

Worth 821

Chapter 821: The Blood Flower Blooms!

The death trap was inexplicable and mysterious. It appeared to bind Wang Baole's spirit energy and consciousness together and weave the two with the natural energies of the planet. The result was an invisible and intense power permeating the air that threatened to slay everything within sight!

This power was invisible to one's eyes but could be perceived through a sweep of one's Divine Sense. No walls stood around Wang Baole, yet the winds stopped right outside the battlefield that he had set up. Without the winds blowing, no dust could drift in and settle on the ground either. The battlefield had somehow been sealed and cordoned off from the rest of the world.

It had transformed into a domain of its own!

Wang Baole couldn't have done that alone. Even if luck happened to be on his side, even if he were to achieve resonance between his will to kill and the power in his spells, it would still be almost impossible for him to unleash enough power to make his own domain. But... the pig-headed mask he had on him was no ordinary mask. The death trap that had been laid and the violence-filled power in the air... were all mainly due to the mask!

Should the strange violence in the air unleash its full power, its force would send the heavens and earth quaking. Skies would be drained of their natural colors, and winds would howl while clouds rolled back. The stage would be set for someone's inevitable death!

Just as the Flame Patriarch had said, he had just helped Wang Baole out. The favor that he had extended didn't start then, it had begun since he had his eyes on Wang Baole. In fact... he had done the crucial deed of interfering with the Never-Ending Clan elder's Divine Sense so that the elder remained oblivious to the death trap until he had stepped into it. He had also made the elder forget some things that he shouldn't forget.

An enormous demonic eye appeared behind Wang Baole, its sight on the entire battlefield around him. Dark Fire rose around him and flooded the battlefield like a sea of black flames. Wang Baole looked strange and terrifying to behold, a harbinger of death. The flower that was sprawled across his mask appeared to come alive. It began to blossom!

As it reached full bloom, as Wang Baole stood ready and waiting, as every weapon in his arsenal was locked and loaded, every spell and mystic technique charged for an attack at full blast... a spatial distortion appeared above the empty field a hundred and forty feet ahead of him. Without any warning, the late-stage Spirit Immortal realm cultivator, the commander of the Never-Ending Clan army, emerged from the vortex.

His face emerged from the vortex first and was followed by his body. As his features and the outline of his form grew increasingly distinct, he took one step forward and prepared to charge!

Everything had happened in the blink of an eye, from the appearance of the spatial distortion to the Never-Ending Clan elder's entrance.

As a late-stage Spirit Immortal realm cultivator, the Never-Ending Clan elder had his own bag of tricks. Just as his foot was about to land on the ground, his eyes suddenly widened. He realized how strange

and different Wang Baole looked. The black eye looming at Wang Baole's back, the black flames burning around them like hellfire, and the strange and terrifying flower shimmering on his face—everything the Never-Ending Clan elder saw made his heart skip a beat.

It was then that an unimaginably strong sense of danger erupted in his head. It felt as if the heavens were collapsing on him, and as if the earth had just risen under his feet. It felt as if the two were moving towards each other rapidly like two palms in a clap, heading towards him in a loud and terrifying smack.

His heart stuttered, and fear and shock flashed across his face. He was filled with disbelief. His Divine Sense was telling him that he should leave immediately. What unsettled him was the lack of any warning signs before this sudden explosion of danger assaulting his senses.

Someone's interfering with my Divine Sense and playing with my mind. All this while, I've forgotten about... the curse that's hiding inside the Descender's mask!

An unprecedented sense of danger enveloped him. His heart raced as he retreated hastily, but it was too late. An icy glint had flashed in Wang Baole's eyes as soon as the late-stage Spirit Immortal realm elder had appeared in the domain. In the next moment, the mysterious flower on Wang Baole's mask exploded!

"Demonic eye, draw out his pain!" Wang Baole yelled. The heavens and earth shuddered, the winds started howling, and the clouds boiled in the skies. The enormous black eye looming behind Wang Baole had barely been open a moment ago... Yet, upon hearing Wang Baole's command, it snapped wide open!

A soundless roar reverberated in the skies as the elder's reflection appeared inside the black eye. Instantly, the elder could feel hundreds of thousands of lightning bolts exploding in his head.

Shock vibrated through his violently shuddering body as he realized that his body... had become bound by an invisible force. He was immobilized, unable to budge a single inch!

That wasn't the end of it.

He stood bound and reeling in shock as an agonizing pain shot through his right palm. It had been crushed to bits during his earlier fight with Wang Baole, but it had fully regenerated after the fight. At present... it felt as if the pain that the elder had suffered and forced aside was being drawn to the surface.

This wasn't what the Demonic Eye Art was meant for. However, as a form of spell, the binding effect that the Demonic Eye Art had on the enemy affected the latter's whole person. As the spell spread, injuries that had been suppressed or weren't fully healed would be revealed under the all-seeing eye of the Demonic Eye Art!

"D*mn it!" Agony and fury flashed across the Never-Ending Clan elder's face. He quickly unleashed his cultivation in an attempt to free himself. At the same time, the looming sense of danger that he had been feeling was getting increasingly stronger and fueling his unease.

Because of the difference in their levels of cultivation, the spell could only hold the elder frozen for a moment. But... Wang Baole was clearly ready to fight to the death. As he roared, blood veins appeared

in the enormous demonic eye looming at his back. The demonic eye seemed to be unleashing its full power, giving all that it had to sustain the bind over the elder!

As the Never-Ending Clan elder fought to free himself, Wang Baole thrust his right hand into the air and pointed skywards without any hesitation.

“Dark Fire, draw the poison out!”

The sea of black fire around them rose to the skies, and fiery waves began circling the elder rapidly, transforming into a fiery tornado. It was like watching a dragon spiraling into the air, roaring as it spewed Dark Fire—a deadly fire that seemed capable of turning everything to ashes—into the sky!

Because of Wang Baole’s level of cultivation, his Dark Fire wasn’t yet powerful enough to kill the late-stage Spirit Immortal realm cultivator. However, the Dark Fire contained the power of death, and therein lay the key to this attack. While of a different source, this poison shared similarities with the poison Wang Baole had lined his black daggers with. In fact, Wang Baole had intentionally fused a little bit of Dark Fire with the black daggers that his avatars had injured the elder with.

The eruption of the Dark Fire instantly activated the poison that the Never-Ending Clan elder had been suppressing all along!

The rampant surge of poison in his body brought streaks of black to the surface of the Never-Ending Clan elder’s skin. These black streaks seemed alive. As they swam across his skin, his blood and flesh began to rot. The rotting flesh spread across his body, and the various places conjoined with one another to form a seal of poison!

“No!” Shock and terror flashed across the Never-Ending Clan elder’s face as an unimaginable sense of danger erupted in his head. Every cell in his body was screaming, shrieking mindlessly at him to run away immediately. If he didn’t... he was going to die!

The threat of death wasn’t coming from the fierce pain in his right hand or the corrosive poison burning in his veins. It was coming... from the cursed pig-head in front of him and the blood-colored flower shimmering on his mask!

“I’m not accepting defeat!” The late-stage Spirit Immortal realm Never-Ending Clan elder howled madly. As he struggled, his two other heads and remaining four arms burst out of his body. He had been driven to reveal his true form!

It was... of no use!

“Release the curse!” Wang Baole’s head snapped up suddenly. His eyes glowed with an intense ferocity as he roared and unleashed the divine power that was going to turn the tide of this battle!

The blood-colored flower on his mask shattered, morphing into countless blood-colored threads that streamed towards the late-stage Spirit Immortal realm elder at an impossible speed, appearing before him almost instantly. They transformed back into a flower that then landed on... the elder’s face!

The curse exploded!

Chapter 822: Battling a Spirit Immortal Realm Cultivator!

Horror filled the elder's eyes as the blood-red flower printed itself over his face. He couldn't stop his screams of terror and pain from piercing the air. Red mist started to rise from the imprint on his face, then more red mist began to stream out from his right hand.

It was a bizarre sight to behold. The two streams of mist flowed towards each other and formed a hideous-looking red dragon. It wasn't huge, was three-legged, and had one horn. Its form and the scales on its body were clearly defined. The blood-red dragon opened its jaws and transformed into a red sword that went swinging straight at the Never-Ending Clan elder's forehead.

It didn't matter what kind of barriers or protection the elder had in place, it circumvented them all. Every defense that the elder had fell apart with the red dragon around. The curse weakened his cultivation, which allowed it to unleash its full power without obstruction!

As the sword came slashing at the elder, his right hand, which had been previously injured during his battle with Wang Baole, started to rot. The pain in his screams intensified as the rotting persisted. At the same time, his cultivation began to show signs of instability, and his spirit energy wavered. As the red sword slashed right through him, his cultivation... plunged from the late-stage Spirit Immortal realm to the mid-stage Spirit Immortal realm!

It felt as if his cultivation had been forcibly and violently robbed from him. As it happened, the heavens and earth themselves seemed to be affected. But if one were to look more closely, they would realize that the curse wasn't as powerful as it appeared.

While the curse was indeed strong, the reason for its seeming prowess was the elder's weakened right hand. It had been destroyed once. Even though he had regenerated the hand again, he didn't have the luxury of time to heal it completely and had done so hastily. Even though it appeared fully healed, it was still suffering from its earlier injury.

Such an injury should have been insignificant, but the curse magnified the extent of the injury and fed on it. The result was the burst of power that allowed the spell to weaken the elder and drop his level of cultivation to the previous cultivation realm!

That wasn't the end of the spell. The blood-red flower on the elder's face exploded again amidst his screams of pain, spurting out thick clouds of red mist. Thicker clouds of mist began to stream out from other parts of the elder's body. They fused together with the mist that had been released from the mask and transformed into a second blood dragon!

The second blood dragon looked more hideous than the first. It morphed into a second sword as it roared and sent its blade descending on the elder's head!

The elder shuddered violently amidst a series of booming explosions. He couldn't dodge or block the attack, only able to watch helplessly as the blade fell and went through his body. His organs began to rot alongside the skin across his body, and he seemed to have shriveled within an instant. After, rotting flesh fell off his body, bursting into black mist!

The black mist came from the poison that Wang Baole had lined his black daggers and attacked the elder repeatedly with. The elder had suppressed the poison and stopped it from spreading, but he hadn't had

the time to force it out of his body. The curse fed on the poison in his body now, erupting once again and sending his cultivation... plunging once more!

