

Chapter 461: Turning Dreams into Reality!

The ancient Dark Sect had too many incredible and amazing mystic arts and techniques. The Dark Dream Mystic Art was one of them!

Expending one's own Daosource to draw someone else into a dreamscape that had been specially created for said person, passing on a mystic art in this dreamscape and everything about the Dark Sect, and creating an environment where Wang Baole could reach a breakthrough in his cultivation. It was all done using Dark Qi... which was formed from Ming Kunzi's Daosource!

That was why... even though Wang Baole had reached a breakthrough in his dream, when he returned to reality, sufficient Dark Qi would have accumulated inside his soul that would allow him to reach a breakthrough in real life. That was why the moment he had woken up, the Dark Fire inside his body had automatically multiplied to eighty-one Dark Fires, layered over one another, and spurred a transformation!

During the transformation, it was as if Wang Baole had replayed the exact scene when he had reached his breakthrough in his dream. The levels of his spirit energy climbed continuously, and his power repeatedly erupted as the Dark Core inside his body formed fully!

When the Dark Core was formed, an astonishing Dark Qi spread from inside, outward. It was like a vast ocean that surged through and flooded the meridians in Wang Baole's entire body. Sounds of crackling echoed whenever the energy burst through, and his meridians developed at an astonishing rate!

Power more immense than he had felt in his dream grew and intensified inside his body. Thunderous booms sounded around in the abyss surrounding him. Wang Baole's body shuddered as the sounds of crackling grew quickly to resemble the crashing of thunder. The physical transformation spurred by his breakthrough in cultivation became obvious at this moment. Black Qi exuded from his body as he sat cross-legged on the boat, creating a terrifying sight.

The black Qi continued to spread outward. It began to burn and transformed into an icy fire that surged outward. A whirlpool formed, with him in the eye of the storm. As it rumbled and spiraled, Wang Baole's hair stirred without a breeze. At that moment, from afar, he looked like a demonic god!

His round chubby form seemed to have slimmed down slightly, and it began to exude a faint air of authority. The aura of authority and waves of spirit energy that exuded from his person vastly surpassed that of a Foundation Establishment realm cultivator. He knew clearly that he... was no longer at the Foundation Establishment realm, and that he had... stepped into the Core Formation realm!

He didn't have to examine in detail. He could sense within his dantian, above the green lotus that had fused with his devouring seed, the appearance of... a flower bud!

It formed the same moment his Dark Core was formed, blossoming instantly and transforming into a lotus flower. Its petals began to fall, forming strong waves of Dark Qi. As the petals fell and drifted away, within the bud appeared...

A lotus!

The original green lotus only had a lotus seed head. The seed head was capable of bearing seeds and gave off waves of faint Spirit Qi. Now... a second lotus had appeared. It was clearly different from the first lotus. It was black in color and gave off waves of Dark Qi, and it was surrounded by an eerie glow. Upon closer examination, one could see... within this lotus head sat his Dark Core!

It was because of the Dark Core inside that this second lotus and the power it exuded gave one the feeling of it being like a sun. Its power clearly surpassed that of the first lotus!

It seemed to be of a different grade in terms of quality!

This wasn't the end of it. The bizarre transformation hadn't yet ended, and Wang Baole could clearly see the beginnings of a third lotus forming next to the second lotus. It was another flower bud!

Lightning shone and sparkled inside this lightning bud, but it seemed to lack certain nutrients that would allow it to flower. That was why it hadn't yet blossomed. However, Wang Baole could imagine that once this bud blossomed, a third lotus would appear inside his body!

One is a Dark Core, the other... a Lightning Core. If that's the case, what exactly is inside the green lotus... Wang Baole's conscious mind was still in a slight blur. These questions surfaced instinctively after he had observed everything.

He didn't continue with this line of thought for long. As his mind became clearer and more awake, everything that had happened within the Dark Dream surfaced before his eyes. He shuddered, and his breathing became uneven.

The Dark Dream... the Dark Sect! Wang Baole lowered his head. Complicated feelings unfurled within him as he thought about how he had witnessed the destruction of the Dark Sect just before he had left the sect. It had seemed like the compression of infinite time into a single moment, which had then passed. Wang Baole didn't know what had happened after. He didn't have enough information for him to know more. He remained silent as he sat on the solitary boat. Then, he pulled out the black mask without hesitation!

"Little Missy..." Wang Baole held onto the mask and whispered. There was sorrow in his voice.

"Are you able to tell me everything that you know about the Dark Art and the Dark Sect..." Wang Baole said in a low voice. The black mask glimmered. A long moment later, Little Missy's voice appeared in his mind.

"After you fell into a deep sleep, and your consciousness disappeared..."

"I went back to the Dark Sect..." Wang Baole muttered. What he said drove Little Missy into silence. Another long moment later, Little Missy's voice, tinged with exhaustion, rang out in Wang Baole's mind.

"There is a break in the historical records of our sect, the Dark Sect, following a calamity in the past. With the disappearance of the Dark Sect, the subsequent descendants could only draw conclusions of what had happened from the traces of evidence left behind. It appears that its destruction... has something to do with the Never-Ending Clan!"

"I am but an indirect descendant of the Dark Sect. I don't know the truth, but according to the little evidence left behind, the fall of the Dark Sect seemed to be related to the appearance of a traitor in the sect's midst..." At that point, the Little Missy seemed unable to continue. She spoke more and more slowly. It was as if she was remembering the past, or as if she was deliberating how to continue the story.

Before she could recall her memories, Wang Baole raised his head suddenly, his breathing stilled.

"I knew that must be it! I understand now! The Never-Ending Clan controls the power of life, while the Dark Sect controls the power of rebirth and wanders the universe on behalf of the Heavenly Dao. This battle between the respective Dao of life and death ended with the destruction and fall of the Dark Sect. That was why my master said... the Heavenly Dao fell... As for the traitor, I'm not sure of the situation in the rest of the other Dark Sects under the other Grand Elders, but if it's the sect under my master, the traitor... might be... Senior Brother."

"Ah?" Little Missy froze. If she had shown herself, the expression on her face would be one of bewilderment. A moment later, she coughed. She didn't continue to speak.

At present, as he continued to mutter to himself, Wang Baole merged what he already knew with what Little Missy had said in his mind. A picture of what had happened gradually formed. After a long time, he took a deep breath and buried his thoughts deep in his heart. Then, he got to his feet and stared at the abyss around him. Silently, he bent at his waist and bowed deeply.

When he straightened his back again, he shut his eyes. After a dozen or so breaths, he opened his eyes again. There was an icy glint in his eyes.

The Artifact Spirits... and the extraterrestrial cultivators! Wang Baole narrowed his eyes. He lowered his head and stared at the boat beneath his feet. The Dark Core shook inside his body, and a startling Dark Qi erupted from his person. It rolled outward in waves as he barked!

"Boat Spirit!"

His voice carried the power of Wang Baole's Dark Core cultivation. It also contained a power that had been formed while he had been dreaming... it was an overpowering aura that belonged to the Dark Sect... one that enabled one to wander the universe and reign over the multitude of souls in this universe!

His voice echoed in the abyss, and there was no place within the abyss that wasn't affected by the Dark Qi. The air rumbled and thundered as a huge whirlpool formed before him. It rumbled as it spun. The silhouette of a towering man formed rapidly. Within a span of a few breaths, it went from a blurry outline to a clear image of a person!

Wang Baole knew this man. He was the soul of the pervert whom Wang Baole had purified in his Dark Dream!

At the moment, however, the man's eyes were shut. The more distinct his form became, the clearer one could see the various missing and damaged parts on his form. His spirit energy was weak. The beckoning that was exuding from his body made Wang Baole realize that the one who had called out for him to enter this place was this soul!

Master said that the one who called for me was him and yet not him. Maybe what he means is that... he summoned me through this soul. Wang Baole stared at the large man's soul and pondered. His eyes turned soft. However, he had to do what he had to do. With a series of hand seals, the Dark Core inside his body was activated. One of the Dark Seals that Ming Kunzi had given him in his Dark Dream vanished instantly. It appeared before Wang Baole and raced towards the large man. It seared itself onto the man's forehead and infused itself with the soul. It seemed to have replaced the man's original memories with... the memories Ming Kunzi had created in the Dark Dream!

Only by completing this could the Boat Spirit truly belong to Wang Baole!

Everything in his dreams became reality!

The large man shuddered, and his shut eyes opened suddenly. There was a fierce fervor in his eyes when he stared at Wang Baole, and he immediately lowered his head and cupped his fists, bowing deeply.

"Greetings, Master!"

Chapter 462: Resume Your Position!

As soon as the soul of the Boat Spirit was branded with Wang Baole's Dark Seal, and following its greetings, a strange and bizarre feeling surfaced inside Wang Baole. It was as if he could determine the Boat Spirit's life and death with a single thought.

Wang Baole wasn't unfamiliar with such a feeling. It was the exact powerful feeling he had felt towards the three souls he had purified when he had been in the Dark Sect.

Next, the Robe Spirit and the Oar Spirit! Wang Baole narrowed his eyes. He thought about the malicious intentions the two Artifact Spirits had harbored towards him in the past, then snorted. At present, standing on the black boat, he raised his right hand. With a wave of his hand, the boat rumbled and sped forward, melting into the abyss. It vanished without a trace.

When it appeared again, it was at the third level of the underground world, in the central public square in the city!

At present, both the elder and the young boy were equally nervous. They had no idea what kind of transformation Wang Baole would go through after entering the deep cave. However, violence filled their hearts. Their desire to kill Wang Baole was extremely strong. They couldn't do the deed themselves though. As such, they had summoned all the powerful beasts within this underground world and had them gathered outside the cave. They were waiting for Wang Baole to appear.

They had attempted to get the monsters into the cave. However, there was a barrier inside the cave that stopped anything else from entering. No matter how anxious the State Preceptor and the young boy grew, they could only wait outside as they had the cave surrounded.

As they stood wrought with anxiety and panic, and as hordes of monsters surrounded the cave, suddenly, the heavens changed. The winds howled, the clouds boiled, and a thunderous boom erupted in the air. The earth quaked and collapsed suddenly as giant cracks appeared in the ground. A terrifying aura erupted from the cracks and transformed into a hurricane that rose to the heavens. The earth

broke apart and shattered into bits of stone and soil. They were flung into the air. The monsters around the cave let loose terrible cries and howls as they were swept away by the sudden strong force and fell back hastily.

Everything had happened too quickly. Alarm flashed across the faces of the elderly State Preceptor and the young boy. As the ground fell apart beneath their feet, a gigantic black boat came rising through the earth!

