

## Worth 751

### Chapter 751: Possessed by Royalty?

This greed appeared very suddenly. After all, the Holy Crest Sect's Grand Supreme Elder only had his avatar here, which paled in comparison to his true body. Despite it having some power that a cultivator at the Soul Conduit realm would have, it could only deal with ordinary Nascent Soul cultivators. It was impractical to even think about fighting Wang Baole.

Besides, he could be said to have seen firsthand how Wang Baole attacked, as well as the weird and painful deaths of the four centipede-like mutants. All of this would make any ordinary person with a bit of common sense give up all thoughts that they shouldn't have.

However, this avatar of the Holy Crest Sect's Grand Supreme Elder still developed uncontrollable greed. This greed was akin to flames, rapidly engulfing him and eating away at his reason.

However... just as his reason was almost completely eaten away, when the rashness in his heart made him want to rush out uncaringly, making him disregard all methods of hiding or ambush and race towards Wang Baole as though he was on a suicide mission, a sound was heard from the dying eternal star. As the planet that Wang Baole was on rumbled and all mutants on it were obliterated, the sound containing a sense of ancientness and a prehistoric aura exploded forth!

As it exploded forth, it caused fluctuation in the cosmos of the mutant civilization. Wang Baole immediately noticed this and raised his head to see it. As his eyes narrowed slightly, the countless closed demonic eyes surrounding him, which the Holy Crest Sect's Grand Supreme Elder couldn't see, all withdrew a little. Even though they were closed, they could obviously sense some danger.

Seemingly due to the withdrawal of the demonic eyes, the greed of the avatar of the Holy Crest Sect's Grand Supreme Elder seemed to lose its roots, weakening tremendously. As the greed weakened, its reason recovered a little. The Grand Supreme Elder was an experienced Soul Conduit realm cultivator after all. As his reason recovered, he immediately realized how strangely he was acting previously.

Almost immediately, cold sweat broke out on his forehead, and his expression changed tremendously. Secretly, he was shocked and didn't wish to stay there any longer. As he was deliberating on how to leave, a second rumble sounded from the dying eternal star!

The sound of the rumbles caused more fluctuations in the cosmos, and in Wang Baole's eyes, an intense desire to fight appeared. He could feel that, on that dying eternal star, there lay a... super mutant!

*I will definitely achieve a breakthrough in my cultivation after killing that mutant!* Wang Baole had an intense gut feeling. As his eyes narrowed and he pushed himself off the ground, a huge rumble sounded. His body shot forth like a comet streaking through the night sky, and he didn't stop at all as he entered the cosmos!

As he shot towards the sky, his Stellar Nascent Soul, Thearch Armor, Divine Armament, and the countless demonic eyes around him all exerted an intense suppressive force. In the end, they combined together, and the aura they created was like a huge sword that could slice the moon and the stars. As this suppressive force was exerted, Wang Baole headed straight towards... the eternal star!

As Wang Baole shot towards the sky, two roars echoed from the dying eternal star. Cracks immediately appeared on its surface layer, and countless loose stones were detached from the planet, floating into the cosmos. One could also make out a giant mountain range forming rapidly on the eternal star.

This mountain range was majestic and massive. On top of it were numerous minor branches and their connections spreading towards the surroundings under a certain boundary. Upon seeing this, the Holy Crest Sect's Grand Supreme Elder's breathing quickened once again. This was because he noticed... that the mountain range on that eternal star was moving!

That wasn't a mountain range at all! Instead, it was an extremely large centipede-like mutant. The things he saw connecting the "mountain range" weren't branches at all, they were actually the mutant's numerous legs and antennae!

The giant mutant shook itself fiercely, and half of its body stood up on the eternal star. With a twist of its body, it shot out, bringing with it a stench and horrifying suppressive force. Seemingly engulfing everything in its path, it shot towards Wang Baole and let out a roar that shook the surroundings.

