

Worth 41

Chapter 41: The Cry by the Bank of Green Forest Lake

An enemy! Wang Baole glared at the voice transmission ring. Although that Spirit Kernel Head Prefect had only spoken that one sentence, he effused a tone that left no room for doubt. It made Wang Baole extremely uncomfortable.

Isn't it all because he has a powerful father? What does he matter! What authority do you have to order me around! Wang Baole harrumphed. His mind started working actively, pondering how he could deal with the situation. Unknowingly, he opened up a bag of snacks and was just about to eat when he paused.

No way, I promised that I would lose weight... But the severity of today's incident is just too great, and I need to think properly. Forget it, I'll wait till I solve this problem before I start losing weight. Wang Baole felt that he could not allow himself to be distracted at this point, so he started eating.

However, despite thinking for a long time, there was no solution in sight. After all, this situation was too sudden, and they were the Chancellor's instructions. Wang Baole felt that even though he was the Head Prefect, there were too many levels in between him and the Chancellor.

Alas, I am just a small official. If I become the Federation President, nobody will be able to speak to me like this anymore. Wang Baole sighed with emotion and patted his stomach. He decided that he would wait and examine the situation tomorrow; if it was unbearable, he could still come to an appropriate compromise.

Just like that, one night passed.

In the early hours of the following day, Wang Baole opened his eyes from his meditation, cleaned himself up, and slowly made his way to the Spirit Kernel Head Prefect Pavilion.

He met many students on the way. While each of them greeted him as normal, they were quick to whisper. Evidently, they had heard about the fact that the Head Prefect meeting was today.

Wang Baole looked around and grasped the situation. Then he narrowed his eyes and made his way quickly to the Spirit Kernel Head Prefect Pavilion.

The moment he arrived, the students standing outside the Head Prefect Pavilion were immediately aware and opened up a path for him. Walking into the Spirit Kernel Head Prefect Pavilion, Wang Baole pondered the situation.

The high officials' autobiographies often mention that one needs calm to deal with big situations. I must have a calm attitude to deal with all obstacles.

With this thought, Wang Baole sucked in a deep breath, and became more tranquil.

Just like that, under the guidance of the students in front, he arrived at the Head Prefect's room. When he arrived, he saw sitting there... two other Head Prefects of the Dharmic Armament faculty!

Inscriptions Head Prefect Cao Kun and Spirit Kernel Head Prefect Lin Tianhao!

In actuality, this was the first time all three people were meeting. Although Wang Baole had never met the other two before, all of them wore the same Head Prefect's Daoist robe, and so naturally, they were able to recognize each other.

When Wang Baole had almost reached them, the other two turned to look at him. The gazes of all three met for an instant. While Cao Kun's face was expressionless, Lin Tianhao smiled.

"Junior Brother Baole, please!"

As he spoke, Wang Baole immediately recognized that this was indeed the person who had left the voice transmission for him, Lin Tianhao. As for the other person's identity, he naturally knew who he was too.

The three of them exchanged few pleasantries. They sat down after simply gazing at each other, and an inspector soon brought over tea before closing the door as he exited.

At this moment, all the gazes of the students of the Dharmic Armament faculty settled on them. This was Ethereal Dao College's first Head Prefect meeting, and it was starting now.

"Since everyone is here, let's start our first Head Prefect meeting. I believe the fact that the Chancellor chose us, the Dharmic Armament faculty, for the pilot project shows his trust in us. But I also believe that it is a test for us!" Lin Tianhao smiled. His gaze traveled over Wang Baole and then Cao Kun.

"Junior Brother Cao Kun, Junior Brother Baole, please take out the recent case files, and let's discuss them."

Cao Kun noticed Lin Tianhao's gaze and coughed.

"Let me go first then. After the reformation of the Head Prefect system, from now on, the College Discipline Department will still have three Head Prefects, but all the cases will have to undergo a vote. These are the Chancellor's rules.

"As such, I have two issues. Senior Brother Tianhao, Junior Brother Baole, let's see how to resolve them.

"The first matter is the Dharmic Armament faculty's inspectors. There are too many of them. We must understand that they are volunteers who are working for the College Discipline Department without compensation. So, we cannot be too selfish and hinder their studies. We should let these people have more time to study.

"Thus, I suggest that we dismiss some people from the College Discipline Department. After all, this is a Dao College, not a Federation organization."

As he spoke, Cao Kun took out two jade slips and handed them to Lin Tianhao and Wang Baole.

"This is a name list of those I recommend we dismiss. Head Prefect Tianhao, please look over them."

Lin Tianhao looked over the list and nodded, then glanced at Wang Baole.

"Junior Brother Baole, what do you think?"

Wang Baole evened out his breathing. After glancing over the jade slip, his anger was almost uncontrollable in that instant. It turned out that all the names on the list were infuriatingly from his Spirit Stones Hall, and they were people who were either close to him or handpicked by him.

Liu Daobin was also in the list.

Despite Wang Baole knowing that this was disadvantageous to him and being prepared to compromise, the viciousness of the other party clearly showed that they did not wish to compromise but to humiliate him.

"I disagree!" Wang Baole raised his head and spoke resolutely.

"Then, we have to vote. I agree with Cao Kun's methods." Lin Tianhao's expression was indifferent, as though he could not be bothered, and he raised his hand after speaking.

Cao Kun sneered and also raised his hand.

"Passed!" Lin Tianhao gave the final word, and without asking for Wang Baole's opinion, decided on dismissing the inspectors.

Wang Baole understood that he was alone and helpless in this Head Prefect meeting and had no way of retaliating. He could not help the darkening of his expression and had no choice but to contain his anger.

Seeing Wang Baole's dark expression, Cao Kun could not hide his sneer and opened his mouth again.

"Head Prefect Tianhao, I still have a second matter. Regarding the issue of Huang Jing, Zhang Lan, and the others, we have no reason to care about what they have done outside the Dao College. I suggest that we release the four of them. What do you think, Senior Brother Tianhao?"

Just as Cao Kun finished speaking, Wang Baole—who had been suppressing his anger—raised his head violently to look at Cao Kun with heaven-reaching proportions of anger in his eyes. He could bear everything else, but on the issue of Zhang Lan and the others, Wang Baole definitely could not let it slide.

"Junior Brother Cao Kun makes sense. Although Zhang Lan and the others do have some problems, it did not happen in the Dao College, and as such, it is not under our jurisdiction. Furthermore, they need to take part in the Upper Academy's examinations soon. With so many years of work, we cannot distract them at this time." Lin Tianhao gave a forced smile and looked at Wang Baole. "Junior Brother Baole, what do you think?"

"You are going overboard!" Wang Baole slammed the table furiously and glared at Lin Tianhao and Cao Kun.

However, Lin Tianhao only smiled carelessly and spoke lightly. "Let's put it to a vote. I agree with this!"

Cao Kun sneered again and also nodded his head. Thus, the second motion also passed in front of Wang Baole!

This feeling of being completely disregarded and humiliated made Wang Baole so angry that he smiled. At this time, he also received Liu Daobin's voice transmission.

“Head Prefect, you have to be careful. I heard from someone that that Inscriptions Head Prefect Cao Kun spread the word that he was going to humiliate you today!” Liu Daobin was in a panic as he quickly sent the reminder.

Wang Baole did not reply, but he stood up and, under Lin Tianhao’s smile and Cao Kun’s sneer, suddenly took a step forward till he was in front of Cao Kun.

Wang Baole was too fast. While Cao Kun was stunned and Lin Tianhao had yet to react, Wang Baole’s right hand was raised and flew toward Cao Kun.

This all happened in an instant. By the time Lin Tianhao and Cao Kun reacted, Wang Baole had already grabbed hold of Cao Kun’s neck.

“Let go!” Cao Kun came to his senses. His cultivation level was identical to Wang Baole’s—at the perfected Physical Seal realm; however, Wang Baole had delivered the first move, the devouring seed in him releasing its full might. In the instant when he had caught Cao Kun’s neck, without giving him a chance to retaliate, the spiritual power coursed through his body and sealed Cao Kun’s cultivation.

“Wang Baole, what are you doing!” Angered, Lin Tianhao jumped to his feet.

“What am I doing? You’ll find out in a while!” Anger suffused Wang Baole, and while he spoke, he did not give Lin Tianhao a chance to react before his speed exploded. With a bang, he slammed open the Head Prefect room’s doors, and carrying Cao Kun, he sped outside with a roar.

“Wang Baole!” Shocked and angry, Lin Tianhao immediately took chase and called for the surrounding inspectors to intercept Wang Baole.

At this time, all the students of the Dharmic Armament faculty were watching closely. The din immediately attracted everyone’s attention, and upon seeing Wang Baole drag Cao Kun along, their eyes widened and stared at the scene in shock.

“What’s the situation?”

“In his hand, Wang Baole is carrying... Cao Kun?”

Just as everyone was shocked and frightened, Wang Baole pushed his speed to the limit. Although Lin Tianhao and others were chasing him, they were unable to catch up to him in such a short period of time. Quickly, he dragged Cao Kun out of the Dao College, stepping directly onto the wooden bridge of the Green Forest Lake and hurling Cao Kun toward the lake.

Cao Kun hit the lake’s surface with a loud splash.

“You dare assault me!” Cao Kun screamed. Indeed, he never would have imagined that Wang Baole would have done what he did today. At this point, having hit Cao Kun, Wang Baole drew close again and sneered.

“This is outside the Dao College. If we follow your logic, I could kill you here, and the Dao College wouldn’t be able to do anything!

“Since that’s the case, let’s see how I’m going to beat the crap out of you!”

Suffused with anger, Wang Baole moved closer as he spoke. No matter how much Cao Kun struggled, it was futile. In an instant, Wang Baole caught his finger and broke it violently.

A pained scream came out from Cao Kun's mouth, but it was not over. When Lin Tianhao arrived with his many inspectors and numerous Dharmic Armament faculty students, they witnessed Wang Baole landing a kick on Cao Kun's crotch.

Cao Kun screamed till his voice changed. His whole face turned purple in an instant, falling into the Green Forest Lake with a wail. This all happened too fast—from the moment Wang Baole initiated his attack to the end, it took only about half a minute.

"Wang Baole!" Lin Tianhao was filled with burning anger. To have beaten up Cao Kun in front of him, he felt that Wang Baole had humiliated him. While he sent people to save Cao Kun, he glared at Wang Baole with a furious, icy gaze.

"What are you looking at? Have you never seen a handsome man beat someone up before?" Wang Baole glared and snorted, before turning around arrogantly. At the last second, he turned back to stick his thumb downwards!

"You..." Lin Tianhao gritted his teeth, almost exploding from the successive provocation and humiliation. But when Wang Baole attacked, he had taken advantage of the loophole they had left in determining how to deal with Zhang Lan. As such, if they were to punish Wang Baole, it would overturn everything they had said previously.

Even though Wang Baole was harassing people by dragging them out of the Dao College, he was still a Head Prefect. Especially with today's Head Prefect meeting, he had been completely disregarded. As such, even if he latched on to this incident, it would have no effect on Wang Baole, so it would be difficult to make an issue of it.

Therefore, when Cao Kun was finally pulled up, shaking and howling, Lin Tianhao could only comfort him with a clenched fist. Even though they had won a huge victory at the Head Prefect meeting today, he still felt aggrieved beyond measure.

Chapter 42: Get Rid of Them!

After Wang Baole swaggered away, the surrounding students from the Dharmic Armament faculty all stood gazing at each other. That day had indeed been too strange. First, it was Cao Kun, who announced that he was going to humiliate Wang Baole; thereafter, there was the Head Prefect meeting, and then... before the proceedings of the meeting could be announced, they witnessed Wang Baole dragging Cao Kun out of the Dao College.

Following which... a beating!

And now, seeing the soaked, pale, and furious Cao Kun cutting a sorry figure as he covered his crotch, people could not help but form their own opinions.