Thunderous booms resounded in the air. The black boat broke through the earth and appeared before the elder and the young boy. They instantly saw Wang Baole, with his hands behind his back, on the boat!

An indescribable fear surged through the hearts of the State Preceptor and the young boy, and a myriad of emotions flashed across their faces. Their memories and fear of the Dark Sect instantly appeared in full detail. The boy, especially, shuddered. Violence and madness appeared in his eyes as he let loose a shrill scream.

As his piercing scream rang in the air, the monsters that had been pushed back howled as if agitated. Regardless of the fear in their hearts, their eyes reddened, and they charged madly at Wang Baole.

“Insolent fools!” There was ice in Wang Baole’s eyes as he said coolly. With a thought, the black boat beneath his feet suddenly shone with a black light. The light was like waves of inscriptions that rolled and swept outwards.

Where it passed, charging monsters shuddered violently and were left immobile. Regardless of how high their level of cultivation was, their very existence was linked to the Dark Artifact. They had been changed due to the spirit energy given off by the Dark Artifact, and their mutation was a direct result of the Dark Artifact. There was an intrinsic defect in their very flesh and blood.

This defect made them vulnerable and helpless before the Dark Artifact and before Wang Baole. As the waves of inscription swept outward, loud booming explosions rang out. The monsters exploded one by one. They were like blood-red blossoms flowering between heaven and earth!

The ease of the monsters’ elimination was a terrifying sight, and it caused the boy’s pupils to contract. However, he was clearly of an extremely violent character. Despite knowing the extent of damage the Dark Fire inside Wang Baole’s body could inflict on him, he didn’t choose to escape. Instead, it seemed as if he had gone mad. His eyes turned red, and with a wave of his hand, he pulled the fresh blood that had spilled from the exploded monsters towards him.

From afar, the fresh blood seemed to have frozen instantly and formed a river of blood. It flowed around and circled the young boy, forming a blood-colored protective armor. It seemed like he intended to use the armor to defend himself against the Dark Fire. Within the armor, the boy screamed. His speed surged to the extremes of his limits as he charged at Wang Baole!

Wang Baole remained unfazed at the charging, violent boy. If this had happened prior to his Dark Dream, he wouldn’t possess any psychological edge in this situation. However, in the Dark Sect in his Dark Dream, he had seen too many souls. He had also experienced the power the Dark Sect had over souls. He had been there. He had no fear of any souls.

Such a psychological edge meant he wasn't bothered by the approaching boy. He had personally cleansed this boy's soul in the Dark Dream, after all.

Even though it was just a memory from a dream, after he branded the boy with the Dark Seal resting inside his Dark Core, this boy's memories would be changed and become identical to those in the dream!

This meant that Wang Baole was unfazed by anything. He spoke coolly.

"You're too noisy!" As he spoke, Wang Baole raised his right hand. With a slight wave, as if he was painting for the souls in his Dark Dream, he began to... paint a Corpse Face!

As his finger landed, the screaming and charging boy suddenly shuddered. A power that he was powerless to resist, that disregarded the blood-colored armor around him, landed on his soul. It was like the touch of a brush, a light stroke falling on his soul!

In an instant, his mouth vanished, and the screaming stopped...

The boy trembled violently. As terror flashed across his eyes, Wang Baole sent his right hand waving again. Instantly, half of the boy's body disappeared, as if wiped away!

The emotion in the boy's eyes surpassed that of fear then. It had turned to shock. The feeling of having one's soul torn to pieces, which he had almost forgotten, was once again dredged out from the depths of his memories. It was like an ocean that threatened to drown him. The boy began to shudder, and despair and pleading appeared in his eyes.

This was the power the Dark Sect had over souls. This was the power a Dark Child had over an Artifact Spirit. It was a power that disregarded the level of one's cultivation. Even though Wang Baole was only at the Core Formation realm, and even though the boy's cultivation level was clearly higher than Wang Baole's, he was but a mere Artifact Spirit. As long as his soul didn't reach a certain cultivation level, he would be helpless against Wang Baole's mystic art!

"Shouldn't you get down on your knees?" Wang Baole saw the pleading in the boy's eyes and held his finger still, speaking calmly.

As soon as he said that, the boy fell with a thud to his knees. However, because the lower half of his body had vanished, he sprawled on the floor when he knelt, his forehead hitting the ground repeatedly as if kowtowing.

The sight almost scared the wits out of the State Preceptor, who was standing a short distance away. He gasped in shock!

"Corpse Face!" He shuddered. He didn't hesitate. He retreated immediately and hurriedly. There was only one thought in his mind, and that was to escape!

He had no time to think of where he should run to, or where he could run to...

"You have a death wish!" Wang Baole raised his head and stared at the fleeing elder in the distance with cold eyes. He didn't continue with his Corpse Face Mystic Art. Instead, his eyes turned black. It was like the spreading of dark ink over his eyes as the whites of Wang Baole's eyes were instantly dyed a pitch black!

The instant his eyes turned completely black, the Dark Core Lotus inside his body began to churn. An illusory large hand reached out from his body!

It was equally black. When it appeared, the surroundings turned icy cold. The young boy, who had been kowtowing, trembled even more violently. The terror in his eyes grew more intense.

The monsters who remained and hadn't been killed all began to tremble. As terror and fear filled the air, the giant hand that had reached out from Wang Baole's body suddenly dashed out and headed straight for... the elder who was fleeing into the distance!

"Soul Guidance!" The State Preceptor screamed. His eyes were colored with despair as he tried to escape but failed to do so. The Soul Guiding Hand approached and grabbed him. He struggled to no avail. With a sudden throw, he was flung onto the boat right before Wang Baole!

Wang Baole stared coldly at the elder that had been captured by the Soul Guiding Hand. Then, he looked at the trembling young boy who was still kowtowing. With a wave of his right hand, the other two Dark Seals in his Dark Core flew out and branded the two souls.

The two Artifact Spirits shuddered. Then, they stopped shuddering. Fervor colored their eyes as their memories were replaced. In their memories, they had been personally purified by Wang Baole. They were Artifact Spirits that belonged to Wang Baole!

"Shouldn't you be resuming your positions?" Wang Baole said coolly as he withdrew the Soul Guiding Hand. The State Preceptor moved forward and transformed into a Black Robe. It raced towards Wang Baole and fell on his shoulders. At the same time, as Wang Baole raised his right hand, the young boy transformed as well. He turned into a black Lantern Oar and landed in Wang Baole's hand. Wang Baole gripped it!

All of a sudden, the entire underground world, its skies and lands, shuddered. Above it, the second and first levels, the entire Dark Artifact, shuddered violently!

From afar, Wang Baole wore a black robe and stood on a black boat. His entire aura was changed. Within his hand was a lantern oar, and a lantern hung on its tip, giving off an eerie glow...

If Zhao Pinfang were here this moment, he would be shocked and excited to find out that Wang Baole's figure seemed to have overlaid with that of the silhouette in his wall painting. They were one and the same!

Chapter 463: A Medial-Grade Divine Armament!

After getting hold of the lantern oar and wearing the black robe, Wang Baole shut his eyes as he stood in this underground world. Thunder seemed to be crashing inside his mind as an image gradually formed in his head.

He saw an enormous boat. It was buried deep underground and was hundreds of yards long and completely black in color. Almost the entire boat was severely damaged and lined with huge cracks.

Dark Qi seeped out continuously from the cracks, fusing with the earth and affecting the greater underground area. The entire vast region seemed to transform into Dark Earth.

There was something illogical and unreasonable about the sight. Logically speaking, a boat with almost ninety percent of it damaged would have collapsed a long time ago. However, the boat in his mind seemed to be held together with a strange and extraordinary power. Despite the vast extent of damage, it continued to retain the shape and structure of a boat!

This boat was a Dark Sampan ¹ !

Buried deep underground on Mars, it had affected the spirit energies of the entire planet. The Dark Qi that had spread underground covered half the planet. It had changed the evolutionary development of certain species and caused vast numbers of mutations. It had been like a sudden evolutionary transformation that took place swiftly. It had been the cause of the Beast Tides.

It had affected corpses and caused the appearance of ancient corpses in the Beast Tides!

The reason that it had been able to accomplish all this wasn't only due to the Dark Sampan's own incredible power. There was another reason. That was because... the Dark Artifact buried in the Martian underground wasn't only a Dark Sampan!

There was also a Lantern Oar as well as a Black Robe!

Within Wang Baole's mind, he saw an equally enormous oar beside the Dark Sampan. It was equally damaged. In fact, the extent of its damage seemed even greater, with only a small part of it left. Its lantern and its handle were missing, seemingly ripped apart, their whereabouts were unknown.

On the other side of the Dark Sampan was the Black Robe, buried. Similarly, only a small, damaged part of it remained. The whereabouts of its missing parts were unknown.

The three Dark Artifacts combined were the true, complete Dark Artifacts that belonged to a Dark Child of the Dark Sect!

After a long time, Wang Baole opened his eyes. His entire heart was overwhelmed with emotions. He knew clearly that the black robe on him, the boat beneath his feet, and the lantern oar in his hands were all mere illusions. They weren't real. However, he was still shocked by the true forms of these three Dark Artifacts.

To be damaged to this extent and yet still possess such power... that it's able to affect the Martian underground and the evolution of Martian species. It even created a three-level underground world on Mars... At that thought, Wang Baole took a deep breath. He finally knew where he was. He was inside the Dark Artifact. It was clear that there was some sort of dimension-distorting spell in this place, and that was how the three-level underground world was formed. Its size was astonishing.

Since Wang Baole had branded the three Artifact Spirits, he was now the master of the Dark Artifact. He could sense that the three Dark Artifacts were so large because they had been too severely damaged and hence, lost their ability to shrink in size. Once they were repaired to a sufficient degree, their sizes could be modified with a single thought!

If the three Dark Artifacts are recovered to their perfect states... how powerful would they be? Shock stirred within Wang Baole. He already knew the answer. Based on his understanding of the Dark Artifacts in his Dark Dream, he knew that if the Dark Artifacts could be repaired completely, they would become immense weapons that would help a Dark Child wander the universe!

At that thought, Wang Baole was overcome by excitement. After a moment, he took a deep breath and suddenly said, "Artifact Spirits, report the extent of damage your respective Dark Artifacts have suffered!"

As soon as Wang Baole spoke, the voices of his Artifact Spirits rang in his head. They spoke with extreme respect and deference.

"Master, the Lantern Oar has lost sixty percent of its full form. The exact locations of these lost parts are unknown and beyond our senses. The remaining forty percent of its parts have received approximately eighty percent damage. Only the Power of Laws is holding it together and preventing it from being completely ruined..."

"Master, the dark robe is in a similar state. Seventy percent of its full form has been lost... The remaining three percent of its parts are also mostly damaged..."

