

Worth 641

Chapter 641: Divine Consciousness!

Wang Baole set aside the inner turmoil he felt as he surveyed his surroundings. He lifted his right hand. With a sudden wave, a dozen puppets appeared and spread out. As they searched the city ruins, Wang Baole began to wander around the city as well. He stared at the buildings and made his way towards the area that gave off the strongest Dark Sect aura.

He could tell that the city had housed quite a number of residents. A careful inspection of the clues left around him indicated that the city's residents had been prepared for the calamity that had befallen them. However, it was clear that they had still been powerless in the face of such a catastrophe. Everyone had perished. Even the giant had been cleaved into two.

A sense of loss unfurled inside Wang Baole. He shook his head and approached the center of the city ruins. Wang Baole took but a few steps before he suddenly froze in his tracks. There was a solemn look in his eyes.

One of the dozen puppets he had let out earlier had just severed its connection with him without any prior warning.

Wang Baole immediately went on high alert. He headed swiftly towards the last known location of that puppet. As he neared it, he caught sight of the puppet lying motionlessly in a corner.

Wang Baole didn't approach the puppet immediately. He narrowed his eyes, then raised his right hand and waved. A flying sword dashed through the air towards the puppet. As it drew near, the puppet suddenly jerked and flipped itself over. A red light shot out under it, evading the flying sword as it shrieked and headed straight for Wang Baole's face.

It seemed to sense the Dark Fire outside Wang Baole's body as soon as it approached. The red light shrunk back hastily as if it was trying to escape.

It was fast, but Wang Baole had his Flame Snatch Thearch Armor on. He lifted his right hand and, with a grab, caught the red light.

The red light turned out to be some kind of worm. It wasn't a corpse but an actual living creature. It wriggled in Wang Baole's hand continuously. There was a huge opening on its head, from which fluids continued to escape. Black teeth lined the opening. It roared and bared its teeth at Wang Baole as it struggled violently to break free from Wang Baole's grip.

But its trembling body gave away its fear. The creature had shrunk away from Wang Baole earlier, a clear indication of its fear of fire!

Wang Baole fell into a deep contemplation. His eyes landed on the puppet's back, and he noticed a nick. The puppet must have been attacked by the worm while searching the area. The worm had pierced straight through its body and broken its core.

It doesn't seem very strong, Wang Baole thought, then pinched tightly with his armored hand. The worm shrieked, but its body wasn't crushed instantly. Wang Baole's pupils contracted, and a thought flickered

in his head. His Dark Fire drew near the worm, which caused the creature to begin to scream more loudly. It started to burn as soon as the Dark Fire enveloped it, turning to dust within Wang Baole's armored palm.

The cries that the worm had made before its final breath echoed in the silence. The earth trembled slightly when it turned to dust. Even the buildings around Wang Baole shook. Within a blink of an eye—from every nook and cranny of every building, from the ground, and from the long meandering mountain-like skeletal arm in the distance—masses of red worms started to appear!

Some of them were as tiny as the one that he had caught, while others were hundreds of feet long. The most terrifying one came from the distant mountain. It was a thousand feet long and roared as it dug its way out. It stared straight at Wang Baole.

One could hardly see the city ruins and the corpses. Instead, they had been replaced with countless worms. They were like hair sprouting out from the giant's body, wriggling without stop and covering everything on land.

Wang Baole narrowed his eyes as he stared at the countless red worms surrounding him. He felt the connection he had with the puppets he had released earlier snap, one by one.

"These red worms look like... body hair?" Wang Baole shook his head. He knew nothing about these creatures, but he wasn't bothered. He had seen evidence of his Dark Fire's power over these worms. He took a deep breath, then allowed the Dark Fire inside his body to spread outwards. The black fires rumbled as they surged outwards, growing wilder and fiercer, and they exuded an iciness that turned the ground to frost.

The Dark Fire proved effective against the worms. All around him, the worms began to shriek and retreat. Even the largest worm on the giant's arm in the distance shivered and recoiled.

Having once again ascertained the effectiveness of the Dark Fire, Wang Baole began to march forward. None of the worms dared draw near them. They shrank back, clearing a path for Wang Baole, allowing him to reach the center of the city smoothly.

There was... a huge public square that was sunken in!

It might not be appropriate to refer to the area as a public square. Instead, it resembled a sacrificial altar. A dozen or so partially damaged statues stood around it. Based on his estimates, the center of this sacrificial altar appeared to be the center of the top of the giant's skull!

This was also where the Dark Sect aura was the strongest.

Wang Baole eyed the damaged statues around him. Their features were mostly indistinguishable due to the severe damage to the statues. However, Wang Baole had a feeling that these statues had been of the once-powerful figures of the past Dark Sect. They had been the pillars of the entire Dark Sect, the spiritual leaders who had the awe and respect of every Dark Sect disciple—regardless of their faction!

Every one of them represented an era of glory!

Wang Baole's eyes landed on one statue. He suddenly shivered before he made his way towards it slowly.

He stared at it for a very long time. The statue was missing its head. However, the clothes it had on and the familiar feeling it gave off made Wang Baole's breathing quicken. He knew who this was.

"Master..." Wang Baole murmured to himself after a long bout of silence. An indescribable sorrow rose within his heart. He bowed deeply towards the statue and only lifted his head after a very long time. He stored the statue inside his storage bracelet.

Then, he looked towards the center of the sunken area. After some thought, Wang Baole tried making his way towards the center, stepping onto the center of the giant's skull. He could feel the Dark Sect aura and his Dark Fire flaring to life as he stood there.

Something's not right. After taking a few steps, Wang Baole stopped, stared at his feet, then retraced his steps back to where he had originally stood.

There's no doubt that the Dark Fire becomes most active when I stand here! After some thought, his eyes flashed. His hands came together to form a series of hand seals. The Dark Fire inside him flared up again with greater agitation. He sat down, shut his eyes, and allowed his mind to become one with the Dark Fire. He tried to meld his mind with the skull.

Just as his mind became one with the Dark Fire and slipped into the skull beneath his feet, his body suddenly shook violently. He could hear an ancient voice in his mind, stirring ripples across his soul.

"Soul guiding, dream spinning, rebirth severing, ten thousand tribulations, a thousand lives, five punishments!"

The voice seemed to have traveled across thousands of years. It sounded as if it had come from the world of the dead, its echoes now lingering in the world of the living and ringing loudly in Wang Baole's head. Wang Baole thought he saw six faintly glowing spheres of light.

This is...

His body shook suddenly. Wang Baole opened his eyes, then lowered his head violently as he heaved. He stared at the skull beneath him as the aged voice continued to ring in his head. The spheres of light remained glowing dimly in his mind, and his eyes began to shine with an intense light!

"The six spheres of light look very similar... to the divine consciousness that I came across in the past, the divine consciousness that is essential for the crafting of a Dharmic Armament!" Wang Baole whispered. As a Dark Child, and with his proficiency in Dharmic Armaments, he was quite confident that beneath this skull hid six remnant wisps of a soul that were weak and on the verge of disappearing completely!

In fact, they resembled the remnant consciousness of a certain being. Their essence was similar to the divine consciousness that was required for refining a Dharmic Armament!

Wang Baole's eyes sparkled at the discovery. He melded his mind with the Dark Fire repeatedly. The repeated attempts strengthened his belief that there were indeed six weakening divine consciousness remnants resting beneath the skull. If they were left there untouched, they would likely vanish within a few decades, never to be recovered.

There were many ways to ensure they continued to live forever. However, there was only one that Wang Baole was capable of achieving... and that was to fuse the six divine consciousness remnants into a Dharmic Armament and transform them into Artifact Souls!

That was the only way to preserve the six divine consciousnesses!

Chapter 642: Six Divine Powers!

Anyone other than Wang Baole might not have been able to accomplish that, but Wang Baole had been steeped in the discipline of the Dharmic Armament since he had first come into contact with cultivation. He had started his roots in Dharmic Armaments, progressed to the Dharmic Armament Pavilion, then continued his research and learning when he had been on Mars. His skill and knowledge in the area had become exemplary.

He was now capable of refining a true eighth-grade Dharmic Armament. He was confident of fusing the six divine consciousnesses into a Dharmic Armament.

The only concern is how weak these divine consciousnesses are. The slightest mistake or any slight resistance that occurs during the fusion with the Dharmic Armament might result in a backlash that further damages them. They could disintegrate entirely, Wang Baole thought. He lowered his head and rummaged through his storage bracelet. He managed to find plenty of materials as well as incomplete artifacts.

They were all eliminated as viable options. If the divine consciousnesses were vibrant, he wouldn't have to worry so much about damaging them during the refinement process. Any of the incomplete artifacts could have been used for refinement. However, there was always an element of resistance during the refinement of a Dharmic Armament.

Resistance occurred when there was instability during the fusion of a Dharmic Armament's preliminary form and the divine consciousness. Typically, both would suffer a degree of damage before a certain balance was achieved, thus forming the final Dharmic Armament.

Dharmic Armament cultivators weren't often concerned with such issues. Divine consciousnesses that could be used as Artifact Souls and fused with a Dharmic Armament were often specially selected. That guaranteed their successful fusion even after a degree of damage during the refinement process.

At present, though, Wang Baole was forced to consider this problem. He abandoned the idea of using his incomplete artifacts. There was a flicker of light in his eyes as he stared at the exposed part of the skull.

Wang Baole ran through the idea in his head. It took some time. Then, he rose to his feet and bowed at the skull he was standing on.

"Esteemed senior, I, Wang Baole, student of Ming Kunzi, happened to pass by and sense the remnants of your spirit here. In order to preserve these remnants of your spirit, I will have to turn them into Artifact Spirits. In order to do that, I will have to make use of your bones to refine the artifact that will house the Artifact Spirit. I seek your understanding for my actions!" The expression on Wang Baole's

face was serious. He took a deep breath, then began searching the city as well as the mountain, the area where the bones rested.