Nobody could have predicted Wang Baole's move. This was too illogical. Moreover, no one had thought that he would actually hit someone... and another Head Prefect at that.

Not only were the surrounding Dharmic Armament faculty students taken aback, but even Lin Tianhao and Cao Kun were also gritting their teeth, feeling aggrieved. Especially Cao Kun, whose crotch, while unbearably painful, was also... a little numb. There was no feeling, which made his heart palpitate, his gloom and rage surging to the skies.

“Wang Baole!” In his anger, Cao Kun was helped up by others and swiftly sent to the sick-bay. Lin Tianhao continued to stand, watching Wang Baole’s back, his gaze growing colder and colder for a long while. With a sneer, he finally left.

Seeing the three Head Prefects leave, the surrounding students inhaled and released a flurry of sounds.

“This Wang Baole is too aggressive!”

“With this incident, even Wang Baole won’t be able to save himself. Even beating up someone as a Head Prefect...”

While everyone was discussing the incident, many older students shook their heads. They were experienced and knew that unless they had betrayed the Dao College or done something extremely heinous, nothing would happen to the Head Prefects.

This was indeed the reality. Even if Lin Tianhao wanted to target Wang Baole, and even if the Vice-Chancellor was willing to support him, the moment the whole Dao College found out, it would be impossible to hide the truth.

Especially following the news of the two topics discussed at the Head Prefect meeting—that all the inspectors of Spirit Stones Hall close to Wang Baole had been stripped of their rank and the release of Zhang Lan’s group—this had shaken the entire Dharmic Armament faculty.

Thereafter, when Zhang Lan and the others were discharged, it was like throwing a huge stone into already troubled waters, creating an enormous wave. After all, the crimes of Zhang Lan and the others were abominable. To be found guiltless, especially with how the College Discipline Department explained how they had no power to discipline them as the four of them did not flout the rules within the Dao College, this was unacceptable to many students.

Once news spread, within the chaos, many people remembered the words Wang Baole had said when he beat up Cao Kun, and they understood his reasons.

“Well done! This Cao Kun has gone too far!”

“Even the Spirit Kernel Head Prefect agreed. It looks like the rumors of them being in cahoots is true!”

As the debate fermented, Liu Daobin and the others who had been fired—with deep anger in their hearts—joined in, constantly guiding the debate. As a result, Wang Baole only received a stern reprimand as punishment.

However, he was still unable to change whatever had been decided at the Head Prefect meeting.

These bullies have gone too far! Returning to his cave abode, Wang Baole felt resentful. Even though he had beaten up Cao Kun, he still felt that he had not released his anger. The kind of anger that came from being threatened and overwhelmingly humiliated by the two powerful Head Prefects made it hard for Wang Baole to remain calm.

He felt that he had already tolerated the first issue with much difficulty, but on the issue of Zhang Lan and the others, that was his limit. He had witnessed it and caught them personally, but Lin Tianhao and Cao Kun had actually distorted the facts and set all of them free.

To Wang Baole, this was unbearable. In the days following, he thought hard about various ways to resolve the issue and also instructed Liu Daobin to visit Sun Qifang's family to ask after the little girl.

As time passed, Lin Tianhao and Cao Kun started to calm down and interfere with the debate. Their combined influence was larger than Wang Baole's, so very quickly, alternative voices emerged within the Spirit Intranet and the Dharmic Armament faculty.

"Wang Baole no longer has any power at all. Because he has been completely overruled, he beat up someone like a cornered beast in desperation!"

"This Wang Baole, as a Head Prefect, how dare he hit someone? Humph..."

"We don't have to worry about Wang Baole anymore. His status as Head Prefect is only in name, and from now on, he can only swallow his pride!"

These voices soon became dominant. At the same time, Liu Daobin and those who had been dismissed were in a sorry plight. This was because the two College Discipline Departments of Spirit Kernel and Inscriptions had started to investigate them following their dismissal. With the Spirit Stones College Discipline Department's loss of influence because of Wang Baole, those people who were not dismissed had changed sides and joined the investigation.

These purging winds gained huge momentum. Every day, many students groomed by Wang Baole were taken away, especially Liu Daobin, who was the first one to be taken in for investigation. Despite, or maybe because of, Wang Baole's unconventional action of beating up Cao Kun, the inspectors seemed vicious but were in actual fact very careful. After all... not only did Wang Baole beat someone up, he had gone too far.

These incidents made Wang Baole's blood boil, and his eyes started to show his determination and frenzy.

Screw him, this is like pushing me to the cliff's edge. How vicious. So, to solve this problem... there is only one way!

Get rid of Inscriptions Head Prefect Cao Kun!

Once I replace him, I will be the Spirit Stones Head Prefect and the Inscriptions Head Prefect, so I will have two votes! In the Head Prefect meeting, I will gain the complete advantage!

Although Wang Baole thought that this was a good idea, it was not enough to relieve his anger, and he gritted his teeth again.

Getting rid of one isn't satisfying. I will get rid of both of them. Then, I will be all three Head Prefects of the Dharmic Armament faculty, and I will be the Dharmic Armament faculty's only Head Prefect, having the final say without contradiction!

If I manage to do this, then there will no longer be a need for any Head Prefect meetings. In the College Discipline Department, only I will make the decisions! Wang Baole raised his head furiously, with a little redness in his eyes. This was the plan that he thought could completely resolve the problem.

Ignoring the difficulty of his plan, this was the only way Wang Baole could—after pondering for a long time—get rid of the danger to himself, punish the scum Zhang Lan and his friends, save Liu Daobin and the others, and reestablish his position.

It is settled!

Wang Baole would give it his all. After making his decision, he immediately contacted Xie Haiyang and told him that he wanted buy as many memory-aiding pills as he could, regardless of the consequences.

At the same time, he walked out of the cave abode to buy a large amount of food, in preparation for his seclusion.

If I can do this, then I, Wang Baole, will continue to be in command of the Dharmic Armament faculty. But if I can't... damn it, I must still think of a way to save Liu Daobin and the others.

Wang Baole, who had always had a wonderful mood, was cheerless for the first time. Now, his expression was pained. Walking in the Dharmic Armament faculty, all the students who saw him no longer greeted him. Clearly, they were worried that if they were too close to Wang Baole, the College Discipline Department would investigate them.

Nevertheless, there were still a few students who saluted Wang Baole amid sighs. For these people, Wang Baole remembered all their faces. After nodding in acknowledgment, he purchased a large amount of food and hurried back to his cave abode.

Alas, the paths of enemies always seem to meet. On the way back to the cave abode, Wang Baole stopped mid-step and saw seven or eight students ahead of him, laughing and talking. Four of them were actually Zhang Lan and his friends.

Seeing Zhang Lan and his friends smiling and laughing smugly, Wang Baole's expression grew even darker. He had no mood to care and continued walking forwards, in preparation for his seclusion.

But Zhang Lan and his friends were extremely proud of their success. Not only had they been found innocent, they were also made inspectors. Thus, in their hearts, they felt that what happened before was in fact a silver lining. Upon seeing Wang Baole, Zhang Lan and his friends' expressions changed. At the thought that he had fallen from grace, they could not suppress their smugness and started ridiculing him.

"Isn't this Head Prefect Wang? Head Prefect, your expression doesn't look too good—do you want to go to the sick-bay for a check-up? You don't want to die if it's a serious disease."

"Exactly. The Head Prefect seems to be very angry lately—you have to look after your body, or else if you have a mishap, that will be our Dao College's loss."

"There is also that little girl. I've been thinking lately if I should go talk to their family..."

Faced with these people's malicious teasing, Wang Baole looked at them coldly. Pausing, he placed the bought snacks in his hand onto the ground.

Seeing Wang Baole stop, Zhang Lan and his friends—who had satisfied their mouth’s addiction—noticed Wang Baole’s look and unconsciously stopped breathing. Without waiting for them to speak, Wang Baole took a step out in an instant, till he stopped in front of Zhang Lan. In front of Zhang Lan’s widened eyes, he swept Zhang Lan’s feet out from under him.

With a bang, Zhang Lan screamed. Wang Baole had hit his crotch. The sound he made was pitiful, and his body was sent flying.

“Wang Baole, you...”

The expressions of the others changed. As they all gaped, Wang Baole’s body did not stop, and in a flash, he kicked continuously. In a string of three kicks, he sent all four released people flying to the ground with pained screams before adjusting his clothes.

“Firing you guys is a pity. So, from today onwards, the moment I see you, I will kick you once. And... if you dare take it out on other people, then... I will kick you to pieces. I will kick you to death,” Wang Baole said blandly. He picked up his food and continued to walk far away.

The expression of Zhang Lan and the three others darkened. Amid their screaming, they heard Wang Baole’s words. Upon hearing the words ‘to pieces’, all their expressions changed madly, large amounts of sweat dripping down their heads. The words ‘kick to death’ were even more of a deterrence, and a huge wave of fear permeated their hearts.

There was no way they would even dare harbor any notion of revenge. After all, if they wanted to continue living in the Dao College, they couldn’t help but wail. The inspectors around them also laughed bitterly. Previously, they had already felt that the four of them had not thought things through before speaking.

“That is a person who even dared to beat up Cao Kun. Even though he has lost influence, he is not someone you can trifle with!”

Chapter 43: Inscriptions Formula

After he returned to the cave abode, Wang Baole began his frenzied seclusion.

Wang Baole had undergone such seclusions a few times in the past when he wanted to become a Head Prefect. However, compared to his determination now, it was lacking.

After all, the sense of danger and urgency was different.

However, despite Wang Baole’s determination, there were more than a million Inscriptions, and it was impossible to memorize them all in a short period of time. Nevertheless, his goal was only to exceed 400,000 inscriptions—just to exceed Cao Kun.

But this was too difficult. After all, Wang Baole was not a top student. If he had been given a few decades, he might have been able to surpass Cao Kun, but it was unrealistic.

Thus, he placed his hope in Xie Haiyang. Unfortunately, even the all-capable Xie Haiyang was out of his depth this time. To get these kinds of high-quality memory-aiding pills—if it had only been a few—would not have been a problem; however, Wang Baole needed a shockingly large number of them.

He was even afraid that Wang Baole would eat the pills to death.

Even after exhausting all his options, he still needed a large amount of time to get Wang Baole's desired number of pills. Xie Haiyang calculated that he needed at least two years.

When he told Wang Baole of his conclusion, Wang Baole was somewhat discouraged. He could not wait. Even if he had memorized 400,000 inscriptions within two years, Cao Kun would have memorized even more. With such a recurring cycle, he was worried that he would never be able to surpass the other party.

Wang Baole did not want his days of diminished influence to last long, nor did he want the days of Zhang Lan and his friends' pride and the days of Liu Daobin and the others' imprisonment to be any longer than necessary.

Then there is only this method! Wang Baole sucked in a deep breath and took out the black mask. Seeing the black mask in his hand, there was hesitation on his face. Wang Baole felt too much doubt toward this mask as he did not know where his father had gotten it from.

He had thought before of sending a voice transmission to his father to ask, but he had resisted. This mask was truly exceedingly extraordinary, and Wang Baole was worried that if someone leaked the secret, it would invite unnecessary trouble for his family. So, he planned to wait until he returned home during the holidays to ask.

He hesitated for a long time, but eventually, gritting his teeth, he entered the hallucination realm. His eyes blurred, and he appeared on the familiar ice sheet.

Frosty winds blew from all sides, seemingly piercing through his bones, and there were shadows of savage beasts appearing occasionally in the distance. Further in the distance, he could even see the hazy outline of icy mountains.

Everything in this hallucination realm had become even more real compared to the last time Wang Baole had visited.

