

Worth 811

Chapter 811: All Just an Act!

Wang Baole's words caused him to be looked upon highly. So the group of people searched thoroughly in the surroundings. Although they didn't obtain much, Wang Baole's conscientiousness still made the subordinate team leader nod his head.

Searches like this were being carried out within the entire army camp. There were even some perfected stage Soul Conduit cultivators who appeared and increased the comprehensiveness of the search. In fact, the consciousness of the perfected stage Spirit Immortal was there all along. It swept through the entire army camp again and again as it tried to find traces of the invader!

However, not only were Wang Baole's attacks rapid, but he also had the transformation of his essence technique. Although he couldn't help but leave behind a few clues, it was almost impossible to find him in a short period of time.

Wang Baole was also not worried about this. Before he went to the army camp, he already thought about that. He believed that even if the army camp was sent into lockdown, it would definitely not be for long. Because... there would be other things that would catch the Never-Ending Clan's attention. Then, it would disperse their attention and even cause them to change their target.

It was indeed like that. One hour after the army camp was sent into lockdown, as information was sent from the outside world into the army camp, the Spirit Immortal mighty figure guarding the place and all of the leaders of the branch teams knew one thing!

There was an intruder from the outside world who descended upon this planet and had shocking power. This wasn't the first time similar events had happened. But the group of Descenders described in the information sent, coupled with the fact that they were all wearing masks, immediately made many Never-Ending Clan mighty figures think off... the Flame Patriarch!

"All wearing masks, and descending in waves..."

"That's the Flame Patriarch!"

"D*mn it, why has the Flame Patriarch chosen to attack here of all places this time!"

As the information spread, it immediately caused a lot of commotion within the Never-Ending Clan. They weren't really scared of this attack, but the fact that it involved the Flame Patriarch made many think of some rumors from before.

Wang Baole pricked up his ears and asked around. After getting an answer, he also expressed shock and shouted angrily with the people around him.

Since the entire army camp was in an uproar because of the attack, the Spirit Immortal from the ninth army sphere finally showed himself. He looked old and skinny, but the light in his eyes was chilly, and his body was somewhat shrunken, giving people the feeling that the stench of death was dispersing from his body. But if one looked closely, they could vaguely sense that there seemed to be a horrifying disturbance in his body that, once unleashed, could suppress and kill everyone in the surroundings.

His voice was also full of maliciousness as it echoed everywhere.

“Since some Descenders are already here, we’ll keep them here. Mobilize all branch teams to search the whole planet. For every invader you kill, I will personally note down your contributions and ask the army commander to give you great rewards!”

While speaking, the late-stage Spirit Immortal elder flew far away with a flick of his body. It seemed as though he was getting involved in the search personally. Meanwhile, the commanders on every army sphere passed down orders as well. They divided up the entire planet and assigned all branch teams to start searching.

Wang Baole was among them as well. He followed a branch team as they left the army camp and all unleashed their speed in midair to rush towards a specified position.

As all of the branch teams spread out, the army camp became quiet. No one noticed that there was a shining disturbance in midair. The Spirit Immortal realm cultivator that seemed to be leaving transmogrified his silhouette again. With a dark expression, he carefully searched the empty army camp again. In the end, doubt and confusion appeared deep in his eyes.

I can confirm that the one who performed the assassinations in the army camp was one of the Descenders. I can also confirm that there was a very small number of them... It’s extremely possible that there was only one person!

However... has this person already left, or... does he have a special way to hide his aura? The Spirit Immortal Never-Ending Clan member sighed and furrowed the eyebrows on all three of his heads. Looking at the land, he wanted to speak but stopped, then shook his head.

If I bother the army commander, who’s at a crucial period in his cultivation, because of this... I’ll definitely cause him to be extremely unhappy. And normally speaking, the Descenders arranged by the Flame Patriarch only attack for 24 hours... The Spirit Immortal elder became silent. Others thought their army commander, who was at the Planet realm, had already left. But actually, the elder was clear that the army commander didn’t leave. He was actually doing something extremely important.

So after thinking deeply, the elder retracted his gaze and decided not to bother the army commander. After all, 24 hours... would pass by very quickly. Thinking to that point, the elder truly left with a flick of his body and joined the search.

Even though he felt that the incident would end in 24 hours at most, the elder naturally had no liking for the Descenders who dared to provoke them. If they didn’t provoke them with the assassinations, it would have been fine, and he wouldn’t have cared. But the Descenders killed someone in his own army camp. So if he could find and kill them, not only would it relieve his anger, it would also be a huge contribution to the Never-Ending Clan.

Thinking in that manner, the elder accelerated. Meanwhile, the Descenders, who didn’t know that someone had poked a hornet’s nest, were all spreading out and starting to look for targets to various degrees. But very quickly, someone discovered something amiss.

That’s odd, this planet has been mostly executed. Using common sense, there shouldn’t be so many of them being mobilized.

Or maybe, there exists a strong local resistance force here?

Some hidden Descenders were hunting for the individual Never-Ending Clan members scattered around. They all looked at the sky, where waves of Never-Ending Clan members were flying past, with fear. Their scalps went numb, and they were all shocked.

While these Descenders were all nervous, Wang Baole was following a branch team of the third army. He was sashaying about and engaging in small talk with a Never-Ending Clan member beside him.

He spoke the Dark Sect's language very fluently, and other Never-Ending Clan members didn't suspect anything when they heard him speak. But through this small talk, the strict ranking system of the Never-Ending Clan showed itself. Towards Wang Baole, who had the lowest cultivation level in the team, others seemed to be communicating with him, but the coldness deep in their eyes wasn't hidden at all.

It was like an instinct. If one's cultivation level wasn't enough, one's status wouldn't make the cut. This was expressed more obviously via the branch team leader's behavior. He didn't care about his subordinates. Wang Baole also naturally wouldn't care about this. They had been flying for some time, and he felt that the time was right. After looking at his surroundings, Wang Baole's body suddenly exploded without warning!

It became a cloud of mist and engulfed everyone with astonishing speed, not giving the surrounding Never-Ending Clan members a chance to react. There were no shrill cries of pain or struggle. The entire process was over in a few breath's time. In the next moment... when the mist gathered again, one couldn't see the corpses of the other Never-Ending Clan members. But after gathering, Wang Baole transformed to look like another Never-Ending Clan cultivator.

Feeling that the will of the Demonic Eye Art was getting increasingly active in his body and was about to scream, Wang Baole narrowed his eyes, and his body changed after that. He had one less head, and he broke off an arm, making himself look like a wretched mess. He then sped off towards the distance while continuously looking back with an expression that showed both anger and fear, as though someone wanted to murder him.

As he put on this show for a very long time, Wang Baole was so used to it that it was incredibly realistic. He didn't care that there wasn't a single person beside him and even spat out blood from time to time. Alas, he still felt that it was a little fake, so he used a portion of his essence to transmogrify into a silhouette behind him.

This silhouette had a bull mask. It was the arrogant man from before. Just like that... as he chased himself, Wang Baole kept trying to escape. After 20 minutes, he finally saw another branch team at another coordinate.

"Be careful, everyone, we've been ambushed by a group of Descenders. Our team leader died in battle, and the others either escaped safely or died trying. The Descender wearing a bull mask that's behind me has been chasing me for a long time!" Wang Baole spoke pitifully and spat blood again while rapidly nearing the branch team.

Meanwhile, as the members of the branch team all looked over coldly, the bull-masked man that Wang Baole transmogrified had a change in expression and stopped giving chase. Instead, he turned around and tried to escape.

It would be fine if he didn't try to escape. That way, the group of Never-Ending Clan cultivators would definitely have some suspicion. But, upon seeing the bull-masked man try to escape, those Never-Ending Clan cultivators' eyes flashed. Their leader didn't even look at Wang Baole as he led people to give chase.

And just as they neared Wang Baole and gathered, Wang Baole's body exploded again. His body turned into mist and spread rapidly, engulfing everyone in an instant as though he wished to absorb them.

In the next moment, Wang Baole, who had a different look, licked his lips, let out a shrill cry, spat blood, and continued escaping.

"Help! Someone help me..."

Behind him, the bull-masked man let out villainous laughter and kept giving chase under Wang Baole's control...

Chapter 812: Live Stream!

The self-acted and directed chase was happening on the foreign planet. At the same time, deep in the boundless parameters of the universe, there existed... a star system filled with flame.

The vastness of the star system's boundaries was extremely astonishing. In fact, it was as big as tens of thousands of Divine Eye civilizations.

At that place, flames seemed to burn eternally. Looking ahead, the boundless cosmos was like a sea of fire. Within the sea of fire, there were an astonishing number of planets. Those planets were of various sizes and were all burning without exception.

If one looked carefully, countless lifeforms could be seen living on the burning planets. Whether it was plants or animals, or ordinary people or cultivators, they could be found everywhere, making the planets extremely lively.

Meanwhile, in the lively center of the star system, a mountain floated in the cosmos. It was as though all of the fire seas had this place as their core. It was as though the mountain was the source of the flames. Its red color was like blood and could make anyone who saw it shudder with fear!

There was also a small hut at the peak of the mountain. It looked ugly and was built using grass, but it was able to maintain its green color under the indescribably high temperature, the grass showing no signs of wilting. It was obviously extraordinary. Within the hut, there was an elder sitting cross-legged.

The elder wore red robes and had a head of red hair. Although there were wrinkles on his face, he looked very strong. That was especially so considering that the light within his eyes seemed capable of making the surrounding cosmos lose all its color despite them being half-closed!

There was a bronze mirror in front of the elder, and the mirror reflected... the planet Wang Baole was on. As the elder checked, the images in the mirror kept changing. Every time the image changed, a masked silhouette would appear.

Those silhouettes were obviously the Descenders. And the identity of the elder was obvious. He was... the Flame Patriarch!

The masks of the Descenders, including Wang Baole's, not only contained the power to hide them and a curse they could use once on an enemy, but they also had two functions. On the one hand, they could record the number of kills. On the other hand, they allowed the Flame Patriarch to clearly see what happened to every Descender no matter how far away they were from him.

And that was where his interests lay. In the past, every time a mission started, the Flame Patriarch loved to observe the battlefield as though he was watching a live stream via the masks. Every time he saw a Never-Ending Clan member die a horrible death, he would feel very happy in his heart.

At this moment, he was also doing that. While feeling very satisfied, he rapidly looked through all the masks. But very quickly... when the mirror reflected Wang Baole's silhouette, he swept a glance at the bull-masked man chasing Wang Baole and then looked at Wang Baole, who was crying in pain while escaping, with surprise in his eyes.