The boy's and the State Preceptor's answers gave Wang Baole a headache. The three Dark Artifacts had simply received too much damage, especially the robes. Wang Baole felt it no longer resembled robes and looked like strips of cloth instead...

That's useless. I got excited for nothing! Wang Baole sighed.

"Master, if there are sufficient materials, the Dark Artifact can repair itself. As long as any one of the Dark Artifacts is restored to ten percent functionality, it will be able to establish a constant protective barrier that can withstand attacks from anyone below the Spirit Immortal realm!" The words of the Dark Artifact's Artifact Spirit gave Wang Baole hope. He was once again shocked by the power of the Dark Artifact.

"You can achieve that with only ten percent functionality? What if it's higher?"

"If the Dark Sampan could be restored to thirty percent of its functionality, it will be able to unleash an attack that rivals one at the greater Spirit Immortal realm. But this will use up a lot of energy. More materials will be required for further repair before it can unleash a second attack! Considering that both the Lantern Oar and the Dark Robe are missing parts of their form, I suggest starting the repair of the Dark Sampan first!" As the Artifact Spirit of the Dark Sampan spoke, he handed over a list of materials to Wang Baole...

The boy and the State Preceptor would have refuted the Artifact Spirit of the Dark Sampan if it had been in the past, but they had nothing but exasperation and resignation in their hearts now. They could only follow their orders obediently. After all, starting with the repairs of the Dark Sampan was indeed the best option currently.

Wang Baole's eyes brightened. However, he couldn't help but smack his forehead after reading through the list of materials required. The materials required to repair the Dark Sampan were simply too much. Many of them were extremely rare materials, and some of the materials were actually Stellar Sources...

All the materials that Wang Baole had ever used in his refining Dharmic Artifacts couldn't compare to the value of one-ten thousandth of the materials on this list. He couldn't help himself from sighing.

"I bet I can craft a few Divine Armaments with these materials!"

“Master, you could indeed do that. However, they would lack the Power of Laws. As a result, they would only be inferior-grade Divine Armaments,” the State Preceptor said hastily, speaking before the Boat Spirit could say anything to try and prove his worth.

Wang Baole’s eyes flashed. He had read quite extensively while in the Dark Dream, but he hadn’t come across any information on Divine Armaments. He couldn’t help but question further.

“Inferior-grade Divine Armaments?”

“Yes, Master. Divine Armaments are divided into inferior-grade, medial-grade, superior-grade, and perfect-grade armaments. The difference between each grade is immense. It’s like heaven and earth!” The boy realized that if they began by repairing the Dark Sampan first, his worth would fall. That was why he had spoken hastily.

“Have you seen the Federation’s Divine Armament? What grade is it?” Wang Baole asked immediately.

“No, but we’ve sensed it before. It’s an inferior-grade Divine Armament!”

“Inferior-grade? How about the Dark Artifact?” Wang Baole’s breathing grew uneven.

“All three Dark Artifacts are medial-grade artifacts. In their complete form, they are able to unleash the power of a superior-grade Divine Armament!”

When Wang Baole heard that, he got so excited that he trembled. His eyes burned with a bright light, and fire burned his insides. It was as if he’d just picked up an invaluable and priceless treasure that had been lying on the side of the road. He thought the Federation’s Divine Armament an extremely powerful artifact, so powerful that it was beyond description. However, it was only an inferior-grade armament. His Dark Artifact, on the other hand, would become a superior-grade armament once repaired completely!

He wished he could immediately gather all the materials required and restore his Dark Artifact fully. His eyes reddened. He was like a starving ghoul that had been hungry for a thousand years. His eyes glowed with a red light as he glanced around him suddenly.

“Resources... I need vast amounts of resources...” Wang Baole muttered. At that moment, three figures appeared in his mind suddenly, the three Nascent Soul realm extraterrestrial cultivators!

They must have loads of resources on them! At that thought, Wang Baole licked his lips and violence shone in his eyes. Based on his connection with the Dark Artifact, he knew that because the Dark Artifact couldn’t shrink in size, he would face great difficulty in wielding it in the outside world. He wouldn’t be able to unleash its full power. However, inside the Dark Artifact, within this three-level world that had been conjured by the Dark Artifact, he... was like a god!

Even though he wouldn’t be able to hold his own against extremely powerful entities, by gathering the power of the Artifact Spirits, it wasn’t impossible for him to fight back against three Nascent Souls!

“Let’s go! We’re going to get the resources to fix the Dark Sampan!” Wang Baole narrowed his eyes. As he spoke, he pointed the illusory lantern oar in his hand forward. The heavens and earth thundered, and the entire three-level underground world quaked. Simultaneously, light erupted from countless regions.

The illusory black robe on Wang Baole fluttered in the wind as the Dark Sampan beneath his feet started moving. Soundlessly, they raced into the skies, melting into the abyss instantly and vanishing without a trace!

Chapter 464: The God of Death!

A year in the Dark Dream was a mere day in the real world!

To the three extraterrestrial cultivators trapped in the three-level underground world created by the Dark Artifact, only a day had passed since they lost sight of Wang Baole.

Fury burned inside them. They wanted to kill Wang Baole so badly. But they did not panic. With their knowledge and experience, they could tell that the underground world created by the Dark Artifact was a closed universe. After failing to find an exit out of this place, they decided to move deeper inside and continue their search.

They would either find Wang Baole or a way out. With time, they felt that they would be able to accomplish either one. In fact, there was a great chance of them being able to do both.

That was indeed the case. They had plenty of resources on them and had many tricks up their sleeves, including a mystic art that had been passed down to them by their elder, one which was used specifically to dispel such forbidden spells. It required their combined efforts to unleash it, but it specifically countered forbidden array formations. Its power was incredible.

Given a few more days, they might really charge out of the Dark Artifact or find their way to Wang Baole.

However... they couldn't have imagined that within a single day, the tides had turned!

At present, they had found a weak spot in the second level of the underground world and were working together to break through it. The earth and heavens shuddered as a whirlpool appeared in the sky. At first, it spun slowly, but as they continued to cast the spell, it began to spin faster.

As it spun more quickly, a pathway appeared in the center of the whirlpool. It seemed unstable at the moment, but it was likely that it would stabilize after a while, connecting the first level and the second level of the underground world.

Once they entered the first level, they would be able to blast their way out of the Dark Artifact. They intended to secure a means of escaping first before creating a pathway through the various levels and seeking out Wang Baole!

"Once we reach the first level and activate the pathway, we'll immediately seal it, then go and find that damn fatty! Unless he's truly an idiot, there's a chance he's not really called Zhuo Yixian. Why else would he shout out his own name to us?"

"It doesn't matter. He's just like a Corpse Burial Rat! He's just another rat that's better at digging holes!"

They all had ugly expressions on their faces. When they had been back on their mother planet or even when they had been off pillaging other civilizations, they had never come across a Foundation

Establishment realm cultivator who had had so many tricks up his sleeve, who had been so difficult to put down, and who had been so vicious and eccentric.

When they recalled that Wang Baole's cultivation was only at the Foundation Establishment realm, their faces darkened another shade. They admitted to the fact that they had underestimated Wang Baole at first. That was why they had wanted to capture him alive and hadn't unleashed their most powerful attacks. They had given Wang Baole a chance.

It had been that chance that had the tables turned on them.

"We'll blast it open first, but let's not spend too much time trying to find him. We must return to the mother planet as soon as possible so we can inform the elder about what is going on here. We can't be late for his birthday either. The stone chest that we found in the ruins of the Cloud Star Civilization will definitely earn his approval. That, combined with the news about this galaxy, and we're bound to receive three Soul Conduit Pills!" The centipede-faced cultivator pondered for a while, then spoke slowly.

Fervor appeared in the eyes of the other two cultivators when they heard that. They were about to continue unleashing the mystic art and completely stabilize the pathway in the whirlpool.

It was then that... something unexpected happened!

A series of loud rumblings suddenly erupted from both the earth and the heavens. The tombstones erected on the lands shook violently as waves of inscription appeared in the second level of the underground world. It was as if the entire second level had been transformed into the two-dimensional surface of a pool, and a huge stone had been thrown in, causing ripples to spread across the surface.

The sudden change sent alarm flashing across their faces. Before they could react, the entire world seemed to be turned upside down all of a sudden. The heavens became the earth, and the burial grounds, the sky!

Endless waves of inscription swept across the entire world. Soon, two eerie ghoulish heads appeared near them. They were green-faced and fearsome beyond measure, fanged and horned. There were inscriptions on their faces that hovered between brightness and darkness, making them appear creepy and violent.

As soon as the ghoulish heads appeared, they widened their jaws and charged towards two cultivators. They intended to swallow them whole!

They were incredibly fast, making it impossible to escape them. Helpless, the centipede-faced cultivator, who was the leader of the party, and the horse-faced cultivator next to him, tried to fall back as their pupils contracted. There was no time for them to do that at all. Their bodies were swallowed whole by the two giant green-faced ghouls. They vanished instantly after that!

As soon as they disappeared, the inverted world resumed its original state. The waves of inscription disappeared, as did the series of transformations and discord that had descended upon the world. A deathly silence descended. In the entire land, out of the three extraterrestrial cultivators, only the square-faced cultivator remained. A myriad of emotions flashed across his face. He was shaken to the

core. He had clearly been shocked by the earlier scene. In his terror, he unleashed the full extent of his cultivation, extending his spiritual senses and stepping back, terrified and on extremely high alert.

As he retreated, he didn't hesitate to form a series of rapid hand seals. Scales appeared on his forehead, the edges of his eyes, and on his limbs. There were a total of nine scales, all of them purple, all of them exuding incredible spirit energy.

This was his most powerful attack, but every unleashing of this attack was a drain on his life force. That was why unless he was forced into a corner, with death looming over him, he wouldn't use it. He had only unleashed it now because of the fright that he had experienced.

As intense terror and wariness coursed through his body, the square-faced cultivator let loose a sudden burst of speed. He flew around for thirty minutes and saw that everything around him remained unchanged—no danger surfaced.

Did we trigger some trap inside this Dark Artifact? Suspicions rose within the square-faced cultivator's heart. The sudden appearance of the ghoulish heads and the transformation of the heavens and earth had been absolutely terrifying. His comrades had been swallowed whole, and their fates were now unknown. He was worried and unsettled. Now that everything seemed safe, despite his doubts, he was relieved, albeit barely.

Just as he relaxed slightly, a black mist appeared soundlessly and enveloped the entire tombstone-filled land. It was a thin mist at first, but within the span of a few breaths, it blanketed the entire heavens and earth. It spread out suddenly, covering the entire world with a thick mist. If one were to look down from above, one would see a land filled with mist, transformed into a sea of mist!

