

Worth 651

Chapter 651: The Fearsome Zhao Yameng!

Lightning lit Wang Baole's eyes as he dashed out and raced towards the bloodstains and tattered clothes. He summoned the puppets around him and ordered them to search the area.

As Wang Baole conducted a frantic search, Zhao Yameng was in a valley fifty kilometers away from him. She had just spat out a mouthful of blood. Her face was ashen, and her hair loose. She clutched a compass tightly in her hands.

The compass gave off a brilliant light that formed a defensive barrier, sheltering Zhao Yameng within. The light was growing weaker. It looked as if it wasn't going to last much longer.

Blue fire burned outside the barrier, trapping her within. There were numerous faces in the fire that repeatedly slammed into the barrier while howling at Zhao Yameng.

The defensive barrier kept them at bay for now, but its light was growing weaker. The surrounding temperature rose as the blue flames continued burning, and an elder stood inside the fire. He wore the robes of the Dao Palace and was a Nascent Soul realm cultivator in Mie Liezi's faction. There was an intense light in his eyes as he stared at Zhao Yameng, who was trapped inside her defensive barrier, laughing hoarsely.

"You think you can run when I'm here?" He raised his right hand as he spoke and pressed it against the defensive barrier. The barrier began to creak, and it looked as if it was about to cave in. It was a miracle that it was still standing.

"Interesting. You have quite a few lifesavers up your sleeve." The elder laughed. He didn't seem troubled by that. His eyes lingered on Zhao Yameng, assessing, with unconcealed hunger.

"Little girl, I've noticed how special you are during the trial for the Hyacinthus Tree leaves. You're not just a natural numinous being, all of your seven orifices are open. Not bad at all. You'll be a superior-grade material for refining Spirit Orifice Pills. A rare find!" The elder smiled, and the hunger in his eyes intensified. He brought both hands together to form a series of hand seals, causing the flames around Zhao Yameng to grow stronger. They licked at her defensive barrier. He continued with another series of hand seals as he circled Zhao Yameng and imprinted seals on the ground.

Multiple runic imprints surrounded Zhao Yameng, and the flames rose higher with their appearance. Zhao Yameng trembled and spat out a mouthful of blood. Her arms trembled, and the compass almost slipped from her fingers.

She didn't try to wipe the blood from her lips. Instead, Zhao Yameng lifted her head and leveled a cold stare at the smiling elder. The look in his eyes looked more terrifying with each moment's passing. He had pursued her for days. She hadn't found anyone else since she had awoken. She had traveled with extreme caution without encountering much danger—until she crossed paths with the elder.

Her opponent had a clear goal. He seemed to have known her location all along, attacking her as soon as he appeared. If not for the extremely valuable artifact that her father had given her, which had helped in fighting off what should have been a lethal blow, she would have been dead.

Even with such an artifact in her possession, she was still trapped. She knew that the elder had no intentions of killing her immediately. He wanted to use her to refine a Spirit Orifice Pill!

Zhao Yameng bit her lips. She wasn't angry, and she wasn't about to say anything to the elder. Her cultivation continued churning inside her body. She was nearly drained dry, but that didn't stop her from pouring her energy into the compass. The compass was an eighth-grade Dharmic Armament that she had brought along from the Federation. It was something that was meant to save her life. She had created a seal after acquiring the Ecang Ancient Array Formation and imprinted that on the compass, which had further boosted the compass' power.

The compass was fully activated now. With the joint power from the pendant hanging on her neck, she had managed to resist the attacks of a Nascent Soul realm cultivator. However, she knew that the pendant's power was waning. Once it was completely depleted, she wouldn't be able to maintain her defense for long with only the array formation at her disposal.

She had done what she could to send signals for help. For the past three days, she had left traces of her blood and tattered bits of her clothes behind while fleeing her enemy. They were meant to be calls for help. Yet, she hadn't seen a third person in this world. Her morale was beginning to suffer, despite her stoicism.

However, she hadn't lost all hope!

She wasn't a weakling. She had her ambitions, her dreams, and her beliefs. Hidden beneath her calm exterior was a burning fire. She would either burn others or herself!

Zhao Yameng realized at this point that no one was likely going to come to her aid. Determination colored her eyes as she deliberately projected her intentions and ensured the elder saw her form a series of hand seals. The compass, which should have held on for longer, suddenly shook violently and exploded!

The explosion caused by an eighth-grade Dharmic Armament wasn't something to be underestimated. Zhao Yameng had imprinted a seal of the Ecang Ancient Array Formation on the compass, which further strengthened the force of the explosion. A thunderous boom erupted, whipping up a howling hurricane that surged outwards in all directions.

The blue fire shrank and wavered, almost to the point of extinguishing. Mountains moaned and caved in. The attack would have injured a Nascent Soul realm cultivator if it had been unexpected, but the grim determination in Zhao Yameng's eyes had been too obvious to miss. Her enemy had sensed her attack, and mocking laughter rang in the air as he retreated and avoided the shock waves sparked by the hurricane. He lifted his right hand and made a grab through the air. The blue flames, which had been weakened, erupted once again with renewed vigor. They transformed into a gigantic burning hand that stretched towards Zhao Yameng!

Zhao Yameng appeared calm in the face of a failed attempt that hadn't only been evaded but had landed herself in greater danger. However, there was a flicker of panic and despair in her eyes as she

retreated and unleashed her full cultivation. There was no way she could've evaded capture with her Core Formation realm cultivation and her injuries. The gigantic hand caught her almost immediately. With a swift yank, it pulled her back and held her before the Nascent Soul realm cultivator.

"Little girl, your schemes are too childish..." The elder smiled. He raised his right hand abruptly as he spoke, grabbing the pendant on Zhao Yameng's neck and flinging it aside. The pendant exploded, sending forth a series of shock waves stronger than the ones after the compass' explosion that surged outwards. Zhao Yameng's face paled instantly.

"The earlier explosion was to lure me into complacency so that the second one with the pendant might work. Little girl, you're still too..." The elder was interrupted by Zhao Yameng, who suddenly shot a flying needle out of her mouth while the expression on her pale face remained unchanged!

"Childish tactics!" The elder had a look of disdain in his eyes. He raised his left hand and caught the needle that had been aiming for his forehead. The look on his face turned from one of mockery to something else as soon as he touched the needle. It disintegrated, turning into a gray mist that dashed towards his eyes!

The elder shut his eyes instinctively as the needle approached. Zhao Yameng's face was still pale, but the panic and despair in her eyes had vanished, replaced with ferocity. She lifted her right hand. Her index finger touched her thumb, then pressed firmly downwards!

Something extremely small appeared to be planted in her thumb. It was activated with the firm press. Two beams of light exploded from her thumb—one red and the other white!

The white light curled around Zhao Yameng and transformed into a protective air bubble, while the red light rushed towards the Nascent Soul realm elder. If one were to take a really close look at the red light, he might see a tiny, grain-sized crystal that had clearly been compressed numerous times!

A terrifying wave of energy erupted from the crystal and hit the elder before he could react, triggering an explosion!

A barrier materialized at the same instant. It seemed to target one's Spirit Qi, sealing the target's cultivation. The strong backlash against Spirit Qi created a fist-sized black hole that seemed capable of tearing apart and consuming everything!

This was... the fusion of the Federation's most advanced technology and spirit energy... the Anti-Spirit Bomb!

The elder let loose a pained scream amidst the thunderous explosion, his physical form turning to pulp as he fell back. Zhao Yameng retreated under the defensive barrier of the white light, though her injuries were severe. The defensive barrier didn't prevent her from spitting out a mouthful of blood. Her body was extremely weak at this moment, but the fierce light in her eyes didn't waver. One wouldn't find any weakness or despair in her eyes.

It hadn't been inexperience that had led to her intentional display of grim determination or panic. Blowing up the compass and the pendant had been an attempt at lowering the elder's guard. She needed him to feel confident of his success. That was when she would strike and unleash her most powerful attack on him!

She knew that she only had one chance, which was why she had to exercise extreme caution!

Chapter 652: You're Courting Death!

She had left the Anti-Spirit Bomb that her father had given her as her true last resort. Deafening thunder boomed in the air as the Anti-Spirit Bomb exploded. The Nascent Soul realm elder retreated frantically, throwing spells and artifacts in the air as defense. But he had stood too close to Zhao Yameng.

No matter how quickly he reacted, even if he were to teleport himself away, he would still have been a moment too late. The Anti-Spirit Bomb was the most powerful weapon the Federation had invented. The black hole that had been created from the explosion and the sealing properties it had towards one's cultivation drew a furious cry from the elder as his body was torn apart right before Zhao Yameng's eyes.

Bones protruded from his chest. A powerful force swept across his face, mashing his features into a bloody pulp, which pulled apart rapidly to expose bones that were then smashed to bits!

Everything happened within a single moment. Screams of pain pierced the air as the elder's body was broken down into parts and torn to bits. Even his bones were smashed. Anyone else would have died on the spot, but the elder was still stumbling back, a blinding red light shining inside his body. It was emanating from his bones!

Six arms burst out from his maimed and mutilated body, tearing new holes in his flesh. There were also two fleshy lumps on each side of his neck, which bulged outwards and burst out into two heads!

It was as if there had been another body hidden inside the elder all along. What had appeared to be a Dao Palace cultivator had simply been a layer of clothes. His true form was a member of the Never-Ending Clan!

The Never-Ending Clan cultivator emerged violently from the elder's old body, staggering backwards. Zhao Yameng's breathing quickened as shock gripped her mind. The Never-Ending Clan elder grabbed hold of the ground as he stumbled, tightened his grip, and finally froze in place. He lifted his heads. Blood spilled from his lips, he was panting, and his body was covered with gaping wounds. Despite the protection offered by his Dao Palace cultivator's body, his true form hadn't emerged unscathed from the powerful attack!