So he raised his right hand and flicked it down, rapidly looking through all of Wang Baole's experiences after coming to this place as recorded in his mask. Slowly, the Flame Patriarch's expression became extremely weird.

Chasing himself with himself? Interesting... This transformation technique looks very familiar...

It's the essence technique of Chen Qing, who loves acting like he's very youthful!

This brat... What's his relationship with Chen Qing? The Flame Patriarch raised his eyes. He had always disliked Chen Qing because he felt that Chen Qing was older than him but always liked assuming the appearance of a youth. However, he didn't know why, but he found Wang Baole pleasant to the eye after seeing him kill so many Never-Ending Clan members.

It's a little exaggerated, but it's still pretty interesting to watch. The Flame Patriarch muttered and decided not to watch anyone else. He prepared to watch Wang Baole for a little while more.

And just then, the bull-masked man Wang Baole transmogrified to chase himself let out a roar.

"Handsome fella in front, stop running!" The bull-masked man's angry roar echoed within the hut and in the surroundings of where he was. As for that sentence, it made the Flame Patriarch's face twitch.

This shameless aura is exactly the same as Chen Qing's!

The Flame Patriarch humphed. As he continued watching, the Wang Baole in the image was speeding in midair while feeling a multitude of emotions in his heart.

Even my killer can see my handsomeness. Life is so difficult... Wang Baole seemed to forget that it was a self-directed play. At that moment, he was very invested in his act, but very quickly, his expression changed slightly. He realized that the silhouettes of two branch teams appeared in the sky ahead. Wang Baole didn't know why the two branch teams, which had a perfected stage Soul Conduit among them, were gathered together, but he narrowed his eyes slightly and still charged towards them while letting out a shrill scream.

"You've gone too far! This is the territory of the Never-Ending Clan, yet you still dare to be so arrogant here! I'll definitely destroy both your body and spirit!"

The words of the bull-masked man behind him also changed immediately.

“That brat in front, you’re done for!”

The chase between the two was naturally seen by the Never-Ending Clan members. Their perfected stage Soul Conduit realm leader was a middle-aged man. His gaze was icy as he looked at Wang Baole then looked at the bull-masked man behind him. He didn’t say a word, and because of that, the other Never-Ending Clan members also merely sized up Wang Baole and the bull-masked man without attacking.

Even though the bull-masked man put on his previous act by changing his expression and trying to escape, the perfected stage Soul Conduit only gave a slight signal for a cultivator beside him to give chase. He ignored Wang Baole as he brought his men along and continued moving forward.

The Never-Ending Clan is way too cold! Wang Baole had a headache. He knew that his bull-masked clone looked real but actually didn’t have much combat strength. He gauged that someone would suspect something shortly and that bringing it along with him would draw suspicion. So as he sighed in his heart, he flew towards the Never-Ending Clan members like an uninvited guest.

At that point, the Flame Patriarch seemed bored with Wang Baole and decided to go look at others. But before he could do so, Wang Baole said, “Army commander, I have something to report!”

In the image, the middle-aged perfected stage Soul Conduit turned his head to look at Wang Baole after hearing him. He was about to speak when he suddenly narrowed his eyes and raised his right hand to grab a Never-Ending Clan clanmate to shield him in the next moment.

The moment he did so, Wang Baole’s body exploded and became a huge patch of mist, spreading towards the surroundings with astonishing speed. Immediately, he engulfed that group of people. But the perfected stage Soul Conduit reacted quickly enough in the end. He used the cultivator in front of him to shield himself and infused his cultivation into that cultivator’s body, causing it to explode. He then used the explosive force to retreat and avoid being absorbed by Wang Baole!

“Who are you!” As he retreated, the perfected stage Soul Conduit had an intense killing intent in his eyes. He weaved hand seals with all six of his arms, forming layers of golden runes that then became a halo. The layers shone outside his body, turned rapidly, and buzzed.

That was the first time Wang Baole was met with such a situation in his many attacks after coming to that planet. But he didn’t stop. The mist instantly rolled and transmogrified into a giant head, then let out a roar.

“I’m your daddy!” The waves Wang Baole unleashed only had power equal to that of a late-stage Soul Conduit cultivator, but they dispersed a terrifying suppressive force equal to that of an early-stage Spirit Immortal. He quickly charged towards the retreating perfected stage Soul Conduit.

The perfected stage Soul Conduit had eyes full of surprise as he raised his right hand and took out a jade slip instantly, which dispersed teleportation runes. He was about to crush it, but at that point in time, Wang Baole’s eyes flashed unnoticeably. He quickly analyzed in his mind and concluded that he wasn’t confident of making his opponent stay before he teleported away unless he used his Dharmic Battleship. The seemingly violent mist head actually turned around and escaped rapidly as the jade slip unleashed its maximum power.

This scene caused the perfected stage Soul Conduit to be somewhat confused and made the Flame Patriarch's eyes light up while watching the live stream. That was especially so because when Wang Baole escaped, he still had a strong aura that made people feel that he was a dominant overlord, seemingly because he didn't wish to arouse the suspicion of others.

However... the more he did that, the more he made people suspect whether he was exposing himself unwittingly while trying to cover his tracks. The perfected stage Soul Conduit was feeling that way now. His first reaction was that something was amiss. He kept deliberating in his heart about whether to teleport away as he originally wanted to, or to... chase and kill Wang Baole.

If he gave chase, he was scared of falling into a trap. If he didn't give chase, he wouldn't forgive himself for letting this opportunity to make a huge contribution to his clan slip away. And according to his judgment, Wang Baole was most likely weaker than him. If not, he wouldn't have chosen to ambush them previously.

As the two thoughts appeared in his mind at the same time, Wang Baole's silhouette was about to escape. However, the waves he dispersed didn't decrease. Instead, because he was scared of being chased, they increased. Seeing that, a cold glimmer flashed between the eyes of the perfected stage Soul Conduit.

"Enough with your acting!" As he spoke, the perfected stage Soul Conduit Never-Ending Clan member suddenly gave chase.

Seeing the Never-Ending Clan member give chase, the Flame Patriarch, who was watching the live stream, raised his right hand and flicked down. He retrieved a flame fruit and ate it while watching enthusiastically.

Chapter 813: A Spirit Immortal Descends!

At the same time, on the planet that the Flame Patriarch chose, the words of the Never-Ending Clan member who decided to chase after Wang Baole spread. When he gave chase personally, he didn't put away the teleportation jade slip he was grabbing. Instead, he prepared himself to teleport away at any time.

As his body charged out, he also unleashed his maximum cultivation. His perfected stage Soul Conduit cultivation made his speed extremely fast, and it rose continuously. When he caught up to Wang Baole, his aura had reached its peak. As he raised his palm, the halo formed by the runes outside his body all left his body and formed a giant golden fist. It attacked towards Wang Baole with a suppressive force seemingly able to cover the sky.

"Die!"

"You!" Wang Baole had a shocked expression. Under the suppression of the fist, even his aura became unsteady. It was as though a veil was lifted up, revealing the late-stage Soul Conduit cultivation disturbances that truly belonged to him. So the Never-Ending Clan cultivator laughed evilly and increased the power. He unleashed 120% of his power and infused it into the fist formed by his divine power, which then landed in front of Wang Baole...

The moment the fist landed, translucent crystal chips shone as they appeared everywhere on Wang Baole's body and formed a membrane, which was like a water veil, in front of him! Hence, the fist landed in front of Wang Baole and not on him.

The attack of that perfected stage Soul Conduit Never-Ending Clan member landed on the membrane at that moment. In the next moment, as the membrane trembled, an extremely strong reflection force spread out and exploded forth from the membrane like a blow from an early-stage Spirit Immortal. It crashed towards the shocked Never-Ending Clan cultivator, who was about to crush the teleportation jade slip but found that it was already too late to do so.

As for Wang Baole, all of the shock and fear on his face disappeared. Replacing it was a look of helplessness. Turning around, he looked at the Never-Ending Clan member who was engulfed by the reflection force storm and sighed with emotion.

"Why? I had already let you go."

"You're despicable..." Before the Never-Ending Clan cultivator could even finish his sentence, he was covered by the storm formed by the reflection force. His arms were torn apart, and his body turned to dust in an instant. He only left behind his storage bracelet and the teleportation jade slip, which were grabbed by Wang Baole after he reformed his body. Just as he was about to check them blissfully... his expression suddenly changed, and his body retreated instantly.

He retreated very quickly. At that moment, his life instinct was almost activated, as even his Thearch Armor transmogrified on his body in an instant to form a defensive barrier. The Dharmic Battleship was taken out by Wang Baole to shield himself as well. Meanwhile, his Divine Justice Shield was also activated to cover his entire body for the very first time. One could say that in that short moment, Wang Baole's cultivation and everything else on his body was being unleashed in a frenzy.

If not for the fact that the Dao Scripture needed time to activate and couldn't be used in time, Wang Baole would have shouted it out. The pig mask's curse also needed time to be activated and wasn't suitable at that moment.

As for why he was in such a frenzy, it was because... his intuition and all the cells in his body seemed to be screaming and telling him that there was a giant indescribable danger descending!

The danger shocked Wang Baole and caused him to, without hesitation, crush the teleportation jade slip he obtained after killing that Never-Ending Clan member.

And just as Wang Baole crushed the jade slip and retreated, a heaven-shaking and earth-rumbling late-stage Spirit Immortal disturbance descended. It became a fist and landed where Wang Baole was previously.

Even though Wang Baole dodged early, the fist was extremely weird. It seemed that so long as it was unleashed, it would definitely hit its target. In the next moment, an illusory shadow of the fist appeared and ignored Wang Baole's dodge, landing on his body.

Immediately, the Dharmic Battleship locust, which just appeared in front of Wang Baole, let out a shrill cry and unleashed its early-stage Spirit Immortal cultivation to resist with its full power. But as rumbles sounded, the Dharmic Battleship locust's body trembled and started collapsing from the point of

collision. This affected half of the Dharmic Battleship's body, and the donkey within it immediately spat blood. Little Wu's body also trembled. Although he didn't spit blood, he let out a shrill cry of pain, the likes of which he had never let out before. In the end, after being heavily injured, the Dharmic Battleship let out a shrill cry and devolved into Dharmic light, returning to Wang Baole's storage bracelet.

But that late-stage Spirit Immortal's fist didn't stop. After repelling the Dharmic Battleship, although its power was decreased, it was still strong. It landed on Wang Baole's body and collided with his Divine Justice Shield!