The sight alarmed the square-faced cultivator. He was about to retreat when suddenly, his entire body shuddered. His eyes widened as he saw, beyond the lands and high in the heavens, a region that seemed drenched in blood. Within a single moment, a blood-red moon appeared like a blood imprint in the sky!

It exuded an eerie aura. Soft whispers began to echo all around him, amidst the mist and fog, as the blood moon hung in the heavens.

Regardless of how hard the square-faced cultivator tried to make out what the whispers were saying, he couldn't discern anything. Horror swelled in his heart, and his face turned pale. Suddenly, his cultivation erupted. In the next moment, the nine scales on him gave off a bright, dazzling light. This was like a sudden dose of courage. He shouted, "Who is it? Who's trying to scare me?"

The square-faced cultivator's pupils suddenly contracted after he shouted. He could see before his eyes, in the mist in front of him, the blurry outline of a lone boat. There was someone sitting on the boat. He was dressed in black robes and before him was a lantern oar. His features were indiscernible due to the thick mist. Regardless, a sudden horror still rose within the square-faced cultivator.

It was akin to... the instinctive awe that came from within the depths of one's soul. It seemed to be infused in his blood, something that had been passed down from generation to generation through blood, something that his ancestors in the distant past had in their blood. It was fear and terror one harbored towards such a figure!

It was the feeling an ordinary person would have upon seeing a God of Death rise from the depths of the underworld!

It made him tremble. But the square-faced cultivator was after all a Nascent Soul realm cultivator. He had seen his fair share of deaths and killed his fair share of enemies. Despite his terror, despite his reddening eyes, he knew that this was the moment of life and death. He roared and charged at the boat. With a series of hand seals, the nine scales on his body gave off an intense light. They formed nine beams of light that seemed to signify destruction that landed on the boat!

The nine beams landed on the boat instantly. However, the boat seemed as if an illusion. Nothing changed. The nine beams of light that contained within them immense power and signified destruction passed through the boat and exploded in the distant mists.

Fear surged in the square-faced cultivator's heart. His face was pale, and he retreated hastily.

Just as he was about to escape, Wang Baole opened his eyes, uttering two words softly.

"Corpse Face!"

Chapter 465: The Dark Mirror

Wang Baole paid no attention to the escaping square-faced cultivator as it didn't matter how fast he was going. The expression on Wang Baole's face remained unchanged as he spoke the two words quietly. Corpse Face!

As soon as those words fell out of Wang Baole's mouth, the mist blanketing the entire world suddenly rolled and rumbled. It erupted suddenly and surged outward in all directions, revealing the land that had been enveloped in mist.

However... the exposed land was no longer the same burial grounds. It had become a flat surface, like a mirror!

The edges of the mirror continued to expand. Within a few seconds, it caught up with and went past the fleeing square-faced cultivator. Waves of terror surged within the square-faced cultivator's heart as an intense feeling of dread turned his already red eyes even redder—to the color of blood.

His gut told him that if he got trapped within the mirror, then... he would definitely be killed!

In his panic, his eyes grew wild. He didn't hesitate and instead decided immediately to self-destruct his scales.

A series of rumbling began to sound within his body. With each booming sound, one of his scales would explode and burst into a blood-red mist. The mist was then sucked in through his eyes, nose, ears, and mouth. It was like he was breathing in vitality, and his speed quickly increased.

He was using everything he had at this moment and running like a madman, but it was of no use!

If one were to look from an elevated spot, one would see clearly that this part of the underground world had completely transformed. It had become a flat, even mirror!

Not only was the ground a side of the mirror, but the entire world had become a side of the same mirror. Both the sky and the earth were faces of the mirror, and the distance between the sky and the earth was the thickness of the mirror!

The panicking square-faced cultivator was racing inside the mirror, trying to escape. That was why, no matter how fast he went and how hard he ran, he would never get out. Because he was already trapped... inside the mirror!

This was the power that Wang Baole could wield, the incomplete powers of the Dark Artifact. After he branded his Artifact Spirits and fused it with his array formation, it transformed the world into a mirror! The mirror looked like the Dark Mirror that Wang Baole had practiced painting Corpse Faces on in his Dark Dream!

Wang Baole lifted his right hand and pointed towards the abyss. A black light shot out from his finger and seemed to pierce the abyss. It landed on the mirror and became the tip of a brush, forming a light stroke!

It was like his Dark Dream, when he had drawn the faces that the souls would have in their next lives. The brush stroke landed on the square-faced cultivator, causing him to shudder and his eyes to widen. He felt an invisible yet immense power, one that seemed to represent fate and the laws of this heaven and earth, descend upon him. He was helpless to fight back.

With a sudden rumbling, he felt a gust of wind pass him. When it left, his eyes were gone as well!

“Senior, please, spare my life. Please, listen to me. I can explain...” The man let loose a terrified cry. He was filled with terror, and now his vision was black. Everything that was happening made him instinctively feel that this was an attack from some indescribable presence within the Dark Artifact, so he hurriedly begged for his life.

However, no matter how hard he cried for mercy, it couldn’t stop the descent of this incredible power. Wang Baole drew another experienced stroke. The man’s nose, his ears, even his mouth, vanished instantly. His voice was silenced, and only his body remained trembling violently.

At the same time, a heart-piercing, soul-shattering agony surfaced in the man’s consciousness as Wang Baole drew his third stroke. He couldn’t shout. He could only remain silent as his body was pulled by an immense force, turning what had been thin and weak into a fat and rotund body!

This was indeed the case. Wang Baole had mastered the Corpse Face Mystic Art. With a few strokes, he had changed the appearance of the man completely. His body was like a mountain of flesh, and his face was blank with no facial features—it was like a blank board.

However, a set of chubby features appeared on this blank board as Wang Baole continued to paint. As they surfaced, the man could finally scream again. He could finally see what was going on around him.

The man soon knew that his pain had just started, with the end nowhere in sight. He heard a dissatisfied snort. Then, his features were wiped clean again. He was given another look.

Wang Baole remained dissatisfied. He felt that he had drawn the man too handsome. With a wave of his hand, he continued to wipe the man’s face clean and paint anew. It took a few rounds, and the man

kept undergoing indescribable pain every time. Finally, he had no energy left for screaming. In his weakness, bewilderment and despair shone in his eyes.

"I haven't painted in quite a while, I've become rusty..." Wang Baole grumbled in annoyance at his repeated unsatisfactory works. He lifted his right hand and waved. A loud cracking sound rang out, and the entire mirror, as if hit by a sudden great power, shattered!

The face of the mirror broke into pieces, and the square-faced man trapped within shattered alongside the mirror!

After his series of actions, Wang Baole sighed with regret. He grabbed through the air, and a storage bag and a few scales appeared in his hand. He shifted and vanished, alongside the boat beneath his feet.

As he left, that part of the underground world gradually resumed its original state. It returned to what it had been—a burial ground. The blood moon in the skies faded away, and everything was as it had been.

Out of the three extraterrestrial Nascent Soul realm cultivators, one had perished!

During this time, on the first level of the underground world, the horse-faced cultivator was racing forward with terror painted on his face. A moment ago, he had been on the second level, attacking a weak point in the underground world with his two comrades. The next moment, before he had been able to react, a giant ghoulish head had appeared before him and swallowed him whole.

He had thought that would have been the end for him as his vision had blurred. When it had been regained, it had seemed like he had been teleported away and had landed on the first level of the underground world. He had been plagued with doubts and suspicions, drawing the same conclusion as the square-faced cultivator. He thought that they had triggered some trap in the Dark Artifact.

I'll reunite with the rest as soon as possible! The horse-faced cultivator had a solemn expression on his face. He had a feeling that something had changed in this world inside the Dark Artifact. As to what had changed specifically, he wasn't sure.

Regardless of how many times he had tried to reach out to the rest through his voice transmission ring, he couldn't get to them. He had even used the mystic scroll that allowed for a certain degree of inter-dimensional communication amongst the three of them but hadn't received a reply. This had alarmed him further.

I cannot continue this search for them. I have to leave this hellish place immediately. I'll wait outside for them! The horse-faced cultivator took a deep breath and made up his mind. He was about to find the way out when the first level of the underground world underwent a sudden transformation!

The multitudes of islands made from bones scattered across the sea of souls suddenly rumbled. They erupted suddenly, and the thunderous booms rose to the skies. Alarm surged inside the horse-faced cultivator. He saw with his own eyes countless bones rising to the skies with the explosion of the bone islands.

The sky was filled with countless bones!

This... this... The horse-faced cultivator was shocked into silence, alarm crossing his face when the bones gathered together!

Within the span of a few seconds, they formed a giant skeletal finger. It was so huge that it spanned one-tenth of the heavens. It was an earth-shattering, terrifying sight!

It was followed by the second skeletal finger, then the third... until all five fingers appeared. More bones continued to gather, forming a vast and immense palm that connected the five fingers!

The five skeletal fingers curled inwards suddenly. In the heavens, a tight fist that spanned almost the entire sky appeared... and was made of pure bones!

What is this! The horse-faced cultivator's head was prickling with fear. He could feel death looming over him. He retreated immediately, prepared to do whatever it took to escape. The shock and terror in his heart had reached the extremes!

This wasn't the end. As the horse-faced cultivator tried to flee, the entire sea of souls suddenly erupted. Countless souls dashed out madly and charged at the fist of bones, clustering around it, as if forming its layers of blood and flesh!

From afar, one could clearly see the tremendous skeletal fist gaining flesh upon its bones at a rapid speed as a vast number of souls fused with it. The blood was black in color, its flesh green, and its skin was lined with green seals!

In the blink of an eye, the entire Spirit Sea had emptied itself. A green-skinned fist that seemed to take up the space of the entire world became the only thing in the world!

The fist... thundered towards the horse-faced cultivator, whose face was filled with terror and shock!

Chapter 466: Fellow Daoist, It's Time to Begin Your Journey!

This fist was green-skinned and filled with symbols that had a spectral feel to them. It seemed to have come from hell and was now severely broken. When it landed in civilization, the heavens and earth were unable to withstand it. It was as if the sky was about to be devastated, causing the entire world to be left only with this large fist and the horse-faced cultivator, who was now looking extremely frightened, aghast, and hopeless!

The horse-faced cultivator's face was twisted, and as he activated his hand seals and waved his hands, a jade pendant emerged instantly from his chest. The jade pendant was like a spirit body, glowing brilliantly. Once it appeared, it landed before the horse-faced cultivator, instantly transforming into a thousand-foot-wide jade stele!

A colorful glow blocked the fist!