He had a scowl on his face, and his red eyes were colored with wariness as he stared viciously at Zhao Yameng.

"You almost managed to kill me... For a mere Core Formation realm cultivator to do that, it looks like I've underestimated you!" the Never-Ending Clan elder said hoarsely, speaking in the language of the Dao Palace. Zhao Yameng staggered backwards, her breathing uneven as she remained silent.

A sense of regret rose inside her. This was the extent of what she was capable of. She hadn't exactly failed. If her opponent weren't of the Never-Ending Clan but a true Dao Palace cultivator, he would have been destroyed in both body and soul.

Perhaps this is my fate... Zhao Yameng took a deep breath. There was bitterness in her heart, but not despair. She accepted her fate. Zhao Yameng narrowed her eyes. Her right hand lifted and then raced towards her forehead.

If there was no way for her to win this fight, then she would rather end her own life than be refined into a pill that would strengthen her enemy. She would rather die than submit!

The Never-Ending Clan elder rushed forward just as Zhao Yameng raised her right hand, appearing before her. With an almost nonchalant wave of his right hand, he slapped Zhao Yameng's arm away with an explosive blow. Zhao Yameng was flung into the air and thrown into a stone wall.

Blood spilled from Zhao Yameng's lips as her vision turned blurry. She clenched her jaw and refused to allow any sound to escape from her lips. She struggled to open her eyes, then stared unblinkingly as the Never-Ending Clan elder approached her slowly.

"I admire your character, but you don't get to choose whether you live or die. I won't allow you to blow yourself up! Only refining a living person will improve a pill's quality. That pill will allow me a full recovery to the former peak of my cultivation. That will be your fate."

The Never-Ending Clan elder narrowed his eyes, his tone full of absolute authority. He took a step forward and was about to approach Zhao Yameng when he suddenly frowned. One of his arms formed a series of hand seals, then pushed abruptly to its right.

At that exact moment, a figure dashed out from his right like a bolt of lightning. The Never-Ending Clan elder was quicker though and caught it with his right hand as it charged out!

It was a puppet!

It exploded as soon as it came into contact with the elder, doing so before he could crush it with his bare hands. The loud explosion erupted in the air. The elder frowned, then saw seven to eight puppets charging at him from different directions.

Zhao Yameng's breathing grew uneven when she saw those puppets, and her eyes sharpened as life returned to them.

"Minor tricks!" Disdain flickered in the elder's eyes. He had suffered grievous injuries in the past, and his recovery was incomplete, leaving him at the early-stage Nascent Soul realm at the moment. In fact, his cultivation had fallen to the Core Formation realm after suffering the attack from the Anti-Spirit Bomb. However, his confidence in himself remained unwavering!

As the puppets came charging at him, he crouched down, tightened all six hands into fists, and punched them into the ground.

Waves of spirit energy swept outwards, roaring and forming visible ripples in the air that crushed the incoming puppets.

The Never-Ending Clan elder leaped into the air and raced towards Zhao Yameng. His hands formed a series of hand seals, causing flames to burst into life. He was planning to forcibly refine her. It was then that a howl—tinged with madness, fury, and violence—rang out behind him, like a rush of thunder whipping through the air!

“You’re courting death!”

The thunderous roar rose to the skies as a sharp shrill whistled through the air and materialized as a black beam of light. It dashed forward like a shooting star, a blur of black light that screamed incredible power. Alarm flashed across the Never-Ending Clan elder’s eyes a second time. The first time had been when Zhao Yameng had blown up an Anti-Spirit Bomb in his face.

He didn’t hesitate, not even having time to pull Zhao Yameng in front of him as a human shield. His body blurred as he teleported a hundred feet away. The black beam of light swerved sharply the moment he vanished into thin air, twisting itself in front of Zhao Yameng without slowing down in the slightest. It seemed to have locked on to the Never-Ending Clan elder, continuing to charge towards the elder!

The light was the black pike. It looked as if it were slicing through emptiness, moving so quickly that the Never-Ending Clan elder, who was impeded by his original injuries, couldn’t teleport away a second time. The pike landed a direct hit.

The elder’s breathing grew uneven. His six palms came together to form a flurry of hand seals. Palms pressed against palms, and six black lines came together to form an image of a demonic face.

The image collided with the black pike, and a deafening boom resonated in the air. The black pike finally paused in its pursuit, and a black lightning bolt snaked out from the pike during the momentary pause, expanding in size rapidly. A figure stepped out from the lightning, grew from the size of an open palm to that of a human, and then flung out its fist!

The punch hadn’t been boosted by the Flame Snatch Thearch Armor, but it was still the strongest punch to be thrown by Wang Baole’s avatar. It unleashed the full power of the Lightning Immortal Transformation as well as the Supernova. Lightning erupted all around the fist when it landed, and it swelled and transformed into a gigantic ball of lightning that then exploded in the Never-Ending Clan elder’s face!

Countless lightning bolts surged across the cracked ground. The Never-Ending Clan elder had sustained significant injuries from Zhao Yameng’s Anti-Spirit Bomb, so the unexpected hit from Wang Baole sent him stumbling back and spitting blood from his mouth.

With his retreat, he could no longer hold the black pike at bay, and it charged forward. The elder’s mind buzzed as he twisted his body and barely avoided being stabbed somewhere vital. Instead, the pike stabbed his shoulder and went right through!

Blood splattered everywhere as the elder beat a hasty retreat, roaring furiously.

“Wang Baole, you...”

Wang Baole caught up with him before he was done cursing, reappearing like a bolt of lightning. He was going to force his avatar into the elder’s body and blow it up from the inside!

Chapter 653: Refinement Through Lightning!

Wang Baole’s avatar arrived before the elder within a flash. There was violence in his eyes and murder in his heart. Wang Baole couldn’t control his urge to kill after seeing Zhao Yameng being grievously

injured before his eyes. The Never-Ending Clan elder's breathing quickened as he sensed Wang Baole's murderous aura. Terror struck him dumb.

Wang Baole and the threat of death loomed over him heavily. The Never-Ending Clan elder bit the tip of his tongue suddenly and spat out a mouthful of blood.

The blood transformed into a blood fog, which then spread out and formed a wall that stopped Wang Baole's approach. Wang Baole's true form could have smashed it to bits with a single punch from his Flame Snatch Thearch Armor.

His avatar wasn't as powerful as his true form, but it possessed advantages the latter didn't have as well, and that was... its body of lightning that could take on all forms and none at all!

Wang Baole's avatar melted away as soon as the crimson wall appeared in its path. It transformed into a sea of lightning that spread out and went straight through the wall. Instead of gathering together, it flooded over the elder and snaked into his body from every pore!

The elder cried out in pain. The sensation he had was of being struck by lightning. His flesh was being ripped apart, and his insides were burning while his organs spasmed in agony. The pain was worse than the worst form of torture as his entire body was flooded with electricity. He felt as if a large ball of electricity was gathering inside his body, and that it was going to explode and blow him up!

Blood seeped from his orifices without stop, and terror enveloped him. The elder cried out in pain. Then, he gritted his teeth. His eyes shone with madness as he smacked his head on the right violently!

"Get out!"

The head exploded loudly in a mist of blood and flesh. The blood mist formed an illusory bloody hand in the air and made a grab at his own body!

The lightning surging through his body froze instantly. Numerous bolts wormed out of his body, as if yanked out by the illusory bloody hand.

This would have been a simple feat at the height of his power, but it was clear that he was struggling with his current level of cultivation. After all, he had suffered an attack from Zhao Yameng's Anti-Spirit Bomb, which had sent his gradually recovering cultivation plunging from the early-stage Nascent Soul realm to the perfected Core Formation realm. That might still have made him a fearsome foe for any other Core Formation realm cultivators, but that level of cultivation was clearly not enough when it came to fighting Wang Baole!

The lightning bolts that had wormed out of his body gathered together and formed Wang Baole's face. His eyes glimmered with a murderous light as he howled at the bloody hand!

Waves of spirit energy surged out and froze the illusory bloody hand in its path. Strength drained from the hand, and the lightning bolts that had snaked out from the elder's body reentered it.

Before they reentered his body, countless lightning bolts had enveloped one of his arms and turned it into dust.

The elder was about to go raving mad with terror. He could feel his organs being ripped into pieces by lightning. Madness colored his eyes as he raised his hand and smashed his left head!

That was the mystic technique that allowed the Never-Ending Clan to unleash sudden bursts of power. The destruction of one head gave him an additional life, and he had done that consecutively, giving him a greater boost in strength. A second illusory, bloody hand materialized and grabbed through the air again.

The combined forces of the two bloody hands finally produced enough power to yank the lightning out of his body and keep them out!

“Get out!” The elder roared. His remaining four arms pressed heavily into his chest. A loud boom erupted from inside his body as another two arms burst into dust amidst lightning. He finally managed to force the lightning bolts out from his body!

The mass of lightning bolts gathered and formed Wang Baole’s face!

It was a bizarre sight to behold. He had finally managed to force Wang Baole out, but the elder’s intense fear didn’t wane. He knew that he was still in danger. He retreated hastily, eyes bright with madness, and ignored the ache in his heart as he yelled.

“Explode!”

The two illusory bloody hands begin shining with a blinding, red light instantly. They caved in and exploded!

The explosion swept outwards, hitting the lightning bolts that had formed Wang Baole’s face and disintegrating them instantly. What had been Wang Baole’s face turned into a mass of shapeless, formless lightning that fell to the ground.

The elder felt no joy in seeing that. His face was still pale. He continued to retreat quickly, not daring to linger. He knew that Wang Baole could switch places with his avatar with a single thought. He was now weak, his cultivation had fallen to the early-stage Core Formation realm!