Not all bones were suitable for the refinement of Dharmic Armaments. Wang Baole was looking for a piece that possessed a certain degree of vitality and life. It also had to have a certain extent of malleability.

There were still quite a few bones that met those requirements. However, the most important criterion was that the bone had to have melded with the spirit in the past!

In simple terms, it meant that prior to the giant's death, perhaps during certain emotionally charged moments, the bone had to have unknowingly absorbed the emotions and spirit energy during said moments. Such a requirement ensured the extreme rarity of such bones!

Even though the skeleton was enormous, Wang Baole only managed to find a dozen bones that fit the bill. He had some difficulty digging them out as well. He considered the possibility of fusing his own Thearch Armor but realized that was out of the question. That, in fact, further proved how incredible Li Wuchen's previous self had been.

Left with no other choice, Wang Baole activated his armor's right hand, gathered the power of the Divine Armament, and attempted to excavate the bone without expending his own energy!

The Divine Armament was sharp, but the bone was extremely hard. Wang Baole used up quite a bit of his strength, unleashing the full force of his cultivation multiple times, and only then did he manage to slowly dig up the eleven pieces of bone.

Each piece was the length of one's palm. Pieced together, they looked rather large. However, they were small compared to the whole skeleton.

In his past life, Li Wuchen must have practiced some incredible spell or come across some rare opportunity. Else, there is no way his body could have turned into a Divine Armament. This senior from the Dark Sect must be some amazingly powerful figure as well. But even though his bone is hard, it still can't beat a Divine Armament. Wang Baole lowered his head and stared at the right arm of his Flame Snatch Thearch Armor thoughtfully.

He set his thoughts aside and sat back down. He got his puppets out again to guard him, then released his Dark Fires in the open as well before he finally settled his mind. His hands came together to form a series of hand seals, and he began refining the eleven pieces of bone!

He intended to use the giant's bones to form the kernel for the Dharmic treasure. This would ensure a smooth, flawless fusion with the divine consciousness.

It would be a challenge, but Wang Baole was sufficiently skilled in Dharmic Armaments, especially on the calculations required and the inscriptions to be included during the refinement. That was why he was fairly confident in his success.

Time passed steadily as Wang Baole began refinement. His experience in both the area of inscription and refining the core was rich. This meant that speed wasn't compromised even though he took great care during the process. With the added strength of his cultivation, the eleven bones began to shrink steadily in size. Of course, minor failures were still unavoidable during the refinement process.

Each mistake would result in a bone breaking and turning to dust. It was also a lesson to Wang Baole. Days passed. When Wang Baole finally stopped, exhaustion was bright in his eyes, and he was left with seven beads refined from seven bones!

The beads glimmered with an ash-gray light and shimmered with a mysterious energy hidden within. Contained within each bead were a terrifying number of inscriptions. Even without an Artifact Soul, each bead was the equal of a seventh-grade Dharmic Armament.

Due to the materials involved in its making, it was difficult to rate its performance against an enemy during battle. It had its advantages and disadvantages in a fight. Regardless, without fusion with a divine consciousness, the experience that Wang Baole had earned from this refinement told him that bone-based materials weren't the most suitable types of materials for refining a Dharmic Armament.

He had completed the crafting of the beads and had the artifacts ready for fusion. Wang Baole didn't begin the fusion immediately though. Instead, he shut his eyes and meditated for two hours. Only when he had recovered his strength, and the feeling of exhaustion had left him, did he open his eyes again. They shone brightly with determination. He formed a series of hand seals, then pressed his hands on the skull.

His Dark Fire and his consciousness flowed into the skull. He tried to draw the six divine consciousnesses out from the skull slowly. They appeared as colorful lights, spread out in the skull like glowing spheres of vibrant colors. The blood-colored worms that had been watching him carefully began to tremble. They lowered their bodies to the ground in what resembled a kowtow.

A voice that seemed to have traveled through a vast expanse of time and space from the world of the dead echoed once more in Wang Baole's head. It was an old voice, stirring endless ripples in his mind.

"Soul guiding, dream spinning, rebirth severing, ten thousand tribulations, a thousand lives, five punishments!"

As the voice rippled outwards, the six faintly glowing spheres finally drifted out from the skull and floated before Wang Baole. Save the seventh bead, each glowing sphere entered a bead and lit the bead with a blinding light. Waves of energy exploded from each bead, which began to shake violently and whose shape began to transform. Four beads slowly turned into star-shaped beads with five uneven points!

They gradually settled into their forms, exuding terrifying power. The other two beads continued their transformation!

They continued to shake violently. Their Artifact Souls appeared to be too powerful—they couldn't be contained within these beads. Even though the beads shared the same source, it seemed that it was still not enough for them to contain the latter. The beads looked as if they might explode at any moment. The waves of energy emanating from the last two Artifact Souls were clearly much stronger than those given off by the previous four Artifact Souls!

Wang Baole teetered at the edge of frustration. He took a deep breath and tried to calm himself down. He had experienced similar challenges in the past with his scabbard. After calming himself down, he immediately unleashed the Divine Armament arm of his Flame Snatch Thearch Armor. The power of the arm weighed down forcefully on the two beads, enveloping them and boxing them in. This lasted for a

long stretch of time before sounds of cracking rang out in the air. The cracks on the beads increased. There were more than a dozen of them on each bead. It looked as if the beads might shatter at any moment. Without hesitation, Wang Baole took the seventh bead and fused it together with the two beads.

The fusion of the seventh bead stabilized the two beads. It took great pains and perseverance on Wang Baole's part... before the two beads, seemingly on the verge of shattering, finally accepted the fusion of the divine consciousness!

They ended up with vastly different forms. One was shaped like a flat circle and the other a crescent moon!

Upon the full acceptance of the divine consciousness and the resonance achieved amongst the six beads, the beads floated into the air and began rotating as they were drawn to one another. A black thread materialized, like a thin rope, threading the beads together and stringing the beads together like a bracelet!

"The circular one looks like the sun, and the crescent one looks like the moon. The rest are like stars... I'll call this Dharmic Armament the Baole Bracelet!" Wang Baole muttered to himself. That sounded like a great name. He raised his right hand in the air, and the bracelet dashed over immediately and strung itself around his wrist.

Waves of energy erupted from the bracelet. A Dharmic Armament's power was unleashed in that instant, and it resonated loudly in Wang Baole's mind!

The faint voice that had traveled across time and space, crossing the border between life and death, rang out clearly in his head!

"Soul Guiding, Dream Spinning, Rebirth Severing, Ten Thousand Tribulations, A Thousand Lives, Five Punishments!

Chapter 643: Another Dark Art!

The short string of words wasn't some silly poem, they represented six divine powers!

Divine powers weren't like ordinary spells, they made use of nomological laws and the powers that governed the universe. That was why only powerful cultivators could harness the power of divine powers. In addition, that was also why every divine power passed down the generations was so powerful.

It should have been impossible for Wang Baole to grasp or master the six divine powers through the remnant divine consciousness. This was similar to what he had experienced in the Dark Dream. He had read up on many spells and several divine powers. However, his level of cultivation then had prevented him from mastering them. That had been his greatest limitation.

Such limitations still existed. However, Wang Baole had found a way around them through Dharmic Armaments. By fusing the six divine consciousness remnants successfully into Artifact Souls, he had managed to seal six divine powers into the respective six beads. These beads served as a medium

through which he could overcome the limitations of his cultivation. With the beads as a medium and the Artifact Souls as a catalyst, he could now expend less of his cultivation to unleash the power of these divine powers!

Of course, the reduction in cultivation expended was relative. To an extremely powerful cultivator, it was insignificant. To Wang Baole, it was still a sizable degree of cultivation. Nevertheless, it was still within the realm of reason!

Emotions flashed across his face as he lowered his head and studied the bracelet around his wrist. He could feel the power nestled within them as well as the six Artifact Souls resting inside his head. A strange light flickered in his eyes.

Each bead contains a divine power!

Wang Baole had not expected that. No matter how one looked at it, this was a perfect refinement. Wang Baole knew very well the significance behind the bracelet. His knowledge of Dharmic Armaments, as well as his personal hand in refining the item, had led him to that awareness. The bracelet's significance wasn't in allowing him to unleash the six divine powers. If that had been its sole benefit, it would be useless after the first few usages. The beads would slowly crack and turn to dust after repeated use, the divine powers lost to the winds.

The value of this bracelet lies in the opportunity it's given me to understand the divine powers it contains. I can do that repeatedly until I master the divine powers and make them truly mine!

Wang Baole took a deep breath and then looked around. The red worms were all hovering around, swaying. However, ever since he had put on the bracelet, their hostility had lessened significantly. They seemed to submit to a certain aura present on his person.

Wang Baole realized that this place might be one of the rare safe harbors in this world filled with corpses.

He let loose a sigh of relief secretly. He didn't hasten to leave. Instead, he looked at the bracelet again, then shut his eyes. His mind drifted away. Led by the Dark Fire, it entered the first star-shaped bead.

His vision blurred instantly. When it cleared, he saw the skies transformed into a starlit night. Hanging in the heavens was a gigantic planet.

A battle had just erupted on the planet, and he seemed to be able to see everything happening on the planet. The planet belonged to the Dark Sect. Countless Never-Ending Clan members were engaged in a fierce battle with the disciples of the Dark Sect!

Beyond the planet, in the pitch-black night sky, an enormous hand slowly materialized. It was covered with inscriptions. Each of its five fingers seemed to be a prison for a fearsome demon, with an appearance that was gruesome beyond measure. The enormous hand stretched across the heavens and made a grab for the planet!