Even so, this was enough to shock the Holy Crest Sect Grand Supreme Elder into desperation. At this moment, his body shuddered, and his mind went blank under the suppressive force. At the same time, the intention to battle in Wang Baole's eyes got more intense, and he let out a loud roar!

This roar was louder than thunder. As it exploded towards the surroundings, the Thearch Armor on his body unleashed its full strength, as did the Stellar Nascent Soul. As the giant mutant neared, the countless demonic eyes behind him also suddenly... opened!

The countless demonic eyes opened simultaneously, unleashing a glimmer and entwining force unique to the demonic eyes. As there were so many of them, the power they unleashed by opening was unimaginable. In the next moment, the giant mutant's body shuddered, and its massive body actually stopped within the cosmos.

Even though this only lasted for a split-second, it was enough for Wang Baole. His body seemed to become an extremely sharp sword that could pierce the heavens. Using the Divine Armament as the tip and his body as the blade, he unleashed his full strength and charged forth. While the giant mutant was frozen by the power of the demonic eyes, he pierced through the void of space, traversing through everything and finally piercing the body of the giant mutant.

Not stopping, allowing the loud sound created to echo through the cosmos and ignoring the fact that his Divine Armament was shaking, Wang Baole broke through the skin of the giant mutant and entered its body.

Once in the mutant's body, Wang Baole unleashed three cultivation techniques!

"Devouring seed!"

"Dark Fire!"

"Demonic Eye Art!"

The three cultivation techniques were unleashed simultaneously, and the power of the Demonic Eye Art was on full display. It formed a black hole, wanting to absorb everything. The power of the devouring

seed also seemed to augment it, causing the power of the Demonic Eye Art to rise to the limit of what Wang Baole could handle. The black hole it formed went past the mutant's body and gathered in its surroundings!

As for the Dark Fire, it spread towards the surroundings as it was unleashed, covering everything in a sea of fire. It covered all gazes, all consciousness, and to a certain extent... it seemed to illuminate the cosmos!

But the light that illuminated the cosmos was black!

This seemed ironic, but visually, it was not. Maybe due to differences in laws, the black flames could indeed illuminate the entire cosmos here!

There were also the roars of pain from the giant mutant, as well as its struggling body. Coupled with the wilting visible to the naked eye, the shock that this created scared the Holy Crest Sect Grand Supreme Elder out of his wits. He shivered violently, and as he retreated rapidly, he only thought of one thing—to leave this place.

Obviously, to him, the danger levels of this cosmos had exceeded what he could handle due to the appearance of Wang Baole. He even secretly chided himself furiously for leaving his avatar here. If his avatar died, it would greatly affect his true body as well.

*I shouldn't have been rash, and this Long Nanzi, he must have been possessed by some guy from the royalty!* Thinking about the killing intent he had towards this guy from the royalty previously, the Holy Crest Sect Grand Supreme Elder was so remorseful that his intestines turned green.

To him, the only ones who were a match against the royalty were the three greater sects. If he got embroiled into some sort of conflict with the royalty, he would surely be screwed.

But just as the Holy Crest Sect Grand Supreme Elder prepared to charge out of the planet he was hiding in and escape, the giant centipede-like mutant let out a final roar and died beside the dying eternal star that was behind him. In the next moment, its body turned to dust within the black flames, being replaced by a giant black eye!

In the pupil of the giant eye, there was a tall, slender silhouette. It was... Wang Baole!

His long hair fluttered, and he achieved a breakthrough in his cultivation. Wang Baole immediately unleashed the suppressive force of the Soul Conduit realm without holding back, allowing it to cover the surroundings!

This aura made the Holy Crest Sect Grand Supreme Elder shudder, and the black eye almost made his soul leave his body. The horrifying demonic aura spread by the demonic eye seemed to be able to freeze everything. Compared to how the Holy Crest Sect Grand Supreme Elder remembered the Eye of Ten Thousand Demons, except for its size, it was almost identical.