He went from the mid-stage Spirit Immortal realm to the early-stage Spirit Immortal realm, and an unprecedented wave of weakness washed over him. The feeling of his body being robbed of its strength and vitality made the elder shudder, while fear and horror filled his eyes.

An intense, unprecedented threat of death loomed over his head, and his trembling body retreated hurriedly. He no longer cared for anything except his escape, no longer having the will to fight.

But this was a battleground that Wang Baole had painstakingly set up. He had released the curse in the mask, the curse which could only be used once in the entire mission. He had brought out the biggest guns in his arsenal. How could he let his enemy escape so easily? He might have done that if his opponent were a late-stage Spirit Immortal realm cultivator. But he was now at the early-stage Spirit Immortal realm... He could win this fight!

In fact, he had to fight, and he had to win. He had to use everything that he had to kill his enemy. This was his only chance to do so. He knew very well that while the curse couldn't be reversed while it was in effect, it didn't mean that the outcome of the fight was set in stone. The curse only lasted for fifteen minutes.

Wang Baole wasn't confident that the curse could suppress the elder's extremely powerful cultivation for the full fifteen minutes. What he knew for sure was... that once his opponent recovered from the curse, he was going to be faced with a tough and deadly fight. He was going to be forced into a passive position. In fact, he might not be able to outrun his enemy and survive until the time for teleportation came.

That's why... I have to kill this old man! Wang Baole's eyes turned red as an aura of madness and murder erupted from his person and rose to the skies. He unleashed his full cultivation, not caring if he used up his full strength. The release of power sent winds whipping through the air as he leaped off the ground and dashed towards the elder, as swift as a lightning bolt.

He was moving so fast that he left thunderous booms and after images of himself trailing in his wake. Numerous doppelgangers of Wang Baole popped up instantly and then merged into a single Wang Baole standing in front of the Never-Ending Clan elder, his fist flying out in a hard punch.

Wang Baole put the full power of his cultivation behind that punch. Behind that blow was every bit of energy and will he had in him. It was powerful enough to send the heavens and earth shifting, the winds howling, and the clouds rolling back. But... his enemy was no ordinary character. Even though his cultivation had been weakened to the level of an early-stage Spirit Immortal realm cultivator, his true cultivation was at the late-stage Spirit Immortal realm. Therefore, hidden within him were wells of power.

Furthermore, he was still at the Spirit Immortal realm. After the brief shock that he had felt at Wang Baole's sudden charge at him, the elder suddenly thrust his left hand into the air. He stared at Wang Baole with eyes lined with red veins as he turned his left palm onto himself and smacked himself hard on his forehead.

A green light erupted from his forehead, enveloping the elder as Wang Baole approached and transforming into... a giant tree!

With its thick trunk and thick crown of leaves, the giant tree resembled the Japanese pagoda tree. An ancient aura surrounded the tree. Wang Baole's astute senses told him that this was a Dharmic Battleship that the elder had hidden inside his body.

An incredible protective barrier, one that the curse couldn't breach, formed around the elder as the Dharmic Battleship emerged. Wang Baole's fist seemed to be hitting air. A loud thud sounded upon impact, but nothing budged.

"You wretched creature, your desperate actions are a timely reminder. I recall that the curse that you Descenders are equipped with comes with a time limit!"

"It won't be long before the power of this curse fades away. When that happens, you're going to be begging me to kill you. I'm going to strip you of your skin and bones, set your soul aflame, and make you suffer without rest. I'll destroy your home planet and have you experience the pain of losing your entire clan!" Vengeance glimmered in the elder's eyes as he hid within the protective embrace of the giant tree. He had never experienced such humiliation and defeat since he had risen to the Spirit Immortal realm.

Wang Baole had driven him to unleash the Dharmic Battleship that he had been cultivating inside his body. He had been nurturing this Dharmic Battleship for thirty years, and based on the mystic technique that he had used to groom the Dharmic Battleship, he only needed another thirty years to upgrade it to the next level. The upgraded Dharmic Battleship would've helped him tremendously in his breakthrough to the Planet realm. But he had just unleashed the Dharmic Battleship. That was thirty years' effort down the drain. All that effort had gone to waste. How was he supposed to remain calm?

But his choice to unleash his Dharmic treasure had been a decisive one. He had other Dharmic treasures at his disposal, but he knew that they weren't as powerful as the Dharmic Battleship. He wanted to cement his chances at winning the battle!

"You wretched creature, let's see you try and break this!" The elder watched as the force of the attack sent Wang Baole stumbling back while the tree bark protecting his own body remained unharmed. He secretly released a sigh of relief. The resentment and hate in his eyes deepened. He began to activate the full power of his cultivation, planning to weaken the curse with attacks and end it prematurely.

He had underestimated the strength of Wang Baole's will, though. A vicious, violent look had entered Wang Baole's eyes the instant he had let loose those mocking words.

"You want to know how I'm going to break this? Let daddy show you how it's done!" Wang Baole roared as he staggered back from the attack. He planted his feet firmly on the ground, raised his right hand to the sky, and pointed heavenward before shouting once more.

"Dharmic Battleship!"

Shock flashed across the elder's face when he heard what Wang Baole had said. Wang Baole's blood-red dragonfly Dharmic Battleship descended from the heavens and appeared above the giant tree. Wang Baole's voice, tinged with madness, rang out in the air a second time.

“Self-destruct!”

The heavens quaked while the earth creaked and groaned. Wang Baole’s Dharmic Battleship burst into instant flames, sending waves of spirit energy surging outwards. It was like watching a meteorite hurling through space and entering the planet’s atmosphere, and now, it was headed right for the giant tree!

The force of the attack sent the heavens and earth shuddering. The clouds even began to boil as the planet rippled. Every cultivator from all corners of the planet was overwhelmed by awe and horror as their heads turned, unanimously, towards the region where the battle between Wang Baole and the elder was taking place!

Chapter 823: An Intense Battle!

“Impossible!” While Wang Baole screamed for his Dharmic Battleship to self-destruct, the elder’s sound of disbelief also sounded. He remembered that the Dharmic Battleship had been heavily damaged previously. But right now, it looked almost fully repaired. Although it wasn’t impossible to do so in such a short amount of time, the elder didn’t think that Wang Baole could achieve that.

Without a doubt... the amount of resources and rare materials one needed to achieve that was hard to bear even for him. But obviously, such an impossible thing still happened. As the elder’s expression changed in shock, Wang Baole’s self-destructing Dharmic Battleship crashed into the elder’s Dharmic Battleship tree.

The heavens and earth trembled. The heavens seemed about to collapse, while the earth split apart. Instantly, most of the Dharmic Battleship collapsed. Through that sacrifice, it created a giant hole in the tree. As the hole appeared, more and more cracks appeared on the tree until a silhouette suddenly charged out from within it.

That silhouette was the Never-Ending Clan elder. The fact that his Dharmic Battleship defense was broken through via a method that exceeded his imagination made him extremely scared in his heart. He also understood that he had to give his all in this battle. Truly, Wang Baole’s determination made his scalp go numb.

As the Never-Ending Clan elder charged out, a cold glimmer shone in Wang Baole’s eyes. His Thearch Armor transmogrified as he activated all of his Divine Justice Shields and charged out as well. He also raised his right hand and waved it. Immediately, numerous balls of black Dark Fire rumbled forth from the surroundings. As they gathered and engulfed the surroundings, a high temperature spread, and the stench of death became extremely intense. In that sea of fire, the two of them clashed.

Instantly, rumbles echoed, and the two kept attacking each other within the sea of fire. They hit each other hundreds of times in just a short period of time. Although Wang Baole wasn’t a Spirit Immortal, he had the Thearch Armor and the reflection of the Divine Justice Shield. Moreover, he had gone into a frenzy and had intense killing intent. He wanted to kill the Spirit Immortal even if it meant getting injured himself. That way, he was actually equally matched with the Never-Ending Clan elder.

At the same time, because the disturbances were very strong in this place, and because a Dharmic Battleship self-destructed previously, the disturbances created spread towards the surroundings and caused many cultivators nearby to shudder with fear. Yet, they couldn’t help but rush there to look.

As Wang Baole clashed with the Never-Ending Clan elder, there were already hundreds of silhouettes appearing in the surrounding distance one after another. They didn't dare go too close, so they could only watch the heaven-shaking and earth-rumbling battle with shock and disbelief.

"It's the army commander!"

"Wow, that pig-masked man... can actually hold his own against the army commander!"

"Why is there such a huge change in the army commander's cultivation!"

"Did you see that? There's even Dharmic Battleship debris beside them!" As disorderly inhales sounded, the surrounding crowd became even more shocked. At the same time, there were some Descenders who rushed there cautiously. While hidden, they watched the scene from afar. After noticing Wang Baole, their hearts all trembled.

On the one hand, they hated Wang Baole to the core. After all, the entire Never-Ending Clan's frenzied search previously affected them quite a lot. On the other hand, seeing Wang Baole actually fight a Spirit Immortal had a huge impact on them.

Also watching was the Flame Patriarch. Having watched from the start, right now, he was watching with gusto and with utmost concentration.

Towards all of the people watching, no matter whether Wang Baole knew them or not, he had no time to care about them. At that point, he focused all his attention on the Never-Ending Clan elder, and his killing intent grew stronger and stronger as he attacked.

If it continued on like that, it would be advantageous for the Never-Ending Clan elder. But the battlefield was chosen by Wang Baole. As the Dark Fire burning in the surroundings grew stronger, it dispersed more heat and burned the Never-Ending Clan elder even more. This affected the elder greatly. In the end, as Wang Baole weaved hand seals with both hands, the surrounding Dark Fire exploded forth and transmogrified into black flame fists, crashing towards the Never-Ending Clan elder.

Flame silhouettes were also transmogrified, and they kept circling around in the surroundings. The giant demonic eye behind Wang Baole also slowly opened again. It was as though its power of solidification was going to be reactivated.

All of that made the Never-Ending Clan elder shocked and anxious. That was especially so when he noticed that the curse on his body didn't dissipate. Instead, even stronger disturbances appeared. It seemed as though it was going to cut his cultivation down yet again. This threw the Never-Ending Clan elder into a complete frenzy. He no longer wished to fight and seemed to be preparing to retreat.

When the surrounding crowd saw that, they became even more shocked. After all, seeing Wang Baole clash with a Spirit Immortal and seeing the Dharmic Battleship debris beside them already made their souls tremble. But now, the Spirit Immortal actually appeared to be preparing to escape. Naturally, the awe and shock caused by this were even more intense.

And as the surrounding crowd's souls trembled, the Never-Ending Clan elder retreated while letting out a loud growl.