The horse-faced cultivator was a Nascent Soul realm cultivator, and in the face of impending doom, he had a quick reaction and managed to struggle and resist it. In the blink of an eye, it replaced the vast fist in the sky, and landed on the jade stele!

The jade stele was large, but looking at it from a distance, it was like a tiny needle relative to the fist. It was so fragile that it was directly broken and turned to dust even before visible cracks could be seen!

Wang Baole had put in a lot of energy in this Dark Artifact. Over ninety percent of it may have been damaged, but it was, after all, a superior-grade Divine Armament!

The power of a superior-grade Divine Armament was minimal, but it was sufficient to crush a Nascent Soul cultivator!

In theory, if Wang Baole's physical body was sufficiently large, he could directly move the Dark Artifact away. After that, he could exhibit such powers even if he was in the outside world. However, this was apparently impossible. Unless the Dark Artifact was restored to a certain extent and could be shrunk, Wang Baole could only unleash its destructive power in the interior of the Dark Artifact.

Right now, amidst the loud boom and as the jade stele was breaking apart, the horse-faced cultivator screamed pitifully. If it was possible to rewind time, the horse-faced cultivator would never have gone near Mars, for the Dark Artifact on Mars exerted a force on him that he couldn't resist!

"Senior, please appease your anger... I... I'm merely a junior Nascent Soul realm cultivator..." The horse-faced cultivator's voice was trembling. In the process of asking for forgiveness, he retreated at high speed. As he activated his hand seals, a large pink banner that looked like a ribbon appeared beside him, wrapping his surroundings. At a glance, it seemed rather uncoordinated with his movements. However, right now, the horse-faced cultivator couldn't be bothered with it. He took out the most powerful protective Dharmic treasure that he had, despite being unwilling to use it.

As the ribbon twirled around, it gave off resistive forces. It seemed to be resisting all the other forces, auras, and objects that neared it in its surroundings. At the same time, the horse-faced cultivator still felt that it was insufficient. He bit his tongue and caused blood to start flowing, forming a blood-colored bat before him. The bat screamed shrilly, extending its wings as its body expanded into a length hundreds of feet long. Its wings also grew extremely large, and with the horse-faced cultivator as the center, the bat quickly clasped its wings—enveloping the horse-faced cultivator within it.

At the same time, there were tens of other Dharmic treasures of different shapes and sizes all being taken out by the horse-faced cultivator. At this life-and-death juncture, he gave it his all, and that included continuing to ask for forgiveness.

However, they were futile efforts. As the horse-faced cultivator retreated, the giant fist that decimated the jade stele recovered its force and landed heavily on him!

The tens of Dharmic treasures were instantly destroyed. The blood-colored bat didn't manage to make a single sound before its wings and body turned into a mush of flesh and blood and vaporized. The ribbon beside the horse-faced cultivator's body, despite being filled with resistive forces, was like a weak lady who had met with a jock that was several times heavier than her...

As everything withered, the ribbon was twisted, curling back onto the horse-faced cultivator's body. A force that seemed capable of squashing everything was instantly released. Looking at the situation from a distance, it was like the sky had fallen onto the ground. It wasn't even possible to see a single trace of the horse-faced cultivator's existence, as everything seemed to have been turned into ash and dust...

After a moment, the giant fist was slowly lifted and gradually dissipated. All of the flesh and blood turned into spirits, culminating into the sea, while all of the bone ash landed and accumulated into an island!

The first level of the underground world appeared to have returned to its original state. Only the storage bag, and items like the ribbon, seemed to have been drawn into the air, into the vast land above the Spirit Sea. They were grabbed by a hand that had suddenly been extended, and a figure dressed in a black robe suddenly appeared. A lantern oar lay in front of him, and he sat with his legs crossed in a Lone Boat. He slowly retracted the hand that had grabbed the storage bag and the other items. He lowered his head and went further away into the distance, going in the direction that the lone boat naturally floated on the Spirit Sea.

As Wang Baole left into the distance, in the third level of this underground world, which was filled with many cities, the leader of the three extraterrestrial cultivators—the man with the centipede on his face—looked at his surroundings with an awful expression on his face.

Unlike the other two people, even though the leader was on the third level, he was trapped in a region that was less than a thousand feet wide. The periphery of this region was shrouded in a translucent gray glow, and regardless of which method the leader used, he was unable to break through the glow. He was trapped where he was!

In reality, after being swallowed by the ghoulish head previously, this was the location that he had reappeared in. Compared to his two subordinates, the leader with the centipede on his face was definitely more experienced and knowledgeable. He instantly realized that he didn't go beyond the restrictions. Instead, an enemy had launched an attack and unleashed the force of a Dark Artifact. His two subordinates were likely to have met with fatal danger by now.

After all, having the courage to attack an unknown opponent implied that he was confident.

Is it an Artifact Spirit, or... that irritating fatty that was about to be skinned? He was solemn and appeared calm, but in reality, he was extremely anxious, as if his mind was set on fire. A sense of crisis was emanating from every inch of his body. It was as if all his cells were screaming at him to leave this place immediately!

The fact that the three of us were split up means that the mastermind doesn't have the confidence to go against us at the same time. Based on this interpretation, there is a limit to this person's combat power. If it's that fatty, it means that he still isn't skilled enough to handle the Dark Artifact, or... the Dark Artifact is broken or couldn't be sufficiently supported by his cultivation level! The man with the centipede on his face narrowed his eyes as he made his judgment. At the same time, after he waited for about five minutes and realized that there was no one else here besides him, he concluded that his two subordinates were likely to have died.

Therefore, he is coming to me last... A look of ruthlessness appeared in his eyes. He understood that it was useless to be afraid. At the same time, the fact that he could become a thief on a star with his Nascent Soul realm cultivation was due to his decisiveness and ferocity.

I shall wait, then! The man laughed chillingly, suppressing the anxiety in his heart, and seeming to be awaiting death. He looked and inspected his surroundings after spreading his spirit perception apart. After ensuring that his setup was in place, he felt more comforted.

In reality, after arriving here and realizing that he couldn't blast the protective covering away, he decided to put traps here. All the array formations, one-use elixirs, and Dharmic treasures that he had

brought along with him were laid out in the thousand-foot-wide region. He used the entire situation for setting up his traps.

As he inspected the setup and felt comforted by it, he suddenly grew alert. He heard a mumbling voice that seemed to originate from a distance away and was growing clearer by the second.

“When the heavens and earth separate, the cycle of fate stops...”

“Knowing what happened in the past, the one who suffers now is...”

“Knowing what’s to come in the future, the one who is working hard now is...”

Listening to this bizarre song-like mumbling, his heart palpitated at an increasing speed. Even his spirits grew unstable, and his vision blurred. He bit his own tongue and managed to recover through the pain. He breathed quickly as he raised his head to look beyond the protective covering. His pupils constricted, and from the reflection in his eyes, it could be seen that the skies outside the protective screen had turned pitch black and that a long river had appeared along with the emergence of the tune!

The river water blended in with the dark skies but remained clear. Taking a closer look at it, one could even see that countless spirits were present in the water, as if the Spirit Sea from the first level of the underground world had flowed here and formed a Spirit River!

If it were just a Spirit River, the man with the centipede wouldn’t be so shocked. Without a doubt, in the Spirit River, a black Lone Boat was slowly approaching!

On the Lone Boat sat Wang Baole with his legs crossed. He stood up and raised his right hand. The lantern oar that was in front of him slowly rose and landed in his hands.

“It’s indeed you who was playing a trick on me!” A look of ferocity appeared in the eyes of the man with a centipede on his face. He bellowed when he recognized Wang Baole!

Wang Baole smiled, waving the lantern oar in his hands and mimicking his master in the Dark Dream. He spoke unclearly.

“Fellow Daoist, it’s time to begin your journey to the netherworld!”

Chapter 467: Huge Returns!

As Wang Baole spoke, the Dark River beneath the Lone Boat expanded, leading down from the sky towards where the burly man was sealed. Instantly, he passed the protective covering using his Lone Boat, quickly approaching the burly man!

Before that, the burly man with the centipede looked anxious, his pupils constricting as he seemed to be attempting to retreat. However, just as the Dark River passed through the protective covering, and as Wang Baole arrived on the lone boat, the ferocity in the burly man’s eyes intensified, and he roared loudly.

“To hell with the journey!” As he screamed, he waved his hands. Immediately, in a thousand-foot-wide diameter around him, flying swords emerged from underground, forming a sword fleet!

That wasn't all. Bright rays of light emerged from the ground in the center of the sword feet, interweaving with each other and transmogrifying into an array diagram. The force of an array formation was unleashed right at this moment.

Furthermore, figures identical to that of the burly man appeared in the blink of an eye in every corner, making it difficult for one to differentiate the actual person from his figures. A sharp and ear-piercing scream reverberated as well, and was a sound that seemed capable of breaking a rock!

The ground began to crack apart, and a frighteningly large centipede emerged from within, as if it was about to swallow Wang Baole who was fast approaching. Its terrifying orifice could be seen clearly, and its body was covered with countless sharp thorns that gripped anyone who saw it with fear.

Describing the scene, it seemed as if they appeared slowly, but in reality, they were all put in place the moment Wang Baole entered the confines of the protective covering!

It was as fast as lightning!

However, all the preparations, all the methods of attack, all the flying sword Dharmic treasures, and even the terrifying-looking centipede were powerless in the face of a Dark Artifact. Furthermore, Wang Baole knew that the burly man was the leader. As such, when he attacked, not only did he unleash the remaining power of the Dark Artifact, he even adopted the methods of the Dark Sect!

The lone boat continued to move forward, and the Dark River continued to flow. However, what changed was that Wang Baole began singing the bizarrely tuned song, which seemed to harness some sort of mysterious force!

"When the heavens and earth separate, the cycle of fate stops..."

The moment the rhyme was sung, the entire Dark Artifact shook. A force whose source couldn't be detected emerged suddenly. It didn't appear out of nowhere, nor did it come from somewhere else. Instead, it was formed right there and then!

To put it more accurately, it was formed as a result of the rhyme. As it reverberated, the numerous flying swords in the air froze in motion. The Dharmic treasures and the array formation also calmed down. Even the huge, terrifying centipede stopped in its tracks, motionless.

It was as if everything had been frozen!

The countless avatars of the burly man dissipated instantly like popped bubbles. The only one that remained was the one nearest to Wang Baole, who was now carrying a look of disbelief on his face.

This is impossible. Time has stopped... It's impossible. This is the legendary Consciousness Dharmic Dao that only the top mighty figures of the Galaxy Realm can exhibit! The burly man was shaking vigorously with shock. He couldn't control himself as he shrieked in surprise, his body moving back. Even though he was doubtful about everything that was happening, thinking that it was impossible, he still retreated without hesitation.