The spirit-killing power was fully unleashed like never before. The Divine Justice Shield, which was refined to its maximum potential by Wang Baole, was useful against Soul Conduits, early-stage Spirit Immortals, and even mid-stage Spirit Immortals. But in the end, it wasn't powerful enough and collapsed when used against a late-stage Spirit Immortal.

The collapse wasn't without a purpose. When it collapsed, almost 70% of the late-stage Spirit Immortal's power was reflected back onto the fist by the Divine Justice Shield.

The sound created was heaven-shaking and earth-rumbling. Wang Baole's whole body trembled as he spat blood, and he didn't have time to check it. As the Thearch Armor blocked the remaining waves, his body's concealment dissipated as well, revealing his original silhouette, which was wearing a pig mask. But he couldn't care about that at the moment. Without even turning his head, Wang Baole made use of that force to charge forward rapidly. It was at that moment that the teleportation formed by the crushed jade slip appeared. It wasn't that the teleportation appeared slowly. In reality, the teleportation was very fast. From the moment Wang Baole crushed the jade slip until the teleportation was activated, only one to two breaths passed.

Truly... the fist of the late-stage Spirit Immortal was faster than him!

But in the end, Wang Baole bought enough time through the collapse of his Divine Justice Shield and via blocking with his Dharmic Battleship. At that moment, his body... teleported away!

And after he disappeared, a silhouette walked out from the void in midair above where Wang Baole was previously. The person's appearance looked like the cultivator who chased after Wang Baole's bull-masked man clone, but his appearance changed quickly, and he exposed his original appearance in the end. He was... the late-stage Spirit Immortal elder within the Never-Ending Clan army camp!

The elder's expression was ugly. As he lowered his head to look at his right index finger, his index finger broke inch by inch. It even affected the rest of his hand, and in the end, his entire palm became a bloody mess!

He has tricks up his sleeve and can even transmogrify himself and his aura so seamlessly. At the same time... he's capable of retaliating so strongly. This disciple must not remain here! The killing intent in the elder's eyes was intense as he followed the teleportation disturbances with a flick of his body, chasing over as he disappeared in an instant.

All of this was seen clearly by the Flame Patriarch. Seeing the turn in the course of events personally, a tinge of admiration appeared in his eyes.

Not bad, he reacts pretty quickly. I originally thought that brat's essence body was going to die here. I didn't expect him to be able to escape without using the curse.

And he seems very courageous... That shield is also pretty interesting. The Flame Patriarch laughed and was no longer interested in looking at other people. He finished his flame fruit, so he got another and prepared to see whether Wang Baole could escape successfully in the end.

As he watched, Wang Baole, who had appeared somewhere else on the planet via the teleportation jade slip, spat out a big mouthful of blood. However, he had no time to feel sad about his losses. At that moment, he instinctively wanted to use that time to unleash the curse.

But he was very unwilling to do so in his heart. If he used the curse now, it wouldn't reach its maximum effectiveness. At most, it would buy him a bit more time before he got caught. But if he used it at a crucial point in time, it could... possibly give him a chance to retaliate and kill his opponent instead!

*God d*mn it, I won't use the curse. I'll find a chance to catch him by surprise and kill that old b*stard!* Viciousness and signs of frenzy appeared in Wang Baole's eyes as he transformed into mist and split into seven to eight wisps to speed in seven to eight directions. At the same time, there were two other wisps, one of which became a pebble that camouflaged between the other rocks on the ground and remained stationary.

The other wisp dug into the ground and sped deeper into the earth!

As for his true essence body, it turned into a speck of dust and was blown around by the surrounding wind. It made use of the wind to float into the distance. It wasn't very fast, but he could travel forward continuously.

The moment he finished doing all of that, a disturbance suddenly appeared at the place he had teleported to. As a Spirit Immortal aura spread, the late-stage Spirit Immortal Never-Ending Clan elder chased over. As he swept around with his Divine Sense, the elder had a nasty expression on his face. After locking onto those seven to eight silhouettes, he was about to give chase, but suddenly, his gaze flashed.

Cunning! He humphed and didn't immediately give chase. Instead, he raised his right leg and slammed it down. Immediately, the surrounding land in a hundred-mile radius was smashed to pieces. Using that to sense the disturbances underground, he split into seven to eight silhouettes and chased after the auras of Wang Baole he had locked onto.

As for his true body, it dug into the ground and chased Wang Baole's Divine Sense, which was quickly digging deeper into the earth.

Chapter 814: A Bird!

When the late-stage Spirit Immortal Never-Ending Clan elder chased into the ground, Wang Baole's essence body, which had turned into a speck of dust, immediately teleported. Using his late-stage Soul Conduit realm cultivation, he instantly teleported far away. When he landed, he turned into a bird and let out waves of cries alongside a flock of birds flying past in the sky, flying towards the distance with the flock.

Not stopping there, Wang Baole, who was still worried that he would be caught up to, transformed again after noticing that his Divine Sense deep underground collapsed and that the other Divine Sensees that he spread out all disappeared consecutively. He turned into a feather and floated down until he landed on the surface of a river. Then, he turned into a rock. After sinking to the river bed, he turned into a fish and quickly swam away using the river current.

After fifteen minutes, when Wang Baole had already left that place, the bodies of the flock of birds all trembled as they collapsed and died together. Beside their corpses, the gloomy aggrieved Never-Ending Clan elder suddenly transmogrified. After sweeping around the surroundings and not finding Wang Baole, the anger in the Never-Ending Clan elder's heart had already reached its peak.

As a Spirit Immortal chasing after a Soul Conduit, the fact that the Soul Conduit escaped made him lose his reputation. What made him even angrier was the fact that he fell for a trap just now!

This disciple specializes in transformation! The Never-Ending Clan elder gritted his teeth. Although he had an inkling of this previously, after gaining a deeper understanding of Wang Baole, he felt a deep sense of helplessness and couldn't help but growl. He spread out his Divine Sense in a thousand-mile radius and, not caring about the consequences, formed an impact with his consciousness. Wherever the consciousness went, all life trembled and broke apart.

But it didn't include Wang Baole. Before the Never-Ending Clan elder appeared, he had teleported away again in his fish state, leaving that place. When he appeared again, he was already quite far away. Moreover, he transformed again, assuming the appearance of a Never-Ending Clan cultivator and speeding away.

That wasn't Wang Baole's last transmogrification while escaping. While on the road after that, he sometimes transformed into small harmless beasts running on the ground. He also transformed into insects, hiding in some cracks at other times. There were even times he assumed the appearances of other Descenders. Using this method, he increased the distance bit by bit every time. Even though the distance increased wasn't very much, under continuous stacking, the distance between the two finally got to a point where it was hard to give chase.

Just like that, the late-stage Spirit Immortal Never-Ending Clan elder gave chase many times, but he still couldn't catch Wang Baole. He even completely lost Wang Baole's trail. Faced with that, the late-stage Spirit Immortal gave an order and sent a notice to all Never-Ending Clan branch teams, telling them to search all areas for the man wearing a pig mask.

Even if that method wasn't really effective, it was better than doing nothing. At the same time, the Spirit Immortal Never-Ending Clan elder thought in his heart that the branch teams were all bait. Once that pig head appeared and killed someone, he could then catch his trail again!

All of the planet's Never-Ending Clan members moved under the Spirit Immortal elder's orders, searching frenziedly, and bringing with them an intense killing intent. And such searching was a previously unseen catastrophe for other Descenders.

In reality, the entire Never-Ending Clan was looking for the pig head. At the same time, due to the orders of the Spirit Immortal elder, they all took precautions against one another. Hence, the sense of frustration in their hearts was also very intense, to the point that they attacked the moment they met a

Descender. It was best if they beat them to death, and if they couldn't, they would ask them where the pig head was!

Because of that, the Descenders all felt hatred in their hearts. But they truly didn't know where the pig head was. Therefore, in many areas on the planet, sieges and killing occurred often. This made all of the Descenders feel bitterness in their hearts, and it also left them with no choice but to give up on the mission. They started hiding continuously as they bided their time and waited for the mission time to be over so that they could teleport away and escape that dangerous place. At the same time, the hatred in their hearts increased, and they all had the same thought. That was... to look for the pig head after returning and kill him!

This scene was witnessed from start to finish by the Flame Patriarch. On the one hand, he felt that Wang Baole using his transformation to escape showed his quick-wittedness. On the other hand, he felt an interest that he had never felt before upon seeing the hatred that the other Descenders felt towards Wang Baole.

And while the planet descended into chaos, Wang Baole, who caused it all, felt pride in his heart as he transformed into a bird again. He then landed in a forest and stood on a tree branch, raising his head to look at a group of Never-Ending Clan cultivators who flew past him in the sky above.

This is bad, there are only ten hours left before time's up. Wang Baole had a headache. On the one hand, he went on the mission to earn Red Crystals. On the other hand, he wanted to make use of the Demonic Eye Art's killing to achieve a breakthrough in his cultivation.

Previously, everything was going fine. He was earning Red Crystals while killing Never-Ending Clan members, all while pushing his Demonic Eye Art forward. One could say that he was feeling great. The Demonic Eye Art itself had also already reached a certain level, causing Wang Baole's cultivation to increase a lot and reach the peak of the late-stage Soul Conduit realm.

According to Wang Baole's calculations, he felt that if he went on like that, he could definitely achieve a breakthrough in his cultivation before the end of the mission. After all, the cultivation levels of the Never-Ending Clan cultivators were all extraordinary and brought him many gains.

Now I'm screwed! Wang Baole was a little depressed. Standing on the tree branch, he pecked his feathers while thinking about how to handle his current situation. And as he was thinking, suddenly, an extremely abrupt voice echoed in his brain.

"Help me... Help me..."

The appearance of that voice made Wang Baole's body jolt and caused his eyes to go wide. He immediately flew up and looked at his surroundings. Instinctively, he spread out his Divine Sense and swept it through his surroundings. However, it returned empty-handed, and his expression turned ugly as a result.

Even as the voice got weaker and weaker and completely disappeared, the extremely cautious Wang Baole didn't notice any abnormalities in the surrounding forest. In the end, he landed on the tree branch again and narrowed his eyes.

The second time! Wang Baole thoroughly remembered the voice that appeared in his mind. After judging that the sound was obviously clearer than before, he felt that it was too weird. At the same time, he felt the same as he did the last time, faintly feeling that the sound came from somewhere underground.

Is it only audible to me, or... can everyone hear it? Wang Baole narrowed his eyes, and his expression changed slightly. As he pondered, he raised his head to look into the distant forest.