“Trying to run away?” The moment the elder retreated, Wang Baole narrowed his eyes and charged out suddenly. But the moment he charged out, a cold glimmer suddenly flashed between the eyes of the elder, who seemed to be escaping. All of his fear disappeared, and viciousness took its place. His body rumbled at that moment, and a second and third head appeared on his neck. On his body, another four arms poked out in an instant.

He had... exposed his Never-Ending Clan true body. It was supposed to have three heads and six arms, but one of his arms had been destroyed previously. So, his current true body had three heads and five arms!

“Never-Ending Seal!” The moment his true body transmogrified, the elder’s body stopped. He weaved hand seals with five hands, and his three heads growled as he pointed towards Wang Baole. Instantly, a star map transmogrified in front of the elder. His five arms were like galaxies, and his three heads were like Eternal Stars. When they appeared, they caused the surrounding heaven and earth to warp. A wave of sealing force spread towards Wang Baole!

It all happened too quickly. In an instant, the seal landed directly on Wang Baole’s body. But the moment its restraining power exploded forth, Wang Baole’s body dissipated. Wang Baole seemed to be sealed, but that was actually just an illusory avatar!

This scene caused the Never-Ending Clan elder’s eyes to narrow as he retreated rapidly. But he was still too late. In the void at the right side of his body, as the mist gathered, Wang Baole’s true essence body stepped out. His eyes revealed intense killing intent. As he appeared, his Thearch Armor dispersed a resplendent light, and he threw a punch towards the elder.

His speed and the suddenness of his appearance left the Never-Ending Clan elder no time to turn the Never-Ending Seal. He could only growl while turning around and weave hand seals with his five hands to activate a new divine power. A black hand formed, grabbing towards Wang Baole.

“Shatter!” Wang Baole growled. Not only did he not decelerate, he actually accelerated and crashed into the big hand. The moment they collided, he forcefully made all of the Divine Justice Shields on his body collapse in exchange for maximum reflection force.

The heavens and earth rumbled, and the loud noise spread towards the surroundings. At that moment, all of his Divine Justice Shields collapsed, and the reflection force formed instantly made the Never-Ending Clan elder’s entire body tremble violently as he spat out a mouthful of blood. As his body retreated violently and his expression turned pale, Wang Baole had already charged over. Seeing that, the Never-Ending Clan elder bit his tongue and spat out a mouthful of blood again. When the blood appeared, it instantly turned into a patch of blood fog. The blood fog formed many blood-colored blades, covering the air in front of him and blocking Wang Baole. At the same time, his body retreated more quickly as he tried to pull away.

But Wang Baole was vicious not only to his enemies but also to himself. The blood fog blades made him feel an intense sense of danger, but Wang Baole still gritted his teeth and ignored the danger. He allowed the patch of blood fog blades to touch his body freely. Under waves of intense pain, and as many places on his body were ripped apart despite the protection of the Thearch Armor, Wang Baole’s body charged out forcefully, and he landed a punch near the heart of the Never-Ending Clan elder.

The sheer power of the punch, after being incorporated with Wang Baole's Thearch Armor and his cultivation, could cause the elder's heart to collapse. But, the Never-Ending Clan elder unleashed an unknown divine power and only let out a dull humph, seeming to shift his injuries. In the end, only one of his heads collapsed. Making use of that force, his body retreated even more quickly and pulled away.

However, after pulling away, he still spat out a large mouthful of blood, and his aura weakened a lot. Shock appeared in his eyes again as he growled towards the distance.

"What are you waiting for? Come and assist me!" While speaking, the elder kept retreating.

Wang Baole narrowed his eyes. But instantly, his eyes expressed his unwillingness, and his killing intent grew stronger. Not caring about his own injuries, he gave chase and instantly clashed with the Never-Ending Clan elder again.

Chapter 824: Slash!

After the surrounding cultivators and those who got there later saw that scene, their minds rumbled. It was obvious that in that short period of time, the battle between the two was extremely dangerous. Scheming against each other looked easy, but in the battle, where everything could change in a single second, one mistake would mean death!

At the same time, all the Never-Ending Clan members hesitated when faced with their army commander's orders. Even the Never-Ending Clan, with its strict class system, couldn't be unwavering when faced with a battle that meant almost certain death.

But the will to carry out orders deep in the bones of the lower-ranked members still made some Never-Ending Clan members in the surroundings charge out while screaming. But the moment they charged out, the demonic eye behind Wang Baole turned around violently. As it opened, the nearby black Dark Fire spread and covered the surroundings. Wherever it went, the Never-Ending Clan members who charged in all let out shrill cries of pain as their bodies were burnt and turned to dust.

As they died, a large amount of black gas dispersed and was absorbed by the demonic eye behind Wang Baole. This scene made the Never-Ending Clan members who wanted to charge over all inhale and hesitate instead of charging into the battle.

Using that opportunity, Wang Baole's eyes flashed as he pushed through his injuries and unleashed the power of the Thearch Armor again. At the risk of overextending, he forcefully activated his Thearch Armor. The Divine Armament in the Thearch Armor's right hand also instantly formed. Wang Baole charged out with a flick of his body, and his aura rose, forming one that seemed able to slash apart everything. But the moment he neared, the Never-Ending Clan elder, who was retreating rapidly, weaved hand seals and pointed. Instantly, a Dharmic Artifact flew out from his body and exploded. After pushing Wang Baole back, his body retreated again as he tried to keep pulling away.

"D*mn it, why does time pass so slowly!" The elder's aura was messy. After once again pushing Wang Baole, who charged towards him again, back, he growled towards the sky.

"Never-Ending Clan, hear my call. Come and assist me quickly. Those who disobey my orders will be executed!" The moment these words spread, the expressions of the surrounding Never-Ending Clan members changed. Seeing that their hesitation was going to be forcefully suppressed, Wang Baole

furrowed his eyebrows slightly. Although a group attack by the Never-Ending Clan could increase the power of his Demonic Eye Art through killing, it was highly possible that he would let the Never-Ending Clan elder escape with a single mistake. If that was the case, the elder would be able to turn the tables on him. So he definitely couldn't let that happen. So, as a vicious glimmer flashed between his eyes, he raised his left hand and waved it.

Immediately, numerous battleships rose into the sky and covered the entire firmament. There were tens of thousands of them forming a patch of black. They caused the surrounding Never-Ending Clan members who wanted to charge over to stop in shock and instinctively retreat.

As they retreated, Wang Baole's consciousness moved, and the densely packed battleships in the sky all dispersed self-destructing disturbances and flew towards the Never-Ending Clan elder. Compared to a Spirit Immortal, their explosive power was like a gentle breeze. But even if such large-scale self-destruction could only move the Spirit Immortal slightly, a gentle breeze could become a tornado if there were enough battleships.

"Suppress!" Wang Baole growled, and instantly, all of the battleships came down. Looking from a distance, because they covered the heavens, it looked as though the heavens were tilting. As rumbles echoed continuously, the sky trembled, and the earth collapsed. Disturbances that grew increasingly bigger and stronger gradually swept everything!

The elder's expression was pale as he continuously resisted. But there were too many self-destructions, his injuries were serious, and the curse was still there. Gradually, he felt that he lacked the ability to do what he wished. That was especially so considering that Wang Baole was extremely crazy. Although he was knocked back every time he charged over, he was like a spring and kept charging back towards him nonetheless.

His hostile gaze, crazy actions, and intense killing intent all made the Never-Ending Clan elder's heart shiver.

This scene made the surrounding Never-Ending Clan members that arrived feel even more fearful. As they retreated again, the anxious Never-Ending Clan elder fighting Wang Baole felt his aura become increasingly unstable. In fact, his cultivation showed signs of dropping again.

All of this caused his eyes to turn completely red. He knew that he couldn't keep thinking about escaping and couldn't keep placing his hopes on buying time. He knew that he had to risk his life and give it his all. That was the only way he would have a chance to survive.

If not, he would be killed by the d*mned pig-masked man, who had many tricks up his sleeve, there before he even had a chance to escape and before his cultivation recovered.

So, as he growled, he weaved hand seals with his five hands. Not caring about anything, he blasted his entire cultivation out of his body. While it formed a storm that swept through the surroundings, his low growl also echoed.

"Spirit Immortal essence body!"

As his words spread, the cultivation aura that he pushed out of his body immediately formed a vortex. In the blink of an eye, a giant statue transmogrified. The statue looked exactly the same as the elder, and

the moment it appeared, the suppression force that it formed covered the surroundings and countered the explosive force of the tens of thousands of battleships.

At the same time, as Wang Baole made use of the opportunity to charge towards him once again, the Never-Ending Clan elder let out a scream.

“Let’s see whether it’s you who is risking your life and giving it your all or me!” While he was speaking, one of the elder’s five arms collapsed and formed an explosive force. It became an illusory black sea of mist and flew towards Wang Baole. Not waiting for the sea of mist to end, the elder gritted his teeth again and made another arm of his collapse, forming a second wave of the sea of mist and sending it crashing towards Wang Baole again.

“You either scam or battle with your life on the line!” The Never-Ending Clan elder bellowed. Each wave of mist formed by the explosion of his arms had astonishing power, and they were both heading towards Wang Baole. There were only two decisions in front of him. He could either... escape, or... he could really battle with his life on the line!

Wang Baole laughed as a cold glimmer shone in his eyes, and he didn’t hesitate at all. Not only did he not decelerate, but he moved faster and charged into the sea of mist. The moment he came into contact with the mist, viciousness appeared in his cold gaze.

The Thearch Armor... collapsed. Other than the right arm, all of its other parts exploded and formed a formless giant wave that spread towards his surroundings. While it resisted the first wave of mist, Wang Baole also spat out a mouthful of essence air. As he became weakened, seven to eight avatars appeared from within his body with a flick.

“You want to see who’s risking their life more with me? Explode!”

Every avatar was a part of the essence technique. After they appeared, they charged out simultaneously and self-destructed consecutively. While they resisted the sea of mist, Wang Baole’s aura rose again, and he charged out directly from the two waves of mist. Wielding the Divine Armament, he leaped up and slashed towards the Never-Ending Clan elder.

The frenzy in his eyes was like a brilliant flame, and it seemed as though it could burn the souls of the Never-Ending Clan elder and all of the surrounding cultivators.

Truly, the killing intent in his gaze made it seem like he didn’t care for his own life. It seemed like even if he died, he would drag his opponent down with him. The scariness of the gaze caused the souls of all who saw it tremble.