After receiving the Great Void Qi Devouring Art from the mask and becoming Head Prefect, Wang Baole had been unwilling to enter the hallucination realm again. One reason was that he had suspected before that there was someone in the mask, and ten to one, it was a woman. But this was not the main point. The most important point, and the one that made Wang Baole the gloomiest, was the endless pain that he had experienced while learning the Void Twisting Technique.

Even while standing there, he felt a dull pain start in his crotch.

However, there really was no other way. Wang Baole sighed, gritted his teeth, and took out the mask. After muttering a few sentences to himself, he coughed once.

"That... You don't have any way that will let me memorize a million Inscriptions in a few days, do you?"

When Wang Baole finished speaking, he immediately looked at the mask. However, even after looking for a long time, the mask did not react at all. Wang Baole was stunned.

It doesn't work anymore? Surprised, Wang Baole scratched his head. He thought for a moment, then spoke in a low voice.

“I know you can hear me. Um, a while ago, because I had some things, I didn’t come. It’s not because I was kicking you to the curb once you had outlived your usefulness—don’t misunderstand.”

As Wang Baole spoke, he sized up the mask, and when he found that there was still no reaction, he panicked.

“Little Missy, don’t be like this. I was wrong, okay? I promise I will never abandon you; I will definitely come to see you often. Little Missy, just help me this once.”

This was the last straw Wang Baole was clutching at. He was worried that if there was no response from the mask, from now on, his days at the Dharmic Armament faculty would be unbearable.

At this thought, Wang Baole’s forehead started sweating. He sucked in a deep breath to ferment his feelings and quickly used a sincere tone—as though flattering a girl—to cajole the mask, even making his voice as gentle as possible.

“Little Missy, actually I’ve always had a crush on you. I really don’t dare meet you. I am this embarrassed, and I’m shy...”

Even till the end, there was still no reaction. Wang Baole was frantic and used his biggest move.

“Little Missy, do you want a gift?” As soon as Wang Baole finished speaking, the black mask suddenly flickered. In Wang Baole’s eyes, this flickering light was as though he had seen a resplendent rainbow. With his morale boosted, he immediately looked and saw a line of writing on the surface of the mask.

“What gift?”

Wang Baole blinked, confirming to himself that there was indeed a person inside. Clearing his throat, he adopted a look of deep feeling and spoke in a low tone.

“I’ll gift myself to you ¹, do you want it?”

Just as he finished speaking, the flickering mask paused suddenly. Purple lightning flew out from the mask and headed straight toward Wang Baole.

Wang Baole watched the lightning grow bigger in his eyes, without any time at all to dodge. With a bang, the bolt of lightning hit him, and as he screamed, his hair stood on end. He could only feel pain, and his whole person fell. Only after a long while did he crawl to his feet, crying, both angry and upset.

“Even if you didn’t want it, you didn’t have to zap me, Little Missy...”

This time, the mask did not send out lightning. Instead, under the flickering light, rows of blurred writing emerged. The emergence of the writing made Wang Baole forget his pain, and he quickly paid attention.

It was just that these words were blurred, and he could not see them clearly. He could only see that as the flickering lights of the mask grew bright, the writing on its surface increased. However, very quickly, the writing disappeared. It was as if the mask was wiping it away and writing anew.

It gave Wang Baole the feeling as though the Little Missy in the mask was thinking derivatively. Just looking made Wang Baole anxious. After five minutes, all the writing on the mask disappeared, and what re-emerged was actually... a formula!

Beneath this formula, more writing appeared quickly.

It told Wang Baole clearly that he only needed to faithfully remember this formula, along with memorizing a few crucial Inscriptions, and he could use this formula to calculate everything else.

Within those one hundred and fifty thousand Inscriptions that Wang Baole had memorized, he had already grasped those crucial Inscriptions and was fully qualified to use this formula to make his calculations.

Seeing this formula, Wang Baole's breathing grew agitated. He showed a strong gaze, and with a huge grin, he kissed the mask furiously.

The moment his mouth landed, lightning exploded. It scared Wang Baole so much that he moved his mouth and started to explain awkwardly, "Misunderstanding, this is a misunderstanding. I was too rash. Don't get nervous, Little Missy!"

It was quite some time before the lightning on the mask disappeared. Terrified, Wang Baole wiped his sweat, let out a sigh, and memorized the formula. However, very quickly, he discovered a problem.

"That's not right, Little Missy. Although this formula doesn't require me to memorize that much, if I use it on artifact refinement, I need to do calculations. To magically calculate the answer in such a short time for it to be valid... If I calculate too slowly and don't grasp what the artifact refinement requires in time, I may as well flip the inscription dictionary.

"This mental calculation can't be mastered in a short period of time."

At this, Wang Baole became frantic again. It was just as though hope was right before him, but he had no way of grasping it.

Just as Wang Baole finished speaking, the mask flickered, and more writing appeared. This time, it told Wang Baole that if he practiced the calculation for the formula within the hallucination realm, it would have an extremely supportive effect.

"Practice here?" Amid Wang Baole's astonishment, the words on the mask changed again. A row of Inscriptions appeared, as though it wanted Wang Baole to immediately use the formula to calculate the answer.

Wang Baole scratched his head and looked at the row of Inscriptions. Even before putting them in the formula, the entire process was a few breaths long. Suddenly, a bolt of lightning unexpectedly exploded from the mask and landed on Wang Baole's body with a boom. It seemed that if he exceeded the time limit for calculation, he would be shocked by lightning as a punishment.

"Again?" Wang Baole whole body shook. In the midst of his screaming, his hair began to smoke, and he began wailing. But then at this time, the mask showed a second question.

Wang Baole's body jolted, and his whole person felt as though he was going crazy. He quickly went to calculate, but he was too slow, and within a few seconds, the lightning landed again.

Just like that, in the hallucination realm, the screaming of Wang Baole reverberated in all directions again and again. The horror this time, although not as bad as being kicked in the crotch, had a high frequency and made Wang Baole feel that he was going crazy.

Amidst the thunderous booms of the lightning, Wang Baole's screams grew more pathetic.

"I'm not learning anymore... Ah... It hurts!"

"Let me go... You're zapping me again!"

Wang Baole was going mad. He had turned black from the shocks, and his body was emitting smoke. The pain left behind by the lightning made him feel as though he was going to break down. As he wailed, he felt that this was heaven's most poisonous punishment.

This mask definitely doesn't harbor a Little Missy but an old witch!

Wang Baole wailed, but he also knew that this was the only way he could remember all the Inscriptions. So, he gritted his teeth, and with another lightning strike, he began to scream and calculate.

Chapter 44: Chancellor's Lecture Hall

Unknowingly, ten painful days passed.

During those ten days, the purging and persecution of the Spirit Stones students by Lin Tianhao and Cao Kun continued in the Dharmic Armament faculty. Even more people had been dragged in. However, because there were too many people and the disturbance was huge, a lot of time was needed to gather evidence. Therefore, all those people were only locked away for investigation and not seriously punished.

Everyone could see that it was only because it was a short period of time. Without any mishaps, those students would definitely be punished to different degrees.

As for Wang Baole, he did not leave the cave abode for ten days. At most, he would leave the hallucination realm to eat something before clenching his jaw and re-entering, trembling with sadness and anger.

Heavens, when will this end...

The moment Wang Baole thought of the fear of familiarizing himself with the system of calculations, he felt as though he had lost his loved one. But when he thought of his own responsibilities and goals, he could only grit his teeth and continue to bear the agony amid his screams.

Under the never-ending lightning strikes, Wang Baole's ability to calculate the formula increased dramatically. Although the lightning still hit him, causing him to scream in agony, the time needed for his calculations swiftly decreased.

As the lightning's power grew bigger and bigger, the feeling of pain forced Wang Baole into a frenzy, unleashing all of his potential. He was very worried that if he did not work hard, he would be shocked to death.

Now, as long as the Inscriptions arrangement was not too complicated, he could arrive at an answer within seconds. However, the mask was still not satisfied with that and gave Wang Baole a shorter time to calculate while increasing the number and difficulty of the Inscriptions.

As such, Wang Baole's screams became more wretched.

Ten more days passed, and Wang Baole's behavior became abnormal. He had already forgotten about the passage of time, and it was not until a voice transmission came from the Chancellor that he stopped his cultivation.

The reason the Head Prefects from the various faculties of Ethereal Dao College and Lower Academy Island were known as disciples of the Chancellor was because they would occasionally gather at the call of the Chancellor. The Chancellor would open the Chancellor's lecture hall and personally teach classes, answering and explaining questions that the Head Prefects would bring up. For these kinds of things, it was compulsory for Head Prefects to attend.

Throughout Lower Academy Island, it was only the Chancellor who could do this. He knew everything about the lessons and knowledge of the Lower Academy Island's faculties, and he had even done research on them, so he could mentor every Head Prefect and even invite the Upper Academy's cultivation masters to provide guidance for the Head Prefects.

At this moment, the voice transmission had summoned Wang Baole because of the initiation of the Chancellor's lecture.

Within the cave abode, Wang Baole walked out of the hallucination realm. His whole body had already been shocked countless times. He trembled as he walked. He was dispirited, his hair was disheveled, and his gaze was vacant. From time to time, even though he had exited the hallucination realm, one could still hear him talking to himself.

"To form the speed Inscriptions, one needs to match and calculate 731 types of basic Inscriptions, and to go through nine times of systemic deduction..."

"Condensing Spirit Qi Inscriptions, there are 3,185 ways, and the first method of systemic calculation is..."

Trapped in the stupor of calculating numerous systemic problems in his head, Wang Baole walked out of the cave abode, swaying. He spent most of his attention on calculations and only a little attention on walking. Just like that, all those students who saw Wang Baole were stunned after noticing his condition.

"Wang Baole, this is... What happened?"

"Why does it look like he has gone silly? Look, what is he muttering to himself?"

"That's not right. Don't tell me he was unable to deal with having his authority removed and went mad?"

The people in the Dharmic Armament faculty discussed the matter in hushed voices. Wang Baole was unable to notice his surroundings. He was performing the numerous calculations in his head as he arrived at Chancellor Peak.

This was his first time visiting Chancellor Peak. If it had been his previous self, Wang Baole would have paid more attention. But today, his mind was hazy, and he had to pump himself mentally to walk up the mountain peak and to the Chancellor's pavilion.

Because he was performing his calculations along the way, he was the last person there when he arrived, even though he was not late. The moment he walked into the large hall, he saw that the Head Prefects of all the faculties were all seated, including Zheng Liang, Cao Kun, and Lin Tianhao.

In the Chancellor's lecture hall, no one was allowed to make a lot of noise. As such, Zheng Liang's gaze was deeply concerned as he nodded in acknowledgment. Cao Kun laughed contemptuously, and as for Lin Tianhao, a cold look flashed across his eyes. After that, he no longer looked at Wang Baole.

All the other Head Prefects also noticed Wang Baole. After all, it was not long ago that Wang Baole had risen to fame. Although he had lost influence today, he was still a notable figure.

It was just that after sizing him up, all of them felt disappointed. After all, Wang Baole's current appearance made them misunderstand him, and they all thought that he had given up on himself.

In front of them sat the old physician on a stool with his eyes closed. Sensing Wang Baole's entry, he opened his eyes and saw Wang Baole's dispirited appearance. The old physician was astonished.

Wang Baole gathered his spirits and greeted the old physician before finding a seat. He already knew the old physician's identity—after all, this was not a secret. As for the opinions of the surrounding people, he had no more energy to care.

After sitting, he sank into the systemic calculations in his head. This had already turned into his habit. After being shocked for twenty days or so, he had developed a phobia, a fear, that his calculations would be too slow and that he would be shocked again from being unable to complete the calculations in an instant.

Seeing Wang Baole's listless appearance, the old physician shook his head and looked away. With the start of this lecture, the old physician mentioned all the faculties from the Lower Academy Island such as the Traps faculty and the Alchemy faculty, to the Ancient Martial Arts faculty and the Dharmic Armament faculty, and even the Array Runes faculty and the Dao Enlightenment faculty.