The destruction of the two illusory hands, which had been his two heads, had wounded him at the core. He might have been able to reabsorb the spirit energy he had expended and grown back those two heads if he hadn’t blown them up, but there was nothing he could do about it now.

Just give me some time. I’m going to eat him alive! The elder thought furiously. Just as he was about to retreat further, an icy voice rang out behind him.

“You old wretched thing, I’ve been wanting to ask you this question. Who gave you the guts to touch my people?”

The scattered lightning bolts on the ground rose into the air and gathered together again, transforming into Wang Baole’s avatar. It was like watching someone being born from lightning. Stray lightning bolts hovered in the air around the avatar, painting a terrifying sight.

The Never-Ending Clan elder’s face turned pale as he retreated even more quickly. Wang Baole’s attacks had clearly struck terror in his heart. He used his remaining pair of hands to form a series of hand seals as he continued fleeing. He was going to sacrifice them in order to escape with his life.

He was fast, but Wang Baole’s avatar was formed from lightning. With a single step, countless black lightning bolts shot through the air, roaring towards the elder. Some of them landed on the black pike

lying in the distance, yanking it up and then guiding it towards the elder from the opposite direction. The remaining two swords of the tri-colored flying swords flew alongside a swarm of lightning bolts, approaching speedily.

The elder might have attained an extremely high level of cultivation in the past, but he had since fallen to the early-stage Core Formation realm after suffering numerous blows. At this moment, he didn't even stand a chance of retaliating against Wang Baole!

He was swamped by lightning bolts almost instantly. As lightning pierced his spasming body, the black pike came whistling by, skewering him through the stomach and nailing him to the ground. Two flying swords followed, pinning his arms to the ground. He was completely immobilized!

Cries of pain echoed in the air. Wang Baole didn't tear the elder apart immediately from the inside. Instead, he released bolts of lightning out in the open, which hovered in mid-air and transformed into his avatar. Lightning snaked around Wang Baole's body. The lightning bolts still bound him to the screaming elderly. At that moment, Wang Baole looked like a god of lightning!

Wang Baole didn't spare the pathetic looking elder a single glance. He turned towards Zhao Yameng instead.

"Yameng, did this old wretched creature tell you why he wanted to kill you? What was he planning to do with you?"

Wang Baole asked. He had noticed that Zhao Yameng's injuries had come from the draining of her cultivation. They weren't life-threatening, which was why he had allowed himself to focus on capturing the elder instead of tending to her.

Zhao Yameng might be drained at the moment, but her character had always been strong. She had forced herself to stay strong when she saw Wang Baole appear. Weakness was gradually eating at her, but when she looked at Wang Baole, she could feel a sense of security. It made her feel less weak. Her heart was set at ease. Zhao Yameng turned towards the equally weakened elder when she heard Wang Baole's question and replied forcefully, "He was going to refine me into a pill!"

Wang Baole's solemn face darkened further. He lowered his head and glanced at the trembling elder, then nodded.

"Then we'll turn him into a pill instead." Having said that, he raised his right hand and pressed his palm on the elder. Lightning bolts erupted from his person and enveloped the elder instantly. He was going to refine the man with lightning!

Screams of agony rang out in the air!

Chapter 654: The Sky Collapses!

Refining a pill required materials, heat, as well as the know-how. However, he was a master of refining artifacts. He trapped the elder with his lightning and continuously sent electricity into the Never-Ending Clan elder's body. He was burning and refining his flesh and blood like he would an artifact!

The brutality of his method rivaled that of refining a living person into a pill.

Wang Baole was furious, but he had not yet lost his reason because of his anger. He was refining only the elder's physical body. When the elder's physical form had been turned to ashes by his terrifying lightning, Wang Baole's right hand, formed from lightning, made a grab at the pile of ashes. It returned with a Nascent Soul in its grasp!

The Nascent Soul was the elder's, severely weakened and infused with the elder's soul, ready to dissipate any moment!

His current level of cultivation wasn't powerful enough for him to search the soul. However, with the Dark Art's secret techniques, he was confident of being able to force some information out of the soul. That being said, he would be doing so with his avatar instead of his true self, which posed a degree of difficulty.

The Never-Ending Clan elder might be weak, but the hatred and resignation in his eyes indicated clearly that he wasn't going to spill anything to Wang Baole easily.

Wang Baole's right hand crackled with lightning, and he conducted a round of interrogation without any results to show for it. After that, he didn't waste any more time on the elder. He sealed the elder with his Lightning Immortal Transformation and flung the sealed soul to Zhao Yameng.

Zhao Yameng had recovered partially after taking a few pills and some rest. She formed a series of hand seals and imprinted a few runes on the soul before storing it away in her storage bag.

Then, they looked at each other. They could see the solemnity in each others' eyes.

"I got separated from Elder Feng Qiuran and the others when the unexpected happened inside the millstone. I didn't manage to locate them..." Zhao Yameng said softly. She looked at Wang Baole. She clearly had many questions on her mind, especially about why Wang Baole was only here in the form of an avatar.

"I was hidden inside one of the millstone's cracks..." Wang Baole took a deep breath, looked around cautiously, then told Zhao Yameng everything that had happened to him as well as why his avatar was here.

Zhao Yameng listened to his discovery about the third level and the huge pillar that existed underground with a grave expression on her face. It was clear that she was reeling with shock. What was even more shocking was Wang Baole's sharing of the Never-Ending Clan battle robes and his discovery that they were on a Death Dao Battleship!

The discovery was beyond anything Zhao Yameng had imagined. Her face turned pale, though her eye remained clear and untainted by confusion or bewilderment. She took a deep breath, and a flicker of light flashed across her eyes before words rushed out from her lips.

"Baole, you have to find Feng Qiuran and let her know the truth!

"It's clear that there are Never-Ending Clan cultivators hidden in the Dao Palace. The elder was just one of them... this is an extremely serious matter. It's going to affect the entire Dao Palace... as well as the Federation!"

“Baole, if my guess is correct, a war between the Never-Ending Clan and the Federation... is going to happen soon! The Federation is completely unaware of this threat. That will be its greatest disadvantage!” Zhao Yameng’s face was completely drained of color at that point. Wang Baole had a dark look on his face as well. He shared her views. In fact, his understanding of their situation might be more well-informed.

Wang Baole narrowed his eyes after hearing her out. Then, he said, “Yameng, you’re good with array formations. If I can weaken the interference that this place is transmitting, will you be able to make use of that and activate a teleportation?”

“If you can do that, then we must immediately seize the opportunity and escape back to the Dao Palace. We have to inform Sect Lord Xu and the others and get them to return to the Federation as soon as possible. The Federation has to be notified immediately so that they can prepare themselves!”

Zhao Yameng knew the gravity of the situation. She considered his words, then nodded.

“I’ve inherited the Ecang Ancient Array Formation. I can use that and the teleportation talisman as the foundation of a short-distance teleportation array formation. Its ability to fight against interference will be boosted. However, you must be able to weaken the interference in the first place for me to do that!”

Wang Baole was confident in his ability to do that. His true form was now at the third level, and its progress with absorbing the battle robes’ energy was sluggish but steady. The steady weakening of the battle robes, which was the core of this Death Dao Battleship, would also result in the weakening of the battleship’s ability to disrupt any teleportations.

That being said, he needed some time before things progressed to a stage where Zhao Yameng could activate a teleportation.

They ironed out the details before setting off together in search of Feng Qiuran. They kept a lookout for Kong Dao as well. They needed to find Feng Qiuran to let her know what was going on, while they needed to find the latter so that the three of them could leave together.

The second level was a vast world, though. Wang Baole and Zhao Yameng searched for days without finding any trace of Feng Qiuran or any of the others. They couldn’t advertise their presence loudly either, as their earlier encounter with the Never-Ending Clan elder proved how dangerous this place was. They were wary of everyone else.

Even though there was little progress with their search, they were still blessed with good news in other areas. Wang Baole’s progress with absorbing the energy of the battle robes was proceeding well. The battleship’s ability to disrupt and interfere with teleportation was gradually weakening.

Zhao Yameng had been testing the effectiveness of her teleportation talisman every once in a while during the past few days. The talisman had been shining more brightly and emanating more powerful waves of energy.

“Based on my calculations, if things go smoothly, I’ll be able to forcibly activate the teleportation talisman in a week’s time and get us out of this place!” The shining teleportation talisman gave Zhao Yameng and Wang Baole hope. They had discussed earlier. If they still couldn’t manage to locate Feng

Qiuran by then, they would hide and teleport themselves away once the interference had been sufficiently weakened.

If given a choice between the lives of those in the Dao Palace and the safety of the Federation, both of them would choose the latter.

Time passed steadily, and another three days went by. Wang Baole and Zhao Yameng found no traces of anyone else during those three days. They sighed and were prepared to give up. They were about to find a hiding place for themselves when suddenly... due to the gradual draining of energy or some other unknown reason, a loud rumbling thundered in the skies!

It rang across the vast world and was louder than thunder. It sounded like the heavens themselves were splitting apart. The roaring thunder resonated across the entire world. Wang Baole and Zhao Yameng were stunned by the unexpected sound. They lifted their faces skywards. In the distant skyline, as an even louder rumble shook the heavens, a sudden gaping rift appeared in the sky!

Black winds ripped through the rift and appeared in the second level. As the thundering continued, a second rift, followed by a third rift, appeared. The entire sky was ripped apart within a span of ten seconds!

Deafening rumbling shook the entire world. Earth and rock fell through the rifts, ripping the rifts wider. Large chunks of the sky began to collapse!