The planet rumbled and shook violently. The Never-Ending Clan members on the planet froze instantly, their physical forms immobilized as their souls were yanked out from their bodies. The spirits gathered and formed a Dark River that rushed towards the heavens, into space, and towards the gigantic hand!

That was Soul Guiding!

Wang Baole was shaken to the core. His jolted awake, and his breath quickened as he stared at the star-shaped bead that contained Soul Guiding. He couldn't stop the racing of his heart. This Soul Guiding technique was another version of the Soul Guidance Glove. In fact, it seemed to be what the Soul Guidance Glove was capable of when pushed to the extreme.

He had read of the various ways of maximizing the impact of the Soul Guidance Glove in various records in the Dark Dream, but Soul Guiding hadn't been one of them. Wang Baole suddenly realized that even though each faction in the Dark Sect might originate from the same essence, every single one of them had developed divine powers unique to their own faction.

This Soul Guiding technique was a divine power that had belonged to another Dark Sect faction!

Wang Baole contemplated that thought silently for a long moment. Then, he allowed his consciousness to meld with the second star-shaped bead. The divine power contained within the bead was called... Dream Spinning!

He pondered the meaning of its name. When Wang Baole opened his eyes a while later, thus ending his experiencing the Dream Spinning technique, he was left with a similar conclusion as the one he had gathered with Soul Guiding. Dream Spinning was another version of the Dark Dream.

It's not as all-encompassing as the Dark Dream, but it's more detailed and precise—especially when used during battle. It can allow someone to enter a dream immediately. The person won't be able to differentiate dream from reality. At the same time, he would become a puppet, to be controlled by others!

Light flickered in Wang Baole's eyes before his mind entered the final two star-shaped beads. They contained the Ten Thousand Tribulations and A Thousand Lives techniques. Both were powerful techniques that struck terror into his heart. The former Ten Thousand Tribulations, especially, seemed to serve as a curse that was to be cast prior to battle!

The cursed would be viewed as an enemy by all living creatures for a fixed period of time. He might be crushed by falling boulders while taking a stroll or spiral into madness while meditating.

That was Ten Thousand Tribulations—to suffer the trials and tribulations that came from everything around one!

The latter technique, A Thousand Lives, served a purpose as indicated by its name. It was the complete opposite of Ten Thousand Tribulations and the only divine power that could be used on himself. It served as a boost, giving him the potential vitality of a thousand lives during a fight. Theoretically speaking, it could protect him from a thousand lethal blows. Results might vary in reality though, depending on the circumstances.

Nothing is set in stone. If that were the case, the mighty senior from the Dark Sect wouldn't have been cleaved into halves... Wang Baole lowered his head and stared at the skull he was sitting on. He set aside the excitement he had from his discovery of A Thousand Lives and calmed down. Then, he began his exploration of the sun-shaped and moon-shaped beads and the divine powers contained within—Rebirth Severing and Five Punishments!

Wang Baole soon found himself having to abandon his attempts. The two divine powers vastly surpassed the last four. The challenge he had faced in crafting them attested to that. Wang Baole wasn't yet ready to try and understand the workings of these two techniques. He wasn't able to sense anything from the last two beads.

After a bout of silence, Wang Baole finally sighed and ended his second attempt at the last two beads. He looked around him. Even though this was a safe spot, he still decided to leave the city ruins.

Before he left, Wang Baole gave a deep bow to the skull and the city ruins that sat above the skeletal remains. Countless red worms continued to sway in the air as he leaped into the sky and raced off.

His mission remained unchanged. He continued to search for the sacrificial altar of this world. His luck seemed to have taken a turn for the better. After racing through this world for a few days, Wang Baole suddenly froze in his tracks. He hovered in the dusk-lit skies, his head turned abruptly towards the distance. He could sense the tremors in the earth and hear the clanking of chains ringing. There was a heavy panting in the air, loud like the howling of a tornado. It was coming from the horizon, gushing in like fierce waves.

Wang Baole didn't hesitate. The Flame Snatch Thearch Armor materialized over him immediately. He retreated a considerable distance, then gazed into the distance again. The tremors grew stronger. The sounds of chains hitting each other became clearer. Tornadoes raged in the sky. Finally, he saw the emergence of a towering, vast figure in the distant horizon!

It wasn't the beast he had seen previously. The figure that appeared in Wang Baole's vision was round, growing clearer as it approached. Wang Baole's eyes widened when he finally saw clearly what it was.

A Star Fang Beast!

It was an extremely enormous Star Fang Beast that was larger than the Beast King Wang Baole had come across in the past. Death exuded from its body. He had no idea how long it had been dead, but the flames on its body were still burning. The air around it warped as it advanced. Everywhere it went, it brought with it the stench of death as well as a sudden hike in temperature!

It was covered in chains, just like the giant ape. The chains ended in a bound, wooden log. It dragged the log forward like a mule. If it slowed down in the slightest, punishment descended in the form of invisible whips!

Wang Baole stopped breathing. He was forced to fall back in the face of such scorching heat. His eyes stayed on the log behind the Star Fang Beast. It stretched on endlessly into the distance. He knew that there was a great chance that at the other end of the log... he was going to find the sacrificial altar!

Chapter 644: A Millstone That Grinds Flesh and Blood!

I've searched in that direction before! The Star Fang Beast steadily approached, sending the surrounding temperatures spiking upwards. It looked like an enormous burning fireball from afar, ready to turn everything in its path to ash.

Wang Baole was forced to retreat as the gears in his head spun furiously. He knew that he had gone in the direction the beast had come from earlier and had traveled quite far in that direction. However, he hadn't discovered anything then. This meant that either he really hadn't gone far enough... or that the sacrificial altar couldn't be found in the conventional manner—by simply pursuing a single direction!

If it were the former, Wang Baole could make another attempt. If it were the latter though, he wouldn't be able to risk everything he had on it. There was really only one way of him locating the sacrificial altar if it were the latter!

Get on the log and walk down the thing. That is the only way... to prevent myself from getting lost. No matter where the sacrificial altar is located, as long as I walk down the log, I'll be able to reach it! Wang Baole narrowed his eyes as thoughts sped through his head. The scorching heat the Star Fang Beast was giving off made it difficult for him to approach though. The possibility of him getting on that log was slight.

It's not impossible, though... Wang Baole watched the rumbling Star Fang Beast as it made its way past him in the distance. After some thought, he pulled out the Star Fang Beast core from his storage bracelet and held one close to his chest. He tried approaching the beast. The heat might be incredible, but its source was similar to that of Wang Baole's Star Fang Beast core. Wang Baole soon found that the beast core in his arms gave him partial resistance against the heat.

Wang Baole's spirits soared at that discovery, and determination flashed in his eyes. He increased his speed without hesitation and dashed together with the Star Fang Beast, the beast core in his arms!

Scorching heat waves surged towards him as he approached. The power of the Star Fang Beast core enveloped Wang Baole in a defensive barrier. Wang Baole ran faster, approaching the Star Fang Beast rapidly like a speeding rainbow.

His hair showed signs of burning when he reached a thousand feet of the beast, and his body was drying up. It was as if his body could no longer retain water inside. Water was evaporating from his body rapidly. An alarming sense of danger descended upon Wang Baole. He realized that the protection offered by one Star Fang Beast core was simply not enough. If he continued to draw near, both his body and soul might be destroyed as soon as he stepped within a thousand feet of the monster.

I still have another one! Without any hesitation, Wang Baole pulled out the second Star Fang Beast core and held it close to his chest. He broke through the thousand-foot radius with the aid of the two beast cores and instantly appeared before the Star Fang Beast that was burning up like the sun.

Once again, the threat of death loomed over Wang Baole. His heart raced with terror. At this juncture, though, he had no choice but to get on the log. The alternative was to wait for another beast to come along, but it was clear that his chances at success were greater with the Star Fang Beast, what with two Star Fang Beast cores in his possession.

Just wing it! Wang Baole clenched his jaw and then pulled out both Star Fang Beast corpses from his storage bracelet. He placed them before him, then leaped towards the approaching Star Fang Beast. There was a rumbling in the sky as waves of melting heat rose to the heavens. After pulling out every trick in the book, Wang Baole finally got on the moving Star Fang Beast.

His heart pumped with adrenaline as the beast continued to sway violently beneath him. He didn't slow down and continued leaping across the monster's back, ignoring the prickling heat and the burning agony, which so unbearable that he howled and unleashed the full power of his Flame Snatch Thearch Armor. His cultivation started churning, and he summoned his Dharmic Armaments in an attempt to buy more time for himself. Finally, with one last leap, he landed on the chain binding the beast and the gigantic log behind it!

The chain was like a long, huge bridge. Wang Baole's breathing quickened as soon as he landed. Alarm bells rang in his head. The overwhelming danger rose like waves and threatened to pull him under. The threat of death surged in from all directions, boxing him in. Wang Baole didn't stop to think. He instinctively summoned his Dark Fire and sent it flowing into his bracelet... into the star-shaped, A Thousand Lives bead!

This time, he wasn't trying to get a sense of the technique but activating the technique immediately!

The star-shaped bead burst into a dazzling light instantly as numerous inscriptions materialized. They appeared ancient, circling Wang Baole and darting into his body swiftly, vanishing without a trace.

Wang Baole didn't feel much of a change, save the sudden warmth inside his body that seemed to emanate from deep inside his bones, inside his soul. It was as if he was being protected.

That's it? Wang Baole was surprised. He didn't have much time to dwell on it though. He gritted his teeth as the warmth settled inside his body, then sped down the chain. The Star Fang Beast's forward charge made the chains sway violently. That didn't slow Wang Baole down. He soon realized that every time his foot landed on the chain, images would appear around it.

The images appeared to be that of swords. They weren't causing him any harm though. They seemed safe as long as he didn't step on them. What was most bizarre was how Wang Baole's body knew instinctively where to land his feet. Regardless of how fast he ran, he never landed on any one of those images...