"As this old man sees it, every faculty has their commonalities. For example, the Traps and Dharmic Armament faculties are both researching how to refine products. And we cannot forget the Array Runes faculty, which shares similarities in the study of Inscriptions...

"Even the Combat faculty isn't just about cultivating their bodies. If all of you manage to get into Upper Academy Island, you will understand. The Dao is painful and difficult, and it requires all of you to work together and support each other in order to walk further along the path of cultivation.

"As for the Dao Enlightenment faculty, don't give up on yourselves. The whole Federation today has a common view of the Dao Enlightenment faculty. The way of enlightenment is a necessary path to cross when working toward the Dao!"

The old physician's speech made everyone unaware of time's flow. Every new piece of information seemed to be at his fingertips—sometimes detailed, sometimes succinct and to the point. Even though all the Head Prefects were every faculty's outstanding seniors, they still reaped many benefits.

After all, to become Lower Academy Island's Chancellor, he had to have his uncommon points. There were even rumors that the old physician had been a famous senior on Upper Academy Island.

It was only because of his advanced age that he came to Lower Academy Island and took charge of helping Ethereal Dao College nurture those who were capable of entering Upper Academy Island.

This lecture covered many hours straight. When dusk came, the old physician took a sip of tea and finally stopped. Even though he had lectured the whole day, he had no signs of exhaustion. Instead, he had a smile on his face after putting his teacup down, his gaze sweeping over all the Head Prefects.

“That’s it for today. Do you have any questions?”

The moment the old physician spoke, all the Head Prefects raised their heads. One Head Prefect from the Dao Enlightenment faculty asked a question first.

“Chancellor, you said that the Dao Enlightenment faculty is a necessary path toward understanding the Dao, and the path of enlightenment points directly to the source. Then, what is this source?”

For this question, all the Head Prefects were deep in thought. Truthfully, the Dao Enlightenment faculty had a special position in Ethereal Dao College. The students of this faculty had no official lessons and spent most of their time pondering over the universe to gain enlightenment. Becoming a Head Prefect of the Dao Enlightenment faculty had to do with the enlightenment essays that they had to write every month.

In reality, if the previous Federation President had not come from the Dao Enlightenment faculty, proving that success in the Dao Enlightenment faculty could immediately shock the world, this faculty would have been scrapped.

The old physician smiled after hearing this. He touched his beard and then blandly opened his mouth.

“The way of the source, according to my cultivation level and knowledge, is very difficult to truly understand. It’s only that, in a piece of the Sword Sun, there was a section that explained that everything in this universe can be found in the source! With the way of the source, one can walk the path of the firmaments by selecting just one path!”

That Dao Enlightenment faculty Head Prefect nodded his head, absorbed in deep thought. Very soon, all the Head Prefects from the other faculties continuously asked different kinds of questions. For each question, the old physician’s answer was very thorough—some answers could immediately resolve the confusion while the answers to others made people think.

When almost everyone’s questions were done, Wang Baole also raised his head and forced himself to pay attention. He also had questions to resolve as he had encountered many—while solvable—questions that he could not understand while working on his systemic calculations.

“Chancellor, I have a question regarding Inscriptions.

“There are hundreds and thousands of Inscriptions to gather Spirit Qi. Every one of them is meant to gather Spirit Qi, but why are there so many of them, and what do they mean?”

The moment Wang Baole spoke, Inscriptions Head Prefect Cao Kun laughed without waiting for the old physician to respond. He stood and bowed to the old physician.

“Chancellor, it’s such a simple question. Any student who has paid attention in a few classes in Inscriptions lessons will be able to answer it. Chancellor, might you permit me to answer Junior Brother Baole’s question?”

After getting the old physician’s approval, Cao Kun turned around, and from an angle unnoticeable by the old physician, he looked at Wang Baole with undisguised disdain and scorn, accompanied by a hint of hatred.

Chapter 45: I Still Have a Question

“Junior Brother Baole, the reason there are more than a thousand Inscriptions for condensing Spirit Qi is because they correspond to the use of different materials for artifact refinement. And according to the difference between Spirit Kernels and the materials, one can not simply choose one type of Spirit Qi condensing Inscription. Instead, one needs to correct and adjust through the combination.”

The moment he said that, Cao Kun seemed to gain an indescribable aura. It was the kind that showed his mastery in the Inscriptions, where he could go straight to the heart of the matter.

To have become the Inscriptions Head Prefect, Cao Kun had to be the top students in Inscriptions studies. However, while his mastery of Inscriptions was very clear, it did not mean that he had a good character.

In actuality, Cao Kun’s temper had always been petty. His personality did not allow him to forgive small slights, so he hated Wang Baole—who had beaten him up and embarrassed him in front of the Dharmic Armament faculty—to the bone.

Now, with this opportunity, he was eager to viciously strike down Wang Baole and embarrass him in front of the Chancellor.

“I don’t know if Junior Brother Baole can understand what I’m saying. If you still don’t understand, I don’t know what else I can do. I suggest that you go to more Inscriptions classes rather than getting drunk on the Head Prefects’ powers. This is not honest work! Also, don’t ask such simple questions anymore and embarrass yourself here. If you still have questions, you don’t need the Chancellor to answer them: I can explain them to you.”

Cao Kun spoke in a haughty and overbearing manner, even with a chiding tone. When he finished speaking, he turned and paid his respects to the old physician before sitting down.

To the side, Lin Tianhao looked at Cao Kun and smiled; the other faculties’ Head Prefect also looked at each other and said nothing. As for the old physician, while he knew that the Dharmic Armament faculty’s Head Prefects did not get along, he could not be bothered to interfere in the students’ affairs.

“Are there any more questions? If not, we will end here.” As he spoke, the old physician stood and prepared to end this session’s lecture.

“Chancellor, I still have a question!” Wang Baole breathed a little rapidly, his eyes shining.

If it had been any other time, Wang Baole would have retaliated in the face of Cao Kun’s mocking. But today, he was absorbed in the questions of Inscriptions in his mind, and to him, Cao Kun’s answer was

very illuminating. Many questions he had regarding the Spirit Qi Inscriptions had been resolved in that instant.

This made Wang Baole feel that he had become even faster when doing his own calculations. So, when he heard the old physician's words, he quickly spoke to Cao Kun.

"Senior Brother Cao, in number 31,495's blank Inscription in the Inscriptions dictionary, why is it that there will be a different effect solely because of the depicted difference in time and month, and even the humidity!?"

This question had always made Wang Baole spend a lot of time on his calculations. Even though he could calculate the answer, he did not understand the principle. The Inscriptions dictionary contained tens of thousands of such useless blank Inscriptions, but they were all needed for depicting the Inscriptions.

"This..." Cao Kun was stunned for a moment. He had felt that Wang Baole's previous question was simple, but this second question had significantly increased. Since it included the blank Inscriptions, it made Cao Kun hesitate, and he finally struggled to come up with an answer after thinking for a long time.

But the moment he finished answering, Wang Baole very energetically asked a new question.

"Senior Brother Cao, in the annotations of the Inscriptions, it used to have the Observer concept in number 790,003 of the Dao inscriptions. I have some doubts with this..."

"Senior Brother Cao, in between Inscriptions number 900,000 to 910,000, the Steam runic inscription was added repeatedly. I don't understand this point; could Senior Brother Cao please explain..."

"Senior Brother Cao, there is also Spirit Borrowing..."

Just like that, his questions came one after the other, each more difficult than the last. Cao Kun's forehead dripped with sweat, his whole body becoming damp, and he cursed Wang Baole under his breath.

He felt that Wang Baole had to be doing it on purpose. However, he had previously volunteered, so it was hard to extricate himself now. He could not help but feel his chest rise and fall erratically; he was too frantic. The feeling of not being able to answer as the Inscriptions Head Prefect drove him crazy. Furthermore, whenever he heard the three words 'Senior Brother Cao', he could not help but shiver all over. When he looked at Wang Baole, he saw red.

Lin Tianhao's brow gradually wrinkled; there were many questions that he could not answer himself. As for the surrounding Head Prefects, each of them was astonished. When they saw Cao Kun repeatedly wipe his sweat away, they were even more astonished.

Even the Chancellor looked at Wang Baole with a thoughtful gaze. Seeing that Cao Kun was running out of words, he smiled and took the question, opening his mouth blandly.

"Wang Baole, in your last question about Spirit Borrowing, you have some misconceptions. The real Spirit Borrowing is about borrowing the Spirit Qi from the heaven and earth, even more so about

borrowing from the Spirit Qi of other Dharmic artifacts or everything on earth—the mountains, rivers, and even living creatures. You can borrow from all of this!”

The moment he heard that, Wang Baole suddenly felt a boom in his brain, and it was as though he had been filled with wisdom. In that instant, all his mental blocks about many Inscriptions had been removed, and all his thoughts were clear.

“Thank you very much for your guidance, Chancellor. I do have one more question...”

In his excitement, Wang Baole turned to start his barrage of questions on the Chancellor. In the beginning, the Chancellor answered the questions smoothly, but gradually, his forehead began to sweat, too.

As for Cao Kun, he was secretly amazed. It was a lucky thing that the Chancellor had taken over Wang Baole’s questions, or else he would have been in such an awkward situation and embarrassed himself. After all, he had not even heard of many of the questions Wang Baole asked later on.

The questions Wang Baole raised went from shallow to deep, and they were becoming more and more difficult. This was because the Inscriptions that he had mastered were via systemic deduction, which was different from everyone else. At a certain level, Wang Baole also did not really understand how many of the Inscriptions he had mastered in these twenty or so days.

But following his relentless deductions and calculations, he slowly realized that what caused his mental blocks was the fact that he lacked some basic knowledge of Inscriptions. He also got his around the areas that other people had trouble comprehending through the systemic calculations.

With this chance today—first Cao Kun and then the Chancellor—it was as though Wang Baole’s head was a robot that had received motor oil, moving faster and faster. As he resolved each of his mental blocks, his systemic deduction speed increased exponentially.

“Thank you very much, Chancellor. I still have a question. You said, just now, that Inscriptions will intersect each other. But I realized that to obtain the Speed Inscription, I can use the Wind Inscription or the movement Inscription. There are many ways. What can I do to overlap and make the effect better?”

When Wang Baole asked this question, the Chancellor could not help but wipe the sweat on his forehead. When he looked at Wang Baole, his gaze carried a shred of impatience.

He laughed bitterly in his heart, feeling that the pressure was too much. However, faced with a students’ questions, he could not ignore him. It was just that... Wang Baole’s questions were getting more and more difficult, and this current question already exceeded the Chancellor’s capacity. As such, he quickly took out his voice transmission ring and called Goatee and the others from the Dharmic Armament faculty.

While Goatee and the others were heading over there, the scene stunned all the surrounding Head Prefects. Even though this was the Chancellor’s lecture hall, they could not help but start debating.

“This Wang Baole, why does he have so many questions?”

“He even stumped the Chancellor. Is he actually the Spirit Stones Head Prefect or the Inscriptions Head Prefect?”

Under the murmured debate of the surrounding people, Cao Kun also felt immense pressure and had a strange feeling of danger.

Not long later, when Goatee and the other Dharmic Armament faculty teachers arrived, they all had strange expressions as they looked at Wang Baole. They had heard about the incident along the way, and now they all sat down and started answering the questions.

Upon seeing his rescuers appear, the Chancellor released a breath and regained his previously calm demeanor, looking at the audience with a smile. But soon... as Wang Baole's continuous questions grew exponentially more difficult, even Goatee and the others needed a prolonged discussion among themselves before they could give an answer.

After all, even after memorizing the million Inscriptions, matching them with each other increased the difficulty a hundred times over. Thus, there was no one who could say that they had mastered all the variables brought about during the combination.