The sky formed the earth of the first level of this world. As it caved in and black winds emerged through the rifts, the howls of skeletons from the first level could also be heard ringing in the distance.

The sight sent Wang Baole and Zhao Yameng reeling back in shock. Alarm flashed across their faces. Wang Baole immediately caught the sudden flash of a figure darting through the collapsing sky in the distance. It sped past like a shooting star, as if fleeing from pursuit. It was... Mie Liezi!

He wasn't headed towards Wang Baole and Zhao Yameng, he was heading somewhere near them. His clothes were tattered, and he seemed to be in a bad state, his face pale and eyes bright with fury. Blood flowed from his mouth without stop.

Another figure flew out from the same rift in close pursuit. He was dressed in a Daoist robe and emanating an ethereal aura. He was... Daoist You Ran!

"Mie Liezi, do you really think you can escape? You have only one option, and that is... to join us." Daoist You Ran smiled. As he stepped out from the rift, a dozen figures dashed out behind him and descended upon this world!

Chapter 655: I Will Never Submit!

Mie Liezi and Daoist You Ran's appearance stunned Wang Baole. His shock grew when he saw the dozen figures lined behind Daoist You Ran in the next moment!

They were all familiar faces. Most of them were Nascent Soul realm cultivators who belonged to both You Ran's and Mie Liezi's factions. Daoist You Ran's disciples Zhou Chudao and Huang Yunshan appeared amongst them!

Their faces were dark with solemnity. Most were pale as if suffering from heavy blood loss. Their spirits seemed suppressed. However, they were all standing behind Daoist You Ran, in support of him!

Wang Baole recalled whatever he knew about Daoist You Ran, as well as his instinctive wariness towards the man. The scene before him confirmed his guesses—the truth was right before his eyes!

Daoist You Ran had betrayed the Dao Palace!

The thought surfaced in Wang Baole's mind as he witnessed Mie Liezi forming a series of hand seals and pushing as he continued running. The resultant explosion blocked an invisible attack that had been aimed at his retreating back. He was clearly grievously injured. Even though he managed to fight off the attack, blood still found its way out from his mouth. He staggered, then began to laugh almost manically.

"You Ran, why are you doing this?"

Daoist You Ran stood in mid-air, then laughed out loud when he heard that. His laughter was tinged with something dark and unfathomable. He didn't unleash a second attack. Instead, he replied coolly.

"Mie Liezi, why are you still playing at ignorance? You should've known the answer the moment I ambushed you. Why else would you unleash your most powerful attack in your injured state just so you could escape to the second level... Do you really think that I don't know you're trying to draw Feng Qiuran over and join forces with her?"

"We've been friends for so long. You can just let me know if you're thinking of stalling for time. I'll let you do it, too." Daoist You Ran smiled and told Mie Liezi.

The pained and haggard look on Mie Liezi's face was replaced with something dark when he heard what Daoist You Ran said. The latter had guessed right. He had known the answer when Daoist You Ran had ambushed him. Daoist You Ran had betrayed the Dao Palace. He had immediately thought about the techniques the Never-Ending Clan had possessed in enslaving their opponents when he had witnessed how Daoist You Ran seized control over the majority of Dao Palace cultivators with a strange spell.

That was why he had fought with tooth and nail to rip the earth apart and flee to the second level. His goal had been to find Feng Qiuran, join forces with her, and overpower Daoist You Ran. Daoist You Ran had chosen to ambush him instead of engaging in an open battle with him. That meant that he wasn't so powerful as to be completely invincible!

There was still hope!

However, Daoist You Ran had just exposed Mie Liezi's intentions. His nonchalance was beginning to make Mie Liezi panic.

Wang Baole and Zhao Yameng were hidden at a nearby mountain while Mie Liezi and Daoist You Ran hovered in mid-air. They observed the battle with shock and alarm. Having heard what Wang Baole had discovered on the third level, Zhao Yameng quickly came to a conclusion.

There was a great likelihood that Daoist You Ran was involved in the battleship's appearance. In fact, he was likely the mastermind behind this entire thing. The appearance of the earlier Never-Ending Clan elder made it easy to guess Daoist You Ran's true identity.

Wang Baole had come to the same conclusion and panicked silently. His true form was frantically trying to suck the battle robes dry. It didn't matter how much spirit fat he was accumulating—nothing mattered as long as he could speed up his absorption of the battle robes' spirit energy!

Wang Baole secretly sped up his absorption rate. In the skies, Mie Liezi's eyes suddenly flashed with a fierce light. He stared at Daoist You Ran, then asked suddenly, "Where's Feng Qiuran?"

"I like your straightforward questions," Daoist You Ran smiled and said as he shook his head slightly.

"Feng Qiuran isn't dead. How can I bear letting both of you die? But there's no chance of her arriving in time to help you. She's trapped in an array formation that I've prepared specially for her. Besides..." Daoist You Ran's eyes narrowed as he took a sudden step forward. Mie Liezi retreated immediately.

However, Mie Liezi was clearly injured seriously. He had reacted swiftly but was still caught up to by Daoist You Ran. Explosions rumbled in the air as the two engaged in an aerial battle.

The battle was short-lived. Daoist You Ran's skin was suddenly torn apart by the emergence of an additional four arms, and his six hands came together to form a series of hand seals. A black mist materialized and transformed into a huge cauldron that smashed into Mie Liezi.

Amidst a loud boom, Mie Liezi spat out a mouthful of blood. He stumbled and was flung straight into the mountains, which caved in under the sudden force. As Mie Liezi struggled to his feet, the huge cauldron turned into countless thin threads that forced themselves into Mie Liezi's body.

Mie Liezi shook violently at the intrusion and spat out another mouthful of blood. His chest began to cave in while one of his arms snapped. He laughed bitterly and fought to lift his head. His eyes were fixed on Daoist You Ran.

The expression on Daoist You Ran's face remained unchanged. He stretched his six arms as he got used to them, then smiled.

"It's been a while since I revealed my true form. The bodies of Dao Palace cultivators might be much more convenient, but... they're too weak!" He shook his head as he gazed into the distance, eyes sweeping the horizon. He had noticed the hidden Wang Baole and Zhao Yameng.

They were of no importance. Be it Zhao Yameng or Wang Baole, they were all mere insects to him. The latter might be an adopted disciple and the fourth Grand Supreme Elder, but that meant nothing at all. What mattered was one's cultivation!

At this moment, he only cared about Mie Liezi. With a wave of his hand, dozens of silhouettes appeared behind him. They surrounded the grievously injured Mie Liezi in a blink of an eye. Daoist You Ran walked towards Mie Liezi slowly.

It was clear from Wang Baole's eyes that he was struggling to control himself. However, a look of determination soon settled in his eyes. He pulled Zhao Yameng along as he retreated hastily.

Mie Liezi had noticed their presence, but he didn't spare them a single glance. His eyes remained fierce, but bitterness darkened his heart. He didn't begrudge Wang Baole's hasty departure. If he had been in Wang Baole's place, with only a Core Formation realm cultivation, he would have escaped without hesitation as well.

He was bitter because if he hadn't been ambushed and suffered serious injuries, he wouldn't be reduced to such a pathetic state. Daoist You Ran had hidden the depths of his cultivation well, and Mie Liezi wasn't his match. As he despaired, a fierce light suddenly flashed across Mie Liezi's eyes.

Daoist You Ran shook his head and made a hand seal. Black threads burst out from Mie Liezi's body and bound him tightly!

Mie Liezi shook violently, and the veins on his forehead pulsated. He tried to struggle out of his binds but to no avail. He could only watch as Daoist You Ran strolled leisurely towards him.

"Mie Liezi, I admire your character. That is why I'm giving you a chance so that you can remain free... Everything you achieved will be for naught if I imprint the slave's seal on you. Your mind will be severely damaged. You know that. Besides, the Dao Palace has fallen. There is no hope of it ever rising again... Kneel before me, and I will allow you to become my warrior servant. I promise to replace your physical body after a century has passed so that you may become a true member of the Never-Ending Clan!" There was a cold light in Daoist You Ran's eyes as he said that.

He wasn't lying to Mie Liezi. There were two people in the entire Dao Palace that he viewed favorably. One was Mie Liezi, and the other was his disciple, Dugu Lin!

They were the only two people whom he felt deserved a chance to join the Never-Ending Clan. He had nothing but disdain for the rest—even Feng Qiuran, who was at the Soul Conduit realm. She was soft-hearted and thus, weak!

"Kneel to the Never-Ending Clan?" Mie Liezi burst out into laughter. It didn't matter that he was currently bound so tightly that pain laced through his body and made him shake uncontrollably with agony. His laughter went on and grew louder.

"I, Mie Liezi, may not be a good man, but I'm a disciple of the Dao Palace. I kneel only to the heavens and the earth and to my Dao Palace ancestors. I kneel to no one else!"

"Who do you think you are? Who does the Never-Ending Clan think they are to believe themselves worthy of me falling to my knees before them?" There was mockery in Mie Liezi's eyes. He spoke the truth. He wasn't a good man by any standards, but he had his principles. His loyalty belonged to the Dao Palace!

His hands might be drenched in blood. He might have thought about sacrificing the entire Federation for his goals. But... everything he did, he did for the Dao Palace. His loyalty and devotion to the Dao Palace would never waver!

As Mie Liezi's voice resonated in the heavens, something flickered in Wang Baole's eyes. He didn't like Mie Liezi at all, but he could sense the resolve in Mie Liezi's words.

Mie Liezi was trying to anger Daoist You Ran into killing him!

Daoist You Ran stared at Mie Liezi, then narrowed his eyes. He yanked his right hand upwards. The black cloud that was imprisoning Mie Liezi suddenly transformed into countless black runes that seared themselves into Mie Liezi's body. Mie Liezi jerked. He suddenly stopped laughing. All life began to drain from his body.

