

# A World Worth Protecting

## Chapter 19: Great Void Twisting Technique

After the three-day, four-night ordeal in the Lava Chamber, Wang Baole noticed that all the students he encountered on his way back to the Dharmic Armament Peak would invariably stare at him. His breaking of the record was simply too astounding.

Quite a number of Lower Academy Island teachers had also begun to pay close attention to Wang Baole. After all, it had not yet been a year since school started, and although Wang Baole's breakthroughs were not considered the fastest, the impact he delivered was unmatched.

Furthermore, his feats happened one after another, causing quite a buzz on the Spirit Intranet. It made every student on the Lower Academy Island—be they freshmen or senior students—know of Wang Baole.

While on his journey back, Wang Baole had logged into the Spirit Intranet and learned of the various matters that had happened while he was losing weight. He felt very wistful.

*All I did was lose some weight, but I ended up causing such a stir. I'm just too extraordinary; this won't do. I am someone who will become the Federation President, so I need to keep a low profile.* Wang Baole coughed dryly as he walked to his cave abode, feeling pleased with himself. He took out some Ice Spirit Water and gulped a big mouthful. Immediately, he felt a lot more refreshed.

*Losing weight sure isn't easy.* As he recalled his weight-loss process, Wang Baole took out a bag of snacks with a sigh. Again, he wolfed down the snacks noisily.

*I have to stay alert; I cannot make myself grow fat again. Losing weight is just too tedious.* Wang Baole constantly reminded himself. The thought of the Lava Chamber's high temperatures left him with a lingering fear as he took out another bag of snacks.

*I absolutely cannot become fat again!* Having resolved himself, Wang Baole spent an entire afternoon eating snacks before he patted his belly. His eyes were filled with determination as he began pondering over his Spirit Stone purity.

The moment he thought of the crazy absorption of Spirit Qi once his Spirit Stone reached 85% purity, Wang Baole fell into a dilemma. He sought out a lot of information from the Spirit Intranet before gaining some confidence. In future refinements, he would increase his control. He would work hard at maintaining the speed at which Spirit Qi surged in even at the cost of him being a little slow in the refinement process.

As such, although his Spirit Stone refinement became slow, his meticulous way of handling things prevented the sudden increase in spirit fat.

After solving this problem, Wang Baole felt at ease. He felt that becoming Head Prefect was already something close at hand. With this burning desire, he began attempting to raise his Spirit Stone purity.

However, pleasant times were short-lived. A month later, Wang Baole was depressed to discover that his Spirit Stone purity had once again hit a bottleneck. He was unable to break past a purity of 86%.

This was the second appearance of a bottleneck. In his depression, Wang Baole took out the black mask and, after some hesitation, chose to activate the Hallucination realm. The scene in front of him turned blurry but revealed itself to be the familiar icy snow plain when it became clear.

Cold winds whistled as Wang Baole quickly lowered his head to touch the black mask in his hand. Despite staring at it for some time, the words on the mask were still about the Cleansing Pill from before. Nothing had changed.

“Odd... Does it need me to say it out loud?” Wang Baole scratched his head. He recalled that the mask would change while he was muttering to himself. Looking suspiciously at the mask, he whispered, “Mask oh

Mask, tell me, is there a way to allow me to break the bottleneck of producing Spirit Stones with 85% purity and achieve 90% and beyond?"

After Wang Baole said that, he stared at the black mask intently. It was just a few seconds before the words on the mask turned blurry. The entire mask even phased away a bit before new words appeared slowly.

*There's indeed someone in there!* Wang Baole drew a gasp as his heart thumped in his chest, and he looked at the words.

*Great Void Twisting Technique?* There were a lot more words that appeared this time. Wang Baole was stunned when he read everything. It was because the answer the mask gave him was no longer about a pill; it was a cultivation technique that resembled a martial art.

Such martial arts were common in Ethereal Dao College, especially with the Combat faculty having many types. For example, there were many kinds of twisting techniques. It was nothing surprising.

This left Wang Baole a little puzzled as he carefully looked at it again.

According to the explanation, the reason for the bottleneck was that the devouring seed in Wang Baole's body was unable to completely fuse with his body, making it difficult for him to do as he wished. The twisting technique was the best method for speeding up his body's fusion with the devouring seed.

Once he cultivated it successfully, not only would he increase the devouring seed's suction force, he would be able to intuitively disperse it to any part of his body, allowing him to devour at will. When that happened, he would break past the 85% purity bottleneck and achieve perfection.

*The first attack here is nothing but bending fingers, isn't it?* Wang Baole blinked. He was clever to begin with, and the Great Void Twisting Technique did not appear to be anything special. He raised his left hand and grasped forward.

After practicing a few times, he decided that he might as well control the Hallucination realm and form a middle-aged man. The man had a blurry face and his cultivation level was around the Blood Qi realm. He immediately charged at Wang Baole the moment he appeared.

Wang Baole widened his eyes as he similarly advanced forward. With his Physical Seal realm's speed and strength, he threw out a fist, immediately sending the sparring partner's figure into a retreat. With a flash, he came close to the sparring partner and grabbed his palm. When he found his opponent's finger, he tried bending it backward.

"This is way too easy," Wang Baole mumbled.

A black beam suddenly flashed from the black mask. At the same time, the entire Hallucination realm instantly distorted. A cracking sound instantly spread in every direction.

"What's happening!" Wang Baole jumped in shock as he hurriedly retreated to observe his surroundings. He realized that the cold wind had turned even colder. Some of the animals in the distance also looked somewhat different.

