

# A World Worth Protecting

## Chapter 10: Invincible Combat Faculty

The Great Void Qi Devouring Art had similarities with the Qi Fostering Art, but its principles were very different.

The Qi Fostering Art guided the world's Spirit Qi into the body, but due to invisible orifices in the body, it was impossible to retain the Spirit Qi. However, because of that, one could use the body as a medium to guide the Spirit Qi into the Empty Stone in one's hand to form Spirit Stones. Through this process, one's body would subtly strengthen.

As for the Great Void Qi Devouring Art, it was akin to forming a black hole in one's body. It caused the body to possess an extremely powerful suction force that seemed to devour everything. It would crazily absorb the Spirit Qi in the world. Even if one's body had countless orifices that prevented the retention of Spirit Qi, this suction force far exceeded the speed at which Spirit Qi diffused.

It would ultimately result in a constant accumulation of Spirit Qi in one's body. Simultaneously, due to such intense compaction, there was no need for Empty Stones to condense Spirit Stones in one's hand!

As such, the purity would naturally far exceed what others were capable of. After all, the biggest difficulty a Dharmic Armament master faced in purifying a Spirit Stone was the removal of the impurities the Empty Stones contained.

Similar concepts of such a cultivation technique had been suggested in the Federation, but no one had succeeded in doing so. It only existed in one's imagination, but now... the Great Void Qi Devouring Art right in front of Wang Baole was able to perfectly resolve all the problems.

*It looks like the suction force increases in intensity through the cultivation of this Great Void Qi Devouring Art, becoming stronger and stronger...* Wang Baole left the hallucination realm excitedly. He sat cross-legged in his cave abode, his eyes glimmering with excitement. He

could feel that the role of Head Prefect was already waving at him. He seemed to forget everything as he closed his eyes, fully immersing himself in the research and cultivation of the Great Void Qi Devouring Art.

He had built up a Qi Fostering Art foundation over the years, so he was no stranger when it came to directing the Spirit Qi. As he calmed his mind, he immediately detected the world around him and its nearly limitless Spirit Qi.

Although the Great Void Qi Devouring Art looked easy, it was still quite difficult to cultivate it in practice. Wang Baole stumbled in the beginning. Several times, he would suck the Spirit Qi but fail to exceed what diffused. However, one of his best qualities was that once he had a goal, he would form an obsession over it. Just like in the hallucination realm test, he had ignored the excruciating pain in order to gain more points.

According to the Qi Devouring Art's explanation, a devouring seed has to be formed internally first, making it become a part of the body. Only then can it exceed the rate at which it diffuses.

At that moment, the obsession particular to his character erupted. In the following half-month, he stopped attending classes. Even if he had to eat, he would do so in a hurry. He would quickly return to immerse himself in his research and cultivation.

At the same time, beside a pond on Chancellor Peak, which stood centered among the various faculty peaks of Lower Academy Island, was a thatched cottage where the old physician was fishing.

The gentle wind blew, shaking the drooping willow. The reflection in the pond made it quite a sight.

Beside the old physician stood the Vice-Chancellor. The black-robed middle-aged man's forehead was sweating profusely, looking very uneasy. After a long while, he took a deep breath and gave the Chancellor a deep bow.

"Chancellor, I was at fault."

The old physician did not seem to hear him. He continued his fishing, and only after some time did the Vice-Chancellor wipe the sweat from his forehead.

With greater respect, he whispered, “I was wrong to ignore the fact that Wang Baole’s matter could be used as a positive example, allowing the students to be greater aligned with the Dao College. Instead, I chose another option. I even got a teacher from the Alchemy faculty to expose the cheating incident.”

With that said, he realized that the old physician’s expression remained unchanged. Vice-Chancellor sweated even more as he whispered once again.

“I was even more wrong to covet the Dharmic Armament faculty’s specially-recruited allocation. I acted in my own self-interests and attempted to expel Wang Baole out of the Dao College. I even influenced the other teachers.”

Vice-Chancellor wiped his sweat again, feeling wry. He had made a mistake in his judgment. He had previously believed that the Chancellor was displeased with Wang Baole and thought that he could take the opportunity to punish Wang Baole as well as benefit himself.

However, he had never expected Wang Baole to turn the tables eventually. One of the crucial reasons for that was Wang Baole’s speech, but the more important reason was the way the Chancellor viewed the matter.

Only then did the old physician look up, giving the Vice-Chancellor an insouciant look.

“Since you are aware of your faults, take your leave.”

Vice-Chancellor heaved a long sigh of relief. He had been a subordinate to the Chancellor for many years. He knew that, with the Chancellor saying so, it meant that the matter was mostly resolved. He politely bowed before leaving. Only when he walked far did he recall Wang Baole. His eyes flashed with a cold glimmer, but he knew that he could

not act for the time being. Furthermore, such a trivial figure was nothing to him even if he had some tricks up his sleeve.