Daoist You Ran formed a series of hand seals. Mie Liezi, who had been drained of all life, suddenly lifted his head. His eyes... were absent of all consciousness.

“Since that’s the case, you’ll simply have to become a slave.”

Chapter 656: Something’s Wrong!

Wang Baole glimpsed the scene while escaping with Zhao Yameng, and it caused something indescribable to rise inside him. He looked at Mie Liezi after the latter raised his head and knew that the real Mie Liezi was gone.

He might not be dead, but the chances of him awakening again were close to zero.

“We have to leave this place now!” Madness colored Wang Baole’s eyes. His true self, hidden away on the third level, continued draining the battle robes madly. His body began to balloon rapidly.

Wang Baole no longer cared about that. Zhao Yameng was aware of the danger they were in. She kept quiet as she activated an array formation that augmented both hers and Wang Baole’s speed.

Even so, they were no match for Daoist You Ran. What made things worse was the many other enslaved cultivators around him. While he didn’t go after them personally, with a wave of his arm, seven to eight cultivators immediately began chasing after them!

“I want them captured alive!” Daoist You Ran said coolly. He was about to inspect Mie Liezi’s storage bag when a loud rumbling erupted in the distant sky. It sounded like thunder resonating in the air. The entire second level shook as a strong force rippled through the air.

The earth trembled, and the trees and grass shook. Wang Baole and Zhao Yameng trembled as well as wild winds lashed at their faces. Their pursuers experienced the same wild and strong attack.

As the blasts surged through the world, a figure appeared in the distant sky. It approached with startling speed, a ruler circling it and giving off a bright light. It was Feng Qiuran!

She seemed to be in a state as bad as Mie Liezi had been when he had first appeared on the second level. Her face was pale, and her lips were stained with blood. If Daoist You Ran had spoken the truth and had imprisoned her within an array formation, she must have paid a terrible price escaping its hold. The earlier shock wave must have been caused by the collapse of the array formation.

She had been too late, Mie Liezi hadn’t managed to last until her arrival. As she approached, she saw the unfocused and expressionless look on Mie Liezi’s face, as well as the smiling Daoist You Ran, who was standing beside Mie Liezi.

No questions were required. The scene before her, along with her past suspicions about Never-Ending Clan members hidden in the Dao Palace, answered her doubts. Fierce determination flashed across her eyes. She was going to kill You Ran even if that killed her too. With that thought in mind, she charged fearlessly at Daoist You Ran!

“You managed to destroy my array formation. Feng Qiuran... I’ve underestimated you.” Daoist You Ran smiled faintly. With a wave of his arm, a vast black cloud emerged from his body and blanketed the skies. He dashed towards Feng Qiuran.

The two were enveloped in a black mist. Loud explosions erupted continuously from within the mist, resonating in the air. Wang Baole and Zhao Yameng were trapped in a similarly perilous situation. The enslaved cultivators who hadn’t received any orders, remained standing still. But those who had received orders to pursue them continued racing after Wang Baole and Zhao Yameng even while You Ran and Feng Qiuran engaged in a fierce battle.

Of the eight cultivators, four were at the Nascent Soul realm, and the remaining four were at the Core Formation realm. One of them... was Zhou Chudao!

Wang Baole would have found it difficult to fight all eight of them, even with his true form. His chances of winning were next to none with only his avatar. Determination flashed across Wang Baole’s eyes as he hurriedly said.

“Yameng, you have to leave first. Find a place and hide, wait for the interference to weaken, and then teleport away immediately!”

Zhao Yameng was no ordinary woman. She gave Wang Baole a long, unfathomable look when she heard what Wang Baole said. Then, without saying anything, she nodded silently. She knew they had no other choice. She raised her right hand to her hair, and, with a wave, cut off a lock of her hair. She handed that to Wang Baole, then turned and sped off.

Wang Baole’s heart flooded with emotions as he held onto Zhao Yameng’s lock of hair. He put it away in his storage bracelet, then turned around. A thunderous roar rose to the skies as a sea of lightning erupted around him. His avatar transformed into a vast web of electricity that threw itself over the enslaved cultivators hot on his trail.

It ensnared the eight cultivators instantly, and explosions erupted in the air as the fight commenced!

Wang Baole’s avatar was no match for these eight cultivators. The web that he had formed was instantly torn apart, disintegrating into stray lightning bolts that gathered and transformed into a second electrical web. It didn’t shine as brightly as the first, but it was still just as quick as it cast itself over the eight cultivators!

Loud thunderous booms rang out continuously on the land and in the air!

The battle between Feng Qiuran and Daoist You Ran was reaching a pivotal moment. Feng Qiuran might have her ruler, but she had suffered some backlash from destroying the array formation earlier. In addition, while her cultivation might surpass that of Mie Liezi, she was still slightly less powerful than Daoist You Ran, who had taken great pains to hide his true strength.

Daoist You Ran was slowly gaining the upper hand in the fight... the battle on land was being lost as well. The electrical web that was formed from Wang Baole’s avatar had been ripped apart three times within a matter of seconds. Wang Baole still had many other Dharmic treasures up his sleeve though. Another loud thunderous boom erupted in the air as eight towering bells appeared over the eight cultivators and trapped them within.

It was but a temporary prison. The four Nascent Soul realm cultivators unleashed their full cultivation and flung the bell off them effortlessly. However, just as they were about to charge out, a black pike came rushing towards them. Flying swords also rained down like a storm, trapping them in another fight.

Wang Baole threw everything he had at them. His avatar managed to hold the eight cultivators off, giving Zhao Yameng the time she needed to escape.

As the battle took place, Wang Baole's true form continued to sit inside the golden lake on the third level. He had grown extremely fat at this point, but the rate at which he was draining the battle robes didn't slow down. In fact, it sped up. He continued draining the battle robes madly even though it was clear his physical form could no longer absorb any more spirit energy.

The draining away of spirit energy had reached a point where it triggered an intense backlash. The battling cultivators felt the battleship quake suddenly!

The quaking clearly weakened the interference in the battleship significantly. It wasn't significant enough that Zhao Yameng could activate the teleportation now, but it was only a matter of time before she could do it.

In addition, the battleship's quaking seemed to trigger a chain effect. The first level and second level of the world began to shake as well. Daoist You Ran had been gaining an edge over Feng Qiuran, who had been forced back while blood continued to spill from her lips. He had just waved his hand and was about to seize control over and enslave Feng Qiuran's mind when he suddenly felt the heavens and earth sway and the interference on the battleship fade. Alarm flashed across his face!

"Something's wrong!" An overpowering sense of unease rose inside Daoist You Ran at that moment. He retreated hurriedly, forming a series of hand seals and extending his senses outward. A few moments later, his eyes widened. His connection with the battleship finally led to his realization of what was happening on the third level!

"Wang Baole!" Daoist You Ran's breathing quickened, and blood filled his eyes as he let loose a furious howl. He was no longer interested in the severely injured Feng Qiuran. He turned and charged furiously towards Wang Baole's avatar.

Wang Baole, who was engaged in a fierce battle with a few Nascent Soul realm cultivators, had no time to react at all. A destructive force descended upon him, and his avatar was blown apart in a deafening explosion!

Daoist You Ran looked murderous after destroying Wang Baole's avatar. With a wave of his hand, he sent a horde of enslaved cultivators after Feng Qiuran. Thunder boomed as lightning lit the skies around him. Tears began appearing, rips in space that opened into the abyss. Seven to eight Never-Ending Clan cultivators stepped out of the tears. They were covered with wounds from a past battle, which had not fully healed. Still, their partial recovery placed them at the level of a Nascent Soul realm cultivator.

They knew the gravity of the situation, charging at Feng Qiuran as soon as they appeared. Daoist You Ran burned with anxiety. He unleashed his full speed, racing towards land and heading straight for... the third level!

Chapter 657: You Ran's Fury!

As Daoist You Ran left in a hurry, a pale-faced Feng Qiuran gritted her teeth and retreated hastily as Never-Ending Clan cultivators and enslaved Dao Palace cultivators charged at her. Her hands came together to form a series of hand seals, and she bit the tip of her tongue and spat out a mouthful of lifeblood.

It transformed into a blood mist that surged towards the charging cultivators and stopped them momentarily in their tracks. Immediately after, Feng Qiuran frantically raised her right hand and grabbed through the air, snatching the storage bracelet that had been left behind by Wang Baole's destroyed avatar. Daoist You Ran normally wouldn't leave such things lying behind, but his panic had led to his oversight.

Having secured the storage bracelet, Feng Qiuran retreated without hesitation. The second level might be vast, but she was still filled with despair and weighed down by a heavy heart. She didn't know where she could go and had no idea how to fix this.

She turned her head back and stared at the figures of the Never-Ending Clan members behind her. She looked at them and saw the horrible battle scenes that had taken place on the ancient sword during the historic great battle. Her mind was filled with the familiar faces of Dao Palace cultivators who had been enslaved and lost a sense of their self. Bitterness engulfed her. She felt like a sinner.

Everything... is a result of us infiltrating the battleship even though we knew that it was going to be a trap... Feng Qiuran grimaced. It was then that she realized how much she had failed at being a leader. She had been overly emotional and had ignored reason.

Daoist You Ran! An icy glint glimmered in her eyes. She wanted to right the wrongs that she had committed and undo all that had been done, but she was powerless. The bitterness in her only grew as she stared at the cultivators pursuing her. Mie Liezi was one of them.

There's still hope! Feng Qiuran tried to stay strong amidst her bitterness. The battleship's ability to interfere with teleportation had been weakened earlier due to reasons unknown, and Daoist You Ran had reacted violently to it. Feng Qiuran saw a glimmer of hope in that. It was a feeble hope, but hope nevertheless.