Before Wang Baole could carefully observe his surroundings, the sparring partner he had conjured earlier suddenly looked up. He was still at the Blood Qi realm, but he seemed to be an entirely new person. With killing intent emanating from him, he rushed toward Wang Baole.

Although it was still the same person, he gave Wang Baole a completely different feeling. Without having any time to think, he struck out directly, but this time...

The sparring partner did not dodge the instant Wang Baole threw out his punch but, in some inconceivable manner, rapped Wang Baole's wrist. Wang Baole immediately felt an indescribable numbness spread through his entire arm.

His clenched fist immediately relaxed, and even his strength seemed to dissipate. As for the sparring partner, he used his momentum, grabbed Wang Baole's finger, and yanked it upward.

“It hurts! Stop! Stop! Stop!”

The excruciating pain felt like lightning that spread through Wang Baole’s body. He immediately broke out in a cold sweat as he could not help but let out a tragic cry. His body seemed to lose all its strength instantly, and he stumbled as a result of his opponent’s yank.

In response to Wang Baole’s cries, his sparring partner immediately released him and took a few steps back. He continued looking at Wang Baole expressionlessly.

As he held his finger, Wang Baole panted and looked at his sparring partner with lingering fear. He then looked at the black mask and had a nagging feeling that everything that had just happened was a result of the mask. He immediately felt indignant and somewhat peeved.

“What’s so impressive about bending fingers? I was just not prepared. Again!” Wang Baole’s sparring partner charged forward the moment he said that. This time, Wang Baole was prepared. He did not throw out a punch and instead kicked. When his opponent dodged, he grabbed the opportunity to throw a punch at his opponent’s temple.

But this time, a strange scene appeared. Even though it was clearly Wang Baole who had taken advantage of the dodge to attack, a suction force was suddenly released by his opponent. It seemed to manifest as an invisible hand that grabbed Wang Baole’s arm and yanked him, allowing the man to change his punch’s direction. After Wang Baole’s opponent spun around to grab at his finger, the finger was instantly bent.

The familiar feeling of pain surfaced once again as Wang Baole hurriedly yelled for a stop. However, he felt even more disgruntled inwardly, almost to the point of being driven crazy.

The finger bending was just too painful. Even Wang Baole, who often berated others for being shameless, felt that such an attack was extremely shameless. The feeling of not being able to use his strength while his opponent aimed to bend his fingers drove him insane.

“Again!” Moments later, Wang Baole’s pale expression turned for the better. This time, he decided not to use his hands again as he began fighting with his sparring partner once more.

Soon, Wang Baole’s finger was grabbed by his opponent once again. His body went limp as his hand was raised high. Before his opponent bent his finger, he was already lamenting inwardly.

“Heavens, you are too much of a bully. I hid my hands the entire time, but you still managed to bend my finger! Ah... it hurts!” Wang Baole was driven to tears, but he was filled with hate inwardly. He could not control the boundless eruption of emotions. His opponent was only at the Blood Qi realm, and he was already at the Physical Seal realm. Yet, his opponent was able to grab his finger every single time. The excruciating pain, the resentful feelings, and his helplessness made Wang Baole extremely aggrieved, along with other emotions.

“I refuse to believe it. Again!” Wang Baole clenched his teeth and charged forward once again...

Time passed inside the Hallucination realm. Wang Baole’s tragic cries continued incessantly in what followed. They turned shriller and more tragic until one day later. When Wang Baole left the Hallucination realm, he felt weak. He lay in his cave abode and looked at his ten fingers with tears rolling down his face.

*Heavens, this finger bending technique is just too much. There’s also the suction force. There’s no way to dodge that at all. I have to learn this move; it’s powerful!* Wang Baole had already realized that the black mask’s flash had changed the sparring partner, making it use the Great Void Twisting Technique on him.

If not, there was no way to explain the suction force. It was clearly in accordance with the first move of the Great Void Twisting Technique. The suction force would form a force that resembled a black hole after the devouring seed spread across the body.

After personally experiencing the incisiveness of the Great Void Twisting Technique, Wang Baole’s interest was aroused. He felt that, not only

would the Great Void Twisting Technique resolve the problem of his Spirit Stone purity, it could also equip him with combat arts.

This made him determined. Even as he rested for the night, his mind was constantly analyzing and thinking. At daybreak, Wang Baole quickly ate some snacks for breakfast and entered the Hallucination realm once again.

Days passed as the shrill cries in the Hallucination realm continued. Not only did they not decrease, they increased in frequency. As Wang Baole's ability to withstand pain increased, his recovery time reduced. This resulted in him having his fingers bent a lot more often.

"It hurts!"

"Heavens, who created this twisting technique?"

"My finger almost broke..."

Finally, even though Wang Baole was a tenacious person, he was almost at his limits. He was already on the brink of insanity. He even lamented over at the unfortunate fact that humans had fingers.

Therefore, he thought of a solution. As he negotiated with the mask by muttering to himself, he conjured another junior sparring partner. It was completely different from the previous sparring partner, and it became the target of Wang Baole's frustration.

Every time he had his fingers bent, he would spar with the junior sparring partner, transferring the pain and anger he had onto him, bending his finger in the process. Through this ability to vent his frustration, Wang Baole managed to persist with his training.

Another month passed, and Wang Baole was depressed to realize that the junior sparring partner he used to vent his frustration was just too weak and rigid. He was completely unable to sustain the madness he was feeling or enhance his combat experience. More importantly, the junior sparring partner did not cry. He would stare at him expressionlessly no matter how his fingers were bent.

Wang Baole found this unacceptable. Simultaneously, he had finally gained some insight and experience from his constant battles with the senior sparring partner over the months. He could not hold down the urge to let others experience what he had experienced.

Hence, he thought of the fight club.