In one instance, Wang Baole had seen a sword-like image appear on the chain where his foot had been supposed to land. However, the image had gone away as soon as his foot had stepped on the chain, leaving only a blank emptiness beneath his foot.

In another instance, Wang Baole had found himself surrounded by these images all around him, with no place for his feet. The Star Fang Beast had suddenly leapt into the air then, sending such a huge force through the chains that Wang Baole had been flung forward thousands of feet. He had landed on a spot without any images.

Wang Baole had been shaken to the core then. He realized then that the warmth inside him had been gradually fading away during his trip down the chains...

Wang Baole finally crossed the entire chain just before the last residual trace of warmth left his body. He leaped and landed on the wooden log. It was enormous. Despite the speed that it was moving at, the log appeared to be relatively stable.

That was easy? Wang Baole looked around him, then turned around and stared at the Star Fang Beast racing ahead as well as the chains binding the beast and the log. Out of curiosity, he pulled out a puppet and steered it onto the chain.

As soon as the puppet stepped onto the chain, a sword-like image appeared beneath its feet. Countless Sword Qi erupted around it and rose to the heavens!

The sudden eruption of spirit energy shook the land and enveloped a full hundred feet around the puppet. Hundreds of thousands of Sword Qi converged at one point instantly. Wang Baole's puppet was disintegrated immediately and turned to dust...

Wang Baole shivered at the sight. His heart raced as he stared at the bead containing A Thousand Lives. He could still remember the earlier warmth. He was certain that his smooth progress—so smooth it bordered on supernatural—was all due to this divine power.

This defies all laws of nature! Wang Baole gasped. Then, he saw a tiny crack on the bead, which proved what he had guessed earlier. The bracelet... could only be used a limited number of times. Its primary purpose was to aid him in grasping the six divine powers held within the beads.

But those were matters to be dealt with in the future. Wang Baole rubbed his finger against the crack, then set his thoughts aside as he turned and raced down the log.

The trip down the log wasn't completely without obstacle. Whatever obstacles he encountered were easily dealt with though. The log seemed to possess the ability to gather spirits, and hordes of spirits would materialize before Wang Baole as he traveled down the log. Others might have required some effort to deal with such problems. In fact, without the appropriate artifact, they might not have been able to move an inch. To Wang Baole, however, this was a piece of cake.

He even let loose a sigh of relief at the sight of these spirits. They were the sort of threat that he found the least concerning. He unleashed the Dark Fire inside him and charged ahead without stopping, racing further and further into the distance!

Seven days passed. Wang Baole kept moving without rest or sleep. Exhaustion began to creep in, but he was about to reach the end of the log. It was then that he heard a thunderous boom in the distance.

Wang Baole shook violently at the sound. He didn't act recklessly. Instead, he sat down and pulled out some pills, then began to practice his cultivation. Two hours later, having reached peak condition, he opened his eyes. There was an intense light shining in them as he rose to his feet and dashed forward!

The thundering booms grew louder as he approached, until... Wang Baole stepped onto the last segment of the log and froze in his tracks. His eyes widened, and a loud buzz exploded in his head. Before his eyes was... the sacrificial altar!

Sitting at the end of the log, even larger than the log itself, was an incredibly huge millstone!

There were nine handles on the millstone that stretched endlessly into the distance, and one of those handles... was the log that Wang Baole was standing on!

Chapter 645: The Sacrificial Altar!

The sight affirmed what Wang Baole had guessed previously, but seeing it with his own eyes still shook him to the core. He couldn't help but gulp.

The millstone was enormous. It was comprised of two plates, the lower piece unmoving while the upper piece was connected to nine handles and continuously rotated and ground against the lower plate. The grinding made a loud rumbling. It seemed as if nothing could escape being crushed if it fell between the two plates. Wang Baole recalled both towering beasts he had seen while on this world. He concluded, without much difficulty, that there must be some sort of power in this world that was compelling nine towering dead beasts into pulling the millstone's nine enormous handles. The beasts were forced into running around in circles in order to keep the millstone turning!

Each beast was undoubtedly chained. Even the slightest decrease in speed would trigger the runes on the chains, transforming said runes into invisible whips that would whip the beasts into movement. It was an endless cycle of slavery and pain.

Such scale was truly shocking!

Wang Baole narrowed his eyes instinctively. He knelt on the log as he stared at the millstone in the distance. He could see countless bones piled up into numerous mountains under the millstone, and shriveled up puppets moved swiftly as they dragged and flung skeletons into the millstone.

The millstone continued its grinding, and the skeletons thrown in were instantly crushed and ground to fine dust. Blackened blood and minced flesh dripped down the walls of the millstone, but most ended up lost in the millstone, as if devoured.

Wang Baole's distaste towards the Never-Ending Clan grew at the sight, and it took him some time before he was able to calm himself down. Once he had, he inched forward carefully, and the rumbling grew louder as he approached the millstone. It was then that Wang Baole saw a sunken depression in the middle of the millstone.

Within it sat a figure!

It appeared insignificant compared to the enormous millstone. That was why Wang Baole hadn't noticed it until he had drawn nearer and gotten a closer look. It was a figure of an Never-Ending Clan cultivator!

He couldn't tell if he was dead or alive. The eyes on all three of the cultivator's heads were shut, his six arms limp by his side. He might be meditating, or he might have died in that position. There was an absence of vitality on the person. Dark, postmortem bruises could be seen all over the cultivator's body.

Wang Baole studied the Never-Ending Clan cultivator before him instead of acting rashly. He was worried about Zhao Yameng and the rest, as well as the danger involved in the current mission. He had no idea how he was going to escape. Regardless, he knew that there was no point in panicking now that he was already here.

He clenched his teeth and forced himself to shove his anxieties aside, an icy calm settling in his eyes. He knelt there and continued to observe the millstone as it continued its grinding. He wanted to observe the situation for a while longer so that he might discover any loopholes or faults.

Time passed slowly as Wang Baole continued watching patiently. Seven days went by.

In those seven days, he noticed that it took the log exactly seven days to go one full circle around the millstone. He even noted the rate at which the millstone ground the skeletons, though the information proved to be of little use. The millstone was like an extremely fine-tuned and powerful machine that continued turning without pause during those seven days.

The puppets shifting the skeletons and the Never-Ending Clan cultivator sitting on the millstone were identical in that regard. It was as if they had become immortalized in time.

There's no way I can get closer if nothing changes. I have no way of destroying the sacrificial altar... Wang Baole frowned. He shoved down his feelings of anxiety and unease and continued to wait. He didn't have to wait as long this time. After three days, something changed.

It wasn't the millstone or the puppets but the entire world that changed. Wang Baole was perched on an elevated position, which gave him a greater field of vision. He could see the distant skies turning crimson red. It was as if a red mist was rapidly racing towards him!

Loud rumbling came from all directions, growing louder by the moment. Wang Baole could see a black mass in the distance, charging towards him!

That's... Wang Baole's pupils contracted. He was familiar with this sight. The red mist was formed from the pollen expelled from Demonic Green Poria Flowers. It wasn't hard to figure out that the black masses on land... were countless skeletons headed this way!

Is it possible that the sacrificial altar summons a storm of sorts at a fixed interval, attracting skeletons that have risen under the demonic flowers' spell and drawing them to it? Alarm flashed across Wang Baole's face. He stared at the mountains of bones under the millstone, then turned towards the distant horizon. Panic gradually rose inside him as the sight before him proved his guesses right.

The lands shook, and the terrifying stench of death came rushing from afar, bursting out from the ground. A huge crocodile, with its rotten flesh, emerged and joined the approaching army of the dead.

The crocodile wasn't the only powerful creature in this world of the dead. Death cast an alarming shadow as more such creatures made their presence known!

A strange power was churning in this world. Every Demonic Green Poria Flower blossomed and released their pollen, forming crimson mists that drove the corpses around them towards the sacrificial altar.

Wang Baole could no longer sit and wait as danger approached. He crouched down and began crawling towards the sacrificial altar. Once the corpses under the influence of the red mist gathered, they were bound to discover his presence. He would be trapped in a sea of zombies again, like what had happened before.

His chances of survival would be slim then. His only way out now was to head for the sacrificial altar. It was dangerous, but it was also Wang Baole's only option.

I shouldn't have come here! Wang Baole had a dark look on his face as he hurried forward. Then, suddenly, something flashed across his face. He stared at the mountains of bones under the log. The puppets moving the bones seemed oblivious to the fact that there were more than forty figures on one of those mountains approaching the sacrificial altar cautiously!

They were familiar faces—Feng Qiuran, Zhao Yameng, Kong Dao, Xu Ming, Lu Yun, as well as a couple of other Nascent Soul realm cultivators.

How long have they been hiding there? Wang Baole paused in his tracks. His eyes swept past the group and stopped on the five-colored, glowing jewel in Feng Qiuran's hand. He appeared deep in thought. Feng Qiuran was obviously the leader of the group. She had somehow used some means unknown to him that could hide the group from view and avoid the puppets' detection.

They must have arrived quite some time ago and decided to observe the situation, just like me. The sudden mass release of pollen must have forced them to take action! Wang Baole came to an immediate conclusion while keeping his eyes on Zhao Yameng and Kong Dao.

He released a sigh of relief when he saw that they were unharmed. Some of the cultivators looked weakened, but none of them were injured. Their journey here must have been filled with obstacles. However, they had managed to emerge relatively unscathed under the protection of Feng Qiuran's Soul Conduit realm cultivation. The overwhelming power emanating from the log, as well as Wang Baole's unexpected hiding place, meant that he was able to discover their hiding place while he remained hidden from their view.

Everyone was advancing cautiously. It wasn't the right moment for Wang Baole to reveal himself. He kept a watchful eye on Feng Qiuran and the others while making his way slowly towards the altar.