While Feng Qiuran continued fleeing, Zhao Yameng was hidden on a mountain in another part of the world, trying her best to form and activate array runes to conceal her presence. At the same time, her hands held tightly onto the teleportation talisman. She calmed her breathing while her eyes shone brightly with determination. She was waiting for the right moment.

She was worried about Wang Baole, but she knew that with her level of cultivation, she would only serve as a distraction instead of an aid to him. She also knew her mission. She had to inform the Federation about everything that was going on here!

"Baole..." Zhao Yameng murmured to herself, then sighed. She shut her eyes and waited patiently.

Feng Qiuran wasn't the only one engaged in battle on the second level. The cultivators from her faction had been separated when they had entered the second level. Most had perished due to a variety of

reasons, while a few had been imprisoned and sealed. You Ran wasn't the only one of the Never-Ending Clan on the battleship.

The trap had long been set, and the hunt by the Never-Ending Clan had begun the moment they had boarded the battleship. Many like Chi Lin had either been imprisoned or sacrificed to the millstone.

Most of the Core Formation realm cultivators had perished. This was clearly a much more dangerous place to Core Formation realm cultivators than their more powerful comrades. They had been no match for their enemies. A few though, like Zhao Yameng, had sensed the threat and gone into hiding.

Kong Dao had been one of them. He was skilled at ambushes and concealing himself. Despite the dangers that hid at every corner on the battleship, he had his own way of surviving them. He was someone who had managed to survive the Martian wilderness when he had only been at the Ancient Martial realm.

He was currently on the second level but not on the surface. He had found a cavern. There was no golden lake in the cavern, and it was clearly not where Wang Baole's true form was. However, it possessed a few artifacts that resembled evacuation pods. Many were damaged, but there were a couple that were still functional.

Kong Dao hadn't been able to find an exit. Left with no other option, he gritted his teeth and hidden inside one of those evacuation pods to escape pursuit.

Everyone was on the run. On the third level, where the battle robes were located, a deafening sound suddenly erupted and rose to the skies. A shockingly fat Wang Baole sat in the middle of a golden lake. Every part of his body was wobbling, and his eyes shone madly as the devouring seed inside him continued to churn.

Faster! Wang Baole shouted inwardly. He was panicking. There was an incredible well of Spirit Qi contained inside the battle robes. Even with both the devouring seed and his scabbard hard at work, it was still an incredible amount of Spirit Qi to absorb. Wang Baole was only at the perfected Core Formation realm, so there was a limit to how much he could absorb. With danger looming, he didn't have the time to attempt a breakthrough either. In order to break through from the Core Formation realm to the Nascent Soul realm, he needed a safe environment, one free of disturbance in which he could retreat into seclusion.

What made things worse was how his progress at draining the battle robes began to slow down as time passed.

The battle robes' resistance continued to interfere with Wang Baole's draining of its spirit energy. This seemed to be the battle robes' natural defense mechanism. Even though Wang Baole had fully unleashed his devouring seed, that didn't improve the speed in which he was draining the battle robes.

Caught in a bind, Wang Baole frantically formed a series of hand seals and summoned his avatar. His avatar separated from his person and charged upwards into the pillar.

Wang Baole's Flame Snatch Thearch Armor materialized. His body had clearly reached its limits, so he was going to get his Flame Snatch Thearch Armor to continue the draining!

The armor was like Wang Baole's second body. It joined forces with the devouring seed, and even though it couldn't increase the speed of absorption, it managed to create a balance that allowed vast quantities of Spirit Qi to continue flowing into the armor. The light emanating from the armor began to grow brighter.

Wang Baole just needed a little more time. It wasn't going to take long, maybe another two hours. If he continued absorbing the battle robes' spirit energy at this rate, the interference from the battleship was going to weaken more considerably. Wang Baole didn't know if it would weaken to a point where teleportation was possible again, but he knew that as long as he kept absorbing the battle robes' spirit energy and weakening the battleship's interference, Zhao Yameng's chances of succeeding would increase!

However... the weakening of the battleship's strength had attracted Daoist You Ran's notice. He was now cleaving through everything in his path as he raced towards the third level. Wang Baole's armor had only begun absorbing the battle robes' spirit energy for twenty seconds when the walls of the cavern burst open!

Dirt and stone spewed everywhere, and a furious Daoist You Ran emerged in the cave. His eyes shot towards the golden lake, where his precious battle robes were, and to the space beside it, where a ballooned up Wang Baole, covered in his Flame Snatch Thearch Armor, sat!

The Death Dao Battle Robes' glow had faded considerably. Its skin looked creased, and one of its arms was nothing but drooping skin. Not to mention, Wang Baole was still draining the battle robes' Spirit Qi madly.

Daoist You Ran flew into a mad rage at the sight. His plan to lure the Dao Palace cultivators into the battleship and enslave them had been to ensure that he could carry out a blood sacrifice with minimal damage. There was no doubt that he was at the Soul Conduit realm and that he had other Never-Ending Clan members reporting to him on the battleship.

However, they were all still recovering from their respective injuries. They might be able to survive and win a battle, but prolonged fighting was out of the question. In addition, the battleship lacked the necessary components to meld successfully with the battle robes. It was unable to unleash its full power.

The array formation protecting the Dao Palace, as well as Mie Liezi's and Feng Qiuran's strength, meant that Daoist You Ran hadn't been confident of his victory. Most importantly, he hadn't been prepared to pay a heavy price for victory.

That was why he had laid a trap. He had planned to first enslave them all and then to use the energy harvested from blood sacrifices as fuel for the battleship. In that manner, he would be able to meld with the battle robes any time he wanted.

He would be able to steer the Death Dao Battleship and invade the Federation, then continue harvesting everyone in the Federation for his sacrifices. Once he had sacrificed the entire Federation to the battleship, he would be able to truly become one with the Death Dao Battleship!

His plan had been coming along smoothly. To find out that the Death Dao Battle Robes, which his strategy was centered around, had been drained to such a great extent, was like amputating a limb. The loss was driving him mad with rage!

Damn it, how did he get in here? Daoist You Ran's eyes turned red, and his head was about to explode. He howled in fury.

"Wang Baole!"

Chapter 658: Ten Thousand Tribulations and a Thousand Lives!

The furious howl was louder than thunder. It exploded inside the cave and resonated in the air, causing the walls all around to shake violently and the pillar in the ceiling to spasm. Wild winds whipped across the surface of the golden lake, sending violent waves across the surface. It all sent Wang Baole's heart racing with fear.

A red-eyed, crazed-looking Daoist You Ran charged at Wang Baole like a bolt of lightning. He raised his right hand and gathered his Soul Conduit realm cultivation, forming an incredible power that seemed ready to smash into Wang Baole, drain him dry of all his Spirit Qi, and return it back to where it had come from once it crushed the life out of him!

The threat of death exploded in Wang Baole's head.

Wang Baole's eyes widened. He could feel his avatar entering the pillar, heading straight for the second level. He needed only a single thought to exchange places with his avatar and leave this godforsaken place.

But Wang Baole knew that even if he was to escape this time, as long as the battleship's interference continued to disrupt all attempts at teleportation, he wouldn't be able to run away from his eventual death!

There was only one way to leave this place, and that was to disrupt the interference from the battleship. The interference had to be severe enough that both Zhao Yameng and he could activate their teleportation talismans and leave!

That wouldn't be plausible unless his avatar could locate Zhao Yameng quickly. Time wasn't on his side. These thoughts flashed across Wang Baole's mind before a determined look settled on his face. He didn't hesitate. When the raging Daoist You Ran approached, Wang Baole yelled suddenly. His Flame Snatch Thearch Armor continued draining the battle robes while the spirit fat inside his body began to burn itself up frantically.

This was something Wang Baole had first thought of during his battle with Dugu Lin, when his devouring seed had mutated and started sucking madly. He had tried to replicate this move several times but hadn't been able to fully unleash it because he had been too slim.

With the sudden accumulation of spirit fat in his body, he had grown so fat that standing had become a challenge. This time, when he unleashed this move, the spirit fat inside his body began to burn, and waves of powerful spirit energy emanated from his body!

If someone were to calculate the Spirit Qi he was giving off right now, they would find that it had surpassed that possessed by a Nascent Soul realm cultivator. In fact, it rivaled that of Daoist You Ran at the moment. However... this wasn't Spirit Qi that had been acquired through cultivation but something that was stored in his fat.

The quantity was there, but the quality was lacking. If one were to describe Daoist You Ran's Spirit Qi as ice, Wang Baole's would be akin to fog!

Regardless of how thick fog got, it remained something that was permeable. Only when transformed into water could it become a form of defense. When transformed into ice, it could even become an offensive measure!

Besides that, there was also a difference in degrees of control. Daoist You Ran was able to wield the Soul Conduit realm cultivation inside him flawlessly, allowing his Spirit Qi to take up all shapes and forms. Wang Baole, on the other hand, faced difficulty with fine-tuned controls of the Spirit Qi he was releasing. It was impossible for him to shape his Spirit Qi smoothly.

Wang Baole knew that, which was why he was simply releasing the vast quantities of Spirit Qi he got from burning his spirit fat. He wasn't trying to channel it towards any spells or using it to stop Daoist You Ran's approach.

He only did one thing, and that was to direct the vast Spirit Qi... into his bracelet, into the six beads around his wrist!

As Spirit Qi surged into them, four of the six beads began sucking said Spirit Qi hungrily like starving vortexes. They shone with a blinding light, each in a different color—red, blue, black and gold!

Overwhelming power erupted in the air!

The bracelet's beads housed six divine powers. They were Wang Baole's trump card. Even though he couldn't master the control over his Spirit Qi and use it against his enemy, he could channel it into his bracelet and unleash the divine powers housed inside!