At that moment, at the forest's boundaries, as Wang Baole looked in that direction, a burly man wearing a bull mask was unleashing his full speed as he charged into the forest. After stepping into the forest, the burly man's expression turned ugly. He kept turning his head to look behind him, though he didn't decelerate as he sped deeper into the forest. Meanwhile, under the concealment of the mask, his aura quickly camouflaged with his surroundings. If Wang Baole didn't lock onto it previously, it would have been hard to find him.

It's that guy? Seeing that familiar silhouette, Wang Baole laughed. He also saw that there were two teams of Never-Ending Clan members chasing behind the burly man. There were actually two late-stage Soul Conduit realm cultivators among them, and there was even one perfected stage Soul Conduit.

This guy might have also disturbed a hornet's nest. Why is he being chased by so many Never-Ending Clan cultivators? After noticing all of that, Wang Baole was a little shocked. Amidst his shock, the bull-masked burly man rapidly went under a big tree. He then unleashed an unknown technique, and his original extremely concealed aura actually completely disappeared in an instant. Moreover, he was obviously right there, but the Never-Ending Clan members seemed to not see him despite walking right in front of him.

This astonished Wang Baole a little, so he narrowed his eyes and flew over with a flick of his body. He landed on a tree branch above the burly man's head and prepared to take a close look.

Very quickly, Wang Baole noticed that the burly man seemed to be holding something in his palm. The Never-Ending Clan pursuers returned empty-handed after searching, then sealed all teleportation and chased further away. Only then did the burly man finally take a deep breath. It seemed like he couldn't maintain his state for long. After a moment, he opened his palm and revealed what he was holding onto, an emerald green leaf!

The leaf looked very ordinary, seeming no different from normal leaves. However, considering it could make a person's aura completely disappear, it was definitely no ordinary leaf. Wang Baole's eyes lit up as he pondered about whether to greet the man and convince him to lend him the leaf. It was then that the burly man spat out a thick blob of phlegm towards the soil beside him.

"That d*mned pig head. I've done this mission so many times, and I've never seen the Never-Ending Clan go so crazy. That pig head deserves to die. When I return, I'll definitely rip his tendons and crush his bones!" Speaking softly with a vicious look and while gritting his teeth, the burly man prepared to leave with a flick of his body...

But at that moment, the bird standing on the tree branch above him suddenly chirped loudly after shooting a slanted glance at him...

Chapter 815: You Scolded Me?

The cry was extremely loud. While it spread towards the surroundings, the bird flew up and flapped its wings. It acted like it got shocked into flying. After quickly leaving the tree, it also made the other birds within the forest get shocked one after another, and many flew away.

“D*mn it!” The expression on the burly man’s face changed. His eyes opened wide as he suddenly raised his head and stared at the bird that Wang Baole had turned into. While killing intent spread in his eyes, he also moaned in his heart. Obviously, there were limitations to his hiding techniques, and he couldn’t use them continuously. At that moment, he unleashed his maximum speed and went far away with a flick of his body.

But he was still too late... The moment the loud cry of the bird version of Wang Baole spread out, it was immediately heard by the Never-Ending Clan members in the distance. Instantly, those Never-Ending Clan members unleashed their speed and charged there.

Not long after, the bull-masked burly man was caught up to by the Never-Ending Clan, and fighting instantly ensued as rumbles echoed around continuously. This bull-masked burly man could be so arrogant previously because he was indeed quite capable. Under the combined attacks of three Soul Conduits, he only unleashed perfected stage Soul Conduit disturbances, but his combat strength wasn’t weak. He was just slightly disadvantaged. Despite that, he managed to kill four to five Never-Ending Clan members.

He had numerous methods and could often barely survive just by taking out some seemingly ordinary small items. In the end, after taking out a statue and having it self-destruct, he actually broke through the deadlock and escaped in an instant. If Wang Baole wasn’t there, with the tricks of the burly man, it wouldn’t have been impossible for him to escape. However, he was unlucky...

So... as the burly man put some distance between him and his pursuers and concealed himself again, a snake hissed at his hiding spot as though someone had disturbed its sleep.

And the result of the snake hissing was... that the Never-Ending Clan noticed again and charged over instantly.

The burly man was about to go crazy. He felt that it was all way too weird. His luck had met with a never-before-seen catastrophe, as though the entire planet hated him, and everything was ostracising him.

That’s absurd! The burly man growled in his heart, having no choice but to grit his teeth and fight. In the end, after killing a few Never-Ending Clan members again, there were only those three Soul Conduits left. He fought through his heavy injuries and spat blood, even activating the curse in his mask and reducing the cultivation of that perfected stage Soul Conduit, heavily injuring him. Afterwards, he threw out a pile of white bones. As the white bones were unleashed and formed a seal, the burly man finally pulled away again and escaped.

When he left the area, the burly man prepared to teleport away, but the land had been sealed by the Never-Ending Clan previously. Unable to teleport, he found a marsh with no trees and took out a cape there. After covering himself with it, one could see with their naked eyes how he camouflaged into the surroundings.

This guy had so many items? Standing on a tree in the distance, Wang Baole saw all of that. His eyes turned brighter as he flew there.

Meanwhile, the seal formed by the bull-masked burly man's white bones was finally blasted open by the three Never-Ending Clan Soul Conduit cultivators. As their killing intent spread, the three Never-Ending Clan Soul Conduits, who had realized the bull-masked burly man was hard to handle, had extremely ugly expressions as they all charged out and started searching again. Judging by their vicious gazes, they wouldn't let the matter rest.

And under the thorough searching of the three Never-Ending Clan members, the caped burly man held his breath and carefully shifted his body. He planned to use his current state to pull away once more, enabling himself to teleport.

He moved forward carefully to avoid a late-stage Soul Conduit Never-Ending Clan member who flew past him. It was then that, suddenly, he raised his leg and paused... Under his foot, a black frog crawled out from the marsh. The frog was wide-eyed as it stared blankly at the burly man.

The burly man's heart jolted, and he wanted to crush the frog with his foot to kill it. But he didn't dare to do so. That was because the three Never-Ending Clan members were still searching in the surroundings. In fact, the perfected stage Soul Conduit he injured was less than a hundred feet away from him. Once he stepped, he would definitely be noticed.

Also, he had suffered heavy injuries and couldn't handle more fights. Once he was noticed, it was extremely likely that he would die.

But if he didn't step on it... The bull-masked burly man's heart jolted again. Truly... he saw in the frog's eyes that it was a mutant and that it seemed to notice him.

So the burly man cried as he put his hands together and begged the frog not to croak. Meanwhile, he slowly shifted his foot to land it on another position.

The moment his foot landed, the frog suddenly opened its mouth and let out a loud croak. The croak immediately spread towards the surroundings. After attracting many gazes, the burly man's concealment was rendered ineffective due to an unknown reason...

Hence, another round of fighting began.

"AHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!" The burly man let out a growl towards the sky. He was indignant and furious in his heart, and that sense of weirdness made him feel suspicious while going crazy. Truly... he wasn't the only one who found it suspicious, the surrounding three Never-Ending Clan members felt the same way. Although they didn't know the details of what happened to the bull-masked man, they knew that he would be noticed by some beast every time he tried to hide. One only needed to think deeply to notice that something was amiss.

So... they looked like they were fighting, but in reality, the three Never-Ending Clan members were already cautious towards their surroundings. In fact, that perfected stage Soul Conduit had already opened his voice transmission ring and was about to tell the Spirit Immortal about the weird happenings.

Wang Baole saw all of this and couldn't help but sigh.

This isn't fun anymore. While muttering in his heart, Wang Baole flicked his body and turned into mist with a "poof". Instantly, he spread and swept through the surroundings, engulfing two Never-Ending Clan members, whose expressions changed completely and who were preparing to retreat. And although the cursed perfected stage Soul Conduit was prepared and escaped the boundaries of the mist, a black eye suddenly manifested within the mist that Wang Baole had turned into. He didn't even have time to send a voice transmission or continue escaping.

That eye was the demonic eye!

Once the demonic eye appeared, the body of the perfected stage Soul Conduit Never-Ending Clan member trembled violently, and his thoughts seemed to be frozen. If he hadn't been injured previously, he could have barely resisted it and completed his voice transmission or teleport away. But after being cursed and heavily injured, he had no way to retaliate under the demonic eye. As his vision blurred and the sense of danger in his heart exploded forth, his body was absorbed by the mist that Wang Baole had turned into. His entire world turned black, and he never awakened again.

After killing the three Never-Ending Clan members, the mist shrunk, and Wang Baole turned into a black bird again, landing on the head of the trembling bull-masked burly man. He lightly pecked the burly man's skull and coughed.

"Little cow, did you scold me just now?"

The burly man's body jolted as he finally understood everything. After hearing the voice of the bird on his head, he already completely understood the reason and knew the bird's identity.

Although he didn't know why Wang Baole could transform into various appearances, the scene of him turning into mist and killing the three Soul Conduits just now had completely awed the burly man. Moreover, his injuries were heavy, and he could no longer fight. His life or death could be said to have been in Wang Baole's control.

And the stinging pain coming from his skull made the bull-masked man beg for mercy while shivering.

"Senior, I was wrong. So long as you let me live, you can make me do anything. I'm willing to use all of my possessions to exchange for your mercy!" The burly man was a decisive man too. Although he was trembling and shocked, he threw his storage bag to one side without hesitation. He then threw out a storage bracelet, even flipping his shirt to show that he didn't hide anything.

Such straightforward behavior made Wang Baole quite happy, so he checked the storage bag and storage bracelet in front of the bull-masked man. After seeing the large amount of materials and small trinkets stored within it, he inquired thoroughly.

For example, the leaf could truly make someone's aura completely disappear. But it could only be used once a day. He also asked about the cape and other items. In the end, Wang Baole also saw a jade box in the storage bracelet.

The jade box was sealed and couldn't be activated. Faced with Wang Baole's inquiries, the burly man dared not hide anything from him and told Wang Baole everything truthfully. He obtained the item previously by chance but couldn't open it. He judged that only the power of a Spirit Immortal could open it.

Seeing how cooperative the bull-masked burly man was, Wang Baole kept all of the items while feeling very satisfied. Thinking, he didn't make life difficult for the bull-masked burly man. He only pecked his head and left a mark before flying away with a flick of his body.

Chapter 816: Avatar With a Broken Arm!

This scene was witnessed from start to finish by the Flame Patriarch. He grinned.

"If he makes me happy when I watch him, I can still give this brat some rewards." Speaking, he took out another flame fruit and ate it with gusto. Right now, he had already stopped watching other people and was prepared to watch Wang Baole's live stream from start to finish.

And in the live stream's image, Wang Baole, who had already flown away, suddenly stopped and disappeared in the next moment, returning back to the forest.

