head of the Dharmic Armament Pavilion and receive a Primary Rank Five Noble! A True Breath realm Pavilion Head isn’t given a noble title. Only Foundation Establishment realm cultivators are entitled to a noble title!

“The other option is to take up office in the Martian Colony. The exact position will be decided by the Martian Colony Governor after you arrive. Don’t worry, you’ll be guaranteed a position that is befitting of a Primary Rank Five Noble!”

The Ethereal Dao College Sect Lord sat in the great hall and looked at Wang Baole before him. He smiled as he spoke.

“A Primary Rank Five Noble?” Wang Baole said, stunned. His breathing quickened. Having diligently studied the autobiographies of high ranking officials, he was no stranger to the Federation ranking system. However, it had all seemed like a distant future before he had reached the Foundation Establishment realm. It was something that could only be acquired after he had entered the government ranks of the Federation.

The Sect Lord smiled at Wang Baole’s excitement. He had long ago heard from someone about Wang Baole’s dream to become the Federation President. He pointed at Wang Baole and laughed.

“You should know a thing or two about the Federation rank system. More than others, at least. Let me refresh your memory so that you have a clearer understanding.

“The Federation rank system can be broken down into nine ranks and further split into eighteen classes. The highest rank is the Primary Rank One, and the lowest the Secondary Rank Nine. The Federation President is the only Primary Rank One Noble now. The Vice President and the Head Senator, as well as the Governors of the Martian and Venerian Colonies, are Secondary Rank One Nobles!

“The Sect Lords of the four Dao Colleges, like myself, are Primary Rank Two Nobles! The seventeen City Lords, including Lin You from Ethereal City and except the Head Senator, are Secondary Rank Two Nobles!

“The heads of the key departments in the Federation are Primary Rank Three Nobles. Their deputies and the Deputy Sect Lord of the four Dao Colleges are Secondary Rank Three Nobles!

“Below them in the hierarchy are Primary Rank Four Nobles and Secondary Rank Four Nobles. The grand elders in the respective Dao Colleges’ Pavilions would fall in this tier!”

“Rank Five Nobles are mainly held by officials in the Federation. It is a symbolic title in the Dao College, not an actual noble title. The respective Pavilion Heads, for example, are Primary Rank Five Nobles. As a Deputy Pavilion Head, you can be considered a Secondary Rank Five Noble as well.” The Sect Lord looked at Wang Baole after he was done with his explanation.

“Baole, tell me your answer. Do you choose to remain in the college or go to Mars?”

Chapter 290: Destination Martian Colony City

The gears in Wang Baole’s head turned swiftly. This was no small matter. It was something that could decide his future. He decided he needed to give it some thought.

The Ethereal Dao College Sect Lord knew that such decisions couldn't be rushed. He waited patiently for Wang Baole's answer. After half an hour had passed, Wang Baole thought for a while then raised his head and looked at the Ethereal Dao College Sect Lord. He cupped his fists and bowed.

"Sect Lord, I have no idea which one is best for me. What do you think?"

"You little rascal!" The Ethereal Dao College Sect Lord smiled and gazed at Wang Baole with approval.

Wang Baole scratched his head and tried to appear like the simple and honest student he truly was. The Sect Lord witnessed his act and couldn't help himself. He pointed at Wang Baole again, shaking his head as he laughed. It wouldn't have been appropriate for him to advise Wang Baole if the latter hadn't asked for it. The Sect Lord mused for a while before speaking.

"You'll become a Primary Rank Five Noble if you stay in the college. When you reach the Core Formation realm in the future, with your exemplary records, you would be able to rise to the position of Grand Elder in the Dharmic Armament Pavilion. You'll at least be promoted to a Secondary Rank Four Noble. A Primary Rank Four Noble is also not beyond reach!

"Make a few adequate contributions to the Federation or college after that, and after you've gained more experience, you'll get a shot at becoming the Deputy Sect Lord of the Ethereal Dao College, which would place you at the Secondary Rank Three Noble!