*He was possessed by royalty after all!*

**Chapter 752: Subduing De Kunzi!**

As the Holy Crest Sect Grand Supreme Elder, he naturally knew some inside secrets. Besides, he was normally submissive towards the Divine Sovereign Justice Sect. He knew that the royalty of the Divine Eye civilization seemed to be at peace with the three greater sects, but actually, the tension between them threatened to escalate into a full-blown conflict.

After all, no royalty would like their authority to be in the hands of the warlords they ruled over, nor would they want to live their lives as though they were under house arrest. The Holy Crest Sect Grand Supreme Elder also understood very clearly that although the royalty was in decline, the depth and strength of their foundations made the three greater sects fear them nonetheless.

And what they feared the most... was the royalty's top-secret art, the one only those with the purest of bloodlines could learn... the Divine Eye Art!

At the same time, he guessed that maybe there were some key details about the conflict between the three greater sects and the royalty that he didn't know.

Regardless, he absolutely didn't want to get embroiled in the conflict between the royalty and three greater sects. Therefore, as he felt the aura emanating from Wang Baole's body, his desire to leave grew even stronger. This was despite him not seeing the real Divine Eye Art, confirming it based on his gut feeling and not double-checking.

But... it was too late.

As he charged out, the silhouette of Wang Baole, who walked out of the pupil of the black demonic eye, disappeared in an instant. When it reappeared, it was already in front of the Holy Crest Sect Grand Supreme Elder's avatar.

Wang Baole's appearance immediately made the Holy Crest Sect Grand Supreme Elder's avatar shudder. While fear appeared in its eyes, the nervousness in its heart was like waves crashing into his soul. It instinctively took a few steps back, forced a smile on its face, and spoke courteously.

"Please don't be mistaken, Elder Long Nanzi, I previously felt that you were about to achieve a breakthrough, so I was worried and came to protect you... Haha, congratulations to Elder Long Nanzi for reaching the Soul Conduit realm!" As he spoke, the Holy Crest Sect Grand Supreme Elder let out forced laughter. But as he laughed, he noticed that Wang Baole, who was standing in front of him, remained silent and was staring at him coldly. So this laughter slowly became awkward, and his forehead sweated uncontrollably.

The Holy Crest Sect Grand Supreme Elder wiped away the sweat instinctively and wanted to say something to break the silence and awkwardness. Without a doubt, he felt a strong sense of danger right now. He had a feeling that if he didn't do something, he would definitely die. With Wang Baole's killing spree and murderous intent, he would probably unleash his fastest speed to catch up with the battleship and kill the Grand Supreme Elder's true body.

"Elder Long Nanzi, I'm still very useful. I didn't see anything previously, I... I absolutely despise the three greater sects, and my loyalty to the royalty can be confirmed by the heavens and earth!"

As Wang Baole listened, a glimmer flashed through his eyes. The Holy Crest Sect Grand Supreme Elder's intuition wasn't wrong. Actually, Wang Baole did indeed have a similar thought. However, if he didn't

replace the Holy Crest Sect Grand Supreme Elder after killing him, the death of a Soul Conduit realm cultivator would definitely catch the attention of the Divine Sovereign Justice Sect he belonged to. However, Wang Baole also felt that replacing the Grand Supreme Elder by transforming into him wasn't appropriate.

The more he did such a thing, the easier it was for him to make a mistake. Wang Baole felt that it would be a pity to give up the identity of Long Nanzi, which he had fully grasped and was very familiar with.

Even if there were other solutions, such as transforming into the Grand Supreme Elder and going on a journey or going into seclusion, they were all somewhat extra and unnecessary. But it was worse for him not to kill the Grand Supreme Elder.

So... as Wang Baole weighed the costs and benefits in his heart and as he heard the Grand Supreme Elder mention the royalty, he immediately raised his right hand and grabbed towards the Holy Crest Sect Grand Supreme Elder!

The Holy Crest Sect Grand Supreme Elder was always alert and prepared to retreat at the first moment. However, the difference in strength between them gave the Grand Supreme Elder no chance. No matter how he tried to dodge, it was of no use. His head was instantly held by Wang Baole.