He didn't dare to fight or battle anymore. Now, the only thought in his mind was to escape. Everything here was so bizarre that he shuddered at the thought of it. However, just as he stepped back, he

suddenly stopped. A look of fear and astonishment intensified in his eyes as he looked at his own body, which was now in front of him, in shock!

There was a body in front of him, standing there motionlessly with an expression of fear frozen on its face as if it had been frozen for an eternity.

Looking at the body in front of him, the burly man trembled as he lowered his head to look at himself. What he saw was... a translucent soul!

It's not time that has been frozen... As the burly man's soul trembled and continued to retreat, a protective screen instantly emerged. However, right there and then, he heard the second line of the song.

"Knowing what happened in the past, the one who suffers now is..." As the song reverberated, the burly man's soul trembled. He saw Wang Baole dressed in a black robe, stepping on the lone boat, and leaving into the distance on the Dark River instead of approaching him.

However, for some unknown reason, he didn't feel that he was liberated. Instead, a frightening sense that catastrophe was about to strike arose in his mind. He retreated once again until he was so far away that he could no longer see Wang Baole. Despite that, he realized, in shock, that his surroundings were still pitch-black.

If it were simply pitch-black, it wouldn't have been a huge matter. However, in the darkness, several blurry-looking spirits could be seen, and they were similar to the ones he saw in the Spirit Sea on the first level.

Impossible, this is impossible... The burly man's soul shivered. A look of hopelessness appeared in his eyes, and Wang Baole's song sounded in his ears again, fleeting and inconsistent.

"Knowing what's to come in the future, the one who is working hard now is..."

This sound reverberated in his soul for a long time, until the burly man's consciousness began to become unclear. The moment it was completely blurred out, the burly man seemed to enter a state of clarity before death. He finally understood why his surroundings were in complete darkness.

He saw the Spirit River that Wang Baole was sailing on in his lone boat when he still had a body previously. He saw that there were countless spirits in the Spirit River, and his spirit was amongst them...

After realizing this, his consciousness dissipated.

As it dissipated, the Spirit River that he was in began to disappear gradually, together with the lone boat, as it flowed from the sky to the ground.

When the lone boat next appeared, it was on the third level of the underground world, in the public square Wang Baole had set off from. There were still numerous corpses and ferocious beasts kneeling there, trembling. Wang Baole's face was pale, and blood flowed out from the corner of his mouth. The lone boat beneath his feet, the black robe he was wearing, and the lantern oar he was holding began to grow unclear. This continued until they eventually disappeared completely, transforming into three individual Artifact Spirits.

One burly man, one elder, and a young boy. When the three Artifact Spirits appeared, they hurriedly knelt before Wang Baole.

Wang Baole shut his eyes, calming the churning Blood Qi in his body. The previous three battles seemed easy, but in reality, he had made use of the power of the Dark Artifact. Despite the Dark Artifact being damaged, Wang Baole still had to use a lot of effort in controlling it, given his cultivation level.

That was especially so as those three battles were in an entirely different format from those he had experienced before. From the inheritance and sense that he had obtained through the Dark Dream, he vaguely felt that the reason why superior-grade Divine Armaments were so powerful was that they could unleash these rule-like divine powers!

It's a pity that my cultivation level isn't high enough and that the Dark Artifact is damaged and can't be shrunk. Otherwise, if I could carry it around with me, if I were to call myself the Federation President after leaving this place and anyone were to disagree, all I would need to do was sing a Soul Song to them! With that thought, Wang Baole was extremely agitated yet depressed. As he experienced the torrent of emotions, he sighed.

I'm getting arrogant... I need to stay humble. Wang Baole patted his tummy, suppressing the churning Blood Qi in his body. He didn't bother to tend to his injuries immediately. Instead, he quickly took out the gains that he had obtained from the three battles. In reality, the two Nascent Souls realm cultivators exhausted numerous Dharmic treasures in the first and second battle. It wasn't that Wang Baole didn't want to stop them, but the fact was that despite Wang Baole acting like everything was a walk in the park, the calmness on his face was all a strong front.

The truth was that he was about to go crazy looking at those Dharmic treasures being destroyed. In his mind, the possessions of the trio were like his own.

However, he couldn't control the power of the Dark Artifact such that it would only wipe out humans but not damage the Dharmic treasures!

As he sighed, Wang Baole opened up the three storage bags before him. After rummaging through them, his eyes widened, and his breathing quickened.

Even though the Dharmic treasures of the trio were mostly damaged, there were still over ten intact ones, including one tri-colored flying sword that could transmogrify into a sword fleet comprised of countless flying swords!

There was also the ribbon from the horse-faced cultivator, the scales from the square-faced cultivator, as well as other Dharmic treasures that the trio didn't use. Wang Baole couldn't tell the grade of those Dharmic treasures due to differences in culture between the cultivators and the Federation. However, he had a hunch that since the Nascent Soul realm cultivators could use them, that they were definitely treasures. He was filled with excitement at the thought!

I've struck gold!

Other than that, there were numerous crystals that looked like Spirit Stones. There was also a jade slip, though he wasn't familiar with the words on the jade slip. At the same time, there were thirty-odd pill bottles, as well as two sets of scaly armor, and a centipede sealed by the force of the Dark Artifact!

This wasn't all. Soon, Wang Baole trembled in shock as he stared into the storage bag of the leader. There was a black jellyfish in hibernation, as well as glowing rocks that piled up like a mountain!

This is... a Sea Glutton?

And these stones... They are Stellar Sources! Wang Baole's eyes were wide with disbelief as he stared dazedly at the items. His mind buzzed with activity as he noticed a black stone box placed in the corner of the leader's storage bag!

The material of this stone box was also a Stellar Source. In terms of quality, it exceeded that of ordinary Stellar Sources significantly!

There was even an aura of antiquity and age. It was as if it had existed for a long time and carried the traces of time with it!

Chapter 468: Mysterious Stone Box

Looking at the gains before him, Wang Baole still felt that he had struck a small pot of gold. Even though he had already seen astonishing amounts of materials presented to him while refining Dharmic Artifacts and Dharmic Armaments as a Dharmic Armament cultivator, he was deeply astounded by the gains he had obtained this time.

His breathing quickened uncontrollably as he looked at the items before him, as well as the materials in the three storage bags, some of which were crucial for refining pills, and some of which were crucial for refining artifacts. He didn't recognize most of them, but based on the concentration of Spirit Qi given off them, it wasn't difficult to tell that they were all shockingly valuable.

This is robbery... An increasingly bright glow flashed across Wang Baole's eyes. He felt that this was a road to wealth. Even though it was extremely risky, he could rest for the next ten years if he were to succeed.

I estimate that only a small proportion of all this belongs to the Federation. Most of it was likely gathered by those three fellas from elsewhere... Wang Baole suppressed his irregular breathing. A look of clarity appeared in his eyes as he swept glances at the items, then towards the three Artifact Spirits, then at his surroundings again. Thoughts began to fill his mind.

If the news about me killing the three extraterrestrial Nascent Soul realm cultivators gets out, the credit would be sufficient to promote me, huh? The fact that I've gotten the Stellar Source back for the Federation is impressive too. However, there's no way I can tell others about it... Wang Baole was in a dilemma. He was sure that if he obtained credit for what he had done, then the issue with the Dark Artifact would definitely be exposed, which would bring him a series of trouble in the future.

Even though those troubles wouldn't threaten his life, he would be caught in a bitter situation, leaving behind a bad record. Just like what had been outlined in the high officials' autobiographies—one must believe in the kindness of others, but one must never bank on others' kindness, and most definitely, one should never give others the chance to take advantage of them!

If not, not only would the person involved be the one who would have to pay the price, their friends and elders, who were originally kind but developed evil thoughts, would be implicated too!

After a period of silence, a look of determination appeared in Wang Baole's eyes. He seemed to have already decided that he wouldn't tell anyone about this incident. As for the Federation's resources, he would utilize them first and then pay it back when he became capable of doing so in the future.

Wang Baole wasn't a saint, but a mere small fry. Now that he had made his decision, he no longer troubled over it. Instead, he immediately looked at the three Artifact Spirits and spoke.

"Of these items, are there any that are necessary for restoring the Dark Artifact?"

The State Preceptor, as well as the young boy, looked at the items and were both tempted. However, Wang Baole had already made plans to restore the Dark Sampan previously, and as such, despite both of them being tempted, they could only reveal their desire in their eyes. The burly Dark Sampan Artifact Spirit sounded calm, seemingly also analyzing the items. Eventually, he greeted Wang Baole and spoke with a deep voice.

"Master, theoretically, all these items can be used to restore the Dark Sampan. This is especially so for the Stellar Source mountain, which would help in restoring the Dark Sampan significantly despite being of ordinary quality.

"The materials over there contain Spirit Qi and unique capabilities that would be extremely helpful to refining the artifacts of the boat. That is even so for those assorted armaments. After breaking them apart and distilling their essence, they could be used for restoration!

"Next, this centipede has an unusual bloodline, but it seems to have been refined in the wrong manner. If it were to be suppressed inside the Dark Sampan, the force of the Dark Artifact could be used to assimilate and evolve it, in order to unleash even more power. However, the disadvantage of this is that once it becomes assimilated by the Dark Artifact, it wouldn't be able to be separated from it.

"As for the Sea Glutton, I suggest that you use the Dark Artifact to suppress it and wipe out the markings on it. When your cultivation level reaches that of the Nascent Soul realm, you can use the Sea Glutton to travel through the universe!"

Listening to those words, Wang Baole was happy, but he felt heartache at the same time. He was happy that the items were useful for restoration, but his heart was aching as he had to lose them even before he had the chance to enjoy them.

"How much could all these precious babies restore the Dark Sampan?" Wang Baole asked immediately after pondering and suppressing the ache in his heart.

"They should restore the Dark Sampan by about ten percent!" The Dark Sampan Artifact Spirit answered after making some calculations.

"Only ten percent?" The ache in Wang Baole's heart grew. On the other hand, the Dark Sampan Artifact Spirit was now expressionless and silent. The young boy and State Preceptor beside him felt happy looking at Wang Baole's facial expression. They even vaguely felt that it was great having an owner again. At the very least, they could eat whatever they want, and they simply need to send out orders for what they desired. Everything had become very simple.

Wang Baole struggled internally for a moment. He looked at his babies and caressed the materials. He was still unable to make a decision when the Dark Sampan Artifact Spirit spoke calmly.

“Master, once the Dark Sampan has been restored to about ten percent, it will release the force of a superior-grade Divine Armament. These assorted items are worthless. Even if only one percent of it was restored, a protective covering that those below Spirit Immortal realm wouldn’t be able to break apart would be formed. To you, someone who cannot bring the Dark Artifact away, that would be the best option!”