However, Wang Baole's system could directly eliminate memorization. This meant that all of the million Inscriptions and the hundred-fold difficulty were within his grasp. As such, his questions could skip the number of Inscriptions and reach the essence immediately.

At the end, when they finally discussed and told Wang Baole the answer, Wang Baole was so agitated that he slapped his thigh.

"I understand. So, it's like that. Thank you, Chancellor! Thank you, Dean! Thank you, teachers!

"I still have another question...

"To make a Dharmic artifact that triggers the wind blade, I require both a cold and a heat Inscription to form a loop. Depicted on different Spirit Stones, these two Inscriptions need a large number of basic Inscriptions to make. As there are many similarities, how can I eliminate the Inscriptions to make a picture on a Spirit Stone for reciprocal use?" Wang Baole's eyes glimmered. He had long forgotten that he was in the Chancellor's lecture hall. As he saw it, this was for his own understanding, to raise his calculation speed to the heavens!

When he asked this question, everyone—who had already been under immense pressure—inhaled, eyes wide, mind blown. This was especially so for the Inscriptions teachers, who could not help but cry out.

"This is higher-level Inscriptions knowledge taught at the Dharmic Armament Pavilion on Upper Academy Island. You... you're already researching this now?"

Chapter 46: Cultivators

Following the astonished cry from the Inscriptions teachers, all the surrounding Head Prefects gasped. Their minds were in turmoil, and they looked at Wang Baole fiercely.

"Upper Academy Island's knowledge?"

“How can this be, unless someone taught him? But that isn’t right, unless... He deduced the high-level Upper Academy Island classes through the Lower Academy Island basic course!”

“Heavens, who... who is this guy!”

To become a faculty’s Head Prefect, these people could be said to be top students and were aliens in other students’ eyes. But today, in the eyes of this group of aliens, Wang Baole... was the true alien!

Lin Tianhao’s mind was also buzzing, and the most nervous person among the crowd at this moment was Cao Kun. His stress was huge, more than anyone else, including the Chancellor and Dean.

He was the Inscriptions Head Prefect, but with the questions that Wang Baole asked, his mastery of Inscriptions seemed to be even clearer than his own. This made his heart beat faster, and a strong feeling of unease made his vision go black.

No way, I can’t scare myself. This Wang Baole only just became Spirit Stones’ Head Prefect a few months ago. His knowledge of Inscriptions cannot be as profound as mine—he can’t touch my position, definitely can’t touch it! Cao Kun’s eyes were red. Even though he kept reassuring himself, his heart could not help but tremble.

At the same time, Wang Baole ignored the discussion around him. He placed all his attention on seeking knowledge. The question that he had raised just now was one of many questions that the mask had raised.

This question was Wang Baole’s Gordian Knot. He always needed a long time to figure out this question, and every time he finished, the answer was different. As such, whenever he saw a similar question, he would be struck by lightning.

Now, he really wanted to know the teachers’ answer. He wanted to use this answer to summarize his lessons and to ensure that he would no longer make errors on these types of questions.

However, this question involved a high-level Inscriptions knowledge. It was such that the teachers of the Lower Academy Island had difficulty giving a clear answer quickly. Now—including the Chancellor—they all continued to discuss, a group of old men in a heated debate.

The Chancellor was suffering, and Goatee was also at his wits’ end. While all these teachers seemed to be in discussion, they were actually laughing bitterly in their hearts. What was this? This feeling of not being able to back down made them go crazy. The worst thing was that they still could not leave.

The moment they left, it would signify that they could not answer a student’s question. That would be too shameful.

So, each of them squeezed their brain juices, and after a long time, they finally gave Wang Baole his answer. The moment Wang Baole heard the answer, he was so agitated that he wanted to hit his own chest. His face glowed red, and full of vigor, he started to ask again.

Just like that, time passed, and very soon, it was night.

The Chancellor, Dean, and teachers saw that the difficulty of Wang Baole’s questions were becoming more and more alarming—almost every question now involved high-level Inscriptions study. In the latter few questions, it had already surpassed high-level Inscriptions study and even involved

Inscriptions disintegration. This belonged to the apex of Inscriptions theory in the Federation. This was unsustainable.

They all glared at the Chancellor resentful. Faced with everyone's gaze, the Chancellor was also struggling. He did not expect that one simple lecture and one simple query of whether anyone had any questions... could create such a strange incident.

He thought of himself, the Chancellor, being baffled by a student. Gritting his teeth, the Chancellor took out his voice transmission ring and sent a voice transmission to his senior brother from the Upper Academy Island's Dharmic Armament Pavilion.

Ethereal Dao College was split into the Lower Academy Island and Upper Academy Island. Getting into the Upper Academy Island meant a monumental rise. One was no longer a normal human but a cultivator.

The counterpart of Lower Academy Island's Dharmic Armament faculty was Upper Academy Island's Dharmic Armament Pavilion. In this Dharmic Armament Pavilion, the elder's position surpassed everyone else, and only a Dharmic Armament master could take on the position.

When he received the voice transmission from his junior brother, the elder master—who had been sitting cross-legged in Upper Academy Island's Dharmic Armament Pavilion—could not help but be intrigued. Looking at the question his junior brother sent to him through the voice transmission ring, this master's gaze revealed his curiosity.

"Interesting." He laughed and stood up to walk out. In that instant, there was a fog that turned into a flying sword under his feet, and he rose up directly from Upper Academy Island.

His speed was so swift that he turned into a rainbow. As though he had torn through space, he appeared atop Lower Academy Island's Chancellor Peak!

The moment he approached, an astonishingly strong coercive aura emanated with a loud boom. This caused all the birds and beasts on Chancellor Peak to tremble, and even the students from all the other faculties were struck dumb with amazement in their hearts.

This kind of coercive aura was even clearer to the people on Chancellor Peak. Following the appearance of the elder, it caused all the Head Prefects in the lecture hall to cry out in alarm. Each of them jumped to their feet and looked; Wang Baole, too, quickly looked and saw the elder arriving through the sky.

This elder had an ethereal air, and he wore a long white robe. His face was a healthy pink, his gaze was blazing, as though it held lightning, and his feet stood on a flying sword.

This scene made Wang Baole suck in a sharp breath, and all the surrounding people started breathing faster.

"A cultivator!!" Zheng Liang and the others by his side murmured in amazement.

Most of the Head Prefects became excited. Although it was currently the Spirit Inception Era and everyone cultivated, most were in the Ancient Martial realm. Only those who had exceeded the Ancient Martial realm, achieved true breath, and became part of the True Breath realm could be considered cultivators.

It was obvious that this elder's cultivation level was even higher than True Breath. Just his arrival could release a coercive aura, causing everyone's hearts and spirits to tremble. It was as though one look from him could make everyone lose their spirit and their mind.

Especially as... the radiant sword beneath the elder's feet could distort the nothingness around him. One could imagine that once the flying sword was put to good use, it would cause shocks everywhere.

"That must be a numinous treasure, even possibly a Dharmic Armament!" Cao Kun's breathing was frantic, and he was speechless from astonishment.

Among the stunned crowd, the Chancellor stood and—along with the Dean and teachers—walked out to welcome the elder.

"Greetings, Senior Brother!" The Chancellor politely cupped his fists in greeting.

The elder laughed loudly, and as he walked, the flying sword beneath his feet disappeared and spiraled around his head. From afar, it was breathtaking. The elder walked forwards a few steps and supported the Chancellor's arm.

"You don't have to do this, Junior Brother. Seriously, your personality is just too stubborn. Forget it, forget it." Evidently, the elder and the Chancellor had some history. The elder shook his head and said only a few words; then he walked into the lecture hall with the Chancellor and sat at the front.

As for the Dean and the others, all of them were filled with respect. With admiration in their eyes, they waited on either side of the elder.

"This session has many good young saplings ¹." After taking a seat, the elder laughed, his gaze sweeping over all the Head Prefects. For each person whom his gaze landed on, they immediately perked up and raised their heads proudly.

Wang Baole also quickly puffed out his chest. His look toward the elder showed a fierce envy. He envied the elder's Dharmic artifacts as well as his expert cultivation level and position. All of that was what he had been chasing and what all the Head Prefects aimed for.

"Not bad, all of you are very alert." The elder laughed; the Chancellor was pleased with himself. After exchanging a few words, the Chancellor raised Wang Baole's question.

The elder stroked his beard. His gaze could not help but land on Wang Baole, showing his appreciation.

"Indeed, it involves a high-level of Inscriptions study. This study is too complicated. When you reach Upper Academy Island, you will naturally learn, but I will tell you the main point. One word... Simplification!

"Eliminate those unnecessary Inscriptions. The Inscriptions left are the more basic and cannot be left out. Many processes in this cannot be taught but must be self-created. Currently, after simplifying the cold and hot Inscriptions, in total, 97 types of Inscriptions are required. Reducing the least number of Inscriptions is what numerous teachers of the Federation have spent most of their effort on these few years.

"I hope, one day, you can simplify this to 96, 95, or even less!" The elder's voice was resonant. When he finished speaking, Wang Baole's heart trembled. Although his own doubts had not been resolved, the

word 'simplification' gave him a direction. Following this direction, Wang Baole knew that he could become even faster at systemic calculations. In his agitation, he inhaled and cupped his fist to show his respect.

"Thank you very much, Senior!"

All the other Head Prefects looked at Wang Baole enviously. In this instant, they all knew that the elder had arrived only because of Wang Baole's question!

At this point, Cao Kun's mind and heart trembled. He was no longer envious but jealous to the maximum degree and even terrified. Once again, he felt that his own position as the Inscriptions Head Prefect seemed to be... very precarious!

"Wang Baole, if you have other questions, you may ask." The Chancellor finally released a true sigh of relief and spoke with a smile.

"Say it, if you have other questions." The elder smiled, too, and looked at Wang Baole.

Wang Baole knew that the opportunity was hard to come by, and so, cupping his fist again, he quickly asked all the questions in his brain.

"The way of condensation, which involves fifty thousand Inscriptions, how do I recognize it?"

"Coagulation, such as coagulating spirits, you can recognize it by perceiving it!"

"I observed a million Inscriptions kept in countless blank Inscriptions. These Inscriptions seem all-powerful but do not fit with other Inscriptions... as though... they are very special!"

"Indeed, they are all-powerful. The disintegration of these countless blank Inscriptions—of which there are actually only thirteen—creates countless numbers. Indeed, they are special because these thirteen Dao inscriptions did not come from the cosmic large sword but from the thirteen peak masters in the Federation who each created one Dao!"

His questions had been difficult for Goatee and the others, but for this elder master, they were easy. He did not even have to think before answering.

Even his answers had a majestic air. Not only did all the listeners feel their hearts tremble, Wang Baole even saw the light. With these questions and answers, time passed, and everyone seemed to have turned to stone.

The awkward thing was that in this lecture hall, everyone else seemed to have turned into ornaments. Only Wang Baole and this elder's question and answer session was the focus of attention.

Throughout the session, Wang Baole's mental systemic calculations became faster and faster until it seemed like he could see the answer immediately once the question appearance.

This, to him, was created by chance!

Chapter 47: You Must Be the Inscriptions Head Prefect

When the sky became bright, no one in the lecture hall paid it any notice. Wang Baole and the elder's conversation had shaken everyone's heart.

In the end, Wang Baole stood, his gaze filled with deep gratitude, and bowed deeply to the elder.

"Thank you very much, Senior! I have no more questions!"

When this elder—who came from Upper Academy Island's Dharmic Armament Pavilion—looked at Wang Baole, his appreciation grew even more than before. From Wang Baole's questions, he could already tell that Wang Baole had a profound understanding of Inscriptions.

This kind of understanding could not have been achieved by memorizing many Inscriptions. He knew that it required a stunning talent. As wished to nurture such talent, he could not help but open his mouth to continue their discussion.