"This is a more secure progression path with few risks. There are benefits to that. The cons of it, though... are that you'll have to take things step by step. Basically, you'll be investing a great deal of time to build your experience.

"As for the second option, which is to be deployed to Mars... the pros are that there are many chances for you to showcase yourself, making progression quicker, and the people you will get to know will be different from those in the college. The flipside, obviously, is that Mars has only been partially colonized. There's an element of danger. The chances of sudden and unexpected events happening are higher.

"I'd advise you to accept the deployment to Mars. If you can prove yourself while on Mars and get promoted to a Rank Four Noble, even if it's the Secondary Rank, and achieve the Core Formation realm, you can then transfer back to Earth. With your experience on Mars, you're almost guaranteed a deputy head position in a key Federation department and a Secondary Rank Three Noble!"

"This is the fastest way. It'll save you half the time!" The Sect Lord shared his true thoughts with Wang Baole without holding anything back.

Wang Baole listened carefully and considered what the Sect Lord had said. He nodded his head and bowed at the Sect Lord.

"As the Sect Lord commands!"

The meaning of his reply was multilayered. Wang Baole hadn't studied the high officials' autobiographies for nothing. With a few simple words, he had expressed both his stance and gratitude towards the Sect Lord.

The Ethereal Dao College Sect Lord smiled. He told Wang Baole to start his preparations as he would leave three days later. Then, the Sect Lord picked up the teacup next to him.

Upon seeing that, Wang Baole immediately took his leave. He left Sky Path Island and returned to the Upper Academy Island. He was in extremely high spirits and couldn't control his excitement and anticipation at going to Mars.

I'm gonna become a real government official! Wang Baole was extremely excited. He started packing as soon as he returned to his cave abode. He packed his materials for refining artifacts as well as items such as jade slips into his storage bracelet.

Then, he remembered the monster egg he had received from the military instructor during the Hundred Seedling cultivation camp. He had handed the egg over to Liu Daobin after and gotten his subordinates to help speed up the incubation process. He hurriedly sent a message to Liu Daobin and got him to bring the monster egg over.

Liu Daobin soon arrived with the monster egg. Wang Baole eyed the egg. It seemed slightly different from when he had last seen it. He tossed it into his storage compartment before exchanging a few words with Liu Daobin.

Liu Daobin was smart. He could tell Wang Baole was leaving. After inquiring further, he started buttering up Wang Baole and piling him with congratulations and compliments. Wang Baole was on cloud nine, and he kept smiling widely and laughing.

After a moment, he coughed and picked up his teacup. Liu Daobin got the message and left.

Wang Baole placed the teacup down. He stared at his cave abode and the Ethereal Dao College that he had been living in for a few years with great fondness. He was overwhelmed by emotions. He felt the past few years had sped by so quickly. Just a moment ago, he had been a handsome fatty tucking into his chicken drumstick on the cruiser to the college. Then, in the blink of an eye, he had become a prominent figure in the Federation who was about to head to Mars. There was something else, of course, which was most important...

Wang Baole stood before the mirror and stared. He was lost in his reflection.

I've lost weight, and become even more handsome! No wonder mother wanted to arrange matchmaking sessions. If I ever have a son who's just as good looking, I'll want to matchmake him too. Let other folks' daughters fall head over heels for him... Wang Baole smacked his stomach happily. It had recently regained size, and the flesh wobbled. He grew even more pleased.

I look so good even when I smack my stomach! His spirits high, Wang Baole thought he could understand exactly how his mother had felt. He decided.

When I have a son in the future, I'm going to name him Handsome Wang. When other people see me, they'll get to say, hey, that's Handsome Wang's handsome father! Wang Baole burst out into laughter. He thought it was a terrific idea. He started to look forward eagerly to his journey.