The gaze shook the Never-Ending Clan elder even more intensely. His expression changed, and he was about to weave hand seals with his three remaining hands. But at that moment, the devouring seed in Wang Baole’s body suddenly exploded forth, targeting the Never-Ending Clan elder. As it exploded forth, Wang Baole’s speed sharply increased as well.

The change in speed in this scene was too sudden, to the point that the Never-Ending Clan elder got a huge shock again as his soul shook. While his reaction slowed, the black eye behind Wang Baole also opened as he growled.

The moment it opened, a wave of restraining force landed!

Seemingly able to notice Wang Baole's frenzy and killing intent this time, the Demonic Eye Art's activation exceeded that of previous times. It was as though it was unleashing its maximum potential, and it was also as though the will within the demonic eye was also greedy for the Spirit Immortal's life. So, as he went berserk, he grew even stronger, causing the Spirit Immortal elder's body to be frozen for a moment.

Moreover, with the activation of Wang Baole's devouring seed, his speed sharply increased. To him, the moment that the elder was frozen was the best time to kill him. He neared him in an instant, and the frenzy in Wang Baole's eyes was completely ignited. He wielded the Divine Armament and slashed towards the Never-Ending Clan elder.

This slash made the heavens seemingly lose its color as the wind and clouds moved. It also gathered all of the surrounding gazes and souls. As though it was splitting the heaven and earth apart, the Divine Armament landed on the elder's head as he struggled and screamed.

The Never-Ending Clan elder was extraordinary as well. During that dangerous breaking point, he actually cut off an arm and a head, making them self-destruct. After breaking free from his restraints, he also raised his two remaining arms to resist the falling Divine Armament. As his body trembled, he unleashed all of his cultivation. However, due to his own injuries and the continued suppression from his opponent's cultivation, he slowly couldn't maintain his resistance. Seeing how the Divine Armament was dropping towards his head bit by bit as Wang Baole growled, unwillingness and despair appeared in the eyes of the Never-Ending Clan elder.

"I... Hmm?" As the elder laughed bitterly, his eyes suddenly grew wide. The despair in his eyes turned into hope in an instant. His weakened cultivation seemed to be recovering at that moment. And as Wang Baole looked, the blood-colored flower on the elder's face seemed to blur as though it was about to dissipate!

"Crap!" Wang Baole's expression suddenly changed, and the viciousness in his gaze exploded forth. Without hesitation, his two legs self-destructed. This was the self-destruction of his essence body and affected him greatly. But, at that moment, Wang Baole couldn't care too much about that. Using the instant boost of explosive power from the self-destruction of his two legs, he growled,

"Kill!"

"Noooooooo!" The Never-Ending Clan elder let out a shrill scream, but the Divine Armament above his head landed in an instant under the new boost of power. It slashed directly from his head down to his neck and torso, actually slashing his body in half!

The remaining power spread outwards, and as rumbles sounded, the body he split into two halves collapsed and exploded. Even his Essence Soul couldn't escape it and was slashed by the Divine Armament!

His body and soul were completely destroyed!

Chapter 825: The Voices Reappear!

At that moment, the surroundings became incredibly quiet. Even sounds of inhalation disappeared as giant waves shook the hearts of the surrounding Never-Ending Clan members and hidden Descenders. It was as though 100,000 thunderclouds exploded in their minds.

The Spirit Immortal... was dead!

The impact that the scene brought them was too great, and everyone found it unbelievable. Truly... to those Never-Ending Clan members, their army commander was already a godlike figure. Besides Planet realm cultivators and above, he was basically untouchable.

But now, the pig-masked man slashed him in two in front of everyone, destroying his body and soul...

The sense of shock that it brought them couldn't even be fully described by the words "heaven-shaking and earth-shattering".

That was especially so after a wisp of late-stage Spirit Immortal disturbance appeared from the Never-Ending Clan elder's body, which was split apart. But, like an ember, it was extinguished the moment it appeared.

The aura seemed to remind the surrounding crowd that the person killed... wasn't an ordinary Spirit Immortal but a late-stage Spirit Immortal!

At the same time, the elder's Essence Soul was also turned to dust by Wang Baole Divine Armament!

Meanwhile, a large amount of life aura was dispersed the moment the elder died. Bringing with it the aura of death formed when the elder's Essence Soul was destroyed, it headed straight for the black demonic eye behind Wang Baole.

The black demonic eye had already unleashed its maximum power previously and was already bloodshot, looking as though it was about to collapse. That was especially so considering it got damaged again when the Never-Ending Clan elder forcefully resisted by self-destructing and struggling. But now, one could see extremely intense greed within the eye. It seemed to be like a black hole as it swallowed the Never-Ending Clan elder's fading aura.

This aura was very concentrated to Wang Baole's senses, but outsiders couldn't see it. Even if it engulfed the surroundings and completely covered Wang Baole, no one could see the details clearly. However... although the surrounding crowd couldn't see the mist, they could see that the area surrounding Wang Baole had started to warp.

The warping was very astonishing and gave people a sense of extreme weirdness as it blurred Wang Baole's silhouette, which was within it.

This feeling, plus the previous shock, caused the surrounding silence to be broken by anxious and disorderly inhales. After that, the crowd couldn't help but let out sounds of shock.

"He... he's dead?"

"The army commander... died?"

"That's impossible!"

As voices kept sounding out, Never-Ending Clan members with quick reactions rapidly retreated with fear in their eyes. Wang Baole didn't seem to be in a very good state right now, but no one dared go close to him. His silhouette in the warped area was like a demon, exuding a mysterious aura that made people shudder in fear.

Very quickly, more and more Never-Ending Clan members retreated. In the end, all of the Never-Ending Clan members surrounding the area retreated and escaped with maximum speed as they tried to leave.

Even for those Descenders like Wang Baole, there were many who trembled as they chose to go far away from that place. But alas, there were seven to eight of them who hesitated due to greed and only retreated several meters instead of leaving completely. They narrowed their eyes and suppressed the greed in their hearts as they stared intently at Wang Baole's position.

As some people looked towards there, Wang Baole, who was engulfed by the aura dispersed by the Never-Ending Clan elder's death, was experiencing titanic changes within his body.

The black demonic eye behind Wang Baole healed rapidly after it absorbed the aura from the Never-Ending Clan elder's death. Of course, it still had to contribute nearly 90% of its power to propel Wang Baole's cultivation towards a breakthrough, whether it liked it or not. This was due to the special trait of the Demonic Eye Art. While the power entered Wang Baole's body and caused it to tremble, his previous injuries were all healing rapidly.

Firstly, the two legs he made self-destruct could be seen reforming with one's naked eye. Afterward, the energy he lost after multiple self-destructions was being replenished. What was more important was... his cultivation!

After coming to this world, Wang Baole had already killed a lot. However, he was always just a sliver away from achieving a breakthrough in his cultivation. At that moment, as he killed the Spirit Immortal, the sliver was passed. At that moment, his cultivation seemed to have gotten an unprecedented boost, and a breakthrough was achieved!

He was no longer a late-stage Soul Conduit. He had become... a perfected stage Soul Conduit!

In fact, he wasn't in a state of having just achieved a breakthrough. Instead, the moment he broke through, he reached the peak of the perfected stage Soul Conduit realm and seemed to be only a half-step away from the Spirit Immortal realm!

Accurately speaking, he was now a...

False Immortal! Wang Baole's eyes opened. The moment they did, lightning seemed to disperse from them, and thunder rumbled in the surroundings, ripping apart the warps surrounding it. Instantly, the land collapsed, causing the Descenders who had evil intentions to clearly see the light in Wang Baole's eyes and his condition. Also, the demonic eye behind him was no longer black. Instead, it started exuding a red glow, seeming to glow purple after neutralization!

This scene immediately caused the seven to eight greedy cultivator's scalps to go numb. Without hesitation, they retreated and prepared to leave. However, they were too late.

Wang Baole didn't move, but the giant purple eye's pupil behind him turned. It exuded a demonic feeling and actually disappeared from behind Wang Baole. As shrill cries sounded from the

surroundings, Wang Baole furrowed his brows and looked coldly in the direction of the sounds. In his Divine Sense, the escaping cultivators had all wilted. And on every cultivator's body were a large number of dissipating eyes.

"Starting another reverse absorption?" A cold glimmer appeared in Wang Baole's eyes. He raised his right hand and grabbed towards an empty piece of land in the distance. As he did so, disturbances instantly appeared in that area, and the giant purple eye that had left his body appeared in that area. It seemed to be struggling, but under the activation of the devouring seed in Wang Baole's body, the purple eye was still pulled little by little in front of him.

"I warned you previously." Gazing at the purple eye in front of him, Wang Baole spoke coldly. The eye also shone brightly for a while and slowly dimmed, seemingly choosing to yield after deliberating.

Obviously, the method Wang Baole used to punish the will within the Demonic Eye Art previously scarred it greatly. As for Wang Baole, he narrowed his eyes and was about to speak, but at that moment, a familiar voice sounded in his ears again!

"Help me... Foreigner, help me once!"

The voice that sounded this time was much clearer than the one Wang Baole heard previously. This made Wang Baole instinctively confirm that the voice came from underground. And the reappearance of the voice meant he couldn't help but have a change of expression.

"Who the heck are you!" Wang Baole lowered his head and gazed at the land. Not only did he feel the direction the sound came from, but he also faintly felt the rough coordinates of the sound this time.

Wang Baole lowered his head and looked towards the land. Deep underground, near the planet's core, under the thick surface of the planet, was an area filled with magma!

Within the magma, at the top of hundreds of stairs, was a black tower-shaped altar. There... three oil lamps exuding ethereal fire were placed at three of its corners!

Between the three oil lamps were two silhouettes meditating while sitting cross-legged!

One of them was an elder. His entire body was wilted, and his aura was extremely faint. It was as though he wasn't far from death. There was a huge hole where his dantian was, and waves of rainbow light dispersed from within the hole. As it covered the surroundings, one could see that the source of the rainbow light was actually a shrunken planet!

And opposite him, the other meditating man covered by the rainbow light had three heads and six arms. It was someone of the Never-Ending Clan! The man looked middle-aged, and the expressions on his three heads were all extremely cold. He raised his right hand and was seemingly slowly pulling the rainbow planet in the elder's dantian out of his body.

If this scene was witnessed by others in the know, they would see with one look... that the injured elder and Never-Ending Clan member were both Planet realms. Moreover, the latter seemed to be refining the former!