Both parties approached the sacrificial altar from their respective positions as pollen continued to be released into the air in explosive bursts. The lands trembled violently as the countless corpses approached them. Finally, they reached the edge of the altar at the same time!

The stench of blood hit them in their faces. There was an overwhelming power in the air that seemed to forbid them from entering. It weighed down on everyone, sending many cultivators shaking despite still being protected by Feng Qiuran's cultivation. It was an instinctive terror, and Wang Baole was affected as well. He threw a look at Feng Qiuran and the others again.

He saw Feng Qiuran raising her hand to form a series of hand seals, then pointing her finger suddenly. A talisman giving off a blinding light emerged from her storage bag. It felt extremely old and looked as if it had survived the passing of millennia. An incredible aura emanated from it. Wang Baole felt as if he were staring a powerful Planet realm cultivator in the face, which caused his breathing to quicken.

Feng Qiuran bit the tip of her tongue and spat out a mouthful of blood, and as the blood touched the talisman, flames appeared instantly. A firebird emerged from within the fire, its body formed of flames. It shrieked, then flew towards the millstone!

Chapter 646: Sealed In!

Wang Baole's pupils contracted as he stared unblinkingly at the firebird. He readied himself to take action at a moment's notice, body crouched forward like a cheetah ready to take the leap!

A cheetah with a slightly bulging tummy, perhaps... but that didn't hinder Wang Baole's movements in the slightest. The slightly chubby tummy might even be a sign of greater flexibility.

Wang Baole focused his concentration and prepared himself. The firebird flew around the millstone, in the opposite direction that it was turning, and smashed into it. A thunderous boom rang out, rippling outwards. The firebird unleashed its full strength with its attack, then disintegrated into dust. The millstone wasn't damaged. It did, however, stop for a moment when the firebird collided with it!

The millstone stopped turning for a second, its nine handles jerking violently. In the distance, nine towering beasts in nine different directions let loose furious roars.

Everything happened in the single moment when the millstone stopped. Feng Qiuran seemed to be waiting for this moment. She dashed forward and slipped into the gap between the two plates!

Following close behind her were Zhao Yameng and the others. They let loose a sudden burst of speed, approaching the millstone and making their way into the same opening. Mirroring their actions was Wang Baole!

He was extremely swift, stepping into the gap immediately after the rest had exploited the sudden pause in the millstone's rotation and burrowed their way into the slight opening.

His sudden appearance was quite a shock to some of the cultivators, but they released a sigh of relief upon realizing that it was Wang Baole. Zhao Yameng and Kong Dao were delighted to see him, while Feng Qiuran froze in surprise before nodding at him.

This wasn't the time for conversation though. They kept their pace as they made their way through the gaps revealed with the plates' sudden stop.

The stench of blood rushed to meet them, and crushed bones and flesh surrounded them—it was a horrifying sight to behold. Some almost wanted to throw up, but there was no time for disgust. No one wanted to die here, so they shoved down all discomfort and advanced frantically!

They were well aware... that they were traveling between two plates. If they didn't escape out of the area before the millstone started moving again, they would end up sharing the fates of those skeletons thrown in the millstone—crushed to bits!

Everyone was racing forward madly. Fortunately, even though the millstone was enormous and heavy, the force of the firebird's collision had been extremely powerful as well. Nobody spared any effort or wasted any time as they ran madly between the plates. They finally dashed out of the danger zone before the millstone started turning again, arriving at the center of the millstone!

The center was hollowed out. Before them was a huge hole that connected the upper and lower plates, and the hole was filled with howling winds.

While a great many of the party had managed to escape from the gap between the two plates, there were a few who were too slow. The millstone started moving before they could get out, and an irresistible suction force yanked them back in, pulling them back between the plates. The rumbling of the turning plates and their screams of pain sent shivers down the surviving cultivators' spines.

"We'll make a run for it. This is the only way into the second level. We have to disrupt the sacrificial altar in order to activate a teleportation!" Feng Qiuran had a dark look on her face and was dashing down the hole even as she spoke!

Her cultivation continued to shelter Zhao Yameng, Kong Dao, and her two personal disciples. The rest stayed near her as well as they raced down the hole. As for Wang Baole, he kept close to the other Nascent Soul realm cultivators.

Stress weighed down on everyone's hearts as they continued running down the hole. If not for their resilience, they would have broken down in tears, having navigated multiple failed attempts at escape without an end in sight.

The hole was like a dark cave, a gaping wide maw that felt suffocating. The continuous turning of the millstone created a suction force that continued to draw them upwards, preventing them from speeding up.

There was also the terrible stench of blood that permeated the hole. They might be cultivators who had nourished their bodies with Spirit Qi and developed extraordinary constitutions, but the stench was simply too much for them. Their heads were beginning to feel dizzy. They wanted to throw up!

Such intense discomfort could be tolerated and overcome, but that was not the end of their struggles. As the group continued their descent, the force emanating from the hole intensified exponentially, boxing them in from all directions. Ten seconds into the descent, an early-stage Core Formation realm cultivator's face went from a pale white to a ruddy red, then a dark purple. His eyes widened, then rolled up, and his body exploded under the extreme pressure.

Wang Baole's breathing quickened. He summoned his Flame Snatch Thearch Armor to protect him against the increasing pressure. Together with Chi Lin and a few other cultivators, they tried to aid the other Core Formation realm cultivators in fighting against the growing pressure. There was only so much that they could do. Soon, a second Core Formation realm cultivator perished as his body exploded!

He was followed by the third, then the fourth explosion. Two other Core Formation realm cultivators finally broke down. They howled, terror and despair bright in their eyes, and started ascending instead of descending.

"Come back!" Feng Qiuran shouted frantically after them, but her words were lost to the wind. They seemed to run even faster upwards. They vanished into the distance with the aid of the suction force, disappearing into the other end of the hole.

Two screams of pain pierced through the darkness then. They were followed by a low grinding, as if the two cultivators were being forcefully ground down into pulp. Their screams echoed in the air as a sudden sense of danger surged downwards from the top end of the hole.

Wang Baole thought his soul was about to be ripped apart. There was no time to think. He activated A Thousand Lives on his bracelet!

An overpowering stench of something rotten rushed down through the hole at the exact moment he activated the divine power. It was as if a huge beast was charging through the hole towards them.

Before the creature could approach, Feng Qiuran bit the tip of her tongue and spat out a mouthful of blood. Her hands came together in a flurry of hand seals. The blood she had spat out turned a glaring red and transformed into a vast red-colored net that sealed the hole behind Wang Baole and the other Nascent Soul realm cultivators, preventing the creature's approach.

A deafening roar rang out. The blood-colored net pulsed brightly. As they descended further, Wang Baole could see a huge, festering palm the size of the hole claw at the net. The net seemed to be holding it back, but it was a temporary measure. It was already fading right before their eyes.

It was going to be ripped apart at any time, and then there was going to be nothing between them and the monstrous hand. It was then that an opening finally appeared at the bottom of the hole. A soft glow emanated from the opening as the group raced madly towards it.

It seemed as if the opening was unwilling to let them leave. It was sealing itself shut. They had but a dozen or so seconds before they were completely sealed in!

Wang Baole's heart pumped rapidly at the sight of escape. He unleashed a sudden burst of speed. It was then that the blood-colored net collapsed completely. The festering hand seemed to realize that they were about to slip through its fingers. It shook and suddenly sped up, whipping up sudden winds that stank of decay as it caught up with the cultivators and... made a sudden grab for them!

Most of the cultivators managed to dodge the attack, but there were six to seven of them, including a Nascent Soul realm cultivator, who failed to evade the monstrous hand. They were caught and crushed instantly when the hand tightened into a fist!

Wang Baole had been within the monstrous hand's range as well, but he had bizarrely managed to slip through its fingers. A sudden wind then sent him knocking into the walls of the hole. Blood seeped from Wang Baole's lips. The devouring seed started churning inside him, pulling him against the wall. He climbed down rapidly and sneaked into a crack in the wall.

The enormous hand began swiping the air madly just as he wormed into the crack. Deafening booms and screams of pain filled the air. Sudden winds rushed past him. It was a long time before silence took over.

Pale and terrified, Wang Baole waited a long while before he finally released a puppet out from the crack to survey the area. The opening had been sealed shut, and its surroundings were tainted with smashed bits of flesh and blood. Wang Baole grew silent.

He had no idea if Feng Qiuran, Zhao Yameng, Kong Dao, and the others had managed to successfully escape through the opening before it had sealed shut. However, he was certain that many had perished during the earlier clash with the monstrous hand.

If not for his divine power, A Thousand Lives, which had allowed him to evade the blows mysteriously and led him to fall inside this crack, there was a great chance that he wouldn't have survived either.

Chapter 647: The Interior!

Wang Baole's heart was still racing when the puppet he had released suddenly shattered without any warning. It was as if a sudden force had given it a squeeze, crushing it and turning it into dust!

Following that was a strange force that latched onto the connection between the puppet and Wang Baole and followed it back to Wang Baole, to his hiding place in the crack. Wang Baole retreated immediately. When the warmth in his body finally cooled down, and 'A Thousand Lives' effects finally

faded away, Wang Baole had vanished into the distance and successfully evaded the pursuing destructive force.

It was only when he was sure that the destructive force had ceased pursuit that Wang Baole finally leaned against the wall. He was panting, his heart racing wildly. The danger here was beyond what he had expected. From the initial encounter with the hallucinogenic pollen to everything he had encountered, which included the most recent attack, he had been bombarded with danger at every corner!