In the past, Wang Baole would have found three days too short a period. Now while he waited, he found time to have slowed to a crawl. Finally, the day of departure arrived. Wang Baole had completed his preparations early in the day, so he raced towards the port.

A space cruiser had been specially assigned to take him to Mars. It was already waiting at the port and ready for takeoff. The Sect Lord was there to see him off personally. Liu Daobin and a few other familiar

faces—as well as many other unfamiliar faces from the Upper Academy Island who hadn't known Wang Baole very well but had heard of his various exploits and feats of extreme violence—were there as well. Wang Baole boarded the cruiser, then turned around and waved his goodbyes.

“Farewell, everyone. I'll be waiting for you on Mars!” Wang Baole shouted excitedly as the cruiser engines rumbled to life. As it slowly rose into the air, he saw a young woman in Dao robes running up the path towards the Alchemy Pavilion's mountain peak. She stood at its highest point and waved at him frantically. She seemed to be shouting.

“Brother Baole...”

At a single glance, Wang Baole immediately recognized that to be Bunny, whom he had sought out earlier but had still been in seclusion.

“Bunny!” Wang Baole was overjoyed. The cruiser was already taking off though, so he could only shout at the top of his lungs towards the mountain peak below him, where Bunny stood.

“Bunny, wait for me to come back. Don't always be in seclusion. I'm afraid the next time I see you, you'll be an old bunny...”

As his voice rang out, there was a sudden roar from the cruiser engines. The cruiser blasted away into the heavens. It stirred ripples in the skies and shot straight for the stars!

It left behind a crowd on the Upper Academy Island watching it speed away, a myriad of emotions in their eyes. Bunny stood on the peak of the Alchemy Pavilion, dismay and regret in her eyes.

Brother Baole, I promise to reach the Foundation Establishment realm by the time we meet again. I won't go into seclusion again after that!

Wang Baole's heart was filled with regret as well. He missed Bunny too. It was unfortunate that they missed each other again, but they still had a long future ahead of them and plenty of chances. Onboard the cruiser, Wang Baole stared at the lands below him that slowly curved and turned into a round planet Earth. He didn't stop staring until the cruiser entered space. That was when he withdrew his gaze and folded his legs into a cross-legged position. His journey to Mars had begun.

It was a boring trip. There were the occasional beams of light shooting by and glimmering lights, but most of the time, the scenery was a vast pitch-black. It might have been refreshing if it were his first time seeing it, but Wang Baole had seen enough of the same on his way back from the Mystic Luna Realm.

He started practicing his two mystic techniques. He had already gotten some headway with the Lightning Dao: First Volume, so he chose to focus on the Dark Art now.

There were shards of the ancient green-bronze sword in space as well and hence, no lack of Spirit Qi. It might not be abundant, but Wang Baole could still sense it. The space cruiser approached Mars steadily as he continued his practice, continued his attempts, and continued to fail repeatedly.

It was difficult to tell the passing of time in space. Wang Baole suffered repeated failures in his attempts to learn the Dark Art. He was dejected. It was fortunate that they were arriving at Mars soon. His low spirits were given a boost by their approaching the colony.

The red planet soon appeared within sight. Wang Baole stood up excitedly, no longer troubled over his challenges in learning the Dark Art. His attention was fully captured by the dusty red planet that lay before him.

The planet was considerably smaller than Earth. Amongst the eight planets in the Solar System, it was the one second nearest to Earth. The first was Venus. This planet... was Mars!

Countless satellites orbited around Mars, and they immediately took over control of the space cruiser when it neared. They didn't slow the cruiser down but steered it in a different direction towards the Martian atmosphere.

Wang Baole shivered with excitement as he watched everything speed past as the cruiser shot through the red planet's atmosphere and appeared on Mars!

Wang Baole's breathing paused a beat, and he stood at the edge of the cruiser. With a single glance, he saw, sitting upon the dusty red lands, a rapidly approaching, increasingly large... city of spectacular proportions and immense majesty!

It was... the only colony city on Mars!