"Young friend, you have already asked me almost a hundred questions. This old man also wants to ask you some. If you can answer to my satisfaction, I will gift you a Dharmic artifact. Are you willing to try?"

As the elder spoke, his right hand raised, showing a jade green bracelet. The bracelet was emerald green all over, like a jewel. It gave off a cold Qi, causing the temperature in the lecture hall to drop significantly.

All the Head Prefects stared at the elder's bracelet with wide eyes. Although they could not quite tell the grade of the object, they understood that since it was from the elder's hand, it was definitely not common.

"Wang Baole, this is a top level second-grade Dharmic artifact, a storage bracelet! It has a certain protective property. You must answer well, kid." The Chancellor looked over and smiled while speaking.

The moment he spoke, the surrounding Head Prefects exclaimed. There was even a large number of them whose hearts were in turmoil, and they could not help but be speechless.

"A storage Dharmic artifact! Heavens!"

"That's a... storage Dharmic artifact!"

"Storage Dharmic artifacts are all of great value. You can't buy one at the market. Only people who have reached the True Breath realm will have a chance to have one!"

Cao Kun was so jealous that his eyes were going to explode; he inhaled, his mind buzzing. Wang Baole was also frantic. He knew the value of a storage Dharmic artifact and understood the difficulty in constructing one. Furthermore, the bracelet even had a certain protective property to it.

It could be said that this object's value was even more precious than a regular storage Dharmic artifact.

All of this agitated Wang Baole. He took a deep breath and spoke loudly.

"Senior, please ask your questions!"

The elder laughed, stroked his beard, and slowly spoke.

“Kid, listen well. If we want to get the water Inscription, we need will need to match many types of Inscriptions. But there is water vapor in the air. Can we use this point, using the three states of water, to carve the Dharmic artifact Inscription better and show a better effect? What Inscriptions can we use to match?”

The moment the elder spoke, Cao Kun’s hands started to sweat. He found that even though he was the Inscriptions Head Prefect and could understand the question... upon thinking properly, he did not understand the overall meaning. So, he quickly looked at Wang Baole.

Even Goatee and the other teachers of the Dharmic Armament faculty started to think. The Chancellor, who stood to the side, narrowed his eyes when he heard the question. They way he saw it, if Wang Baole’s questions involved high-level Inscriptions study, the question raised by his own senior brother was completely on high-level Inscriptions study content.

Wang Baole’s eyes widened, and his brain immediately used the mask’s formula to dissect the elder’s question and place it in his formula. It was a shame that this problem was too difficult, and he could not calculate the answer through his systemic deduction in one go. As such, his brain worked swiftly, and in this short period of thinking time, he used the formula to calculate more than ten times.

As he calculated, he looked at the bracelet in the Dharmic Armament Pavilion elder’s hand. In it, he found the crux of his answer, but he could not explain it as he had arrived at his answer through his system. This was different from the so-called high-level Inscriptions study. Wang Baole thought for a moment, took out a Spirit Stone, and actually started carving Inscriptions on the spot. This action drew everyone’s attention.

As for the Dharmic Armament Pavilion elder, his expression was the same, and a smile tugged at the corner of his mouth.

Under everyone’s watchful gaze, Wang Baole carved at full speed sometimes and paused at other times. He was constantly working out and calculating the formula in his brain, and after more than a hundred derivations, he finally carved the last stroke!

The Spirit Stone violently flickered, and with a cracking sound, it broke into pieces and became dust. The surrounding people blinked. Cao Kun felt relieved, and the corner of mouth curled into a sneer.

But just as he started to sneer, Wang Baole took a few steps back, ignoring the flying dust of the broken Spirit Stone, and cupped his fists to pay his respects to the Dharmic Armament Pavilion elder.

“Good, good, good!” The Dharmic Armament Pavilion elder laughed loudly and stood up. He waved his right hand, and the storage bracelet flew toward Wang Baole.

After receiving it, Wang Baole was incredibly grateful and quickly thanked the elder loudly.

“Thank you very much for the treasure, Senior!”

The Chancellor’s eyes also showed his admiration as he looked deeply at Wang Baole. Goatee and the other teachers, too, had a rich appreciation in their eyes.

This was too strange, and the surrounding Head Prefects did not really understand. Cao Kun's eyes grew wider. Even though he looked properly, he still could not make heads or tails of it. He did not know why the Chancellor and the others were so appreciative.

Only Lin Tianhao's expression changed dramatically in that instant. His breathing became rough, and his heart shook, creating a storm within him.

Just as these Head Prefects were in confusion, the dust of the Spirit Stone in front of Wang Baole turned into a small cloud. Rain fell in the space before the crowd, and a gust of cold wind from the Dharmic Armament Pavilion Elder's bracelet followed, causing the droplets of rain to turn into ice after falling, landing on the ground.

Seeing everyone at a loss, the Chancellor began to explain wistfully. "The difficulty of this question is not in the selection or engraving of the Inscriptions; what's difficult is the simplification. And the even harder aspects... require Spirit Borrowing. By using the Frost Qi of the bracelet, it perfectly demonstrates the three states of water!"

This scene made everyone gasp, completely struck dumb with amazement. All of them looked at Wang Baole as though he was a god, and Cao Kun seemed even more dumbstruck.

At this moment, the Dharmic Armament Pavilion elder smiled as he began to leave. When he passed by Wang Baole, he patted his shoulder and smiled at the Chancellor by his side.

"This rascal is your Dharmic Armament faculty's Inscriptions Head Prefect, isn't he? Very good, well done!"

After hearing that, Cao Kun shivered, and his expression became even worse. The Chancellor smiled and said nothing; Goatee and the others had strange expressions. At this instant, Wang Baole—who had recovered from calculating the answer—thought of Cao Kun's previous taunting and showed a humble expression on his face while murmuring to the Dharmic Armament Pavilion elder, "Senior, that... I'm not the Inscriptions Head Prefect—he is."

Saying that, Wang Baole purposefully pointed at the crying Cao Kun.

Cao Kun's heart burned with hatred, but he was under the attention of everyone, so he could not show it. Instead, he forced a smile and cupped his fist in greeting. However, he had not even finished paying his respects when the Dharmic Armament Pavilion elder turned away and looked at Wang Baole curiously.

"Then, you must be the Spirit Kernel Head Prefect!"

Lin Tianhao's expression changed drastically. Wang Baole gave a blushing smile, and ignoring the color on Lin Tianhao's face, he raised his finger and pointed straight at him.

"He is the Spirit Kernel Head Prefect. Senior, I'm the Spirit Stones Head Prefect."

The Dharmic Armament Pavilion elder had a strange look on his face when he heard that, apparently finding it quite unbelievable. He shook his head, and after some thought, he took out a jade slip and handed it to Wang Baole.

“This jade slip records part of Materials Study, which comes after Spirit Kernel. You can get familiar with it, feel your way around by yourself.” After gifting the jade slip, the Dharmic Armament Pavilion Elder and the Chancellor left together.

Very soon, the Chancellor returned. He gave everyone a few words of encouragement, asked Wang Baole about his studies, then announced that the lecture had ended.

Goatee and the others also started to leave; however, before each of them left, they would stare at Wang Baole. This was especially so for Goatee, who looked at Wang Baole with a large smile. He felt that his initial judgement in specially recruiting Wang Baole was correct.

After encouraging Wang Baole with a few words, he left with the other Dharmic Armament faculty teachers.

After all the teachers left, the other Head Prefects immediately came up to Wang Baole to interact with good intentions. They laughed and talked with each other as they walked down Chancellor Peak, and they only separated after reaching the base.

Only Cao Kun and Lin Tianhao had dark expressions and constantly glared at Wang Baole’s back. If looks could kill, Cao Kun would have stabbed Wang Baole millions upon millions of times.

“Cao Kun, you need to work harder when you get back. I’m worried that this fatty might come for your Inscriptions Head Prefect position next!” Lin Tianhao was troubled. He knew that reminders were useless, but he still sighed and reminded Cao Kun.

Cao Kun was stunned. Previously, he had felt something ominous, and now he was even more panicked. His face turned white. He quickly ran back to the cave abode with his eyes red and started studying like crazy.

Chapter 48: Inscriptions Test

At the thought of his rapid improvement in Inscriptions and Cao Kun’s aggrieved expression, the smug Wang Baole felt good, especially upon seeing the jade green bracelet on his wrist again.

A storage Dharmic artifact! Wang Baole was thrilled. He could not bear to part with the bracelet, and it was obvious that this object was too precious and special to these students. After all, it represented the Federation’s step into the Spirit Inception Era to a certain degree. To normal people, it was one of the most well-known objects that belonged to a cultivator.

Now, on the way back to the Dharmic Armament faculty cave abode, Wang Baole could not resist the urge to try putting his personal items into the storage bracelet. It was simple to use this Dharmic artifact; in the Federation, as long as a person had cultivated the Qi Fostering Art, they could use it.

He only needed to inject Spirit Qi to instantly sense that the bracelet had about twenty square feet of space, and he could put in and take out items as he wished. After trying, Wang Baole was exhilarated.

Along the way back, he kept putting in items and taking them out. He even learned the gesture of the Chancellor and the others. Raising his right hand and flicking, a bag of snacks appeared in his hand. When he flicked again, the snacks disappeared.

All this caused Wang Baole to laugh out involuntarily. Caught in this wonderful feeling, he swiftly returned to the cave abode and took out the jade slip that the Dharmic Armament Pavilion Elder had given him.

The so-called Material Study described the ingredients to augment and amplify Spirit Kernels. There were also simple methods to meld the ingredients. After a long time, Wang Baole—who had gained some insight—put down the jade slip and entered the hallucination realm to continue his systemic deduction.

Following the explanations from the Chancellor at the lecture, Wang Baole had swiftly filled up his own basic knowledge. Through drawing reason by analogy, he had a deep understanding of the Inscriptions system, and when he started to calculate again, he realized that his deduction speed was even faster than before.

After three days, Wang Baole was delighted to discover that the number of times that he had been struck by lightning could be counted on his fingers. Now, whenever the mask posed a question, he could immediately give the answer.

Even though the number of Inscriptions he remembered was only a few hundred thousand, with the system, he could deduce all the Inscriptions he needed. On a certain level, to say that he had already memorized all of the million Inscriptions was not an exaggeration.

Most importantly, his understanding of these Inscriptions was deeper because of his formulaic deduction.

Feeling that he was very formidable, Wang Baole could no longer resist. He did not want Liu Daobin and the others to continue suffering. Furthermore, he did not want Zhang Lan and the other three to continue their arrogance. So, in the early morning of the fourth day, he brought his determination and resolve and went directly to the Inscriptions Hall.

When he reached the Inscriptions Hall, they were in the middle of a lesson. The Inscriptions study teacher was at the lectern, looking at the students with a stern face, explaining the Inscriptions.

The moment Wang Baole saw the teacher, he immediately clasped his fist in greeting. His arrival attracted the attention of all the students, and even the teacher looked over. If it had been any other person interrupting the class, the teacher would have scolded them, but after seeing Wang Baole and being one of the teachers who had participated in the Chancellor's lecture, his face showed a genial smile.

"Oh, it's Wang Baole. Today, we're talking about basic Inscriptions. If you're interested, you can also listen." The appreciation in the teacher's gaze was evident. His warm tone toward Wang Baole was a big contrast to his previous stern attitude toward all the other students.

This made all the surrounding students astonished. What was with the sudden change? Even if Wang Baole was the Spirit Stones Head Prefect, this was the Inscriptions Hall.

"I'm sorry, Teacher. That... I want to open the blue wall test to see how much I have mastered in my studies. If that's not acceptable, I can wait till you finish class and come again." Wang Baole scratched his head. He had been too hasty and did not consider that there might have been classes.

When the teacher heard this, his eyes shone in that moment, and he laughed loudly.