During this refinement, the Never-Ending Clan Planet realm cultivator opened his eyes and looked at the wilted elder in front of him. First, greed flashed between his eyes. Then, his gaze turned into one of ridicule, and he spoke with a cold laugh.

“Old fogey, you still won’t give up?”

Chapter 826: Suppression by a Planet Realm!

Faced with the words of the Never-Ending Clan cultivator, the elder in front of him remained silent, his eyes closed the whole time. But the trembling of his body and the shining of the rainbow light at his abdomen showed that deep down, he was extremely scared.

“I’m definitely going to get your rainbow planet. Resistance is futile!” The Never-Ending Clan cultivator narrowed his eyes. When his gaze swept over the rainbow planet, greed appeared uncontrollably, causing his cultivation to be disturbed as he dispersed a strong Planet realm aura.

The two silhouettes on the sacrificial altar deep underground were both Planet realm cultivators!

One of them was the true Never-Ending Clan army commander of the army camp there. As for the one Wang Baole killed, he was only the vice-commander. The other cultivators in the army camp thought that he had left to handle some stuff, but in reality... he didn’t leave!

Instead, he was at the sacrificial altar deep underground, carrying out something which could be considered a rare opportunity for him. That was... absorbing the rainbow planet of the elder in front of him!

It was impossible to describe just how much the rainbow planet attracted him. After all, to Planet realm cultivators, the planets they fused with when entering the Planet realm could be differentiated by level. Such rainbow planets were of a decently high level, and once he obtained it, it would bring extremely huge benefits to him.

Normally, he wouldn’t get this opportunity, but the invasion presented it to him. So, he would definitely not let it go.

However, this wasn’t easy to do. He needed to spend a large amount of time while also having adequate preparations. So even when Descenders came and caused a huge mess, he still crossed his legs and refined with all his might.

Only his deputy vaguely knew what he was doing. So, even though the late-stage Spirit Immortal Never-Ending Clan elder knew that the Descenders wouldn’t stay there for long, he chose to attack because he was worried that the Descenders might affect the army commander.

Even though that was unlikely, he dared not take any chances, thereby causing the events that happened up to that point.

But at that moment... the disturbances of the battle between Wang Baole and the late-stage Spirit Immortal were too strong, which meant that the real army commander, who was refining the rainbow planet there, could no longer ignore it. The most important thing was... the cries for help from the elder in front of him caused the Never-Ending Clan army commander to feel a sense of danger.

“Old fogey, I’ll make you give up completely!” As he spoke, a cold glimmer appeared in the eyes of the Never-Ending Clan Planet realm army commander as he spread out his Divine Sense. It exploded forth from the underground sacrificial altar like a storm and appeared in the outside world after piercing through the land. In a single moment, it swept across the entire planet.

To a Planet realm cultivator, their Divine Sense was enough to cover the entire planet. Wherever it went, the land quaked as countless plants were bent, and numerous mountain peaks had rubble fall down. Never-Ending Clan cultivators and Descenders alike had their bodies tremble violently as though they had lost control of them. Their minds also seemed to have thunder rumbling in them as their souls became unstable.

The Divine Sense of a Planet realm cultivator was like a storm. As it swept through the entire planet, it locked onto Wang Baole. As it did, a silent rumble exploded forth, and all of the Divine Sense coming from the Planet realm cultivator seemed to turn into floodwater as it converged towards Wang Baole.

At the same time, because the Planet realm cultivator spread out his Divine Sense so quickly, Wang Baole, who had stopped at the previous battlefield, felt a wave of aura as he felt disturbances from the earth. The aura, which he couldn’t struggle against or resist, and which might even be enough to kill him, was heading towards him from all directions like invisible waves.

It was as though heaven and earth were being suppressed, and like signs of his existence were going to be wiped away. Hence, an intense sense of danger exploded forth in his heart.

This scene made Wang Baole extremely shocked. He had no time to think too much. He instinctively unleashed his entire cultivation and prepared to escape with a flick of his body. But under the Divine Sense of a Planet realm expert, it was hard for him to escape despite having reached the False Immortal realm.

Instantly... the Planet realm Divine Sense coming from all directions arrived and suppressed Wang Baole. His whole body shook violently as all of his resistance methods became extremely fragile. As he spat out a mouthful of blood, his body was pinned to the ground. As the earth broke apart, all of the bones in his body let out sounds that signaled that they were unable to withstand the pressure. Under the compression, his entire body became blood red.

His face, eyes, and skin all turned red. In fact, if one looked closely, they would see that drops of blood were being forced out of his body under the compression, making him look like a blood man.

Extreme pain coursed through his entire body like a storm. All of this caused Wang Baole to feel like he was going to be squeezed into mush. Although the body was only his essence body, there was still a strong sense of danger that spread throughout his entire being.

Although it was just his essence body, once it died, it would have a huge impact on his true body as well. So Wang Baole let out a low growl and tried to resist. If his true body were there, he could potentially have activated the power of his true devouring seed and essence scabbard. However, the essence body was just a projection of everything in his body.

Could it be that my essence body is going to die here? Anxious, Wang Baole dispersed his body as he prepared to escape in his mist form. However, there was still no use in using his mist form. Under the suppression, he was forced to gather and form his essence body again.

In fact, half of his body seemed to be about to dissipate and showed signs of being destroyed.

Seeing how Wang Baole was unable to resist for much longer, the earth suddenly trembled. From where the sacrificial altar was, the elder sitting in front of the Never-Ending Clan Planet realm cultivator acted. The elder's eyes were closed and were unable to be opened, seemingly due to a seal. Despite that, his body trembled, and he unleashed an unknown technique and squeezed out a spurt of power, sending it towards Wang Baole.

Immediately after, the spurt of power became a source of support and defense. It formed a ray of defense and helped Wang Baole resist the suppression coming from the Planet realm army commander's Divine Sense.

Loud rumbles spread around Wang Baole, and the defense became a weak light shield. This gave Wang Baole, who was struggling to withstand the suppression, some breathing space. As he panted, an anxious and ancient voice sounded in his ear.

"Foreigner, I am the patriarch of this Dao Planet. My clan was executed by the Never-Ending Clan, and the planet in my body is being refined by that Never-Ending Clan heretic cultivator. I can only protect you for a while, and I can't sustain it for long. Helping me... is akin to helping yourself now!"

"How do I help?" At this moment, Wang Baole didn't need to deliberate at all. There was only one path in front of him. If he wanted to prevent his essence body from dying, he had to help this man who claimed to be the planet's patriarch.

"Come to me, step onto the sacrificial altar, and extinguish a sealing lamp!"

Very quickly, viciousness flashed between Wang Baole's eyes. He didn't believe the elder. Nonetheless, he still had to take a look at the sacrificial altar. Even if he were to die there, he still wanted to see who wished to kill him!

As for the position of the sacrificial altar, although Wang Baole hadn't been there before, his previous sensing and the guiding he received now made his mind very clear. So after gritting his teeth, Wang Baole raised his right foot and stepped towards the land. As rumbles sounded, he turned into mist and headed underground, traveling along the cracks in the ground.

He traveled as quickly as he could the entire way. The suppression from the Planet realm cultivator's Divine Sense had a faint sense of anxiousness and frenzy and increased in power, but at the same time, the protective force coming from the other person was transferred towards Wang Baole at that moment, resisting the suppressive force.

Although the resistance couldn't form an absolute defense, Wang Baole himself wasn't a weakling and could resist the suppression to a certain extent. At most, when receiving heavy damage, he would spit out a mouthful of essence gas. But under his astonishing speed, the mist he turned into quickly permeated underground and finally arrived at... the underground cave deep within the planet!

As rumbles sounded and Wang Baole's silhouette formed, he saw the magma in his surroundings and felt the extremely high temperature of the area. He also saw... the tower-shaped sacrificial altar in the center of the magma!

And... the two people meditating cross-legged atop the sacrificial altar!

An elder had his dantian ripped open and was surrounded by a rainbow.

A middle-aged man had a savage expression. Behind him, the Never-Ending Clan's essence disappeared and reappeared again!

As Wang Baole saw them, their respective identities were already very clear to him. He also saw the ancient bronze lamps exuding an ethereal glimmer placed on each of the sacrificial altar's three corners!

Chapter 827: Blowing Out a Lamp and Exploding a Planet!

Three weird beasts were carved on the bronze lamps. They were the nine-headed ghost, the nine-tailed wolf, and the nine-clawed bird. Their differences meant that the heads of the three bronze lamps were different as well.

In fact, there were also obvious differences in the flames they dispersed. For example, the ghost bronze lamp's flame was black, the wolf bronze lamp's flame was red, and the bird's flame was white!

The three flames were all burning brightly and dispersed their respective smoke. They floated above and around the elder and the Never-Ending Clan Planet realm cultivator. As the smoke rolled around faintly, one could see it turn into a ghost, wolf, and bird sometimes. Every time it transmogrified, it would make the body of the elder with closed eyes tremble even more.

Besides that, if one looked carefully, the tower-shaped sacrificial altar on the magma was divided into ten steps. Each step had a large number of runes on it. As they dispersed waves of ancient aura, they also gave Wang Baole an intense sense of danger and suppression.

The danger made him stop in his tracks, and the suppression made his heart sink. That was especially so because he had already noticed that the rainbow light at the elder with closed eyes' dantian was gradually floating away. It covered a fist-sized planet-like object and was being guided away from the body.

This scene made Wang Baole's heart tremble and caused his breathing to turn heavy. At the same time, as he arrived and appeared, the ancient voice that echoed in his mind previously sounded again. This time, the voice was quick and anxious.

"Little friend, come help me extinguish a bronze lamp, quickly!"

Wang Baole narrowed his eyes, took a deep breath, and stepped forward while flicking his body. He was about to near him, but at that moment, the voice of the Never-Ending Clan Planet realm cultivator also sounded.

"He's lying to you. Once you near the altar and walk up the step, your energy will instantly be sapped away. He's trying to trick you by asking you to extinguish the bronze lamps. What he really needs is your energy to strengthen himself and help him break away from my refinement!"

As his words sounded, Wang Baole's body stopped in its tracks.

"Little friend, you have to believe me. My objective isn't to escape. It's to give myself a chance to self-destruct and drag this person to death with me!" Hearing that, the elder got a little anxious. When he spoke anxiously, his anxiousness caused his cultivation to become unstable. The ghost in the surrounding mist took that opportunity and grabbed his rainbow planet, pulling violently backward.

Under the pull, the elder's body trembled violently. He was already very old, but visibly, he got even older. More accurately speaking, he wasn't growing older but was wilting.