At the same time, in the cosmos not that far away from this civilization, the true body of the Holy Crest Sect Grand Supreme Elder meditating within the Holy Crest Sect's battleship shuddered and opened its eyes. Resisting his unwillingness, he wanted to sever the connection between his avatar and his soul despite the consequences, such as heavy injury to his body. However, his expression completely changed in the next moment.

*I can't sever the connection?*

It was as though the soul connection between his true body and avatar was forcefully strengthened by a spell. This made him unable to actively sever the connection. As he was in shock, within the mutant civilization's star realm, the glow of the Dark Fire appeared in Wang Baole's eyes.

"You dare to use soul spells in front of the Dark Sect?" Wang Baole spoke softly as the eerie glow in his eyes grew stronger. He directly unleashed the soul searching spell on the Holy Crest Sect Grand Supreme Elder's avatar!

If the target of the soul searching spell was the main body of the Holy Crest Sect Grand Supreme Elder, Wang Baole would still need to prepare himself. However, for an avatar, with Wang Baole's current Soul Conduit realm cultivation and the assistance of the Dark Art, he directly destroyed all of the mental defenses of the Grand Supreme Elder with his consciousness. He then looked at the Grand Supreme Elder's memories using the avatar!

*The Fruit of the Eternal Star? Is it the core that has a certain possibility of being formed after an eternal star dies?* Wang Baole raised his head to look at the eternal star not far away from him, shook his head slightly, and continued looking through the Grand Supreme Elder's memories.

Even though he couldn't see many memories due to it only being an avatar, this was enough for Wang Baole. He very quickly found what he needed and understood the cause of the misunderstanding this time!

*The royalty's top-secret art, the Divine Eye Art?* Wang Baole narrowed his eyes. To the Holy Crest Sect Grand Supreme Elder, the giant eye that appeared behind Wang Baole and the entire process of his cultivation rising was the Divine Eye Art. To him, Wang Baole's identity was definitely that of some old guy from the royalty who was possessing Long Nanzi.

But actually, Wang Baole was very clear that the spell he unleashed wasn't the Divine Eye Art, it was the Demonic Eye Art!

If one were to view the former as the original appearance of this spell, then the latter would be the result of the Dark Sect using the strength of the Dark Art to forcefully change and modify it!

As for which one was stronger and which one was weaker, it was hard to say!

*This kind of misunderstanding... it isn't bad.* Wang Baole narrowed his eyes and gave up on trying to kill the Holy Crest Sect Grand Supreme Elder. Instead, he raised his right hand to make a hand sign, and immediately after, a Dark Fire fireball formed on his palm. Afterwards, he grabbed a mini demonic eye from within the giant demonic eye behind him and fused it with the Dark Fire, forming some kind of seal. He then slapped it onto the forehead of the Holy Crest Sect Grand Supreme Elder's avatar.

The seal instantly fused into the forehead of the avatar, turning into the shape of an eye. It wasn't only imprinted on the skin and bones, but also the soul. Wang Baole also made hand seals rapidly with one hand. The Dark Fire outside his body spread, and the black glow of the demonic eye behind him exploded forth. They strengthened the seal, and by imprinting the avatar, Wang Baole could also imprint the true body of the Grand Supreme Elder!

In the cosmos, within the Holy Crest Sect battleship, the true body of the Grand Supreme Elder shook violently and spat out a huge mouthful of blood as he resisted and struggled with all his might. However, the same seal still materialized between his eyebrows.

This was a forbidden technique recorded in the Demonic Eye Art, and it could be said to have been developed by the Dark Sect. It was similar to a death curse. Once one was imprinted, their life and death were controlled by Wang Baole. With a thought, he could make the person die immediately and turn into a demonic eye!

The Grand Supreme Elder's avatar had complicated emotions. However, after doing that, Wang Baole simply raised his hand that was pressing on the avatar's hand and spoke calmly.