To think that I'm still only on the first level... this battleship is really impressive. It must be a piece of cake for it to destroy the current Dao Palace. But it doesn't make sense as well... if it's so powerful, why did it release a cry for help? Wang Baole frowned. Feng Qiuran and the rest from the Dao Palace might have been fooled by that due to sentiment, but Wang Baole didn't know the person who had called out for their help. After thinking through everything that had happened to them, he couldn't help but narrow his eyes thoughtfully.

The cries for help are meant to draw others to it. In that case, it might be possible... that the battleship only appears to be incredibly powerful and able to commandeer extremely powerful monsters. However, in reality, many limitations restrict it as well. There's a possibility that the creatures on the battleship are trapped inside this world and cannot leave. Another possibility is that the battleship requires certain special fuel to power it! Wang Baole had limited information on hand. He could only guess so much. Even though these might be vague guesses, he had a feeling that he was on the right track.

If it's the former, then the mastermind drawing everyone to the battleship must be doing so in order to destroy the most powerful cultivators in the Dao Palace. If it's the latter, then he's using us for some sort of sacrifice. He means to kill us or to have us under his control! The expression on Wang Baole's face was dark. He was silent for a long while before he surveyed his surroundings.

He was now inside the millstone. The millstone must have been around for a very long time. Its unceasing grinding had resulted in many small cracks appearing across the entire millstone. The cracks were insignificant to the millstone's continual grinding, but to Wang Baole, they were numerous passageways that led to the unknown.

Wang Baole forcibly set aside his worries over Zhao Yameng's and Kong Dao's safety and studied the passageway before him. He took a deep breath, then carefully inched forward amidst the deafening sounds of grinding around him. He was going to find out if the other end of the passageway was a way out.

Time passed steadily as Wang Baole walked down the passageway. He was met with a dead-end multiple times and had to turn back and attempt another passageway. He remained cautious throughout, releasing a puppet to survey the passageway ahead of him should he sense any potential danger. He eventually released a horde of puppets and got them to check out multiple passageways concurrently. That was how he managed to single out the best route to take.

Nearly a week passed by. It was noon when Wang Baole finally paused in his tracks. His pupils contracted, and his face turned pale. He had just glimpsed something through the eyes of one of his puppets.

The puppet was in a passageway not so far away from his. There was a huge lake at the end of that passageway. Above the lake was a large flower!

It was purple and grew from the ceiling. It hung downwards and was in full blossom, spanning a hundred feet and giving off an eerie, demonic glow. Purple fluid was slowly dripping from the flower into the lake beneath it!

Dozens of figures sat cross-legged on the lake. They had three heads and six arms and emanated a powerful aura. They were absent of any life, but they also showed no signs of being dead. It was as if they had been sealed in a void and were deep in slumber.

Terrifying injuries covered their bodies. The liquid in the lake seemed to possess certain healing properties though, as their injuries appeared to be healing slowly as their bodies remained soaked in the lake!

They were healing at a sluggish pace, but there was no doubt that they were indeed recovering!

Wang Baole was instantly seized by anxiety at the sight. His wariness grew after he sensed the powerful waves of spirit energy emanating from these Never-Ending Clan cultivators. Even the weakest of these cultivators was a match for Mie Liezi.

Wang Baole didn't act rashly. Instead, he maneuvered his puppet into retreating carefully. He continued searching the other cracks nervously. A long time passed, and a solemn-looking Wang Baole discovered more than twenty such lakes inside the millstone!

Wang Baole had no idea how many more lakes remained undiscovered. He found that each lake would always have a huge purple flower hanging over it. Its fluids would drip into the lake and help heal the Never-Ending Clan cultivators!

Wang Baole's heart began racing with fear. Fortunately, he had an army of puppets with him. He became more careful with his selection of passageways to explore as he grew more mindful of these flowers. His search led to his discovery of the flowers' stems and branches!

The stem of each purple flower was buried deeply into the stone ceiling. In addition, they all led back to a huge vein!

Wang Baole continued to deploy his puppets in a wider search. After a few days, he finally located the huge vein at the end of a passageway. Its diameter was a thousand feet long. It was soft to the touch and had a translucent outer layer. Upon a closer look, one could see masses of blood and flesh—mushy like pulp—traveling down the vein!

Wang Baole gasped at the sight. His mind began conjuring images of a massive millstone crushing the skeletons into a fleshy pulp and sending said pulp into such veins. The veins would branch off into stems, which were connected to separate chambers. A purple flower would blossom in the ceiling of such a chamber and would produce fluids with healing properties.

Based on the size of the millstone, we can conclude that there must be more than one such veins in the millstone. If there's only one of them, we could simply locate its source and dump some poison in, killing this thing once and for all... Wang Baole sighed as he stared at the vein before him. Of course, he wasn't in possession of such a poison. In addition, trying to locate the source—even if there were only one

vein—would be challenging. The slightest oversight might lead to these Never-Ending Clan members waking up. That would really be the end of him then.

Wang Baole sighed and abandoned the idea. He tried to ignore the discomfort he was feeling as he studied the vein before him. After a long moment, he clenched his jaw. He knew that the vein was likely his only chance of finding a way out.

He would be able to reach the deepest part of the millstone by traveling down the vein. Only then would he be able to find a way out of the battleship. This was the only solution he could come up with, having spent two weeks in this damned place.

Wang Baole's eyes shone with grim determination. He approached the vein and slowly pressed his body into it. It was soft. He pressed harder and sank into the vein. His body was now buried inside its outer layer. He hadn't yet crossed over and entered the vein, but he could feel the smashed up blood and flesh moving inside the vein, and he could smell the heavy stench of blood.

He wasn't someone who was easily cowed though. Wang Baole narrowed his eyes. Without any hesitation, he began climbing down the vein, sinking further into the vein when he came across any protruding rocks. He moved carefully and steadily downwards without encountering any danger.

Wang Baole didn't know how far he walked. He must have walked for three days before he finally saw the end of the tunnel. It seemed to lead into a new world—one that was lit.

Wang Baole grew excited when he saw the light. His breathing quickened as he picked up the pace. Just as he was about to reach the end of the tunnel, he slowed down and released a puppet to inspect the area first. He was able to clearly see the lit area that the tunnel led to through his puppet's eyes!

Wang Baole's eyes widened at the sight before him.

What is this place?

Chapter 648: The Third Level!

The lit area below was another new world altogether!

It looked creepy and was drastically different from all the worlds that Wang Baole had seen. Even the Vast Expanse Dao Palace Main Star that had been annexed by the Never-Ending Clan hadn't been as shocking a sight as this place!

The skies of this world were black. In fact, they were covered by a thick fog that was black. Thick veins woven from flesh and blood extended from the fog, running downwards towards the land!

There were thousands of such veins in this world. They cluttered the skies and converged at a single point on land!

The convergence stood on pitch-black land... an incredible, towering and sturdy pillar that spanned a hundred thousand feet wide!

The pillar was similarly formed from flesh and blood, and contractions traveled slowly down the pillar. Thousands of veins connected to it and each contraction seemed to suck the blood and flesh pulp inside the thousands of connected veins!

One could see the top of this round pillar but not how deep it went underground. Beyond the pillar were black soil and countless fleshy lumps, and within each lump was nested a fetus. They didn't seem to be fetuses of Never-Ending Clan members but of a breed of monsters!

There were clear signs that the world had been reformed. The veins were a terrifying sight to behold. There was a protective sheen of light a hundred thousand feet around the huge pillar that radiated a blue glow and seemed to serve as a defensive barrier against intruders.

A similar blue sheen could be found around every vein. The veins, alongside the pillar, seemed to form a world onto themselves. Another world seemed to exist outside the blue defensive barrier.

Rumbling sounds continued to resonate in the air. Wang Baole's heart raced at the sights and sounds assaulting his senses. After a long while, he took a deep breath and fell into a thoughtful silence. He clenched his jaw and began climbing down the vein. He passed through the clouds and finally saw the world with his own eyes.

The entire world seemed to revolve around the pillar. The glowing blue barrier protected the pillar, and anything beyond couldn't enter. Wang Baole had somehow been lucky enough to locate a vein inside the millstone and climbed his way into the world. He had ended up on the right side of the blue barrier!

His heart raced, and his breathing grew uneven. He sprawled inside the vein and looked around. In his eyes, the pillar resembled a silk larva that was sucking nutrients that came from the millstone. The things that Wang Baole had seen inside the millstone led to his conclusion that there was a great likelihood that another world existed on the other side of this pillar, underground!

If the corpses formed the first level, then this is the second level... Wang Baole narrowed his eyes. The image of the battleship surfaced in his mind. He remembered it was formed from three huge circular disks.

There was a fourth disk connecting the three disks, which was likely the battleship's main body. It was layered under the other three intersecting disks and sat in the center of the disks.

Going by that logic, if the fourth disk is the second level, then both Mie Liezi and Daoist You Ran should be here! Wang Baole rubbed at his forehead as he stared into the distance. The world was so vast that Wang Baole couldn't see its end.

He pondered for a while before abandoning the thought of crossing over to the other side of the blue defensive barrier. Since he had already found himself on the inside of the barrier, he should now be many steps ahead of the rest. This might seem dangerous, but it might also be a safer place for him to be.

Wang Baole narrowed his eyes at that thought. He raced down the vein, took a sudden leap, and landed. He went to the edge of the blue barrier and released a puppet. He discovered that, while there were difficulties in crossing the barrier, it wasn't an impossible feat. However, it was nearly impossible for the

puppet to return to the inside of the barrier. Having concluded that, he then turned towards the gigantic pillar before him.

Wang Baole studied the pillar for a while before circling it. His eyes flashed with an intense light after he returned to his original position. He pulled out his puppet and allowed it to approach the pillar. He wanted to know if the puppet could sink in and emerge on the inside of the pillar then make its way down into what he believed was the third level of the battleship.

The pillar might display some malleability through its constant contractions, but it was far harder than the veins. There was no way one could force his way inside without peeling the outer layer and drilling a hole into its insides.