“I know... Assimilate what should be assimilated, suppress what should be suppressed, and... change what should be changed!” Wang Baole sighed but quickly raised his hands, setting aside the tri-colored flying sword, the ribbon, the three remaining scales, all the jade slips and pills, as well as several Dharmic treasures that he thought were useful.

“These cannot be refined. As for the rest, refine them!” Wang Baole spoke with an ache in his heart. He couldn’t bear to watch any further. He swiftly picked up the jade box, but when he tried to open it to no avail, he looked at the Dark Sampan Artifact Spirit.

“This is something valuable, is it?”

The Dark Sampan Artifact Spirit remained expressionless. He first waved his right hand, immediately keeping all the items that Wang Baole had given consent to refine, including the assimilation of the centipede and the suppression of the Sea Glutton. After that, it looked towards the jade box with a doubtful look in its eyes.

“This stone box... I can’t figure out what it is. It seems like an accessory box for a female.”

As the Dark Sampan Artifact Spirit spoke, the old Dark Robe Artifact Spirit State Preceptor gloated. He cleared his throat but remained silent.

Wang Baole lifted his head to look at the old man. After making a guess of his intentions, he snorted under his breath, thinking about how he had read the high officials’ autobiographies since he was a young boy. Now that he was at Primary Rank Three and the City Lord of a city, he was extremely familiar with instilling obedience in his subordinates. Now, without thinking much, he pointed at the young boy.

“Do you know?”

Realizing that Wang Baole didn’t direct the question to him, the old State Preceptor was surprised. The young boy beside him was now deep in thought and only spoke after a moment.

“I think that this is a stationery box...”

Listening to the young boy’s answer, the State Preceptor was even more delighted. Now, he raised his head, preparing himself for Wang Baole’s question. He had even made plans to make use of his answer to let Wang Baole know that of the three Artifact Spirits, he was the most valuable one.

“Yes, I think what both of you said makes sense. That should be the case.” Wang Baole nodded with a satisfied look. From the items he kept aside, he chose one and tossed it to the young boy.

“This is your reward!”

The young boy grabbed hold of the Dharmic treasure, and in his excitement, he swallowed it in a few mouthfuls. It could be felt clearly that his spirit body was significantly nourished.

“All right, all of you can disperse. I plan to start my refinement process, so I will leave. You must be obedient here, and take note not to provoke the Beast Tide. The city above it is mine!” With that, Wang Baole waved his hand and was about to take his leave. However, the old State Preceptor grew anxious seeing how the Dark Sampan and the young boy were both rewarded. Therefore, he didn’t play any more tricks and hurriedly spoke.

“Master, I know what this jade box is.”

“Hmm? It’s not a stationery box?” Wang Baole was gloating internally but put a surprised expression on his face. When he looked towards the old State Preceptor, he also swept his gaze at the young boy, which made him tense up. The young boy looked towards the State Preceptor as well, with unfriendliness in his eyes.

He wouldn’t have behaved this way if Wang Baole hadn’t rewarded him. However, now that he had eaten the reward, it made the young boy unhappy towards the State Preceptor.

The old State Preceptor sighed, realizing that his owner wasn’t easily tricked. With a few words, Wang Baole had sowed discord between him and the Lantern Oar Artifact Spirit that loved to act young. However, based on his owner’s personality, he understood that if he continued to withhold the information, his owner would find ways to punish him.

Therefore, the old State Preceptor sighed once again, bowing deeply towards Wang Baole before speaking hurriedly.

“Master, this stone box should be an envelope. Perhaps there is a letter inside it!

“When I was floating out there, I once saw an ancient record that contained some secrets about the Never-Ending Clan. One of them wrote that in ancient times, the Gods of the Never-Ending Clan once created a unique envelope from the Stellar Source. However, the maker is unknown...”

Chapter 469: Extraterrestrial Dharmic treasure!

Translator: Atlas Studios Editor: Atlas Studios

“Envelope? Can you open it?” The old State Preceptor’s answer made Wang Baole feel refreshed and curious. After asking that question and seeing the old State Preceptor shake his head, Wang Baole picked up the stone box and examined it in detail silently.

He couldn’t find a link between it and an envelope no matter how he looked at it. However, seeing how confident the State Preceptor was, he thought about it, and with a mix of trust and suspicion, he took out a Dharmic treasure and tossed it to the old State Preceptor. Then, he gazed intently at the young boy.

The young boy grew nervous instantly, but he didn’t dare to blame Wang Baole. Therefore, he vented all his dissatisfaction towards the State Preceptor. The young boy felt sabotaged by the fact that the old codger with the torn clothing knew what the box was and didn’t say so, only doing so after he had spoken.

After noting the incident down, the young boy hurriedly tried to think of ways to mediate the situation. When it saw the pill bottle, its eyes lit up, and it hurriedly spoke.

“Master, those pills shouldn’t be eaten carelessly. After all, as the system of each civilization is different, there are differences in physical attributes. It is likely that supplements to them would be poison for us!”

“However, I am quite proficient in recognizing pills, and I can solve this problem for you, master!” As the young boy spoke, he quickly went towards the pill bottles. He touched and smelled them, eventually choosing two of the pill bottles and placing them in front of Wang Baole.

“Master, there are no side effects for the pills in these two bottles. They are the daily supplements for Nascent Soul realm cultivators. As for the other pills, despite having some side effects, it would only require a small expenditure of time and life essence to alter the impurities in them, making them suitable for you, master!” The young boy spoke hurriedly. Seeing that Wang Baole looked satisfied, the young boy heaved a sigh of relief. He even felt excited as he looked at the old State Preceptor while gloating.

This made Wang Baole feel comforted, but at the same time, he pitied the old State Preceptor. Standing in the shoes of the old State Preceptor, he thought that the State Preceptor wasn’t afraid of his competitor being more capable, only afraid of them being more of an idiot than him.

However, that wasn’t a matter Wang Baole would be troubled about. Instead, he was impressed by the young boy. Therefore, he smiled more amiably at the young boy, which made the young boy even more excited as he took away the remaining pills, thumping his chest and declaring that he would only need a maximum of a few months to remove the impurities in them. With that, he turned and vanished.

The old State Preceptor felt extremely annoyed, but he didn’t show it on his face. He greeted Wang Baole respectfully before disappearing before him. As for the burly Boat Spirit, he remained expressionless from start till end. It wasn’t that he was stupid, but to a certain extent, tasked with the responsibility to help Wang Baole ascend the throne, he was the guardian of the Dark Artifact that Wang Baole trusted most.

Just like this, as the three Artifact Spirits dispersed on their own, Wang Baole gripped his right hand and brought the tri-colored flying sword towards him. After taking a closer look at it, based on the strong aura given off by the flying sword, Wang Baole felt that this treasure was definitely not seventh-grade but could be eighth-grade or higher. He felt this way despite being unable to find out its grade.

Ninth-grade Dharmic Armament? It doesn’t seem like it... Of these precious babies, no remnant spirit consciousness that is characteristic of a Dharmic Armament exists. They seem to simply be Armament Items!

After thinking about it for a while, Wang Baole narrowed his eyes and made seals with his right hand, pointing towards the tri-colored flying sword. Instantly, the flying sword shook, and as Wang Baole’s Spirit Qi entered it, it glowed brightly a few times before quickly dimming.

It’s not because my cultivation is insufficient. Instead, it’s the wrong method of activating it... If it were someone else, they would have long run out of ideas and would have sought the help of a Dharmic Armament cultivator to solve the problem. However, Wang Baole was a Dharmic Armament cultivator

himself, and he was also a pro at refining seventh-grade Dharmic Armaments. Therefore, a glow flashed across his eyes. As he raised his right hand, a ball of fire appeared out of thin air.

Wang Baole felt that the temperature wasn't high enough, and as he waved his right hand, a flash of lightning appeared from his palm and wriggled into the fireball. That seemed to have stimulated the fireball such that it immediately expanded. That wasn't all. The Dark Core inside Wang Baole's body shook, and his Dark Core cultivation surfaced as a result, causing a chilly aura to appear around the fireball's exterior.

The two balls of fire, hot on the inside and cold on the outside, originally seemed to be going against each other, but the lightning connected them. With Wang Baole's cultivation suppressing them, the two were integrated with each other, and when he pointed at it, the ball of fire instantly enveloped the tri-colored flying sword.

The moment it enveloped the sword, Wang Baole quickly activated his hand seals. Inscriptions appeared out of thin air, and as the flying sword was being infiltrated by the fireballs, the inscriptions were inscribed on the tri-colored flying sword. He had planned to refine the tri-colored flying sword for a second time!

It seemed to be a refinement process, but was actually a process to break it down!

The inscriptions were like a key, constantly opening up and simplifying the mysteries of a system that was different from that of the Federation. As the mysteries were solved, the initial persistence of the tri-colored flying sword was quickly overcome. It began disintegrating into numerous small parts, revealing thin black threads within it!

These thin threads seemed to be formed from some sort of energy. They were like a linkage that joined all the parts together.

That made Wang Baole's eyes glow. This was the first time he made contact with the structure of a non-Federation Dharmic treasure. His understanding of Dharmic Armaments seemed to deepen through the process of breaking the foreign treasures apart. It was as if he had learned from a knowledgeable person.

There are no inscriptions in their Dharmic treasures... Instead, they are composed of numerous tiny parts joined together by these peculiar energy threads that make the entire Dharmic treasure whole! Wang Baole created seals with both his hands at an even faster speed. After half an hour, having broken the tri-colored flying sword apart completely into many smaller components, Wang Baole raised his left hand and gripped a stone the size of a fist from amongst the pile of components!

This rock is the core of this Dharmic treasure, and also the source of the energy threads! Wang Baole looked at the stone in his hand. He didn't need to analyze it for long to recognize that it was a Stellar Source!

It was different from the Stellar Source taken away by the Artifact Spirit, as it had been through a unique refinement process. Even as a Dharmic Armament master, Wang Baole was unable to decipher the rock.

However, having reached this step, it is still possible to control the extraterrestrial Dharmic Armament, just that the force would be slightly smaller. After thinking about it, Wang Baole felt that rather than it being useless, he could control it in his own way, and it wouldn't go to waste.

As for the way to do it, Wang Baole had already found a method when he was breaking it apart. He would inscribe inscriptions on the Stellar Source to assist him in controlling the treasure. It was similar to tying a thin string in the mechanisms of a wooden puppet's four limbs. The string would be controlled by Wang Baole. He may not be able to control this treasure, but he could control the strings and indirectly unleash part of the force of this extraterrestrial Dharmic Armament!