Seeing that, the Flame Patriarch got even more interested. As he looked, he saw the bull-masked burly man within the forest... The burly man noticed that Wang Baole had left at that moment and struggled as he climbed up. But the anger in his heart caused by the heavy injuries on his body and the loss of his Dharmic treasures made him feel as though his entire body was out of energy. He sat there and stared blankly for a while as fury and indignance slowly appeared in his eyes. In the end, he raised his right hand and slammed it down beside him as he growled. But, not waiting for him to speak, Wang Baole's faint voice sounded from behind him.

"Seeing how you've shown filial respect to your daddy by giving me so many items, I'll speak first without waiting for you to scold me."

The bull-masked burly man's expression suddenly changed, and he immediately turned his head and inhaled. He stared nervously and fearfully at Wang Baole, who had already left but returned for an unknown reason. He had turned into a bird and was standing on a tree branch.

"Senior, let me explain..." The bull-masked burly man was about to cry and quickly tried to resolve the issue. But Wang Baole, who had turned into a bird, rolled his eyes and spoke coldly.

"There's no need to explain. I came back to give you a gentle reminder that the Never-Ending Clan's Spirit Immortal... should be arriving soon. That old guy loves to destroy everything in a hundred-mile, maybe even a thousand-mile radius the moment he arrives. So... be careful."

After he spoke, Wang Baole threw a deep, profound look at the bull-masked burly man before flying into the distance quickly with a flick of his body and a flap of his wings.

Seeing Wang Baole fly into the distance again, the bull-masked burly man was already in no mood to analyze whether Wang Baole had really left or not. What appeared in his mind was Wang Baole's final words. The more he thought, the more fearful he became. In the end, he gritted his teeth and unleashed an unknown spell. After that, the injuries on his body mostly healed in just a few breaths.

Without hesitation, the burly man leaped up, his face becoming unnaturally red as he unleashed the maximum power he could unleash at that point in time. He sped into the distance and immediately teleported after leaving the area. In fact, he was still worried, and when he reappeared in the distance, he sped forward again and teleported many times. When he was thousands of miles away, he heard dull

rumbles sounding behind him, and it felt as though the earth was trembling. At that moment, his breathing hastened as he escaped again.

Truly, behind him, the place that was once a forest had already become a crater. In a radius hundreds of miles from the forest, everything had been obliterated by the late-stage Spirit Immortal Never-Ending Clan elder, seemingly in a bid to vent his anger.

Although Wang Baole didn't see those things personally, he could mostly guess what happened in his heart. At that moment, he was already at an even further away area. He found a cave, burrowed in, sat cross-legged, and looked at his loot. The sheer amount of possessions the bull-masked burly man had made Wang Baole extremely satisfied.

As for that sealed jade box, the bull-masked burly man's cultivation wasn't enough, and he found it hard to activate. But Wang Baole had a Dharmic Battleship. Even though his Dharmic Battleship had previously been heavily injured, Wang Baole wasn't short on Stone Bamboos and had already fed his Dharmic Battleship many Stone Bamboos as he escaped. Now, although his Dharmic Battleship hadn't fully recovered, it no longer had any major issues.

So, by using his Dharmic Battleship's early-stage Spirit Immortal power, Wang Baole successfully opened the box. He saw inside it... four black daggers!

The four daggers looked very ordinary, and there was nothing unusual about them. Even though there was a weak blue glow on their blades as though they had poison on them, people wouldn't be too bothered by it after seeing it.

Even when Wang Baole held a dagger, it was like holding a child's toy. He almost used his finger to test its sharpness. But as his finger was about to touch it, Wang Baole's expression suddenly changed. After forcefully controlling his actions, he thoroughly recollected his mental state just now and slowly inhaled. His expression became extremely stern.

This dagger is very weird!

The black color can already catch people's attention. Moreover, the jade box it was stored in required the power of a Spirit Immortal to be activated. And the venom on it... All of this shows that these four daggers are extraordinary and pose a certain degree of danger. How could I close one eye to this sort of danger...

It's not even closing one eye... While the sense of existence of the daggers sharply decreased, it also affected my judgment, causing me to ignore it subconsciously. Even if I noticed it, I would instinctively feel that there wasn't much danger! After Wang Baole analyzed it, his breathing quickened as he suppressed the strong feeling in his heart to ignore the daggers. He then held the dagger and sliced it lightly towards the wall beside him.

With just a light touch, the stone wall was sliced open easily like a piece of tofu. It would be fine if it was just like that. What made Wang Baole inhale was that the edges where the stone wall was sliced open immediately rotted, and numerous small holes appeared as though it was corroded!

That made Wang Baole's hairs stand on end. Although he didn't really do deep research on poison, he knew a bit. So he understood that poisons that could affect living things weren't much. Those poisons that could even affect non-living things were the really powerful ones.

Because, to a certain extent, they couldn't even be considered a poison. Instead, they contained a sort of nomological power and could change an object's form and essence. The domineering force they represented could ignore defenses.

Wang Baole shuddered, and after judging thoroughly, he had a faint intuition that the four daggers... weren't only special assassination weapons and that the extent of their power could threaten even Spirit Immortals. If not, they wouldn't have been sealed within a jade box that only Spirit Immortals could open.

So Wang Baole cautiously placed the dagger back into the jade box. After resealing it, he stored it in his storage bracelet. Afterwards, he sat there, his eyes shining faintly.

There's not much time before the mission ends... I can't keep going on like this! Wang Baole narrowed his eyes, and a cold glimmer flashed between them. A killing intent grew increasingly intense in his heart.

I can't let a late-stage Spirit Immortal ruin my plans. The Never-Ending Clan still deserves to be killed... I'll just have to think carefully about how to carry it out and how to escape once I get noticed. In fact... I have to think about how to create chances for retaliation!

Although there's almost no chance for me to retaliate... Wang Baole touched the mask on his face, and decisiveness appeared in his expression. After killing the three Soul Conduit Never-Ending Clan members, he already felt that under the propelling of the Demonic Eye Art, his cultivation had reached a maximum point of activeness, and he was very close to achieving a breakthrough.

Under Wang Baole's calculations, he felt that so long as he killed enough, he could achieve a breakthrough here and reach the perfected stage Soul Conduit realm. So Wang Baole gritted his teeth, opened his storage bracelet, and started arranging his items.

The item he had the most of in his storage bracelet was self-destructing battleships. Those battleships had a huge effect during cosmos battles. But in conflicts between cultivators, they were unsuitable due to their size.

So what Wang Baole had to do first was disassemble 30% of his battleships, take out their core components, and create Dharmic Artifacts similar to self-exploding beads. Because all of the battleships were created by Wang Baole and since he had enough puppets to assist him, the process didn't take very long. Wang Baole used a certain level of sacrifice in exchange for a large number of self-exploding beads.

It's a shame I don't know how to set up array formations! After storing all of his self-exploding beads and calculating how much time he had before the end of his mission, Wang Baole sighed with emotion. He felt that one would only feel like they lacked knowledge when they needed it. He secretly thought that he had to do some research on this area in the future. He didn't look to completely master it, but he wanted to learn how to set up some powerful array formations.

With that decision in mind, Wang Baole started planning. His plan was very simple, to lead the Spirit Immortal away, then find a chance to infiltrate the army camp and start murdering.

After all, not all of the Never-Ending Clan members were activated, and there were still some reserves in the army camp. Wang Baole had personally seen that, so he had quite a clear target. The only difficult thing was... figuring out how to make the late-stage Spirit Immortal Never-Ending Clan elder believe him and really be led away.

You must lose a fly to catch a trout! Viciousness appeared in Wang Baole's eyes as he raised his right hand and grabbed his left arm. With a hard pull, he tore it off!

Even if it was only his essence body, it still hurt. Persevering through the intense pain, Wang Baole weaved hand seals and used his essence body's arm as a core to form another avatar!

The avatar was very different from the ones formed by his Divine Sense previously. In fact, no matter how one looked at it, it was very realistic. Truly, it was indeed that way. To a certain extent, it could be considered Wang Baole's avatar.

Chapter 817: Suitable for Plundering!

Even his thoughts were like this. The new avatar's thoughts and actions were all controlled by Wang Baole. At that moment, he controlled the new avatar to transmogrify a pig mask and head into the distance with a flick of its body. Meanwhile, his essence body also sped in the direction of the army camp as it weaved hand seals and transmogrified a new arm.

At the same time, Wang Baole split his attention in order to control the avatar transmogrified from his arm, having it repeatedly appear in the outside world. Because this avatar was different from his previous Divine Sense, it couldn't be maintained for long. But if he chose to burn it, it could still maintain an extraordinary combat strength. Therefore, the fighting and escaping after meeting the Never-Ending Clan was very realistic as well. Hence, the avatar was naturally locked onto by that Spirit Immortal as he sped towards it at his maximum speed.

As the Spirit Immortal got involved, Wang Baole's true essence body was holding the leaf and cape as he unleashed his maximum speed and neared the army camp.

Wang Baole was very clear that the avatar transmogrified from his arm could only be considered expendable in a sense. Upon unleashing its full power, it could only exist for two to four hours.

But the two to four hours was enough. After all, there were less than four hours left until the end of the mission. Nonetheless, he still had to seize every minute and every second.

So, as he neared the army camp, Wang Baole wasted no time and charged in after transmogrifying into a Never-Ending Clan member. As for who he transmogrified into, he chose after heavy deliberation.

He didn't transmogrify into an ordinary Never-Ending Clan member. He also didn't choose the Soul Conduits he met previously. After all, no matter who he transmogrified into, as most of the Never-Ending Clan members were searching outside, anybody's return would arouse suspicion. And Wang Baole already knew that his ability to transform was known by the entire Never-Ending Clan.

So... he could choose not to transmogrify and charge inside, but this method had its pros and cons. Moreover, just one mistake would cause him to expose himself more quickly. His other option was... to transmogrify and buy himself time to a certain extent, thereby maximizing his loot.

Wang Baole chose the latter. In fact, the one he chose to transmogrify into... was the late-stage Spirit Immortal Never-Ending Clan elder!

Doing so seemed to be extremely risky. After all, if someone sent a voice transmission to the late-stage Spirit Immortal, they would immediately know the truth. In reality, it was darkest under the light. On the one hand, it was perfectly logical for a Spirit Immortal to return, and no one dared ask the reason why. On the other hand... there weren't many Never-Ending Clan members who could come into direct contact with the Spirit Immortal and confirm his location with him via voice transmission.

Even if they could check through the cultivators beside them instead of sending a voice transmission directly to the Spirit Immortal, not many Never-Ending Clan members could do that. After all, the Never-Ending Clan had an extremely strict class system. Thoughts such as suspicion rarely appeared in the minds of lower-ranked Never-Ending Clan members.