Wang Baole could feel an oncoming headache. He had a gut feeling that something must be going on down there. It could be secrets about the battleship or a chance to escape. However, it was clear that he wasn't going to be able to enter the pillar without encountering any dangers.

Wang Baole wasn't willing to just give up though. He narrowed his eyes as he considered his options. He decided he was going to test the pillar with his puppet. Having made up his mind, he took a deep breath and assessed the hardness of the pillar again. Then, he narrowed his eyes. The Flame Snatch Thearch Armor appeared over him amidst deafening thunder, blood-colored meridians weaving themselves into a gruesome armor as his skeletal Divine Armament arm shone with a lethal light.

There was no hesitation as Wang Baole fell back a hundred feet, stomped his right foot on the ground violently, gathered strength, and then shot forward like an arrow. He darted towards the pillar, his skeletal Divine Armament arm pointed forward.

His charge broke the sound barrier. As he approached the pillar, he raised his right fist and sent a punch flying out. Augmented by the power of the Thearch Armor, his own cultivation, as well as his initial charge, the punch was the strongest that Wang Baole had unleashed yet. It unleashed the power of the Divine Armament and exploded in a deafening thunder. It punched straight through the pillar!

The hole that was made wasn't large, it was the size of his fist. It didn't trigger a backlash from the pillar either. Such a wound was akin to a minute cut on the human body—utterly insignificant.

The blow had caused a muted bang to ring out in the air. Purple fluids flowed out from the hole. However, as soon as Wang Baole pulled out his fist, the wound began to heal rapidly, right before his eyes!

There wasn't time for Wang Baole to enlarge the hole and send in his puppet. As the hole was about to seal itself completely shut, grim determination flashed across Wang Baole's eyes. His physical body blurred as his avatar materialized and separated from him. It transformed into a bolt of lightning that darted through the hole before it sealed shut completely.

Wang Baole's body shook slightly. He pulled out his puppet to stand guard as he found a discreet spot where he could sit down. His attention was split as he kept watch on his surroundings while steering his avatar into descending down the pillar filled with purple fluids.

His avatar immediately experienced the terrifying corrosive properties of the purple fluids as it came into contact with the latter inside the pillar. His true flesh and blood form would have been eaten away by the fluids instantly.

His puppets wouldn't have been able to withstand the corrosion either. Wang Baole's avatar, on the other hand, was formed from lightning instead of flesh and blood. That was why it could temporarily withstand the corrosive purple fluid. However, it was clear that it wouldn't be able to survive prolonged exposure. He needed it to descend as quickly as possible underground and locate the third level.

However... the purple fluid wasn't the only danger present inside the pillar. There appeared to be other unknown dangers. Wang Baole's avatar descended a hundred feet before there was a sudden flash of golden light. He didn't manage to catch what happened before his avatar collapsed and turned into electricity that then sank into the purple fluid.

On the second level, Wang Baole's eyes opened suddenly. He studied the pillar before him, then summoned a second avatar. He burst a hole open in the pillar again and sent the avatar in. He was more cautious this time. He equipped the avatar with a defensive, eight-grade Dharmic Armament.

That proved to be useful. When the golden light flared this time, it was followed by an additional thunderous boom. That was the sound of the unknown golden entity colliding with and breaking apart his Dharmic Armament. His avatar exploded in the next moment. This time, Wang Baole was finally able to catch a good look at the source of the attack!

It was a golden, broken finger!

Chapter 649: Battle Robes!

It didn't contain the presence of a Divine Armament. It was a mere finger emanating waves of energy that almost stopped Wang Baole's breathing. It was as if a single touch from the broken finger could turn him into dust!

Wang Baole's heart raced as worry gripped him. He sat there, deep in thought, a dark look in his eyes. He was prepared to open another hole and release his avatar.

The avatar started running as soon as it entered the pillar. It didn't descend as its previous forms had, but ran upwards. It tried its best to keep to the center of the pillar while bathed in purple fluids. It created a centrifugal force, and purple fluids began to splash outwards.

The commotion quickly attracted those terrifying entities resting inside the pillar. A dozen golden beams charged towards the puppet.

They're not as reactive as I expected... Wang Baole narrowed his eyes as he thought. The approaching golden beams that locked onto Wang Baole's avatar reached the latter and pierced through its body instantly. Wang Baole was able to identify the beams with the help of the avatar before it was completely destroyed. They were all broken limbs and body parts!

They were all, without exception, golden!

They didn't all originate from the same body. The beams of golden light were able to leave after destroying Wang Baole's avatar. Wang Baole had been ready for this though and released another avatar into the pillar again without hesitation.

"Let's try again and test their reaction time!" Wang Baole muttered to himself, then focused on his avatar.

As soon as his avatar sneaked into the pillar, it unleashed a sudden burst of speed and started running upwards. It attempted to create a greater commotion while keeping itself in the center of the pillar. It didn't take long... before this avatar was destroyed as well.

The golden limbs have no mind of their own. They're attacking based on instinct... even though they're powerful, they can be exploited. After some thought, Wang Baole continued his attempts without stopping.

He continued trying. Once, twice, thrice... seven, eight, nine times... he had to consume multiple pills in order to keep up with the rate his cultivation was being expended. He released numerous avatars without rest. They were like a sacrificial tribute, racing to their deaths.

His avatars had become bait, attacking the same spot and luring his prey into gathering together in one place!

The purposeful luring got many more of those golden entities surging in from all directions. This went on for a long while, and a pale-faced Wang Baole witnessed his avatar destroyed yet another time. It was as if his body was being hollowed out. He released yet another avatar and, with a wave of his hand, summoned a flying sword and hid it inside the avatar. When the avatar entered the pillar this time, it didn't race upwards. Instead, it charged downwards in the opposite direction!

It swiftly raced past the deepest part past avatars had reached. The golden entities had been gathered in the upper part of the pillar. That meant that the avatar had an easier time as it charged down the pillar.

The avatar went past the second level and arrived at an unknown area before the broken, golden body parts managed to realize what was going on!

Wang Baole thought he saw something shining outside the pillar. Before he had time to examine it further, broken golden body parts came racing towards him in the purple fluid. Just as they were about to swarm his avatar and destroy it yet again, his avatar opened its mouth, and out flew a red flying sword!

It was the most powerful of the tri-colored flying swords, which rivaled a ninth-grade Dharmic Armament, that Wang Baole had.

His avatar gave the sword a boost. Bolts of lightning appeared around the sword as it unleashed an incredible speed and power, charging at the walls of the pillar. The walls might be sturdy and might heal fast, but the attack still managed to create a tiny opening in the pillar!

The opening was no wider than an inch. It was barely a cut to such an enormous pillar. No man or puppet could have slipped through the opening, but the avatar was formed from lightning. It followed the sword, transformed itself into a bolt of lightning, and snaked through the opening within the blink of an eye!

The red flying sword couldn't do that as easily though. The opening sealed up immediately after Wang Baole's avatar escaped, and the sword was left trapped inside the pillar.

Wang Baole ached for the loss of his sword, but this was no time for mourning. His avatar stood outside the pillar and surveyed its surroundings.

The sight sent both his avatar and his true form reeling back and gasping in shock!

The space under the second level shouldn't be described as another world. It wasn't as big. It appeared less like a separate world and more like an enormous cavern!

The end of the pillar could finally be seen on the ceiling of the cavern. It hovered in the air instead of reaching all the way to the ground. It looked like a tunnel that had been drilled into the second level.

Countless tentacles grew on the pillar, some short and some long. They looked like whiskers swaying gently in the wind. What Wang Baole found extremely creepy were the heads that grew on the ends of the tentacles!

There were heads of both men and women, old and young. It was as if these heads had been chopped off then attached to the ends of the tentacles. It was a horrifying sight to behold. Wang Baole's breathing stopped as he discovered, upon closer look, that their eyes were all shut. No matter how strongly the tentacles swayed, they showed no signs of waking up. Some of these tentacles had drooped to the ground and dipped into the lake!

It was a golden lake, and its surface was as calm as a mirror. In the center of the lake, which lay squarely below the pillar, sat someone!

He was from the Never-Ending Clan, with three heads and six arms. He looked strong and well-built, and he emanated an incredible power that blanketed the area.

The cultivator's body seemed to contain an ocean of spirit energy. There was a gaping hole in his forehead, and it seemed to be healing as the lake nourished the body while tearing itself further apart. Its full recovery appeared to be impossible.

The eyes of Wang Baole's avatar contracted at the sight. It stood, immobile, for a very long time. Nothing came at it though. That was when Wang Baole began to study the body in the middle of the lake carefully.

His brow furrowed after a while. He took a few steps forward, then continued watching from afar.

No signs of life or death. They look like flesh and blood bodies, and yet they give off a feeling... that resembles a Dharmic treasure. Wang Baole couldn't pinpoint his exact feelings towards the body in the lake, but the more he observed it, the more it resembled a set of... clothes!

In fact, one might even call it... an armor!

"It seems to be a... Spirit Stone at the same time? Some sort of container for Spirit Qi?" Wang Baole narrowed his eyes as he muttered to himself. He was about to enter the lake and inspect it up close. He prepared for the worst. Should anything happen, he'd immediately terminate the connection between his avatar and his true form.

Just as Wang Baole was about to rush forward, suddenly... one of the heads attached to the tentacles hanging above him—one belonging to an old man—opened his eyes!

The elder had a head of white hair and a face lined with wrinkles. There was confusion in his eyes, and his voice was hoarse.

“Save me... save me...”

Wang Baole’s scalp went numb when he heard that voice. He retreated hurriedly, then lifted his head up. Shock gripped him. The elder who had spoken was clearly dead. There was a darkness in his eyes. However, his voice rang out clearly in the air. It seemed to possess a certain power, a clarity that pierced through the cavern and the battleship and resonated across space itself.