As for the ribbon and the scales, they were also treated similarly by Wang Baole. After several days, he had completed inscribing the inscriptions on them. He waved his hand, and the tri-colored flying sword shone brightly, surrounding him with large numbers of flying swords that formed a sword formation!

At the same time, a ribbon also circled him like those belonging to the legendary Nezha 1, looking extremely impressive.

These two Dharmic treasures were so astonishingly powerful that they were similar to eighth-grade Dharmic Armaments!

If I have a chance, I need to learn how to refine these extraterrestrial Dharmic treasures. Wang Baole looked satisfyingly at the flying sword beside him. He waved his hand and kept the flying sword and the ribbon, before turning his palm around, where the three scales were being held.

It's a pity that the cracks are so severe that they can only be a single-use bomb. They should be relatively powerful. Wang Baole patted his tummy. Feeling satisfied, he began to think about whether he should leave, especially after he thought about the Five Generation Sky Clan's plot to convert the new City into a special zone. Wang Baole rolled his eyes, and his mind grew active.

Previously, he would be extremely furious at that. However, everything was different now. To Wang Baole, the Five Generation Sky Clan's plot gave him an opportunity.

However, there is still a problem. I have formed a Dark Core... but I learned the Lightning Art in Ethereal Dao College. Once my cultivation dissipates, the Dark Core will inevitably be revealed... Wang Baole rubbed his glabella before gritting his teeth and lowering his head to look at the pills.

Maybe I can try to make a Lightning Core using the Lightning Dao: First Volume. This way, I will be a Lightning Dao Core Formation cultivator on the surface, but in reality, I will be different from others, with two cores! Wang Baole cleared his throat, waving his raised right hand. With his power over the Dark Artifact, he sealed his surroundings and sat with his legs crossed. He gripped his right hand and took out the pills that the young boy said was capable of raising one's cultivation without any side effects.

If Nascent Soul realm cultivators can raise their cultivation with this, the effect will definitely be greater for me if I eat it!

Chapter 470: Spectating

After eating this... I won't be so bloated that I will explode, right? Wang Baole grabbed the pill bottle and took out two pills. The pills were purple-colored and were without any herbal fragrance, only having complex rune marks on them. Even though he didn't understand them, based on his experience, Wang Baole still felt that the pills were impressive.

He was somewhat nervous. He felt that they were pills that belonged to Nascent Soul realm cultivators, and he had no idea if he, as a Core Formation realm cultivator, could digest them.

What's the big deal? It's just a pill. If Nascent Soul realm cultivators can ingest them, so can I! After struggling internally for a brief moment, Wang Baole lowered his head to look at his own body, and a look of determination appeared in his eyes.

I'm a lucky person, and I definitely won't die from this. Furthermore, I'm still inside the Dark Artifact. What's more, the most important thing is... I am the slimmest and most handsome person in the Federation, and I can put my weight here. Nothing to fret about! With that thought, Wang Baole immediately began to break the pill apart forcefully.

It's quite tough... Wang Baole stared and used more strength. He tore half of it out and tossed it into his mouth.

As the pill entered his mouth, a sour and spicy sensation instantly filled Wang Baole's mouth. The sourness was like swallowing a large bowl of wild grapes in a single mouthful. All his sense of taste seemed to have been lost instantly, and all he could feel was a gushing feeling that charged towards his brain. Wang Baole couldn't control himself as his body stiffened, and his facial expression twisted as he widened his eyes.

This is bad!

However, before Wang Baole could adapt, the sourness disappeared, replaced by a spiciness that far exceeded that of the Death Pills he swallowed previously. The spiciness was like a bomb exploding in his mouth, the impact reverberating in his mind.

Ahhhhh! Wang Baole wanted to scream, but couldn't produce any sound. He wanted to find himself some water, but even before he found it, activity exploded noisily in his mind again, such that he couldn't even scream. He held his throat tightly, jumping up from his original cross-legged position, and began running in all directions like a maniac.

This continued for the next ten minutes, after which, Wang Baole fell down with a loud bang and fainted. Before he lost consciousness, the only question in his mind was why he decided to seek death for himself...

Despite having lost consciousness, his body continued convulsing without him feeling anything. His limbs behaved as if they had been electrocuted, raising and lowering by themselves even though Wang Baole had collapsed on the floor.

This not only shocked the surrounding ferocious beasts, but also the three Artifact Spirits who appeared after sensing something was amiss. They surrounded Wang Baole, staring at his convulsing body with their mouths agape with shock, before looking at each other with a puzzled look.

"This... Our new owner didn't just die in this manner, did he?" the young boy mumbled, a look of confusion in his eyes. The scene before him was too unbelievable and unexpected.

The old State Preceptor who was standing in a corner cleared his throat, looking approvingly at the young boy and patting his head hard with his right hand.

"Well done!"

The young boy was confused, as he didn't understand what the old State Preceptor meant by that. However, he quickly realized what was going on and was immediately gripped with shock. He understood that Wang Baole had just eaten the pills that he claimed had no issues...

"This... This..." The young boy was on the brink of tears. Seeing the old State Preceptor approaching him, wanting to give him a pat, a look of ruthlessness appeared in his eyes. He was about to retaliate when the burly Dark Sampan Artifact Spirit spoke calmly.

"Enough, both of you. This has nothing to do with Old Oar. Master himself was the one who wanted to break apart the pills before swallowing them. Usually, the external parts of the pills would have been processed such that, after being swallowed, the taste of the materials inside them wouldn't be experienced. However, Master is tough and strong, with an unusually high body weight, so nothing will happen to him!" As the Boat Spirit spoke, a strong Spirit Qi suddenly emerged in waves from Wang Baole, who was still convulsing on the ground. Initially, the Spirit Qi flowed out of his stomach like a stream, but before long, it was like a voracious river churning in his body.

By the time the Boat Spirit finished speaking, the Spirit Qi had become like the ocean, crashing vigorously. Spirit Qi flowed out from Wang Baole's sweat pores, forming a Spirit Fog that spread in all directions.

At the same time, the unconscious Wang Baole, being stimulated by the Spirit Qi, was momentarily awakened. Even though he was still in a state of confusion, he instinctively activated Lightning Dao: First Volume. As he unleashed it, sounds of thunder emerged from within his body. The Spirit Qi seemed to be drawn by it, surging directly into Wang Baole's meridians and traveling throughout his entire body. Eventually, it seeped into the third lotus seed head whose petals had just opened up!

After seeping into it, the Spirit Qi was like nourishment and a maturation agent to the petals that had yet to become a lotus. It caused the petals to bloom visibly, and in the process, arc-shaped lightning was produced and traveled swiftly within Wang Baole's body.

The entire process continued for six hours. As the explosive waves of Spirit Qi gradually died down, Wang Baole's body returned to normal. He slowly opened his eyes, looking confused. At the same time, an incredible pain spread throughout his body, and he uncontrollably groaned in discomfort.

The three Artifact Spirits who were beside him initially had disappeared before he regained consciousness.

As he screamed painfully, Wang Baole struggled to climb up. He shuddered when he recalled the scene just before losing consciousness. The sensation of sourness and spiciness frightened him. Right now, his first instinct was to give up, but at that moment, he widened his eyes. He felt that the petal that was originally on the green lotus inside his body had become a lotus that was in the process of blooming!

It's effective! Wang Baole was pleasantly surprised. He hurriedly stood up and activated his cultivation. As he waved his hands, flashes of lightning transformed with a frightening sound. After gauging its force, Wang Baole concluded that his skills in exhibiting the Lightning Dao cultivation technique as someone who had perfected Foundation Establishment realm cultivation had improved. It was akin to a pseudo Core Formation realm cultivator, without him needing to use the power of the Dark Core.

This was the result of just half a pill!

That made Wang Baole extremely happy. He gritted his teeth as he picked up the other half of the pill and swallowed it. Then, he immediately stiffened, gripping his throat and falling onto the floor as he screamed painfully. He convulsed as he lost consciousness, and the three Artifact Spirits reappeared as spectators then...

"He's godly!"

"What a ruthless person!"

"How strong!" The three Artifact Spirits discussed amongst themselves. Seeing that Wang Baole wouldn't die from it, they disappeared before Wang Baole regained consciousness.

In this manner, Wang Baole began his torturous cultivation process. It wasn't that he didn't want to swallow a pill whole. In reality, he felt that he should proceed in small steps. If he was too forceful, he might just kill himself in the process by accident.

In reality, Wang Baole was correct to think this way. If he really swallowed the entire pill in one go, he might be able to survive, but he would definitely injure his body. Taking half of it at a time like he was doing allowed his body to absorb it. Even though it was painful, there would be no consequences.

Therefore, after swallowing the two pills, the lightning in Wang Baole's body struck continuously. As the lotus flower went into full bloom and the lotus seed head appeared, a Lightning Core was produced from within the lotus seed head!

A Core Formation aura that had a characteristic of lightning instantly emerged from Wang Baole's body. It spread in all directions, and the sound of his laughter reverberated amidst his excitement.

Wang Baole didn't know if there were other people like himself who had managed to produce two cores. However, after trying it out, he realized that the two cores were like a transit point. As his Spirit Qi seeped into the Lightning Core lotus seed head, the lightning that was produced gave off a force that was similar to a Core Formation realm cultivator with a lightning characteristic.

When it seeped into the Dark Core, everything was activated. The force that belonged to the Dark Core instantly spread.

The two parts interacted with each other. Even though the process was still not smooth, it seemed that as long as the body got used to it and as he grew more familiar with it, Wang Baole could interchange his Core Formation power according to his preferences during battle!

At the same time, there was also a change that surprised Wang Baole, and that was the high concentration of the Spirit Qi and meridians in his body. The meridians and Spirit Qi had been unleashed once previously when he achieved a breakthrough and reached the Dark Core stage. When the

meridians spread, the Spirit Qi had also been boosted. Right now, what he did was similar to having spread and boosted his meridians and Spirit Qi twice!

That made his combat powers exceed that of his peers significantly, despite him still being an early-stage Core Formation realm cultivator!

After realizing this, Wang Baole was extremely delighted. In his happiness, he began putting away all the items and decided to leave the barrier. He was in high spirits, and as the three Artifact Spirits watched him with respect, he emerged out of the barrier and stepped into the underground passageway of the city. Wang Baole patted his tummy arrogantly, taking out his voice transmission ring to send a voice transmission to the Martian Colony Governor. However, the Governor didn't pick up, so Wang Baole decided to leave a message.

"Governor, I, Wang Baole, didn't disappoint your expectations. After months of seclusion, I've reached a breakthrough in my cultivation without any difficulty. I've entered... the Core Formation realm!"