But that wasn't an absolute. Wang Baole's actions weren't innately absolute. So after making a decision in his heart, Wang Baole transmogrified into the appearance of that late-stage Spirit Immortal Never-Ending Clan elder. His expression was extremely ugly, and killing intent spread faintly from his body. He put on a hostile look as he flew towards the army camp.

Although the army camp had array formations, Wang Baole had previously tested the strength of the essence technique many times. Once he transmogrified into the appearance of someone, he could completely mimic their aura as well. So unless the army camp's array formation could reach the Eternal Star realm, array formations which worked by sensing one's aura had no effect on him.

As he sped forward, Wang Baole stepped directly into the army camp with an ugly expression on his face. The moment he stepped into the army camp, some Never-Ending Clan members immediately went up to greet him. They were all extremely courteous. Some of them were about to speak, but after noticing Wang Baole's gloomy expression, they all inhaled and didn't dare to speak.

"Bunch of trash!" Wang Baole mimicked the late-stage Spirit Immortal's voice and used pure Never-Ending Clan language to scold them. He humphed and ignored the Never-Ending Clan members surrounding him as he flew towards the pavilion within the army camp.

Seeing that, the others all lowered their heads. They only dared raise their heads again after Wang Baole left. The nervousness in their hearts also became more intense because of Wang Baole's gloomy expression previously.

At the same time, as he entered the army camp, Wang Baole also spread his Divine Sense. With a sweep of his consciousness, he found that there were only several thousand cultivators left. Moreover, there were no Soul Conduits. The highest cultivation level among them was the perfected stage Nascent Soul realm.

This made him pretty unhappy. He felt as though he had expended a lot of energy in exchange for not many rewards. After all, he was extremely close to achieving a breakthrough in his cultivation. Although killing Nascent Soul cultivators could improve the Demonic Eye Art, the improvement was very little

unless he killed an extremely large number of cultivators. Even killing off all of the Never-Ending Clan members in the army camp wouldn't have much effect.

That old fogey thinks too highly of me. He actually activated all Soul Conduits to search for me... This gave Wang Baole a headache as he felt a strong sense of losing his capital. This caused his mood to become as terrible as his previous expression. But within the army camp, he still carried out his plan cautiously. He broke off five fingers and formed five avatars. He gave four of them a black dagger and made each of them kill a Never-Ending Clan member and transmogrify into their appearance. He made them carry self-exploding beads and had them place the beads everywhere around the army camp.

As for Wang Baole's essence body, it kept pondering while feeling very horrible. In the end, he went to the storehouse of the army camp. The place was considered a place of strategic importance and was guarded by two perfected stage Nascent Souls. The storehouse itself was also defended by array formations. Hence, they wouldn't be worried about losing anything. But to Wang Baole, the defenses didn't pose a problem.

He walked towards the storehouse while assuming the appearance of the late-stage Spirit Immortal elder, so no one dared to block him. Very quickly, he entered the storehouse using the special qualities of his essence body and saw the almost infinite amount of resources placed within it!

When Wang Baole saw those resources, he inhaled, and his eyes became as wide as saucers. Even his mind was shaking. This was despite him being considered quite knowledgeable after his battles.

Truly... the sheer amount of resources in the storehouse and their value was unable to be calculated by Wang Baole despite him only taking a sweeping glance. So his eyes couldn't help but turn red, and he quickly started looting. It didn't matter even when his storage bracelet and storage bags could no longer hold any more items, as the storehouse also had storage items. Just like that, after fifteen minutes, and when Wang Baole had hundreds of storage Dharmic Artifacts on his body, he finally moved all of the items in the storehouse.

I'm more suited to plundering after all... Staring at the empty storehouse, Wang Baole's eyes shone. At that moment, he didn't feel like killing anymore. He turned around to leave the storehouse and the army camp.

But just as Wang Baole was about to walk out of the storehouse, his expression suddenly changed. One of his avatars that had transmogrified into a Never-Ending Clan member sent a piece of information—the real late-stage Spirit Immortal Never-Ending Clan elder had returned!

That caused Wang Baole's eyes to narrow as he charged out of the storehouse rapidly. At that moment, only one perfected stage Nascent Soul was left out of the original two. Wang Baole didn't know where the other went and had no time to check. His eyes flashed, and not giving the perfected stage Nascent Soul Never-Ending Clan member time to react, he turned into mist and swept past his body.

The Never-Ending Clan member melted. When the mist gathered in the next moment, Wang Baole had already taken on the Never-Ending Clan member's appearance. As he flew rapidly out of the army camp, a long rainbow appeared in the sky and descended upon the army camp, bringing with it a heaven-shaking aura!

The one that arrived was the Never-Ending Clan's late-stage Spirit Immortal elder. His expression was even gloomier than that of Wang Baole, and it seemed as though his anger had already reached a maximum. With just a gentle touch, he seemed able to blast and kill everything.

As for the disturbances in his cultivation, it appeared to be unstable, as though it was forcefully suppressed. That was because after he gave chase previously, he felt something amiss the moment he saw the pig-masked man. After he killed it, he noticed that he had fallen for a trap. As he sped away frantically, he got ambushed by four Spirit Immortal Descenders. In their battle, he killed two while the other two escaped. Meanwhile, he had also suffered heavy injuries.

It was just that his injuries weren't as serious as they looked now. He continued searching for the pig-masked man to no avail afterward, then headed straight for the army camp.

He felt that the darned pig head could have lured him away and hid in the army camp. Although he didn't find anything amiss with a sweep of his Divine Sense, considering Wang Baole's transformation ability, he instinctively felt that he might have been cheated.

In fact, on the way back, he had already analyzed it. If the pig-masked man was really hiding in the army camp, then he probably wanted to ambush him aside from wanting to kill. So... he purposely revealed his injuries. That was because, under his analysis, after his injured self returned to the army camp, whoever was closer was a greater suspect!

Chapter 818: Sneak Attack!

With that thought in mind, the late-stage Spirit Immortal realm Never-Ending Clan cultivator quickened his pace and landed in the camp. His return sent waves of confusion, suspicion, and anxiety rippling across the Never-Ending Clan army. The cultivators wondered what was going on... The last commander had just returned, and now, another one had made his appearance.

How were they to know which was the authentic one and which was the fake? It'd be fine if the previous one were the real commander, but if the real deal were to be the latter, then they were going to be in serious trouble!

Similar thoughts appeared in everyone's minds. The crowd was filled with anxiety and nervousness. The late-stage Spirit Immortal realm elder immediately caught the shifts in their expressions, and a sense of foreboding uncurled inside him.

"Could it be that..." His breathing quickened, and he unleashed his Divine Sense and activated his late-stage Spirit Immortal realm cultivation. Spirit energy swept outward like raging tornadoes as he growled.

"Did the pig-head disguise himself as me and enter the camp?" The sudden unleashing of his cultivation and his questioning tone erased all suspicions from everyone's minds. They recalled that the previous commander hadn't displayed such power at all. The realization sent shudders through their bodies.

Shock rippled through the crowd. Amongst them were Wang Baole's avatars. They had similar looks of disbelief and horror on their faces. Wang Baole's main avatar, conjured via his essence technique, was hidden in the crowd as well. He stood near the Spirit Immortal realm elder. Uneasiness and hesitation colored his face. He seemed as if he had something to say to the elder. He lifted one foot up, intent to make his way to the elder, and extend his greetings.

Before Wang Baole could make further moves, a Never-Ending Clan cultivator nearby appeared to recall something after experiencing the burst of power from the Spirit Immortal realm elder and hearing what he had asked the army. The look on his face darkened. He cried out, then quickly approached the elder. His moaning didn't stop as he made his way towards the elder.

"Commander, someone took on your appearance and entered the warehouse earlier. He..." The late-stage Spirit Immortal realm elder twisted his head around swiftly before the cultivator could finish what he had planned to say, a murderous glint flashing in his eyes. He raised his right palm and struck suddenly, as swift as a flash of lightning!

The force behind the blow was incredible. The sudden release of late-stage Spirit Immortal realm cultivation sent the heavens and earth shuddering. Winds started howling as clouds rolled back. A power that could level mountains gathered and formed a handprint that landed on the perfected Nascent Soul realm Never-Ending Clan cultivator.

The attack had come too swiftly and had descended with incredible power. Even Wang Baole would have struggled to evade it. As for the Nascent Soul realm cultivator, he stood no chance at all. They had been standing too near each other when the elder had attacked swiftly and without mercy.

A thunderous boom reverberated in the skies. The perfected Nascent Soul realm cultivator didn't even get the chance to scream out before his body was crushed, and his flesh was turned to dust. His body and soul were utterly destroyed!

Even his blood turned to dust under the force of the attack!

The scene sent shock rippling through the minds of every Never-Ending Clan cultivator who was present. They stepped away from the elder instantly. Wang Baole widened his eyes and gasped. Luckily, he hadn't reached the elder in time. His avatars hadn't approached the elder either. Even though he might be able to survive a slap from the elder, it would still leave him with some serious injuries.

He's merciless. He doesn't even care if it's one of his own. He'll kill them just the same! Wang Baole gasped. A dark look had settled on the late-stage Spirit Immortal realm elder's face. He had just realized that the cultivator he killed wasn't an avatar of the pig-head or the pig-head himself. He had been a member of the Never-Ending Clan.

The resentment and frustration inside him grew, and his anger spiked. It was then that an idea flashed across Wang Baole's mind. He immediately sent one of his avatars towards the elder. The avatar raced towards the latter with a mournful look on his face, then fell to his knees and started wailing.

"Commander, please, calm down. This isn't an oversight or weakness on our part. It's the d*mn pig-head. He transformed into you and then proceeded to... empty the entire warehouse."

"What did you just say?" The elder's eyes bulged when he heard that. He marched right up to Wang Baole's avatar, his eyeballs looking like they were ready to pop out of his head. He was clearly extremely affected by what he had just heard.

The sheer thought of being robbed of their military resources sent spikes of pain through his heart. He growled and sent his Divine Sense surging outward again, extending them towards the warehouse. He needed to see it with his own spiritual eyes.

It was then that Wang Baole's avatar looked up suddenly, a black dagger appearing in his hand. If not for the fact that everyone could see it clearly with their eyes, no one would've realized or registered its sudden appearance. Wang Baole's avatar plunged the dagger straight into the elder's thigh!