"Foreign Descender, do you see this? This old fogey has wilted. Once you step on the sacrificial altar, you'll definitely be absorbed. I did indeed intend to suppress and kill you. However... compared to killing you, I don't want all of my efforts to go to waste. So, if you leave now, I'll let you off!" Seeing that scene, the Never-Ending Clan Planet realm cultivator immediately spoke again.

Wang Baole's expression became unstable as he stepped with hesitation. It was obvious that he was swayed. Seeing this, the elder in front of the Never-Ending Clan Planet realm cultivator, who was being refined, spoke with difficulty.

"Little friend, you have to believe me..."

"Your life or death should be decided on your own. I've already promised not to go against you. Why must you gamble?"

Wang Baole's breathing became unstable. Hearing the words of the two men, his face showed him obviously struggling. In the end, he raised his head and howled.

"Silence!"

"Old fogey who claims to be the patriarch of this planet, I can't completely believe your words. Never-Ending Clan... you are still suppressing me with your Divine Sense, so I also can't fully believe your words!"

As Wang Baole's howl sounded, the Never-Ending Clan Planet realm cultivator's eyes flashed slightly as he let out a big laugh. Immediately, he completely retracted his Divine Sense, which he had spread out to suppress Wang Baole.

"I've retracted my Divine Sense. You may go now. Don't worry, if that old fogey dares to do anything to you, I'll suppress him!"

When he retracted his suppression, Wang Baole immediately relaxed. Although the elder was protecting him previously, after he neared, his body was already nearing its breaking point. After he relaxed, he secretly chanted the Dao Scripture in his heart. At the same time, he took a deep breath and bowed towards the Never-Ending Clan Planet realm cultivator with cupped fists.

"Thank you, Senior, I'll leave now." While he was speaking, Wang Baole flicked his body and made it seem like he was about to retreat. As for the elder on the sacrificial altar, he started laughing bitterly. As he was about to speak, the moment that Wang Baole seemed to be leaving, the power of the Dao Scripture exploded forth after a delay.

It seemed to transcend endless boundaries to descend from deep within the cosmos, from outside of the Never-Ending Star Domain. As it descended, it engulfed the entire planet and went deep into the ground, descending upon the sacrificial altar in the magma cave.

The power was extremely vast and astonishing, and it was as though the cosmos was suppressing him. Instantly, it made the expression of the Never-Ending Clan Planet realm cultivator change, shocking him immensely. He screamed, "This..."

And as he screamed, Wang Baole, who was about to leave, flicked his body. He made use of the chance given by the Divine Sense being retracted and the Dao Scripture descending to unleash all of his speed, heading straight for the sacrificial altar!

He wasn't someone with a conviction that would be easily swayed. Once he had decided on something, he wouldn't change his mind easily. Since he had already decided to go there previously and help, he wouldn't be shaken by the words of the Never-Ending Clan cultivator.

Besides, Wang Baole had always strongly believed in one thing. Compared to hesitating, gritting one's teeth and just doing something wasn't necessarily a bad thing. However, the suppression from the Never-Ending Clan Planet realm cultivator that hit him previously was too strong. Even if the Dao Scripture descended, he wasn't fully confident in using that opportunity to near the altar in an instant.

So, he played along with the Never-Ending Clan cultivator. Under the two chances given to him now, he seemed like a ray of lightning as he unleashed his speed and headed straight for the altar. In the blink of an eye, he leaped past the magma and appeared in front of the altar. When he tried to step onto it with a single leap, a repulsive force dispersed from the sacrificial altar itself.

The repulsion affected Wang Baole's momentum and caused his body to stop. At that moment, the protective force that the planet's patriarch used on Wang Baole exploded forth, helping him suppress the sacrificial altar's defenses. In the end, although it was difficult, Wang Baole's silhouette successfully stepped onto the sacrificial altar's fourth step!

Wang Baole also wanted to rush towards the top in a single leap, but he was unable to do so. Nonetheless, Wang Baole didn't give up. As his silhouette fell, he climbed again while growling. Up the fifth, sixth, and seventh steps.

Since he climbed three steps in a single attempt, although the elder was protecting and countering the repulsion coming from the sacrificial altar, it still made Wang Baole's body tremble. A mouthful of essence aura became blood, and he spat it out uncontrollably. But he didn't stop climbing, stepping onto the ninth step.

It seemed to take a long time, but in reality, it happened instantly. However, the Never-Ending Clan Planet realm cultivator wasn't a weakling. At that moment, he also reacted, his eyes immediately becoming bloodshot. His Divine Sense exploded forth from all directions, crashing towards Wang Baole.

"You dare lie to me!"

The moment he tried to suppress Wang Baole, Wang Baole stepped up and onto the tenth step. At the same time, as he raised his right hand, his index finger left his body and shot towards the hungry ghost bronze lamp closest to him!

As his finger flew out, the suppressive force exploded forth. Even though he had the elder's protection, Wang Baole still let out a shrill cry of pain. As his mind rumbled, his essence body started collapsing under the suppression.

But his broken finger landed on the hungry ghost bronze lamp at that moment. As it touched it, the lamp shook violently, and the black flames on it were extinguished!

The moment the bronze lamp was extinguished... the elder, whose eyes had always been closed and who was being refined by the Never-Ending Clan Planet realm cultivator, suddenly opened his eyes and exposed his rainbow pupils. He also raised his right hand and waved it towards Wang Baole.

“Thank you, little friend. If I have a next life, I’ll definitely repay you!”

As he waved his right hand, a wave of gentle energy flew towards Wang Baole. It caused his collapsing essence body to stabilize instantly, and his body was also pulled back under the protection of the gentle power.

At the same time, the elder’s raised right hand followed its momentum and grabbed the Never-Ending Clan Planet realm cultivator’s arm. Meanwhile, the Never-Ending Clan Planet realm cultivator’s expression changed completely. The elder’s strength got unprecedentedly large, and a heaven-shaking hatred appeared in his eyes as he spoke word by word.

“You exterminated my clan, destroyed my planet, and even wanted my rainbow planet... I’ll give it to you. Planet, EXPLODE!”

Chapter 828: Return!

Although a Planet realm couldn’t be seen as an overlord of an area in the entire Never-Ending Star Domain, they were definitely not weaklings. Even within the Never-Ending Clan, they could lead an army. After all, to become a Planet realm, one had to fuse with a planet. To a certain degree, such cultivators were planets.

The death of a planet was naturally shocking, let alone the self-destruction of one. Its power was enough to destroy the heavens and earth. It would also cause the planet that Wang Baole and the rest descended on to collapse. As for the Never-Ending Clan members within it, basically... they were most likely dead.

Except for those originally in the camp, who had been teleported away due to the late-stage Spirit Immortal Never-Ending Clan elder breaking the Heavenly Dao Blessings, the rest... were definitely dead!

As for the Descenders, such as Wang Baole, they were no longer within these boundaries. Although the cultivation of the Flame Patriarch watching the live stream was extremely mysterious, he wouldn’t let the Descenders die there after seeing that. So, the moment he sensed the self-destruction, the Flame Patriarch, who was eating immortal fruit and watching the twists and turns of the battle with gusto, activated the teleportation of the masks.

It was just that the teleportation wasn’t forceful and required the Descenders to activate it themselves. So, at that moment, every Descender heard the words from the mask echoing in their souls.

“Just silently chant ‘Return’, and you can return back here!”

These words also echoed in Wang Baole’s soul. He was currently being pulled by the protective force from the planet’s patriarch, retreating from the magma. He retreated faster than he arrived and was pulled out of the ground instantly. He could only hear the elder’s hatred and anger-filled words.

“Planet self-destruction?” Wang Baole’s expression changed, and his first reaction was to teleport and leave. However, he hesitated and forcefully resisted the danger he felt from his body, which was seemingly screaming for him to teleport away, and looked towards the land.

As Wang Baole looked, the entire planet’s land seemed to have mist-like dust appear first. Afterward, a weak rumble radiated from deep underground and spread around the entire planet as fast as lightning.

It was as though a wave of indescribable power had already exploded forth from deep underground and was sweeping towards the outside world. In fact, it didn’t even give Wang Baole time to retract his gaze. Under the heaven-shaking sound, the land collapsed, and the ocean on the planet was lifted up.

The entire planet surface was shaking violently, and the loud sound coming from all directions made Wang Baole feel like the world was ending. But he still gritted his teeth and chose not to teleport. Instead, he headed for mid-air with a flick of his body. As his silhouette rose, the ground he was previously on instantly collapsed.

Not only did that place collapse, but the surroundings were like that too. Under loud cracks, giant rifts covered a boundless area. After connecting with the rifts from other areas, they covered the entire planet.

Shrill cries and unwilling screams, as well as whizzing sounds caused by frenzied escaping, spread around every corner of the planet. The expressions of the living Descenders, excluding Wang Baole but including that arrogant baldy, all turned ghostly pale. They all silently chanted “Return”. As for the Never-Ending Clan army cultivators who went out to search for and try to kill Wang Baole, they were unable to leave. As the heavens and earth collapsed, they could only despair!

In the next moment, the land collapsed. Chunks of land were lifted, and seawater gushed in from all around. High temperatures also exploded forth from underground. As they spurted out continuously, they created a thick fog. There was a giant bulge at the center of the planet, which was the land directly atop the sacrificial altar.

The bulge was pitch-black, and there were rays of lightning within it. But if one looked closely, they would see that as the lightning flashed past, there was a shattered rainbow planet deep within the pitch-black bulge.

Rumbles sounded out continuously, and as they shook the heavens, the bulge looked like a giant light sphere from afar. It got bigger and bigger as it spread crazily towards the distance. Wherever it went... everything turned into nothingness!

All of that caused Wang Baole to shudder with fear. Luckily, the protection given by the planet’s patriarch was enough. Under the destructive waves, it was still pretty effective. This made it such that although he was in mid-air, he wasn’t really affected. But the destructive wind the disturbances on the planet turned into had already swept past everything. This made Wang Baole’s body sway and become unstable like a willow.

I can’t just leave like that. I have to see the Never-Ending Clan cultivator die with my own eyes! Wang Baole’s breathing was anxious. He didn’t want to leave a hidden threat in this event. Although he traveled there while masked and wasn’t scared of being remembered, his cautious and vicious personality made him do so.

He could imagine that if the Never-Ending Clan member didn't die, the one he would hate most wouldn't be the elder he refined, it would be him.

With that thought, even though Wang Baole's heart shook, he still forced himself to look towards the planet with a flick of his body. The giant bulge had already covered 30% of the planet's area, but it didn't continue. Instead, the planet could no longer withstand it and started... self-destructing!