Divine powers... were sealed inside this bracelet. This meant that... the level of cultivation of its wielder determined how powerful each divine power unleashed was.

It served as a medium that absorbed the vast ocean of Spirit Qi that had formed from Wang Baole burning his spirit fat, which would allow it to unleash even greater power. It was akin to absorbing fog, compressing and distilling it, then turning it into ice blades!

This was the only way Wang Baole could think of to defend himself against Daoist You Ran at the moment. He did his best to burn all his spirit fat, then channel the Spirit Qi into the bracelet. All the while, Daoist You Ran was charging towards him, bringing down on Wang Baole the full extent of his fury and the full weight of his Soul Conduit realm cultivation. He was ready to smash Wang Baole into dust.

It was then that Wang Baole lifted his head suddenly and spoke!

“Ten Thousand Tribulations!”

As soon as the words left Wang Baole's mouth, one of the star-shaped beads threaded around his right wrist, which had been glowing black, flared brightly. Out flew a black dove!

It expanded to the size of the Thearch Armor, casting a shadow over everything and charging towards the approaching Daoist You Ran!

The raging, charging Daoist You Ran hadn't considered Wang Baole a worthy foe at all. At that moment though, he couldn't help but shiver when he saw the black dove!

He felt as if his soul had been immobilized, and he couldn't move or evade the attack. He was powerless to fight it. This feeling of helplessness surged inside him, alongside a chill whose origin he couldn't explain.

He didn't hesitate as he formed a series of hand seals and pointed his finger forward. Black Qi materialized in the air before him, transforming into a statue of a Never-Ending Clan cultivator that attempted to crush the black dove. A bizarre sight happened next. Upon collision, the black dove vanished into thin air, without signs of having been injured. But... just as it disappeared, the imprint of a black dove appeared on Daoist You Ran's forehead!

It didn't hurt or itch at all, but Daoist You Ran was still shocked by its appearance. He felt an indescribable sense of danger emanating from the imprint. What came along with that was a sudden resistance that unexpectedly rose from inside the golden lake, inside the pillar, from the walls around him, and even the Death Dao Battle Robes that were still being drained by Wang Baole!

The hostile force erupted, ignoring Wang Baole and flooding Daoist You Ran. Everything within this cavern suddenly saw Daoist You Ran as an enemy!

The golden lake suddenly exploded, and broken limbs flew out, charging at Daoist You Ran. The pillar spasmed, and countless broken fingers darted out and headed for Daoist You Ran as well.

That wasn't the end of it all. The walls around began to peel and crack, fragmenting into rocks that flung themselves at Daoist You Ran!

Daoist You Ran reeled back in shock from the sudden danger and the bizarre and ridiculous situation he found himself in.

He unleashed his full cultivation. With a wave of his arms, he transformed himself into a black tornado that flung the approaching broken limbs, broken fingers, and shattered stone away. Then, he continued his charge towards Wang Baole.

His actions seemed to have angered the manifestation of the Ten Thousand Tribulations technique. The black dove on his forehead shone and opened its eyes suddenly. The retaliatory force surrounding him intensified and erupted, and a sudden force erupted from the battle robes and swept across the cavern. Daoist You Ran shuddered, disbelief and shock coloring his face as he stumbled back from the invisible attack.

This was Wang Baole's first attempt at activating Ten Thousand Tribulations. He was shocked at the sight before him. Without hesitation, he unleashed the divine power in the second bead!

"A Thousand Lives!"

The second star-shaped bead flared with a brilliant light. A familiar warmth surged throughout Wang Baole's body as a dove-shaped print appeared on his forehead, a sign of how much more powerful this particular unleashing of the technique was compared to its past activations!

Wang Baole felt warm all over, and a sense of acceptance and benevolence surrounded him.

The change was most startling where the Death Dao Battle Robes were concerned. Just a while earlier, Wang Baole had experienced resistance as it had tried to prohibit him from draining it dry. Wang Baole had to activate his devouring seed and forcibly absorb its spirit energy. Now though... the resistance had vanished completely. It didn't seem hostile at all, and it was instead welcoming towards Wang Baole!

The transformation shocked Wang Baole. He was overcome with mad joy the next instant. Excitement colored his eyes, and his spirits soared as surprise and delight overwhelmed him!

"Little You-You, know what this place is? You're... in your daddy's house now. Watch how I'm going to teach you a lesson!"

Chapter 659: Soul Guiding and Dream Spinning!

The activation of both Ten Thousand Tribulations and A Thousand Lives made Daoist You Ran feel unprecedented hostility coming from everywhere in the cavern!

Enmity radiated from the broken fingers streaming out from the pillar and from the rocks that always seemed to smash into him. It radiated from the battle robes' overwhelming aura that didn't seem to differentiate friend from foe.

Daoist You Ran was completely confounded. He could sense the exact opposite that was happening to Wang Baole. The entire cavern seemed to revolve around Wang Baole now. Be it the pillar, the golden lake, or even the battle robes—which had stopped resisting and began to release Spirit Qi and direct its Spirit Qi into Wang Baole's Flame Snatch Thearch Armor. He found it all incredulous and bizarre.

That wasn't the worst of it. Wang Baole had the nerve to give him a derogatory nickname that left a bad taste in his mouth. He had even called himself his daddy. Daoist You Ran's eyes turned red. He was about to go crazy. He howled furiously, unleashed his full Soul Conduit realm cultivation, and crashed head-on with the surrounding hostile forces. He seemed fixed on battling the hostile will inside the cavern and charged towards Wang Baole again.

Daoist You Ran was of the Never-Ending Clan and possessed incredibly powerful cultivation. It was clear that he had been even more powerful in the past. The aura that exuded from his person grew murderous amidst the Ten Thousand Tribulations technique's attacks.

Wang Baole's pupils contracted. He formed a series of hand seals and pointed at Daoist You Ran again.

"Soul Guiding!"

Daoist You Ran had cleaved a path clear to Wang Baole, sweeping aside all obstacles and fighting against the resistance of the battle robes to arrive hundreds of feet before Wang Baole. Simmering with rage and frustration, he had raised his right hand with the full intention of turning Wang Baole into pulp. It was then that Wang Baole said those two words...

His voice echoed in the cavern. The Soul Guiding bead on his wrist shone brightly, and a wisp of black smoke emerged from the bead before it expanded to become a gigantic palm spanning hundreds of feet wide!

Five gruesome-looking demons were attached to the hand's five fingers. They howled furiously as the hand snatched at Daoist You Ran. It went through empty air. However, Wang Baole could clearly see another shadow overlaid on Daoist You Ran's person. It was his soul, the one that had been fused with his Nascent Soul!

It had remained fused with his Nascent Soul for countless years and seemed almost inseparable. The gigantic hand managed to pluck it out, separating it from Daoist You Ran's body. For a few moments, it was torn half a human body's length from Daoist You Ran!

His soul was a blur, but his facial features remained distinguishable. The look of shock on his face was clear for all to see. He hadn't expected Wang Baole to possess such an incredible and shocking mystic technique!

If Wang Baole's cultivation had been at a higher level, and he didn't require the beads to unleash these techniques but had instead activated them with his own will, he would without a doubt pose a threat to You Ran. He would be dangerous even if his cultivation wasn't as powerful as You Ran's.

Now though... he still had some way to go. With danger looming over his head, Daoist You Ran ignored the injury caused to himself as he fought to move his body and bite his own tongue. His eyes shone a blood-red as he used the pain and the blood in his mouth to unleash some form of mystic technique.

His entire body turned red, and fearsome waves of spirit energy erupted from his body as a huge vortex materialized inside his body. It tugged at and gradually dragged his soul back into his body.

Just as his soul was about to return to his body and achieve a somewhat unstable fusion with his Nascent Soul and physical body, a murderous glint flashed across Wang Baole's eyes. He howled and formed a series of hand seals!

"Dream Spinning!"

Soul Guiding to shock one's soul and Dream Spinning to draw one's spirit!

The final star-shaped bead around his wrist began to spark brightly as soon as he shouted the two words. A force that seemed all-encompassing, that was present all around them in the universe, suddenly stirred!

It seemed to originate from the essence of all life and came from a mysterious place hidden in the depths of one's soul. Wang Baole didn't really understand what was going on. The Federation had proven the mysterious power of dreams before the Spirit Inception Era. Since the beginning of time, many people had the same experience of *deja vu*, where he or she had felt as if something that had just happened had also taken place in their dreams.

They had only managed to arrive at a vague and indistinct answer to this mystery after they had entered the Spirit Inception Era. There was a mysterious power in this universe that was all around them. It resonated with a place deep inside every living creature's soul and resulted in a strange echoic effect.

If someone were able to wield this power, he or she would be able to achieve Dao via dreams. He or she would be able to control the essence of dreams. He or she would be able to unleash a power similar to that of the Dark Dream!

Dream Spinning gave one similar power. It couldn't compete on a macro-scale, but it had the edge on a micro-scale. Its principles revolved around drawing the mysterious power found within the dreamscape and circling the bespelled, forming a ring around the person's body!

A single ring represented a dream, while two rings represented a dream within a dream. When fully unleashed, one could form nine rings, nine dreams within dreams. One could seize control of the essence of all dreams and kill someone within a dream!

However, with Wang Baole's current level of cultivation, even if he were to channel all that vast Spirit Qi into the bead, he wouldn't be able to unleash the full powers of Dream Spinning. He was only capable of summoning a single ring now!

As the technique was activated, countless shades of crystal appeared around Daoist You Ran soundlessly. They seemed illusory, yet upon closer look, appeared to possess physical form. They formed a ring around Daoist You Ran!