“There’s no need to wait for the end of class, Baole. You may take the test. I will watch over you and witness the appearance of the new Head Prefect of the Inscriptions Hall!” Not only did the Inscriptions teacher not get angry, he was even enthusiastic. In actuality, he also wanted to know just how many Inscriptions Wang Baole had mastered. According to his judgment, it had to be around 600,000 Inscriptions.

The surrounding students heard the conversation between Wang Baole and the teacher. When it came to the three words ‘New Head Prefect’, all of their eyes grew wide, and their hearts were in turmoil. Their brains roared as though they had seen a ghost, and they looked at Wang Baole in shock.

“Heavens, Wang Baole is really going to... take on the challenge of being Inscriptions Head Prefect?”

“How can this be? He only just became the Spirit Stones Head Prefect a few months back... so why is our teacher so confident?”

“If he succeeds, he will be the Spirit Stones Head Prefect and the Inscriptions Head Prefect!”

While all the people in this classroom looked like they had seen ghosts, Wang Baole inhaled deeply. After bowing to the teacher, he walked into the classroom and stood in front of the blue wall. He raised his hand and placed it on top. The blue wall test opened.

In an instant, the blue wall emitted a blue light and trapped Wang Baole within. Wang Baole sat cross-legged. His test had officially begun!

The test for Inscriptions was different from Spirit Stones study. It was not about testing their skill in carving but condensing illusions, to prove that the student had a certain proficiency in Inscriptions. Under the scrutiny of the students and teacher, Wang Baole sat down. In an instant, pictures that other people could not see appeared before his eyes.

In those pictures, there were countless Inscriptions that required Wang Baole to differentiate, and simultaneously follow a set sequence to complete the ranking.

While it was like this, the difficulty was not too high. However, in truth, more complicated Inscriptions questions could appear at any moment during the process, such as fill in the blank questions or multiple-choice questions. Other questions needed to be annotated or required the student to draw the Inscriptions.

These questions appeared at random times. The moment the candidate answered the question incorrectly, the test would end. Furthermore, the test had a strict time limit, and the moment the candidate exceeded the time limit, the test would also end.

This difficulty caused the students to refer to the Inscriptions study test as the devil’s trial.

Now, although everyone who was spectating the process could not see Wang Baole’s answering progress, they could see Wang Baole’s result constantly changing and increasing on the blue wall.

30,000, 80,000, 120,000, 200,000!

In a short five minutes, Wang Baole's number swiftly exploded. The constantly jumping numbers immediately struck all the students in the Inscriptions Hall dumb with amazement again, and some students even stood up, speechless.

"That's fast!"

"This Wang Baole... It can't be that he will become the new Head Prefect!"

The jumping of Wang Baole's number was truly terrifying. When Cao Kun was promoted, he had required one hour to raise the number to 200,000.

The cry of amazement from the Inscriptions Hall quickly spread. To the students, this incident could be said to be an incident of an unbelievable magnitude. With the news spreading, the Inscriptions College Discipline Department's inspectors also heard of it. While all of them were stunned, they also paid attention. As for those who were close to Cao Kun, they quickly informed him of the news.

"Head Prefect Cao, Wang Baole is in the Inscriptions Hall. He... he wants to challenge you!"

Cao Kun—who was buried in his studies in the cave abode and had experienced some sort of breakthrough in memorizing Inscriptions—raised his head violently when he heard the voice transmission. His stress was unprecedentedly huge, and he was frantic.

"Wang Baole!"

If it had been before the Chancellor's lecture, he would have laughed mockingly if he had heard of this situation. But today, his heart beat rapidly, and a strong sense of unease caused his breathing to become erratic. He charged out of the cave abode fiercely and ran straight toward the Inscriptions Hall.

When he arrived, people already filled the interior and exterior of the classroom. It was clear that Wang Baole's opening of the Inscriptions blue wall had attracted the attention of everyone in the Dharmic Armament faculty, and they had all arrived en masse.

It was possible to even hear the shocked cries coming from inside the lecture hall.

"It's already 230,000. Heavens!"

"Way too fast, 250,000!"

"How proficient is this Wang Baole in Inscriptions that he can be so fast? Don't tell me that, to him, these 200,000 or so Inscriptions are already something he can easily answer in an instant!"

After spotting Cao Kun's silhouette, the crowd's expressions changed too many times to count, especially upon noticing Cao Kun's red eyes and his obviously mad expression. The crowd quickly created a path to allow Cao Kun to rush into the hall. As he entered, he did not have the energy to care about the confused stares from the students and looked directly at Wang Baole.

When he looked, he saw that Wang Baole's number on the blue wall had reached 280,000. Cao Kun felt as though a bomb had gone off in his brain, his vision turned black and he staggered, breathing with some difficulty. His face turned white in that instant, and the veins on his forehead stood up as he moaned.

“Wang Baole, you want to surpass me, impossible. I will also... apply for the test!”

Cao Kun stepped forward fiercely and placed his right hand directly on the blue wall. The Head Prefect test had the light from the blue wall as protection so that no one could disrupt the student, but that did not mean that only one person could take the test at a time.

Now, Cao Kun and Wang Baole were competing directly against each other. In the Spirit Kernel Head Prefect Pavilion, Lin Tianhao, stood suddenly and threw his teacup viciously onto the ground, gritting his teeth.

“Wang Baole, you want to fight with me. You peasant-born cooked entrails, how dare you oppose me!”

Chapter 49: He Does Not Seem Like a Bad Guy

The disturbance in the Dharmic Armament faculty Inscriptions Hall was too huge, especially once Cao Kun entered the test. The clash between the two of them attracted even more attention, and even the other teachers of the Dharmic Armament faculty went to watch.

After all, Wang Baole already had a number of legends to his name. If he could really become the Inscriptions Head Prefect, he would be the second double Head Prefect in the history of the Dharmic Armament faculty.

Even though the teacher had secretly judged after the incident at the Chancellor’s lecture that Wang Baole would not have much difficulty becoming the Inscriptions Head Prefect, Cao Kun still had some attainments and talent in Inscriptions. As many people saw it, the victor in the clash between the two was hard to determine.

As for Goatee, after hearing of the incident, he smiled.

“This is interesting.” Goatee thought for a moment. Even if Wang Baole did lose, it was fine. However, seeing as Goatee had brought him over, if Wang Baole won and became a double Head Prefect, his excellence would have to be rewarded. It did not matter that Goatee did not express it when Wang Baole became the Spirit Stones Head Prefect, but if he also became the Inscriptions Head Prefect, a reward would be necessary.

In the hall, under everyone’s gaze, Cao Kun gritted his teeth and began the test. Previously, his Inscriptions attainment was 400,000. Recently, because of the immense pressure, he had put his all into memorizing, making some improvements. It seemed possible for him to attain 450,000. With his eyes red, he quickly caught up.

Very quickly, an alarming cry exploded from inside the hall. This cry rapidly spread in all directions.

“No wonder Cao Kun is a Head Prefect. In such a short time, he has managed to attain 100,000! You see, his numbers are rising so quickly!”

“Wang Baole is even better! He is already at 300,000!”

The commotion in the hall grew louder. If it had been any other time, the students would not have dared make so much noise with a teacher around. However, what they saw was so astonishing that even

the Inscriptions hall teacher could understand their feelings. He laughed, and rather than stifling them, he looked at Wang Baole with admiration, anticipating more.

As for Cao Kun, he was going crazy. His full attention was focused on the Inscriptions test, and he was putting in all his effort to catch up. Gradually, his numbers increased to 200,000. But at this time, everyone cried out in surprise, as if something unprecedented had shaken them.

“Wang Baole... 400,000!”

“And it’s still increasing to 430,000! He’s exceeded Cao Kun’s previous result. He is now the Head Prefect!”

“Heavens, 430,000 is still not the limit. You see, it’s already 470,000!”

The great commotion caused by the shocked cries became louder and louder. Wang Baole’s number had not paused since he started, and it was still soaring. Very soon, it was 490,000 and then 500,000!

This scene had also been posted on the Spirit Intranet. Forum threads about Wang Baole once again became the focus of everyone in the Dao College.

“Why is it him again...”

“Why is it still him...”

All the students from the other faculties on the Spirit Intranet sighed. It was true that in that academic year, Wang Baole’s name had flooded their screens so many times that everyone felt tired already.

But soon, when some people found the results of all the previous Dharmic Armament faculty Inscriptions Head Prefects, this tiredness disappeared and was replaced by shock and awe.

In the Spirit Inception Era, there had been 19 Inscriptions Head Prefects of the Dharmic Armament faculty. Among these people, the lowest number had only 300,000 or so Inscriptions, but the highest number... had reached 930,000!

The one who had the most... was currently the Grand Elder of Upper Academy Island’s Dharmic Armament Pavilion, above the regular elders in Ethereal Dao College. Even more so, he was one of the high-flyers of Ethereal Dao College. Currently, he was famous even in the Federation and was hailed as one of the top ten Dharmic Armament teachers, Duan Muqi!

Other than holding the highest score among all the Inscriptions Head Prefects, this Duan Muqi was the only person in the history of the Dharmic Armament faculty to have been the Head Prefect of both Inscriptions and Spirit Kernel!

The only pity was that Duan Muqi was relatively weak in Spirit Stones, so he did not become the as yet to appear... triple Head Prefect!

And now... even though the Head Prefect bell had not reverberated because Wang Baole’s test had not ended, he was already the Inscriptions Head Prefect. Wang Baole was already... the second double Head Prefect in the Dharmic Armament faculty’s history!

As the news spread, this allowed many different opinions to explode throughout the Dao College. Especially as... in the Inscriptions hall, Wang Baole's number was still rising, from the previous 500,000 to 600,000!

"Exactly how many Inscriptions has Wang Baole mastered!"

"It's already 670,000. This is beyond human!"

"700,000!"

At that moment, no one was paying any attention to Cao Kun, who was still taking the test. His numbers had stalled at 460,000, and after increasing slowly, his body shook, and his test ended. When he raised his head, he was originally confident because of the increase in his result, but upon seeing Wang Baole's number, he immediately broke down, staring with wide eyes.

"700... 700,000... This... Impossible..." Cao Kun stood fiercely and took a few steps back. His whole body started shaking, and his expression was one of disbelief. His vision started to dim.

This blow had extinguished everything for him. This was no longer competing; this was a complete annihilation!

He could not believe that Wang Baole's Inscriptions number had exceeded his by so much. As he saw it, it was completely impossible.

But the numbers were jumping constantly before his eyes. It was like numerous sharp swords piercing his heart, causing Cao Kun to lose all strength and lean against the wall, his mind blank. He could not accept the reality that someone had surpassed him, and he was as petrified as a piece of wood.

However, this annihilation had not stopped. The noises from all-around kept coming, and under the gazes of hundreds of thousands, Wang Baole's number actually exploded again. It went from 700,000 to 800,000!

After this explosive surge, the speed of the numbers slowly decreased. They could see Wang Baole sitting cross-legged, his body shaking, the veins on his head bulging. To have reached such a standard, even Wang Baole felt immense pressure.

This Inscriptions test got harder as it went on as the candidate could not make mistakes or exceed the time limit. Furthermore, they needed to rapidly answer various questions that could appear at any time.

Thus, even though Wang Baole had the systemic formula, he was still gradually unable to hold on. It was not that his deduction speed was slow, but his body's strength and his concentration could not sustain it.

This strain on his brain consumed too much. Even with such a short process, his body had obviously lost some weight. His original round face had shrunk, and upon closer inspection, with Wang Baole so haggard, he actually... had a face that many people would consider handsome!

If Wang Baole had been clear-headed at that moment and looked into a mirror, he would have been extremely moved, thinking that he was the most handsome man on earth. Unfortunately for him, he was currently absorbed in the test, and all his mental energy was dedicated to the Inscriptions. As time

passed, after one hour, he finally managed—with much difficulty—to push from 800,000 Inscriptions to 900,000!