Rumbles sounded from everywhere as the planet collapsed. As though it was made from porcelain, it spread towards the surroundings as it shattered.

It didn't completely shatter. Instead, only half of it shattered. As it shattered, and as almost all of the Never-Ending Clan cultivators died, a shrill scream spread from within the bulge. A three-faced, six-armed silhouette charged out from the bulge!

He's not dead! Wang Baole, who was straining himself to resist the storm, narrowed his eyes after seeing that scene. He wanted to kill him, but the surroundings of the Never-Ending Clan Planet realm cultivator was full of destructive power, and he was unable to get near him.

As Wang Baole sighed with regret and prepared to leave while feeling helpless, his gaze was suddenly drawn back.

The Never-Ending Clan Planet realm cultivator, whose clothes were torn and tattered and whose body had countless injuries, had a large amount of rainbow lines on his body. They surrounded him and seemed to want to cut him up. This caused the Never-Ending Clan Planet realm cultivator to let out an extremely shrill scream after he charged out, as one of his arms was chopped off.

Afterward, his second, third, and fourth arm, and even his two legs, ended up like that. His body was also cut into seven to eight pieces as he charged out.

It wasn't over, and his heads ended up like that too. His first head collapsed, and his second head shattered. Seeing that, Wang Baole was excited. However... the rainbow lines created by the destructive power of the self-destruction of the patriarch's planet dimmed and weakened after doing all that. The Never-Ending Clan Planet realm cultivator, who had one head left, charged towards the heavens while struggling.

Wang Baole stared at that head intently. He was very far away from him, and the destructive power of the planet in front of him was too strong. At the same time, the protection outside Wang Baole's body had already weakened, and he could feel that the protection couldn't be sustained for much longer. Even if he wanted to give chase, he couldn't do so.

But Wang Baole was unwilling to leave just like that.

"I want to scare him to death, even if I can't catch up to him!" Wang Baole's eyes flashed, and he flicked his body as he muttered. Growling, he looked like he wanted to give chase. The head that had already charged out of the bulge glanced back and looked in the direction of Wang Baole with hatred. He then let out a frenzied scream and actually gritted his teeth. With a boom, he made half of his only remaining head self-destruct!

Using the explosive power of that half of his head, he unleashed an unknown method and instantly disappeared.

He really got scared? Seeing that, Wang Baole couldn't help but feel extremely happy. He also had fewer worries in his heart. He saw that even though the Never-Ending Clan Planet realm cultivator didn't die this time, it would be almost impossible for him to return to his original cultivation.

So, he took a deep breath, touched the mask on his face, took another look at the collapsing land and the bulge that was still spreading, and sighed lightly.

"Return!"

As he said that and the mask glowed, suddenly... from within the giant bulge, a weak ray of rainbow light flew out, carrying two items as it headed towards Wang Baole.

One of those two items was a fingernail-sized stone core that was dispersing rainbow light. The other... was half a palm. The palm was the right hand of the escaped Never-Ending Clan Planet realm cultivator. It had three fingers left, and on its index finger... there was a storage ring!

The storage ring was obviously extraordinary. After the self-destruction, it actually... came out undamaged!

Instantly, the two items appeared in front of Wang Baole, who was about to teleport away while being surrounded by rainbow light. After the items were grabbed by Wang Baole, the teleportation activated!

In an instant, Wang Baole's silhouette disappeared!

Chapter 829: In-Name Disciple?

The time taken to teleport wasn't very long. But to everyone getting teleported away, the process was unforgettable. The feeling of time and space being elongated and their bodies being disintegrated into numerous particles and then regathered together at the end was enough to make everyone feel uncomfortable. Meanwhile, they couldn't help but think that if any accident were to occur during that process, their bodies might gain or lose a part after they regathered...

The good thing was, the teleportation power in the masks that the Flame Patriarch gave them was very strong, making it such that those situations didn't occur. As for Wang Baole, he didn't need to worry as much. His body was formed by his essence, so every part was the same. Even if his limbs were turned upside down, he just needed to transmogrify again.

So, compared to others, Wang Baole, who was one of the last few people to be teleported back, had no stress in his heart. Instead, he was anticipating... how many Red Crystals he would receive!

After all... the number of Never-Ending Clan members he killed, directly and indirectly, was immense... Moreover, he also killed a late-stage Spirit Immortal. What made Wang Baole especially excited was the Never-Ending Clan Planet realm cultivator at the end.

I should probably be given all the credit. I worked so hard. Wang Baole blinked. After his body was teleported back, he looked around. It was the place that everyone was pulled into before being teleported away. In a place that was foreign, yet somewhat familiar, a large amount of debris floated around.

The debris world was boundless and radiated waves of ancient aura. Moreover, signs of time passing were abundantly clear on every piece of debris.

The cosmos was the firmament, and the void was the land. At this moment, on the numerous pieces of debris floating between the cosmos and the void, many silhouettes wearing different masks had already teleported back long ago. When Wang Baole appeared there, and when the others saw the pig mask he wore, waves of inhaling sounds sounded out uncontrollably.

"It's the bringer of misfortune!"

"I saw it with my own eyes, he actually killed a late-stage Spirit Immortal Never-Ending Clan member!"

"So it was him... who made this mission have unprecedented changes..."

"The collapse of the planet afterward could be related to this guy. This guy seems like a source of disaster. We should avoid him as much as possible." Under the sounds of inhalation, the surrounding crowd sent voice transmissions to one another quickly. Probably because they had a common enemy in Wang Baole, those cultivators got closer.

However, when Wang Baole's gaze swept past them, all of them stopped sending voice transmissions unwittingly. Fear and respect appeared in their eyes uncontrollably as well. It was obvious that Wang Baole's behavior and killing on the planet had already made them extremely shocked deep in their hearts.

Even the three early-stage Spirit Immortal cultivators among the crowd felt this way. They didn't feel any disrespect towards Wang Baole because of their Spirit Immortal cultivation. In reality, they were very clear that someone who could kill a late-stage Spirit Immortal, no matter what methods he used, was already very scary. They also weren't very confident of winning if they were to battle.

"This guy... can't only kill his enemies. He can also hurt his own teammates..." After the three Spirit Immortals took a look at one another, they cupped their fists towards Wang Baole first.

With a sweep of his gaze, Wang Baole saw that there were only forty or so people left out of the original hundreds of Descenders. He blinked and felt that the mission was way too dangerous. Luckily, he was lucky. If not, he would probably have been in danger too.

After consoling himself and cupping his fists towards the three Spirit Immortals, he suddenly saw the bald bull-masked burly man and let out a laugh.

"So, you're still alive."

The body of the bald, burly man shuddered, and he was about to cry. Shuddering, he quickly greeted Wang Baole ceremoniously and shouted, "Welcome back, Fellow Daoist. I survived this mission because Fellow Daoist helped me. You have my utmost gratitude, please accept my greeting!"

Seeing how the burly man said such shameless words, the other cultivators there all secretly called him shameless while also quickly cupping their fists and speaking in that manner.

They had no other choice since everyone hadn't returned to where they came from yet. If they offended this bringer of misfortune, they were scared that they wouldn't be able to return alive. So, it wasn't wrong to be more respectful towards the pig-masked man.

Seeing how much everyone welcomed him, Wang Baole was very happy. After letting out a huge laugh, he nodded towards the surrounding crowd and made small talk occasionally. Every time he said

something, many would echo their agreement. This made the atmosphere of the small talk very conducive and friendly.

As the crowd was teleported back while having a conversation with Wang Baole while sucking up to him, the planet which they previously descended upon continued collapsing. Half of that planet had already turned into numerous dust particles that spread into the cosmos. Looking from a distance, the remaining half of the planet seemed like a crescent moon. It exuded a sense of incompleteness and was still slowly disintegrating.

Maybe, the planet's collapse would only completely end after a long period of time. At that point, the planet would no longer exist in the cosmos.

Even to the giant Never-Ending Clan, such a thing was no longer a minor issue. Although it couldn't be considered a major issue, it was enough to attract the attention of some higher-ups. After all, they had lost an army, and their Planet realm army commander was so heavily injured that he only had half a head left. At the same time, the planet that they occupied was shattered.

So, a series of investigations and speculation were started immediately and caused quite a stir. At the same time, after watching the whole process, the Flame Patriarch couldn't help but admit that even all of the previous missions he gave out combined couldn't match the flashiness of Wang Baole's performance.

He's a talent! The Flame Patriarch spat out the fruit core in his mouth and stared at the screen in front of him while narrowing his eyes slightly. The screen displayed the debris-filled land that Wang Baole and the others were at.

After deliberating for a short while, he raised his right hand, weaved hand seals, and pointed at the screen in front of him. Instantly, waves appeared on the screen. As the waves spread, a wisp of the Flame Patriarch's Divine Sense spread out and fused into the waves.

In the next moment, the crowd of people who were conversing pleasantly with one another in the debris-filled land all felt their souls jolt. Even Wang Baole felt the descent of a wave of immense power.

When everyone, including Wang Baole, looked, they saw a ray of fiery light descend from the sky and stop in mid-air above everyone. It gathered into a flame silhouette. Although one couldn't see the appearance of the silhouette clearly, it contained an immense suppressive force. Anyone who took just one look at it would feel a stinging pain in their eyes and feel their soul rumble.

Wang Baole's breathing quickened. When he quickly lowered his head, he heard the ancient voice coming from the flame silhouette in the sky.

"You're all not bad. I'll now give you Red Crystals based on your performance."

As the words of the flame silhouette spread, numbers instantly appeared on the masks of the more than forty people present. The observation function in the masks could instantly calculate the rewards they deserved after they returned. So, Wang Baole quickly felt the number on his mask.

Thirteen thousand Red Crystals? Wang Baole blinked and felt that it was a tad too few. Although he only needed 300 Red Crystals to buy all of the materials from Xie Haiyang, he felt that he could be considered

to have destroyed an entire army on his own this time. He felt that he had pretty much wiped out the entire army from top to bottom.

But, when Wang Baole saw the others' masks, he suddenly felt better.

On the masks of the other cultivators, the biggest number... was about 200. And that was for the three Spirit Immortals. As for the rest, the biggest number was around 70 or 80, while the smallest numbers were in the single digits.

Added together, they could hardly compare to him...

They're way too pitiful. Wang Baole couldn't help but cough. As for the cultivators that saw how many Red Crystals he got, they wanted to cry but couldn't do so. Some of them had participated in such missions previously and had earned hundreds of Red Crystals. But now, they couldn't even get 10...