However, little did he know that after he left, an elder appeared silently from beside the old physician. He looked like a servant as he stood behind the old physician with a bent back.

“Chancellor, brilliant. You managed to put Vice-Chancellor Gao Quan in his place through this matter without so much as a stir. I guess after this incident, he will temporarily hold back greatly. Although he admitted to many of his mistakes, he did not admit his greatest fault. His influence has reached far too wide and deep.

“In addition, I have investigated the matter. The Dharmic Armament faculty’s Spirit Kernel Hall’s Head Prefect has been manipulating in secret. Similarly, the Vice-Chancellor enjoys a close relationship with this child. The Dharmic Armament faculty’s specially-recruited nomination was also coveted by the Spirit Kernel Hall’s Head Prefect. It seems like it was instigated by his father,” said the elder with a chuckle softly.

“The father of the Spirit Kernel Head Prefect... As one of the seventeen senators of the Federation, such an influential figure would not engage in such crude tricks. Let the matter rest.” The old physician smiled as a derisive look appeared deep in his eyes.

“I would have thought highly of him if he had associated himself with a senator, but to associate himself with this child, this Gao Quan is ultimately one who lacks brains.”

“Chancellor, toward such a double-minded wretch, should we not...” The elder hesitated for a moment.

“It’s still not time.” The old physician’s eyes had a profound look in them. A figure who he had gone to great lengths to establish as one to attract hatred was of great value. Others would hardly understand his decisions.

*There will always be someone who can’t resist the temptation to touch Gao Quan. Regardless, anyone who touches him will have to go through me.* The old physician chuckled as he thought inwardly.

Time passed. Wang Baole had spent three months cultivating.

In those three months, Wang Baole's infrequent appearance had made talk about him in the Dharmic Armament faculty wane. In addition, the demanding education curriculum slowly made fewer people pay him any attention.

In a particular way, Wang Baole had indeed accomplished his goal of keeping a low-profile as he had wanted in the beginning.

As the saying goes, everything comes to those who wait.

Three months later, Wang Baole's body barely formed a black hole devouring seed.

As he sensed the suction forces released by his body, Wang Baole wiped his sweat in excitement. He felt that he was again one step closer to success. He hurriedly cultivated once more.

After he possessed the devouring seed, the Spirit Qi in the cave abode immediately resembled flowing water. The Spirit Qi slowly had its trajectory change as it surged toward Wang Baole. This was not only limited to the Spirit Qi inside the cave abode. Even the Spirit Qi outside did the same.

Eventually, almost all the Spirit Qi in the region he was in seemed to be stirred. An invisible vortex was formed, and the center of the vortex was the black hole devouring seed... in Wang Baole's body.

Large amounts of Spirit Qi were sucked in, finally exceeding the amount that his body naturally diffused. It caused his Spirit Qi to condense and accumulate. When it entered his body, it brought an indescribable sense of comfort to him as though countless tiny hands were massaging his entire body. Thankfully, despite immersing himself in the comfort, Wang Baole still knew what he needed to do. He gradually lifted his right hand and used the Great Void Qi Devouring Art to condense a Spirit Stone.

But at this point, another difficulty of the Great Void Qi Devouring Art revealed itself. The thick Spirit Qi could condense, but it would also fail if he were not careful.

And once he failed, the massive amount of Spirit Qi that had condensed would spread out and quickly be sucked back into Wang Baole's body, accumulating once more.

*I refuse to believe it!* Wang Baole nearly lost his mind. With success close at hand, it made him more adamant. He bought large amounts of food in one go, most of which were snacks. He did not leave his cave abode as though he was in seclusion. He did everything at home, fully engrossing himself in cultivation.

Gradually, his rotund body became even rounder without him realizing it... His fat thickened... especially the fat that was filled with a luster. Although it was not crystalline, the fat appeared extremely fine and glossy.

His body was definitely far from ordinary. It was spirit fat formed through the accumulation of Spirit Qi. After all, fat was the conversion of excess energy in the body. And now, the Spirit Qi in Wang Baole's body far exceeded the average person's. As he was constantly devouring Spirit Qi and failing at refining the Spirit Stones, he could not help gaining more and more fat.

Thankfully, the specially-recruited student robes he wore were made of a special material that was very flexible. Up to this point, he had not burst his clothes. As for Wang Baole, his face's shape had changed, and his body glistened with an oily luster, his eyes turning smaller and smaller.

Unknowingly, this continued for a month. Midway, Wang Baole also realized the gain in weight, but having engrossed himself in the refinement of Spirit Stones, he directly ignored it.