He continued, although his speed was ever decreasing. As numerous people waited inside and outside the hall, six more hours passed. Wang Baole's number had exceeded 930,000, and when it reached 940,000, his whole body shook. His physical and mental strength could not hold on, and in that instant... the test ended!

As it ended, the blue light disappeared, and the Head Prefect bell immediately sounded. In the Dharmic Armament faculty, the buzz resounded.

"Inscriptions Head Prefect!"

"Dharmic Armament faculty double Head Prefect, Wang Baole!"

The cry in the Dharmic Armament faculty shook heaven and earth. However, Wang Baole could not hear any of this. The moment the test ended, he fainted from his high energy expenditure. After the Inscriptions study teacher supported him and gave him some pills, he sent Wang Baole back to his cave abode.

After noticing that Wang Baole had fainted, the students inside and outside the hall all showed admiration in their gazes. Evidently, the current Wang Baole commanded the respect of all the students.

Following the sounds of the Head Prefect bell, Cao Kun let out a pained cry and spat out blood several times. The Head Prefect Token in his arms crumbled, and he seemed to have lost his wits, vacantly turning around and leaving.

No one noticed his departure. When the Head Prefect bell resounded in the Dharmic Armament faculty, all the inspectors in the Inscriptions and Spirit Stones College Discipline Department became all terrified. There was a significant number of people who were secretly glad that they had not been too harsh and had been passively procrastinating instead.

If not, they would have needed to worry about not being able to hold onto their position. Furthermore, there were some smart people who immediately rushed to gain Liu Daobin and the others' favor.

Liu Daobin and the others had been imprisoned, and all of them were very nervous. They did not know what was happening outside, and although they had heard the Head Prefect bell, they did not know what had happened. They could only guess. Only when the inspectors who had imprisoned reappeared and fought to gain their favor—some even taking the initiative to release them—did they learn that Wang Baole had become the Inscriptions Head Prefect.

Liu Daobin and the others were moved, and each of them smiled widely at the sky, feeling as though the clouds had parted to reveal a sunny blue sky.

While the whole Dharmic Armament faculty was talking about Wang Baole's status as double Head Prefect, in the Spirit Kernel Head Prefect Pavilion, Lin Tianhao had broken into a furious rage. He had broken all the items in the room, and his eyes glared in the direction of Wang Baole's cave abode.

He could not tolerate the days coming, where Wang Baole would have two votes and he would be suppressed by Wang Baole. Gradually, his gaze showed a yearning to kill.

At the same time, in the Combat faculty, in Lu Zihao's room, there was one more external guest. This guest was Zhou Lu's sister, Zhou Jing. She was the beautiful girl who had previously been wearing a cat mask at the club. Currently, she was excitedly giving a jade slip to Lu Zihao. She watched as Lu Zihao opened the Spirit Intranet, showing Wang Baole's picture.

"Rat, this is the information you wanted. I have been searching for a long time and secretly took some from my father. Tell me quick, is that shameless Fat Rabbit this Wang Baole?" The beautiful girl was excited, and her beautiful gaze swept across Wang Baole's picture.

This picture had been taken by the students at the exact moment that Wang Baole had been haggard from the test, with his face having slimmed down greatly. The students had then posted the picture on the Spirit Intranet.

"I feel that this Wang Baole does not seem like a fat rabbit. You see, he looks quite handsome, not like a bad guy." The beautiful girl took a few more looks, and as she looked, she felt that Wang Baole's profile seemed to have a certain charm.

"Him handsome? You must be blind!" Lu Zihao could not take it, and his eyes glared!

Chapter 50: Uninvited Guest

Heavens, so I look this handsome when I slim down!

At dawn the next day, Wang Baole awoke in the cave abode and rubbed the aching place between his eyebrows. As he thought of how he seemed to have become Head Prefect before he fainted, he opened the Spirit Intranet to check the news.

Very quickly, he saw a picture of himself.

As he looked at his profile on the picture, Wang Baole squinted, somewhat unable to believe his eyes. His breathing had also hastened, and he could not help but stare at it for a long time. Finally, when he confirmed that it was indeed himself, he felt extremely moved.

This... is this really me? This knife-sharp jawline, high nose bridge, eyes filled with wisdom...

Wang Baole felt the corners of his eyes grow moist. Most importantly, the angle from which this photo was taken was too magical.

To have taken Wang Baole's haggard face and given it the effect of being handsome and filled with an indescribable charm shocked even Wang Baole. He quickly took out a mirror to compare. Upon seeing the round face in the mirror and then the deep handsome picture, Wang Baole grew more and more satisfied.

No wonder people say that every fatso has potential. This sentence is correct. I, Wang Baole, am the one with the most potential. Hehe. If I completely slim down one day, I will definitely be so handsome that the universe will explode!

Even those celebrities in the Federation will not be equal to me!

As he was pleased with himself, he saved the picture from the Spirit Intranet in preparation for the future when he needed to send pictures to people.

After all, only this photo suits my appearance.

Wang Baole patted his stomach and happily continued to check the Spirit Intranet. He only looked at those that were shocked at him being double Head Prefect; as for the comments that sourly mocked him, Wang Baole automatically ignored them.

After a short while, Wang Baole had mostly finished looking. Satisfied, he took out a bag of snacks to eat. His heart was pleased, and he thought about the fact that he had become the double Head Prefect. Now, no one could bully him!

Some things I can now do. But... I cannot let Lin Tianhao be too pleased with himself. Cao Kun was only an instrument in his hands. I need to continue to work hard and get rid of him!

At this point, Wang Baole placed the snacks down and was about to leave when at the same time, Liu Daobin came to visit.

In actuality, Liu Daobin had already come a few times. Every time he visited, he would stand outside the cave abode and ask to meet softly, afraid that Wang Baole was still sleeping. He felt that Wang Baole would be awake now, so he had come again.

“Liu Daobin pays his respect to the Spirit Stones and Inscriptions double Head Prefect!” The moment Liu Daobin walked in, he immediately bowed deeply, then he stood up and helped Wang Baole sweep the cave abode and serve tea.

Wang Baole sighed emotively. When he lost his influence and all his underlings were caught, he had not been treated so well. He took a sip of the tea and smiled.

“Daobin, you have suffered in this period.”

“To work for the Head Prefect is not suffering! It’s just that I am furious that Cao Kun actually made me say some ridiculous words to slander the Head Prefect. From the start to the end, I, Liu Daobin, have always been loyal. To slander the Head Prefect is something I would never do!” Liu Daobin clarified his stance, raised his chest, and pounded it a few times.

Wang Baole was very satisfied with Liu Daobin’s attitude. After thinking for a moment, he leaned forward a little bit. Liu Daobin immediately rushed ahead and carefully placed his ear at a position suitable for Wang Baole to speak.

“I will no longer hold Head Prefect meetings. Please watch the Spirit Stones and Inscriptions College Discipline Departments’ attitudes. As for Zhang Lan and the others... I don’t want to see them in the Dao College anymore!” The moment Wang Baole spoke, Liu Daobin understood and was moved.

He knew that this was Wang Baole giving him authority. Even though he was not an inspector himself, he had more power than them. Furthermore, closing the Head Prefect meeting did not lack meaning; he could imagine that inspectors from the Inscriptions and Spirit Stones College Discipline Department would be trembling with fear.

“Don’t worry, Head Prefect, I understand!” Liu Daobin took a deep breath and wore a solemn expression. He exchanged a few more words with Wang Baole before he left.

After he left, Wang Baole thought for a moment and activated the voice transmission ring. With those days of having his underlings taken away for questioning, he knew that he could not let Liu Daobin handle these kinds of matters. His research from high officials' autobiographies allowed him to understand one principle—matters that dealt with the drawing in of people's heart and minds to be handled by himself.

In actuality, it was also like this. Those students who had previously been captured had all become very emotional after receiving Wang Baole's greeting. They were all extremely enthusiastic, and their respect for Wang Baole had turned into worship.

All of this was because of Wang Baole's double Head Prefect status and the fact that all of them had gone through adversity together!

After resolving the matters of the College Discipline Department, Wang Baole took out the second half of the Qi Fostering Art. The reason he did not plan to have the Head Prefect meeting was because he was too lazy to see Lin Tianhao.

When I get rid of him, I will have the only say at this Dharmic Armament faculty. That would be best. Wang Baole snorted before lowering his head to study Spirit Kernels in the Qi Fostering Art.

In actuality, Inscriptions and Spirit Kernels had many similarities. However, one could only grasp these similarities if their Inscriptions mastery had reached at least 600,000.

For example, many methods to carve the Inscriptions' details were methods to differentiate Inscriptions but also to turn carvings on Spirit Stones into Spirit Kernels. As one's mastery of Inscriptions got closer to the essence, the more methods became similar.

Just as Wang Baole used a formula for deductions and calculation, this method had even more of an advantage. When he was in the Chancellor's lecture hall that day, he had used the merging of Inscriptions and Spirit Kernel study to resolve the Upper Academy Island Elder's test.

So, to the current Wang Baole, it would be too easy to take the position of Spirit Kernel Head Prefect after taking the position of Inscriptions Head Prefect.

After all, his knowledge was too deep. Regardless of Spirit Stones or Inscriptions, with the combination of both, his mastery of Spirit Kernel study would increase, hitting a level that would terrify other people.

It was also the case for Duan Muqi all those years ago. He had become the Spirit Kernel Head Prefect not two months after he had become the Inscriptions Head Prefect. Thus, the power that came with mastering Inscriptions to their limit was apparent.

In actuality, this was also the reason Lin Tianhao felt that Wang Baole was so terrifying and dreadful.

With the advantage he currently possessed, Wang Baole was prepared to accomplish everything in one fell swoop and take the position of Spirit Kernel Head Prefect too. So, he inhaled deeply and started to research.

The Spirit Kernel formulations that need memorization have too many similarities with Inscriptions. I can use my formula to resolve this; this is not difficult for me. The only part that is difficult is the familiarity that I have with carving.

In order to hone their abilities, others will require capital to practice. After all, Empty Stones are used to make Spirit Stones...

And as for me, I don't even need Empty Stones. Especially since I can make Rainbow Spirit Stones, which can hold even more Inscriptions! What I need is to be familiar with carving various Spirit Kernel Inscription formulas!

At that, Wang Baole took out a Spirit Stone and started familiarizing himself with carving Inscriptions.

This kind of carving technique allowed one to be familiar with the carving movements and also to deepen the Inscriptions. While working on both, Wang Baole once again felt his superiority. While other people needed some time to think before carving, he did not have to think at all because of his mastery of such a terrifying number of Inscriptions. Every Inscription had been imprinted deep in his mind, and he could directly draw it from memory.

As for accuracy, he was already better than other people. He could say that on the starting line, he was already infinitely closer to the end!

This scene surprised even Wang Baole himself, and slowly, his eyes started to shine.

If this continues, I think soon... I can become the Spirit Kernel Head Prefect!

As time passed, Wang Baole became immersed in his practice of Spirit Kernels. At midday on the third day, an unexpected guest arrived outside his cave abode.

It was Lu Zihao.

As he had sent a letter of visit to request a meeting, Wang Baole—who had just finished carving a flying sword Spirit Kernel—was stunned for a moment.

Why is Lu Zihao here? Don't tell me he has discovered my identity! Wang Baole was rather astonished. However, when he remembered that he was currently a double Head Prefect, he glared, took out his voice transmission ring, and explained the situation to Liu Daobin.

Even if he knows, what can he do? But it would still be better to hide it for a while. Wang Baole knew that it would not be too good to avoid meeting him.

Thus, he opened the door of his cave abode, and with a straightforward and uncertain expression, he looked at... Lu Zihao, who carried a boxing glove and seemed stiff below his robes as though he was wearing a pair of iron pants.

"You are?"