"After getting your Red Crystals, you may leave." As the silhouette in the sky waved its hands, a large number of Red Crystals instantly flew towards everyone. After they were stored by everyone, they all cupped their fists helplessly towards the silhouette in the sky. Afterwards, their bodies became a blur one after another. When they disappeared, they left their masks behind, which flew towards the flame silhouette in the sky and fused into his body.

"Ah?" Wang Baole felt that something was amiss. That was because he noticed that everyone in the surroundings had left, but he... was still there. As he muttered in his heart, the calm voice of the flame silhouette in the sky sounded in his ear.

"Young lad, would you be willing to be my in-name disciple?"

Chapter 830: A Golden Ticket!

A look of nervousness mixed with fear and gratitude appeared on Wang Baole's face when he heard what the figure engulfed in flames and afloat in mid-air said. It was a look with a complicated mix of emotions. Any other ordinary person wouldn't have been able to do something like that, but Wang Baole had familiarized himself with the high officials' autobiographies since he was a kid. He had started practicing such looks then and had become skilled at it.

But privately, he was already muttering unhappily to himself about how unreliable the old man was. If he wanted a disciple, he should just take one. Why was he taking an in-name disciple...

He just wants the reputation of being my master without dishing out any benefits. Does he take me for an idiot? At this juncture, Wang Baole had already decided that he was going to reject the Flame Patriarch. His master might have passed on, but his reputation was still sound. Besides, he already had an unreliable senior brother who was almost never around to help. The gears in Wang Baole's head began spinning furiously as he thought of ways to turn down the offer without causing any offense.

The deceptive look on his face remained unchanged as he went through his options. The Flame Patriarch didn't seem to notice anything amiss. In fact, the thoughts in his head were that of approval. The young man before him might be a troublemaker, but he appeared to be a sensible one as well who knew his place.

“Esteemed Senior...” Wang Baole didn’t take long to think. After a few seconds, he looked up with a look of gratitude on his face. He ignored the prickling pain in his eyes and tried to bring tears to his eyes. Then, he looked skyward and gave a deep bow.

“This is an important matter. I have to...”

“Consult Chen Qing?” The Flame Patriarch interrupted Wang Baole with what seemed to be a smile on his face.

The hair on Wang Baole’s skin stood up when he heard that. A look of confusion settled on his face as he stared at the Flame Patriarch, seeming both lost and surprised.

“You plan to tell me that you’ll need time to consider the matter, saying that we still have a long way ahead of us before you can come to a decision. Perhaps you’re also thinking that I’m only taking you as an in-name disciple to deny you the privileges and benefits of a true disciple?” The Flame Patriarch spoke casually, a faint teasing look flickering in his eyes.

Beads of sweat appeared on Wang Baole’s forehead. He opened his mouth, but his attempt to speak was cut off by a wave of the elder’s hand.

“So be it. You do need some time to think this over. If you do bump into Chen Qing, you can ask him for advice. Ask him if I, the Flame Patriarch, want to take you as a disciple, if he’s going to agree to it, or if he’s going to approve of it.”

Wang Baole blinked, then started muttering under his breath again. Didn’t the two mean the same thing? But he knew that the Flame Patriarch probably had him all figured out. The essence technique that he had belonged to his senior brother. Powerful cultivators who were familiar with who Chen Qing was would naturally come to certain conclusions about Wang Baole.

He might be able to recognize who Wang Baole was, but whether Wang Baole admitted to the fact was another matter altogether. Wang Baole kept the look of confusion on his face and pretended that he wasn’t sure what the Flame Patriarch was going on about. He opened his mouth but held himself back from speaking, acting as if he were afraid of asking too many questions. Finally, he looked down and spoke meekly.

“Thank you, Senior. I’ll let you know my answer as soon as possible. There’s another matter... Your humble junior doesn’t know how to contact you when I have made a decision on the matter. Why not... leave the mask with me so that I may contact you easily?” Wang Baole said with an earnest look on his face, cupping his fists and extending a bow towards the Flame Patriarch again.

“I have no objections to that. You’ve used the curse in the mask. There’s not much use to the thing now.” the Flame Patriarch laughed. There was a meaningful look in his eyes. He seemed to see right through Wang Baole.

Wang Baole didn’t feel embarrassed for being so easily seen through, though, continuing to play the fool as he spoke.

“Oh, in that case, why not seal a dozen more of those curses inside it? Your humble junior will be able to spread your name far and wide when I bring the mask out into the world.”

"Stop having ideas about the mask. I'm not letting you have it," the Flame Patriarch replied coolly when he heard Wang Baole's request.

How much of a miser is he? Wang Baole wondered with mild surprise. He thought about it for a while and decided to try again. He wasn't willing to give up just yet.

"Esteemed Senior must be intending to impart the knowledge of how to set the curse in the mask as a gift to mark our fortuitous meeting. Is that why you don't plan to just let me have the mask? Please accept my thanks, Esteemed Senior!" Wang Baole shouted and extended yet another bow to the Flame Patriarch.

"You're about as shameless as Chen Qing," the Flame Patriarch said exasperatedly. But after giving the matter some thought, he realized that he could afford to be more generous. He hadn't planned on giving anything to Wang Baole, but his mind had changed after hearing what Wang Baole had just said. After a moment of consideration, he lifted his right hand. Then, with a swipe through the air, he summoned bead-like objects from the ruins around them. They darted through the air and gathered in his palm, transforming into a gray-colored jade slip.

The Flame Patriarch blew lightly over the jade slip, and it turned black instantly. Then, he tossed it into the air. The jade slip flew towards Wang Baole and was caught by him.

"I've sealed the curse inside this jade slip. You get to use the curse once. You can also use the jade slip to contact me, but you also only get to do that once. If fate intends for us to be master and disciple, we will meet again. But for now, you should leave." After the Flame Patriarch said that, he gave Wang Baole a deep, meaningful look. His desire to have him as his disciple was genuine.

He might be an in-name disciple, but... the Flame Patriarch hadn't had a disciple for a very long time.

The thought seemed to have brought certain sad memories to mind. The Flame Patriarch waved his hand, turned around, and headed for the distance. His retreating back was that of a solitary old man. Wang Baole's form began to grow indistinct. In front of him was the lonely, retreating figure of the Flame Patriarch. He opened his mouth, wanting to say something, but in the end, he remained silent. Wang Baole eventually disappeared from the ruins, leaving behind the pig-headed mask. The mask transformed into a beam of light and raced towards the Flame Patriarch. It landed in the Flame Patriarch's palm instead of joining the other masks inside of his body.

"If it's meant to be mine, it will come to me. If it's not... then we should let it be." The Flame Patriarch's murmurs rippled across the heavens.

In the next moment, in Wang Baole's room in an inn in a market, there was a sudden flare of bright light. Wang Baole materialized in his room and immediately scanned his surroundings with his Divine Sense. Having affirmed that he had returned to the market and that he was safe, he released a long sigh of relief. Images of the various dangerous situations he had survived during the mission flashed across his eyes and faded away, leaving him... with the final image of the Flame Patriarch's solitary back burned into his memory.

"That's another man with a story," Wang Baole said. He took a deep breath and let his thoughts settle. Then, he began to inspect his damages. First was the Thearch Armor... 90% of it was damaged. Then, the

Dharmic Battleship... Almost 90% of the Dharmic Battleship was damaged as well, with its core components barely functional.

Some of his other artifacts had been damaged as well. He had exhausted some items too. He wasn't going to forget the countless battleships that he had self-destructed in the fight. The mission had depleted whatever supplies Wang Baole had painstakingly stocked up.

But his spoils were considerable as well. He had advanced his level of cultivation, and his storage bag was overflowing with new materials. They housed the contents of a fully stocked army warehouse that belonged to the Never-Ending Clan. The number of pills, Dharmic Artifacts, and materials inside would turn anyone's eyes green with envy.

He could definitely recoup whatever losses and damages he had suffered in the mission with what he had looted from the warehouse. In addition to that, he now had 13,000 Red Crystals. What he had wanted to buy from Xie Haiyang only cost 300 Red Crystals. The purchasing power he now had with 13,000 Red Crystals was tremendous.

He recovered a Rainbow Core as well. He didn't know its uses at the moment, but he was certain that the Rainbow Core must have something to do with the Rainbow Planet. It must be extremely valuable.

In addition... he also got himself one half of a palm that used to belong to a Planet realm Never-Ending Clan cultivator. That could be used as a material for refinement. As for the storage ring left on one of its fingers, Wang Baole was sure that he could find some use for it and its contents.

A storage ring that belonged to a Planet realm cultivator... Wang Baole was rather excited. After going through the rest of his spoils, he pulled the ring off the maimed palm and extended his Divine Sense out for a scan. A frown soon appeared on his face. The seal placed on the ring by the Planet realm cultivator was still in effect. Nothing Wang Baole tried could unlock the ring.

"Forget it. I'll just have to wait until I reach the Spirit Immortal realm. I might be able to chip away at the seal slowly then!" Wang Baole said reluctantly. He had no other choice. He dared not seek help from anyone else. He would be exposing his identity as a Descender if he did that.

Wang Baole continued to take stock while studying the ring at the same time. A vast cosmic distance away, in a sea of blue planets... lay a land that was controlled by the Never-Ending Clan's nineteenth army.

Countless planets could be found in the cosmic region. An ancient palace sat on one of those planets. The blinding light of a teleportation had flooded the floors of the palace. One half of a head came flying out of the portal. It bounced onto the floor and rolled into a corner, shrieking and howling.

The head belonged to the Never-Ending Clan cultivator who slipped through death's clutches after his fight with Wang Baole. His face was contorted with pain and madness. He was furious because he had never sustained such grievous injuries prior to this battle, and he was mad because... he had lost his storage ring!

In the storage ring, he had hidden away a treasure that he had kept a secret from everyone. It wasn't a powerful weapon. But... it wouldn't be an exaggeration if he called it a cultivation golden ticket in the Never-Ending Dao Domain!

He had no natural talent when it came to cultivation. This treasure was the reason someone as mediocre as him could advance to the Planet realm. With this treasure, he might even achieve a breakthrough and attain the Eternal Star realm. He could possibly advance beyond the Eternal Star realm. If anyone were to find out about this treasure, a war would break out amongst countless family clans and tribes as they fought madly to get their hands on it. With his mediocre cultivation, he would be sure to lose his golden ticket for good!

Damn pig-head, I swear I'll find you, no matter where you are!