The strange dagger self-destructed and, with the force of the explosion, blew apart the protections enveloping the elder and pierced straight into his physical body. Poison surged into the elder's body through the wound. Everything had happened so quickly that no one had been prepared for it at all. The late-stage Spirit Immortal realm elder's eyes widened with shock and fury, and rage erupted from his person as he turned his face skyward and howled furiously. He unleashed his full cultivation, summoning a tornado that enveloped Wang Baole's avatar.

The attack turned Wang Baole's avatar to dust, and an uproar swept across the crowd of Never-Ending Clan cultivators around the elder. Wang Baole's primary avatar, the one he had first created with his essence technique, stood amongst the other Never-Ending Clan cultivators, looking equally stunned and furious. The elder continued howling, and his cultivation-powered tornadoes continued rampaging within the hall. As everyone descended into frenzied madness, a series of loud explosions suddenly sounded in the air.

The earth seemed to be swaying, the camp shaking. The sound of explosions rose from multiple locations, the force of which rippled across the camp. Multiple waves of spirit energy collided and merged into greater waves of spirit energy, culminating in an incredible force that sent the earth shaking and the skies quaking. Four army spheres blew apart and plunged from the skies, shattering upon impact as they crashed to the ground!

The camp descended into unprecedented chaos. Amidst the chaos, a Never-Ending Clan cultivator rushed towards the late-stage Spirit Immortal realm cultivator with an anxious look on his face. While the latter was still reeling back in shock at the destruction caused by the series of explosions around him and from the destruction of multiple army spheres, the Never-Ending Clan cultivator pulled out a black dagger and lunged straight at the Spirit Immortal realm cultivator.

"Another sneak attack?" The Spirit Immortal realm elder snapped his head back. His eyes were glimmering with murder as he shot his right hand out and caught the attacker. It was then that another Never-Ending Clan cultivator came charging at him, whipping out another black dagger and thrusting it towards him!

That was hardly the end of it. Some distance away, a fourth Never-Ending Clan cultivator turned raving mad all of a sudden. Instead of charging at the elder and attempting to assassinate him, he turned the other way and started running. He was trying to escape amidst the chaos that had descended upon the camp.

The series of shocking events sent the other Never-Ending Clan cultivators reeling. They were still in the midst of a stunned daze. They had just witnessed repeated assassination attempts, followed by an attempted escape. They howled furiously and started going after the cultivator who was trying to escape without even thinking.

The elder had crushed the avatar that he had caught earlier and had similarly exterminated the third avatar that had tried to creep up on him. He looked up and stared at the back of the cultivator currently running away in the distance... Never-Ending Clan cultivators were charging past him in pursuit.

Suddenly, a Never-Ending Clan cultivator in their midst pulled out a black dagger and thrust it at the elder!

The sneak attack caught the elder by surprise, despite the latter being on guard. The dagger sliced into his arm. The elder lifted his face skyward and unleashed a terrifying roar as fresh poison flooded into his body.

“I’m going to kill you!” He no longer cared if he was killing his own. Tornadoes rose around him and wiped out all Never-Ending Clan cultivators that dared come near him. All that remained in a thousand-foot radius around him was blood and death. The elder charged out and started going after the escaping cultivator. The remaining Never-Ending Clan cultivators reeled back in horror at the mass destruction that had just occurred. No one dared to approach the elder.

Wang Baole’s primary avatar was still hidden amongst these cultivators. The earlier five avatars had been lesser avatars, those of his primary avatar. His primary avatar had a look of terror on his face. He was quivering in fear and shock alongside his comrades. Privately though, Wang Baole was brimming with a sense of smugness. The Spirit Immortal realm Never-Ending Clan cultivator might be powerful, but he wasn’t very smart. Wang Baole secretly formed a hand seal.

The remaining self-exploding beads that he had hidden in the camp... exploded instantly. The explosions shook the heavens and earth. Three army spheres caved in and went crashing to the ground. This appeared to be an attempt to stop the Spirit Immortal realm cultivator from continuing his pursuit...

The Spirit Immortal realm cultivator became increasingly relentless in the face of the increasing number of obstacles in his way. He had thrown everything to the wind in his pursuit and thus caught up instantly!

“Die!”

Chapter 819: Save Me One More Time, Father-In-Law!

Wang Baole’s primary avatar narrowed his eyes as he blended in effortlessly with the Never-Ending Clan cultivators around him. While the latter were spreading out and chasing after another one of his avatars, he was retreating discreetly, waiting for the right moment to take on another disguise and make his escape.

He knew that even though the late-stage Spirit Immortal realm elder was currently wounded and poisoned, the injuries that he had sustained were still minor. He hadn’t been weakened to an extent where Wang Baole could confidently beat him in a fight.

Even if Wang Baole were to make use of the curse that the Flame Patriarch had given him, he still foresaw a tough battle ahead of him. Wang Baole assessed his odds, then eyed the look of fury on his enemy’s face. The elder looked ready to eat him alive. He eventually decided to not take the risk, even though he hadn’t yet killed as much as the Demonic Eye Art required of him. Besides, he still had to think of the entire army camp’s worth of resources that he had on him. He decided to leave with what he had already gotten. That was the safest way out.

“I’ll spare your life this time!” Wang Baole said. He didn’t think that he was running away from a fight. Not really. He was about to make his escape when the late-stage Spirit Immortal realm elder’s Divine

Sense came sweeping across the area from a distance. It enveloped the entire area and formed an overwhelming force that momentarily froze Wang Baole in place.

In the distance, the late-stage Spirit Immortal realm cultivator had just sent his palm smashing into the ground, crushing Wang Baole's fifth avatar. The elder then snapped his head back as he hovered in mid-air. His eyes glimmered with murder as he surveyed the army of Never-Ending Clan cultivators before him.

His army of Never-Ending Clan warriors shuddered as they caught the madness glowing in his eyes. They could tell that their commander was treading a thin line now, straddling the line between sanity and complete madness. Their breathing stuttered at the murderous glint in his eyes, and they could feel death breathing down their necks.

Their instincts were right. The Spirit Immortal realm elder could no longer differentiate between friend and foe. He couldn't tell which was a true Never-Ending Clan cultivator and which was the cursed pig-head disguised as one. He didn't know how many avatars the pig-head had planted in his army.

But his instincts were telling him that his enemy... was right there, hidden amongst his people!

And the best way to find him was to kill everyone. That was the surest way to find his enemy. But doing that... was just pure madness. He might be blind with fury and teetering on the edge of insanity, but this was something that he wasn't yet prepared to do.

There was something else. His enemy seemed to have the ability to transform himself into a dead body as well. That meant... that he might still fail to find the d*mned pig-head even after killing everyone.

Unless... he destroyed everything. If he were to destroy the entire camp and everything within miles of the camp, he would surely be able to get his hands on the pig-head!

The thought festered inside the elder's mind. The glint of violence in his eyes hardened as the murderous aura around him intensified. The Never-Ending Clan cultivators around him began to tremble. They could tell that something horrible was going to happen. Rage and helplessness washed over them. Wang Baole stood amongst them, his heart racing rapidly.

This is impossible. Has this old man lost his mind? He's not going to destroy his entire army just to kill me, is he... I haven't done anything so bad as to warrant that, have I... Wang Baole was no longer so confident of himself. The fear in his eyes was genuine now. The gears in his head spun furiously as he considered his options and how he was going to get out of this alive.

Amidst Wang Baole's panicking, as the other Never-Ending Clan cultivators trembled in fear, the Spirit Immortal realm elder suddenly let loose a mindless, crazed howl and stretched his right hand into the sky.

Oh no! Horror flashed across Wang Baole's face while shock filled the looks of the Never-Ending Clan cultivators around him. They retreated instinctively, and many of them started wailing.

"Commander, please, calm down!"

"Commander, we just have to wait another two hours. The Descenders will leave then. Please... don't act rashly!"

Their words fell on deaf ears. The elder's eyes were red with madness, and his face was contorted with fury. The look on his face said that he had gone over the edge and that he was going all out to kill the enemy. His upraised hand swooped through the air, and a handprint smashed into the ground.

The attack didn't land on the army of Never-Ending Clan cultivators. Instead, it had landed right smack in the middle of their camp. The blow sent cracks splintering across the ground, and winds whipped in the air and swept across the land, sending Never-Ending Clan cultivators stumbling back. The earth groaned and creaked as the ground caved in. Then, from the crack of the earth emerged... all of a sudden, a coffin!

The coffin appeared to be black at first glance. However, a closer look would reveal that it wasn't black at all but the color of dried blood, a dark purple that stained the entire coffin. Cracks started appearing on the coffin, and they swiftly increased in number until the coffin finally broke apart moments later!

A terrifying roar thundered in the air as a skinless corpse climbed out of the coffin!

"The Heavenly Dao Blessings!"

"That's... our camp's Heavenly Dao Blessings!" Gasps of shock rose into the air as soon as the Never-Ending Clan army caught sight of the corpse. The late-stage Spirit Immortal realm elder might have lost his mind, but he hadn't reached the stage where he was willing to slaughter his entire army. He knew that he would be as good as dead if he did that.

In the eyes of the Never-Ending Clan, such an act would amount to an unforgivable crime. This was a price he wasn't willing to pay to kill one man. But his hate for the pig-headed Wang Baole had reached a feverish peak as well. That had been why he had chosen to destroy the camp's Heavenly Dao Blessings!

Every planetary level military camp in the Never-Ending Clan was given its own coffin. During times of crisis, destroying this coffin would unleash a spell that would affect every clan member within a certain radius. The spell acted like a form of blessing as well as a means of teleportation, sending these clan members to the nearest location under the Never-Ending Clan's control.

Few knew its origins. They only knew its name, and it was called... Heavenly Dao Blessings!

It was something that should only be unleashed as a last resort!

The late-stage Spirit Immortal realm elder thought that this was exactly the kind of situation that warranted the use of the Heavenly Dao Blessings as a last resort. He was going to use it to kill the cursed pig-head who had stolen the army's supplies and caused such great damage to the camp.

He was going to use the Heavenly Dao Blessings' unique feature to search the area... and find those whom the coffin didn't recognize as clan members. The person who failed the coffin's test would be the pig-head in disguise. If no one fit the bill, then he was just going to destroy the entire place after the coffin had teleported every clan member away safely.

Everything was being put swiftly into motion as the elder ran through his plan in his head. Immediately after the elder had summoned the coffin and the skinless corpse had emerged howling, the latter split apart without any warning. Beams of red light erupted from the corpse's body and streamed towards the Never-Ending Clan cultivators around the corpse.

The beams of red light moved so quickly that none of the Never-Ending Clan cultivators could dodge in time. Within seconds, the light had fallen on the forehead of every Never-Ending Clan cultivator. It transformed into a mark on their foreheads, released a teleportation spell, and sent them away.