He didn't seem to notice as the ring of shards closed around him. This was because he was struggling to regain his soul, and also because of how powerful the Dream Spinning technique was!

Within the blink of an eye, the crystal shards formed a complete circle around him. Daoist You Ran jerked suddenly, then fell limp. He hovered in mid-air, unmoving. His spell that was meant to stabilize his soul faded away. It was as if he had just been forcibly yanked into a dream.

Wang Baole had no idea what sort of dream it was, as he wasn't yet capable of entering Daoist You Ran's dream at this moment. But, he knew that this was his chance!

Wang Baole's eyes flashed as he looked at the Death Dao Battle Robes. He had drained one of its arms dry, and now, its remaining arm was showing signs of drooping as the Thearch Armor continued to absorb its spirit energy.

Wang Baole could use the chance that the Dream Spinning had given him to continue draining the battle robes, but he wasn't certain how long the Dream Spinning technique would last. He didn't like leaving his fate to chance.

If he had a choice, he would rather be the master of his own fate!

There was a determined look in his eyes as he stopped draining the Death Dao Battle Robes decisively and leaped into the air. His Thearch Armor glimmered as his right hand tightened into a fist. As his cultivation churned, unimaginable power erupted from his skeletal Divine Armament and surged outwards. He blurred in the air with a sudden burst of speed and appeared next to Daoist You Ran, his fist headed straight for the latter's head, which was held immobile in mid-air!

A flying sword with a lethal glint dashed out from the pillar, moving as swiftly as Wang Baole, and headed towards Daoist You Ran's dantian!

Wang Baole had lost all connection with the sword when he had entered the third level and fallen inside the pillar. He had ached for the loss of the artifact despite his attempt at retrieving it.

The connection with the flying sword had been re-established after he had unleashed Ten Thousand Tribulations and A Thousand Lives, and after he had triggered a flood of broken fingers streaming out of the pillar. He hadn't activated it then, waiting until now to unleash its full power!

“Die!”

Wang Baole gritted his teeth as he unleashed the full power of his Thearch Armor and channeled it into his Divine Armament. A blow from his Divine Armament would be enough to kill an early-stage or even mid-stage Nascent Soul realm cultivator. Daoist You Ran might be at the Soul Conduit realm, but Wang Baole was confident of his ability to inflict a grievous injury on the former if he coupled the attack with his flying sword!

Wang Baole darted out. It was then that Daoist You Ran's eyes began showing signs of struggle. He was about to awaken!

Chapter 660: I'm Not Playing Anymore!

The cultivation of Daoist You Ran—or the Never-Ending Clan member who was using Daoist You Ran's body, to be more specific—at his peak had clearly surpassed the Soul Conduit realm!

He might have been at the Spirit Immortal realm, or perhaps even at the Planet realm. The past war had left him severely injured, and his recovery since then had been slow, which was why the strength he was able to unleash now was only at the Soul Conduit realm.

That was why even though Wang Baole had unleashed Soul Guiding, Dream Spinning, Ten Thousand Tribulations, and A Thousand Lives and earned himself a small window of opportunity, he still couldn't underestimate Daoist You Ran's fighting instincts when placed in such grave danger.

Daoist You Ran's eyes were showing signs of struggle and awakening, causing the look of determination in Wang Baole's own eyes to grow stronger. He didn't waver and consider retreat. Instead, he moved more quickly and more decisively. His cultivation churned more fiercely, and he seemed to be unleashing his full potential. He was like a shooting star encircled by lightning bolts, approaching Daoist You Ran instantly!

In the blink of an eye, Wang Baole and his flying sword appeared next to Daoist You Ran. The skeletal fist of his Flame Snatch Thearch Armor was about to land on Daoist You Ran's head when the latter suddenly exploded!

The deafening explosion resonated in the air as Wang Baole's flying sword pierced through Daoist You Ran's dantian from his back. Blood splattered in the air!

There was no joy on Wang Baole's face. Instead, alarm flickered in his eyes as the threat of danger rose inside him. His entire body was screaming for him to get away immediately. He gritted his teeth and raised his right fist again, his cultivation erupting. He planned to drive a second punch into Daoist You Ran!

It was too late... Wang Baole's earlier fist might have appeared to have landed on Daoist You Ran's head, but he knew that Daoist You Ran's head had exploded on its own when his fist was a mere inch away from it!

He wasn't the one who had blown it up. Daoist You Ran had blown his own head up!

Daoist You Ran, who hadn't managed to awaken in time to save himself, had decided to blow a part of his body up instead. He had chosen to blow up a part of his host body!

He made use of the sudden explosion to defend himself against Wang Baole's punch, saving himself from death. Wang Baole still managed to injure Daoist You Ran though. His flying sword had come out of nowhere, and Daoist You Ran hadn't expected it at all. There was no way he could have expected a flying sword shooting out from the pillar at such a critical moment.

That was why... even though he made use of his own physical body as a defense against Wang Baole's punch, he was still injured by the flying sword that had pierced his dantian from the back.

However... even though this might be considered quite a serious injury where Daoist You Ran was concerned, Wang Baole obviously hadn't thought it grievous enough. The sense of danger had exploded inside his head, and he wanted to unleash a second attack. But three lumps of flesh had appeared on the bloodied stump where Daoist You Ran's head had been!

There were no facial features on the two lumps on each side. They looked like featureless piles of flesh that were both gruesome and a fearsome sight to behold. The lump in the middle looked slightly more palatable, as it had a pair of eyes on it. However, it was skinless, and its mouth was mere bone. It looked terrifying.

This was Daoist You Ran's true form. Four arms burst out from his body at the same time the three fleshy lumps appeared. One arm shot forward in a blur and caught Wang Baole's flying sword, while the remaining arms came together to form a flurry of hand seals before throwing their hands towards Wang Baole!

An incredible force of destruction at the Soul Conduit realm erupted at that moment. It transformed into a powerful hurricane that seemed capable of destroying everything in its path and swept towards Wang Baole.

The hurricane resembled a black, spinning sphere. It expanded to the size of Wang Baole's Flame Snatch Thearch Armor in the blink of an eye and seemed about to swallow the later whole.

Wang Baole's head buzzed, and his mind turned blank. He dared not allow any thoughts to enter his mind. The first thought that did would arise from pure instinct, and he would immediately switch places with his avatar.

But that would only delay his eventual death. It might not even give him that much more time. He would have maybe another ten seconds before death caught up with him, and he would also lose any chance of teleporting away. Daoist You Ran would be able to seize control and continue with his evil plans.

He had no choice... Wang Baole's eyes had turned completely red. The destructive and violent hurricane was on the verge of tearing his Thearch Armor apart, and his own body was being squeezed to the point of implosion. He howled and once again unleashed a self-destructive mystic technique!

It was a reversal of his absorption of Spirit Qi, the breaking down of his spirit fat. Typically, Wang Baole wouldn't replicate such a technique within such a short span of time. However, there was no time to think of another solution. His fat shook as he howled. It burned and vanished within the blink of an eye, the Spirit Qi housed within it erupting and surging into the Thearch Armor. He pulled back his fist and raised his other arm to block Daoist You Ran's attack!

The spherical hurricane surged forward like a raging tsunami, rushing at Wang Baole and unleashing its full force at him. Cracks appeared on Wang Baole's armor instantly. In the next moment, the armor, as well as Wang Baole's inner protective clothing, shattered. He spat out a mouthful of blood as his body was flung backwards. But... he had successfully survived the attack!

More than half of the armor was shattered, his inner protective clothing was completely destroyed, and he suffered severe injuries. However, his unleashing of his mystic technique and his Spirit Qi, as well as the buffer provided by the Divine Armament arm, had allowed him to survive the blow. In addition, Daoist You Ran had been severely injured by his flying sword. This attack had been made hastily, and it hadn't been his most powerful.

Wang Baole's body was flung backwards. He landed next to the battle robes in the middle of the lake, blood flowing from his lips. He was still alive, but he could fight no longer. There was only one option left to him, he had to switch places with his avatar. This would allow him to stay alive for a few moments longer!

The difference in power between them was too great. It had been a miracle that Wang Baole had even managed to hold his ground for so long, forcing Daoist You Ran to blow his body up and injuring the latter with his flying sword... If someone were to find out about this, they would be utterly shocked. It would be completely unbelievable!

Daoist You Ran had a cause to be so infuriated. His rage was beyond measure, and he was beside himself with fury. It was simply unimaginable that his plans had been thwarted by Wang Baole. The battle robes had been drained to the point of losing two arms, and he himself had had to maim his host body and had suffered additional injuries. When he finally regained his mind again, the fury in his eyes seemed almost tangible. He howled at Wang Baole and made a grab for him.

"Wang Baole, I'm not going to give you an easy death. I'll extract your soul and make you bear witness to the destruction of your lowly civilization. I'll..." Daoist You Ran promised as he made a grab for Wang Baole. It was then that Wang Baole, panting and with blood still flowing from his lips, shouted in a shrill voice.

"You dare kill me?"

"My senior brother is Chen Qing, the first Divine King of the Never-Ending Clan. I am his only junior brother. My senior brother won't let you off if you kill me. It doesn't matter how far you run or where you run to, he'll find you. When he does, you're dead!"

Wang Baole's voice was shrill. He wasn't even doing it on purpose. He didn't even think about the people who had uttered similar threats to him before he had killed them. It was as if this ability had been hidden inside him all along. His words didn't feel strange on his lips at all. They rolled easily off his tongue.

“You Ran, I’m here because of some shitty training my senior brother wanted me to undergo. To think that someone as important as me is having my ass kicked by someone like you. I’m not playing anymore. I’m the junior brother of a Divine King. I must be nuts, fighting to the death with someone like you!”