Finally... on this day, Wang Baole looked in excitement at the chestnut-shaped Spirit Stone in his hand. After testing its purity, he laughed out loud.

“I succeeded! Haha, I finally succeeded!”

“It no longer has a purity of fifty percent but seventy-five percent!”

Wang Baole was extremely excited. All his years in Phoenix City, he had only been able to refine Spirit Stones that were slightly better than fifty percent purity. But now, he could refine ones that were at seventy-five percent. After all, the cut-off score of the best Dao College in the Federation, White Deer Dao College, was seventy percent and above.

Satisfied, Wang Baole felt that he was presently formidable enough. Just as he was about to get up to walk around to release his excitement, he nearly failed to stand up. This left him in a daze. He looked down at his body, which had nearly doubled in size compared to half a year ago. His red specially-recruited Daoist robes had deformed from his weight gain, revealing a body filled with spirit fat.

He became short of breath as his eyes widened suddenly.

“This... This...” Wang Baole cried out. No longer over-absorbed with the Spirit Stone refinement, he immediately realized his present state. He was in big trouble.

*Heavens, I only let my guard down a little and... how did this happen?* Wang Baole trembled as his family genealogical table surfaced instantly in his mind. He was immediately gripped by terror as he hurriedly extended his thick fingers, counting while being too worried for tears.

But after counting all day, he realized that regardless of how he counted, according to the ages of the Fatso Forefathers at their times of death, he... did not seem to have much longer to live. This left him close to tears.

*I haven't become Head Prefect or the Federation President. I really do not want to reunite with Fatso Forefathers!* In Wang Baole's horror, his mind was filled with thoughts of losing weight. However, he had done so several times with all of them being nearly ineffective. It drove him nuts.

*Exercise! I want to exercise! I want to run. There might be still some hope with the fat having just appeared!* Wang Baole gritted his teeth. The first thing he thought of was running; therefore, he rushed out of his cave abode's door.

Despite having grown fatter, it was still not irredeemable yet. He was still able to exit the door. The moment he walked out, sun scattered on his exaggerated red Daoist robe. Wang Baole immediately felt anguished when he saw his massive shadow. With a loud roar, he used all his strength and ran frenetically on Dharmic Armament Peak.

As he ran disconsolately, Wang Baole noticed something different about himself. He did not seem to tire out, and the rich Spirit Qi in him provided for all his energy expenditure. It allowed him to run rapidly, making him find Dharmic Armament Peak too small. He knew too many people there as well, so he quickly ran down the peak and began running around Lower Academy Island.

That day, many Dharmic Armament faculty students saw a red ball brush past them. All of them were stunned, some exclaiming in surprise, but because the red ball ran too fast, especially with its face hidden, they could not identify it. Therefore, there were quite a lot of rumors and discussion on the Spirit Intranet.

“I saw a ball today...”

“I saw it too!”

“It looks a little familiar. It resembles... the Daoist robes of a specially-recruited student?”

While the Dharmic Armament faculty engaged in discussion, there was a group of Combat faculty students running along the lake in Lower Academy Island. Among them was the specially-recruited Zhuo Yifan, as well as people like Chen Ziheng. A middle-aged man followed them, a teacher of the Combat faculty. He was leading the students in a run with a solemn expression.

Compared to the students in the other faculties, the Combat faculty was more akin to soldiers. This was because the Combat faculty focused on everything related to ancient martial arts. They stood atop all the faculties when it came to actual combat. It was required for every student from the faculty to have a strong physical body. Therefore, one of the basic classes was training that involved running around the island.

The goal was to quickly enhance the freshmen's physical fitness, allowing them to successfully enter the Blood Qi realm. Although only half a year had passed since school began, the Combat faculty continued having the island-circling class.

"Faster! Did you even eat!" the Combat faculty teacher yelled as he stared at the students beside him.

Although he was verbally putting them down, he was still very pleased when he saw them brimming with energy and vigor—especially Zhuo Yifan and Chen Ziheng. Although they could already circle the entire island, they obediently joined in the run. It pleased him greatly having such good students.

"You have to remember! My Combat faculty disdains the refinement of artifacts and pills. What we want are our bodies! What we want is to push the body to its limits. Be it a Dharma treasure or a toxic pill, they are all crap. We, the Combat faculty, can crush them with a fist!"

As the middle-aged teacher boomed, the students also roused themselves and roared in succession.

"Our punches and kicks are the strongest!"

"Our running speed is the fastest!"

"We are physically invincible!"

Instantly, the rousing fervor made it seem like they could suppress down all alchemical and artifact refinement weaklings.

The middle-aged man was very pleased seeing the youths' spirit. Just as he was about to add on, a red meatball rolled past his body from behind.