The same thing nearly happened to the late-stage Spirit Immortal realm elder. However, he managed to interrupt the teleportation forcibly with his powerful cultivation. He allowed his Divine Sense to flood the lands and lock down the area as he searched for whoever was left behind.

Shock overtook Wang Baole. He hadn't expected something like that from his enemy. With no time left to think, he activated his essence technique and tried to conjure a red mark on his forehead. But this time... the essence technique, which had always done what he had instructed it to, failed to conjure anything up... It wasn't a match for the corpse's powerful spell. This was the first time it had failed Wang Baole!

Wang Baole reeled back in shock. There was no time for him to come up with a strategy, so he immediately started chanting the Dao Scripture under his breath!

The late-stage Spirit Immortal realm elder's gaze landed on Wang Baole!

Their eyes met. If looks could kill, Wang Baole would have died from the murderous look the Never-Ending Clan elder was giving him. The elder radiated pure madness and violence.

"You're the one!" His voice echoed in the air as he charged. The force of his charge left storms in his wake, which swept across the lands and destroyed everything in their path. Only complete destruction could appease the endless hatred he had towards the cursed pig-headed man.

Wang Baole grimaced. Regardless, he didn't hesitate at all when faced with the enemy's sudden charge. He retreated instantly. The time he had gained during his retreat allowed the Dao Scripture's power... to descend upon the planet!

Wang Baole turned his head suddenly, and pride and defiance glimmered in his eyes as he shouted into the skies.

"Save me, Father-in-law!"

Boom, boom, boom!

The skies were transformed. Winds howled as clouds rolled back. In that instant, the entire planet shuddered. The Never-Ending Clan elder reeled back in shock. The Flame Patriarch, who was observing the battle from a distant part of the cosmos, almost choked on a flame fruit. His eyes widened. They had never been so big. He got to his feet instantly, gasping in shock as incredulity shone in his eyes.

"This aura..."

Chapter 820: A Murderous Aura!

One might imagine the shock that the late-stage Spirit Immortal realm Never-Ending Clan elder was feeling compared to the surprise that had overtaken the Flame Patriarch. The Never-Ending Clan elder was thunderstruck. Horror flooded his mind as his organs were crushed under the weight of all that power. His soul felt like it might rip apart at any moment.

The sudden aura that had descended upon the planet was so powerful that it sent tremors rippling across the entire world. It was as if something in the deepest end of the universe had suddenly awoken and was making its way towards them. That was the feeling that seized the Never-Ending Clan elder. It was what Wang Baole felt too.

Please don't wake up for real... Wang Baole prayed fervently. Ever since the last time he had chanted the Dao Scripture and felt the overwhelming power the chanting had summoned, he had tried to keep himself from using it again. He was worried that if he continued using it during battle, he was going to awaken the presence that was slumbering at the other end of the universe one day.

Of course, he hadn't been left with much choice this time. As everyone remained stunned by his sudden call for his father-in-law, Wang Baole quickly turned tail and escaped into the distance at full speed. He disappeared with a single bound and reappeared tens of thousands of miles in the distance. Then, without even a moment of rest, he did that again!

The Never-Ending Clan elder trembled as he watched Wang Baole escape. He dared not give chase. The sudden aura that had descended upon them was too powerful, and he felt like an ant in its presence. A single thought from the powerful presence would flatten him. It caused fear and awe to swell inside of him. Besides... he had heard what Wang Baole had said.

He had called for his father-in-law to save him. Icy fear coursed through the Never-Ending Clan elder's blood as he considered what those words meant. As he stood immobilized by fear, Wang Baole was sprinting away from him as quickly as possible. They were already separated by more than a thousand kilometers.

Everything happened almost instantly. Within five seconds, Wang Baole had uttered the Dao Scripture, unleashed its power, and then made a run for it. The immense power of the scripture gradually faded away as Wang Baole escaped. Soon, it was as if it had never appeared at all. The late-stage Spirit Immortal realm elder was momentarily stunned when he sensed its complete disappearance. Then, a dark look settled on his face, and a raging fury set his eyes aflame. He had never been so mad with rage.

"You tricked me!" The realization that the earlier powerful presence had been an illusion that his enemy had conjured dawned on him. It had been an extremely convincing illusion, but Wang Baole's continued escape after that was proof that everything had been a setup.

The feeling of being duped yet again sent the Never-Ending Clan elder howling at the skies. His hair was loose and in disarray. With a sudden swoop, his right hand grabbed the corpse that had been summoned through the Heavenly Dao Blessings and cast a spell that Wang Baole had never heard of. The corpse's eyes opened wide as flames enveloped it, burning it down to a red thread. Soon, remnants of its final blessings faded away as the red thread merged into the abyss. The leader took a step forward and chased after the red thread. His eyes were washed aglow with murder, while the aura of violence surrounded him. At this point, he no longer cared if he were to kill his own people by mistake, as there was only one thought in his mind.

It was... to dice the cursed pig-head into a million pieces. There was no way he was going to move on if he didn't. The thought would haunt him and affect his cultivation!

While the Never-Ending Clan elder chased after Wang Baole, the Flame Patriarch, who had been observing the fight through Wang Baole's mask, was still recovering from his earlier bout of shock. He remained solemn even after sensing the disappearance of the presence that had been summoned by Wang Baole's scripture. Compared to the Never-Ending Clan elder, he didn't think that he had somehow been tricked. His eyes were wide as he looked up slowly—not at the planet that Wang Baole was currently on but into the depths of the universe.

He was staring straight at the source of that unimaginably terrifying power, or so his guts were telling him.

"There lies... a world beyond the Never-Ending Dao Domain!" the Flame Patriarch murmured to himself, then fell silent.

"One has to be at least at the Universe realm in order to summon such power from the outer domain... Can't forget the fact that he has Chen Qing's essence technique. This kid..." The Flame Patriarch retracted his gaze after a moment. Then, he turned his eyes towards the screen in front of him and looked at Wang Baole with a look of consideration.

Something else had stirred when Wang Baole had uttered the Dao Scripture. Lying deep underground on the main Divine Eye planet, inside a huge coffin, on Wang Baole's true form, the mask in which Little Missy was dwelling trembled slightly. It seemed to be showing signs of waking up too.

Wang Baole was oblivious to what was going on with the Flame Patriarch and Little Missy. He had been widening the distance between him and the Never-Ending Clan elder for some time, but he could still feel a sense of danger tugging at him. He shifted and reappeared in the distance, then did it again. The sense of danger didn't abate. It persisted even after he used his essence technique and took on another guise. The feeling of being targeted didn't weaken. In fact, it intensified instead.

What's going on? Wang Baole grew uneasy. He sprinted away again, narrowing his eyes and forming a series of hand seals with both hands. Then, with a wave of his hands, a loud boom thundered in the heavens as he unleashed the full power of his Demonic Eye Art. Instead of being activated inside his body, an enormous black eye appeared behind Wang Baole. The dark eye emanated a cold, dispassionate aura. It widened under Wang Baole's instructions, then turned itself onto Wang Baole.

A transformation came over Wang Baole. With the aid of the Demonic Eye Art, he could now see a thin red thread that had appeared out of nowhere and was now stuck on him!

It seemed to be growing out of his body, extending outward and into the abyss.

Wang Baole's heart rose to his throat, and the gears in his head started spinning furiously. He knew very well that he wasn't going to be able to escape as long as the thread remained bound to him. Sooner or later, his enemy was going to catch up to him. He had only two options before him.

He could continue to run, to try and gain more time until the two hours were up. The mission would end then, and his mask would teleport him to safety.

Or, he could... stand and fight to the death. If he won... Wang Baole had a feeling that the fight was going to help him break through his current cultivation realm. If he lost, though, then that would be the end for him!

He didn't spend much time on his decision. Ferocity and madness lit Wang Baole's eyes. He had gone for the second option without hesitation. With the first option, there was a great chance that he might not be able to outrun his enemy until the time was up. A fight would be inevitable if his enemy caught up with him.

He would rather not be forced to battle after exhausting himself from all that running... He would very much rather attack now and fight to his last breath!

Let's do this! A glint of mad violence entered Wang Baole's eyes. He stopped running, turned around, and dispelled the illusion he had cast over himself. The pig-headed mask appeared over his face as he raised his right hand and formed a hand seal. Then, he followed the instructions that the Flame Patriarch had told him and unleashed the curse resting inside the mask!

Time was needed to set the curse. Wang Baole didn't have the luxury of time, but he had enough to release the curse. Blood veins began to surface on the mask as he continued performing a series of hand seals. They grew in number, filling the entire mask and finally forming a blood-red flower over it!

It was a seven-petaled flower, and on each petal, a faint imprint of a human face could be seen. Together, they showed the full range of core human emotions—from joy to anger, then sorrow, followed by bliss. It was a disconcerting sight to behold. There were two dark holes on the mask where one's eyes should be, and Wang Baole's eyes shone brightly through the openings.

Wang Baole made sure that his curse was ready to be released, then lifted his left hand into the air, forming another hand seal. A black eye, summoned via the Demonic Eye Art, appeared behind him.

He wasn't done yet, as this wasn't enough. A thought popped into his head, and black flames erupted from his person and rose to the skies. The Dark Fire!

He was ready now. Wang Baole steadied his breathing and focused. His eyes were bright with a murderous glint. The curse that was going to weaken his enemy's cultivation was like divine power from the heavens. With it, he could move planets and shift stars!

The destructive power of his Demonic Eye Art held the strength of the earth. With it, he held power akin to a mighty, monstrous army!

The madness and violence coursing through Wang Baole's blood was proof of man's will. With it, he would drain the earth of its seas and flood the heavens!

A soundless explosion erupted around Wang Baole, the force of its aftershock lashing at him, sweeping clouds back and sending tremors through the earth. Somehow... he had unwittingly set up the stage for a deadly battle!

A mysterious atmosphere settled over the battlefield, one which Wang Baole seemed oblivious to. The late-stage Spirit Immortal realm elder who had been charging towards Wang Baole should have sensed it, but someone had interfered with his senses. He had been blocked off and couldn't sense the hidden danger ahead of him!

That someone was the Flame Patriarch, who was watching Wang Baole. He had seen Wang Baole make his choice. After all that he had seen from Wang Baole, the Flame Patriarch couldn't help the sense of growing approval he felt towards him, his eyes shining with praise.

“Even if we disregard any connections he has with the outer domain and with Chen Qing... that boldness of his alone is worthy of praise. That’s why... I’ll help you just this once. Let’s see if you can make something of this chance. It’ll be the start of many opportunities to come if you succeed this time.”