It was a voice that Wang Baole was familiar with. It had come drifting with the wind, echoing in the Dao Palace as it cried out for help. This was... the voice of Feng Qiuran’s father, whom she had been desperately seeking, the voice of Mie Liezi’s uncle master, who had once been a powerful cultivator of the Dao Palace!

There’s nothing I can do here now... I need to let Elder Feng Qiuran and the others know what’s going on as soon as possible! Wang Baole narrowed his eyes. He hadn’t yet given up on examining the body of the Never-Ending Clan member. His true form would leave this place and seek out Feng Qiuran and the others.

Just as Wang Baole was about to take action, suddenly... Little Missy, who had been silent all this while, spoke in his head!

“That’s what is controlling this battleship... the battle robes!”

Chapter 650: The Death Dao!

Wang Baole whipped out the mask as soon as he heard the voice. It wasn’t invisible. This wasn’t another illusion. Ever since he had entered the battleship, he had grown increasingly paranoid.

“Stop looking. It’s your fault for sneaking into this wretched place. I’ve been suppressed since you entered the battleship and had to hide myself. I’ve even had to go back to sleep in order to prevent myself from being devoured. I can’t stay awake for long either!” Little Missy said in an annoyed voice when she saw what Wang Baole did.

“Devoured?” Wang Baole’s mind was set at ease when he realized that Little Missy was alright and her usual self. He had perked up until he heard what Little Missy had said.

“Youngsters these days, each one bolder than the next. Feng Qiuran’s like that, and so is that Mie Liezi. Even You Ran. They’ve all gone mad. You too, fatty! Do you know where you are? This is the Never-Ending Clan’s Death Dao Battleship!” Little Missy sounded tired. If one could see her actual form now, they would be able to see her rubbing her forehead while pointing an accusatory finger at the chubby cultivator standing in front of her.

“The Death Dao? Isn’t this a Sacrificial Palace?” This was the first time Wang Baole had heard about the Death Dao.

“During the war between the Never-Ending Clan and the Dark Sect, the Never-Ending Clan destroyed the Heavenly Dao and changed the nomological laws. They used the fallen Heavenly Dao and space as the cauldron, and stars as their materials, to create ninety thousand Death Dao Battleships. The first nine hundred battleships were as powerful as a Star Domain realm cultivators, the next nine thousand battleships as powerful as Eternal Star realm cultivators, and the remaining battleships as powerful as Planet realm cultivators. The battleship that you are currently in might have been severely damaged, but it is still at the Spirit Immortal realm!

“Death Dao Battleships prohibit the entry of the living. Any living person on board would be contaminated by the environment and drained of all life. That is because shards of the Heavenly Dao have been buried in the battleship. The corpses of that past great war are also buried here. The laws governing this place ensures that it will continue running, without ever stopping, and the source of it all are the battle robes before you!

“The one who puts on those robes will seize control over this battleship. He will also be able to commandeer the countless dead in this ship!”

Wang Baole’s widened when he heard that. He jerked his head towards the battle robes, hunger burning in his eyes. Before he could say anything though, Little Missy spoke again, irritation clear in her voice.

“The only way to get the robes on is to sacrifice one’s blood and flesh and set fire to one’s soul. Just as the soul is about to turn to nothingness, he will then meld with the battle robes and become one with the robes. He’ll be able to commandeer the Death Dao Battleship then. From that point onwards, you and the battleship will be one and the same. You wanna give that a try, fatty?”

“Ah?” Wang Baole didn’t realize that was what Little Missy was leading to. He hesitated.

“It’s not bad, actually. You can still continue your cultivation after you’ve turned into the battleship. You might even meet a female battleship one day and start a relationship,” Little Missy said, her tone casual. The words she was speaking made Wang Baole’s hair stand, though. He shook his head hastily.

“You’ll find it a challenging feat even if you do want to try it. The battle robes have been damaged. The last entity who fused his soul with it was slain by someone else, and the wound on his forehead remains on the battle robes. The only way to heal that wound is through sacrificing the living. My guess is that you’ve all been lured here. They want your living flesh and blood!

“Your flesh and blood will form nutrients that can be absorbed by the battle robes. It won’t help the mastermind in seizing control over the armies of the dead on board this battleship, but he’ll be able to take over the steering of the battleship. He can head towards the Dao Palace then. If the living there aren’t enough, he can charge into the Federation and lay waste to every living creature in the Federation. The scale of that blood sacrifice should be sufficient for it to recover a significant extent of its power.

“The Never-Ending Clan is fixated on assigning missions. If I’m not wrong, the mastermind behind this entire conspiracy accepted the mission to stop the ancient greenish-bronze sword in flight, and the mission is still in progress. The punishment he will have to face will be great if he fails. That is why he won’t call for help unless he has to. Some other things might also have happened that resulted in him being unable to transmit his location back to the Never-Ending Clan. That could be another reason why

he hasn't sought reinforcements. In fact, this person is likely thinking about the great rewards he'll be receiving should he manage to complete the mission. The incentive is sufficiently enticing that he's willing to gamble!"

Little Missy laid out her thoughts meticulously. She spoke in a mellow voice that was low but absent of heaviness. Wang Baole blinked. He agreed with Little Missy's assessment, but he also knew Little Missy's character. Since she had shared so much with him, she must have a solution. He coughed, then threw a few casual praises at her before asking anxiously for a way out of their current situation.

"Simple. Just call for your senior brother. He'll solve this for you with a single blade." Little Missy snorted. She clearly found Wang Baole's flattery unsatisfactory.

Wang Baole was rendered speechless. He knew that was indeed the easiest way out of this. However, he had no idea how to get his senior brother's attention. He sighed, then suddenly said.

"Wait, what if I try to scare the mastermind? I'll tell him that my senior brother is the first Divine King and that killing me would be suicide. Would that work?"

Little Missy began to regret her earlier attempt at mockery. Wang Baole's idea had caught her by surprise, and it seemed like a reasonable plan. She felt so exhausted and hurriedly said, "Stop wasting time on wild ideas. Your enemy might want to kill you more if you declare who you really are. What you have before you is a rare opportunity. You might not be able to put on those robes, but you can drain it of its power. Activate your devouring seed and suck it dry. You might just get yourself and everyone else out of danger."

That didn't sound right at all. Wang Baole was about to question Little Missy further on the details, but she stopped responding altogether. He didn't know if she had truly fallen back into slumber or if she was just faking it.

Wang Baole sighed. He deliberated for a moment before determination once again flashed in his eyes. Announcing his identity was a risky bet, a plan riddled with too much uncertainty. He wasn't prepared to try that unless it was the last resort. Perhaps draining the battle robes dry was really the best solution he had at this moment.

Wang Baole didn't hesitate. His avatar stepped onto the golden lake, raced forward, and arrived before the battle robes. He inspected the robes and confirmed that nothing was amiss before he shut his eyes and formed a series of hand seals. His true form on the second level set aside his storage bracelet before forming a series of hand seals as well. His avatar and his true form switched places instantly as the Lightning Immortal Transformation worked its magic. It was like instant teleportation!

His avatar was now on the second level, within the protective blue barrier, while his true form was now in the middle of the golden lake in the cavern. Wang Baole sat down as soon as he appeared next to the battle robes. The devouring seed flared to life and began draining all of the energy from the battle robes through the open wound on the battle robes' forehead!

The battle robes began to tremble as its energy was drained from it. Vast quantities of Spirit Qi gushed out from the wound on its forehead and rushed inside Wang Baole's body!

It was like a flood of Spirit Qi, and the devouring seed seemed excited as it continued sucking madly, sending Spirit Qi into every part of Wang Baole's body. The scabbard inside him began to stir, and it started absorbing the Spirit Qi as well.

The battle robes started to resist the draining fiercely. This slowed Wang Baole down, but with enough time, he could still suck the battle robes dry!

On the second level, Wang Baole's avatar picked up the storage bracelet next to it. Then, without any hesitation, it charged towards the blue defensive barrier. It was going to break free, locate the others, and let them know everything Wang Baole had just found out.

Breaking out from the inside of the blue defensive barrier wasn't an easy feat, but it was still within the realm of possibility. That was especially so when compared to trying to break in from the outside. Besides, the avatar had a storage bracelet filled with Dharmic Armaments. It might lack Wang Baole's physical strength, but its cultivation was at the same level as Wang Baole. It could do it.

A black pike appeared in its hands, and with a deafening roar, Wang Baole's avatar transformed into an ocean of lightning that then enveloped the pike. The pike pierced right through the barrier. There was some damage caused to the avatar in the process, but it was something he could deal with. The avatar transformed back into an exact image of Wang Baole after breaking free. Lightning bolts ran wild around it, guiding the black pike as it raced into the distance without pause or rest, in search of the others.

There were limits to what Wang Baole was capable of though. The land was too vast. Even with his elevated level of cultivation, there were still limits to how far the avatar could travel from him. Wang Baole's avatar had to keep its search within a certain area.

That was why he decided to release whatever puppets he had. He sent them out into the open, searching. At the same time, the avatar continued its search speedily, traveling as far as it could go.

His puppets had gone through multiple rounds of upgrades and enhancements. He had fine-tuned his control over them. The efficiency that the search party of puppets achieved was definitely greater than what Wang Baole was capable of should he have gone on alone.

Time passed steadily. Days went by. Wang Baole's true form continued to drain the Spirit Qi in the battle robes, and his avatar continued the search with the aid of his puppets. Finally, one puppet managed to find residual energies from collisions between array formations and spells in one area. They were signs of a battle having taken place there!

The puppet found bloodstains, still fresh, and pieces of tattered clothing as well. Alarm flashed across Wang Baole's face when he saw those through his avatar's eyes!

"Yameng!"