"Let's go back." As Wang Baole spoke, he strode forward. As for the details regarding the Fruit of the Eternal Star in the Grand Supreme Elder's memories, Wang Baole saw them, but he also sensed that the Fruit of the Eternal Star created as a result of this civilization's death had already wilted and dissipated a very long time ago. What the Grand Supreme Elder sensed was merely the lingering aura of that giant centipede-like mutant.

At the same time, he believed that with the intelligence of the Grand Supreme Elder, he would definitely feel something from the seal. More connections and misunderstandings would be created, and that was exactly what Wang Baole needed.

That was truly the case. The Grand Supreme Elder's avatar, which was standing behind Wang Baole with a complicated expression on its face, secretly heaved a sigh of relief. Although he was relieved that he

didn't die, he was bitter about the fact that his life and death were no longer under his control. However, he understood that this was perhaps the best conclusion. Besides, with the seal on his soul, he double-confirmed his doubts.

*Oh well, since I can't escape it, I'll just have to deal with it... The good thing is, it's not like I can't accept that he is part of the royalty.* The Holy Crest Sect's Grand Supreme Elder comforted himself secretly and forced himself to perk up, then quickly tried to catch up to Wang Baole. While following Wang Baole, he was also thinking about how to get along with him in the future.

*It looks like I'll have to reactivate the mystic technique that I sealed away for years and never unleashed completely. This time, I'll have to go all out!* The Grand Supreme Elder thought in his heart. A decisiveness appeared in his eyes, and he suddenly raised his head to look at Wang Baole's back. A fiery glow gathered in his eyes, and he muttered with a volume audible to Wang Baole.

"Never would I have thought that the life of I, De Kunzi, would change at this moment..."

"I used to be lost in the pursuit of interests and was engaged in deception and petty tricks. I used to be jealous of others who came from a more prestigious background, but now... I finally understand how shallow the past me was. This is because, from now on, I am someone with a master! Before meeting Master, I was skeptical of the existence of a true saint, but now I finally believe it!"

### **Chapter 753: Ascertaining a Direction!**

Wang Baole furrowed his brows, turning his head to stare coldly at the Grand Supreme Elder behind him. He didn't expect the guy to accept reality so quickly and even start sucking up to him.

Even aliens know how to suck up to people? Wang Baole hmped in his heart. As the Federation President in waiting, he had met many bootlickers in his life. He must not be the kind of person who liked listening to people suck up to him. Hence, he said coldly, "You could have been killed by me not long ago!"

His words brought with them some of his lingering killing intent. As the Grand Supreme Elder heard them, his body shook, and he looked at Wang Baole with excitement and seemingly unlimited gratitude. If one looked closely, they would see the tears shimmering in his eyes.

"Master, this exemplifies your high morals. Under the bad influence of the three greater sects, today's Divine Eye civilization has become a dark place where everyone is selfish and desensitized to the violence of murder. Yet, I can meet someone like you, Master. This is definitely the luckiest thing that's happened to me in my entire life!"

"Enough! De Kunzi, don't say these kinds of things again, I don't like listening to people bootlicking. Know your place!" Wang Baole had an annoyed expression and felt more annoyed the more he looked at De Kunzi. He even slightly regretted not killing him earlier. After that, he hmped coldly and walked forward.

After hearing that, the Grand Supreme Elder's avatar became more serious and immediately spoke solemnly.

"De Kunzi obeys your order. Master's words are like a wave sweeping away the fog, causing me to see the sky. You've allowed me to see the future of the Divine Eye civilization, you've allowed me to see

hope. Your tall and straight figure is like a pillar supporting the entire Divine Eye civilization, exuding valiance and causing me to...”

After hearing the first half of what De Kunzi said, the annoyance in Wang Baole’s heart exploded forth. He suddenly turned his head and was about to scold De Kunzi strictly. He felt that, as an excellent and outstanding president, he couldn’t have yes-men around him and definitely couldn’t let De Kunzi continue. That would be too damaging to his reputation. But before he could scold De Kunzi, he heard the second half of what he had to say...

That sentence praising his tall and straight figure made Wang Baole cough, and his expression was noticed by De Kunzi in an instant. As his eyes turned, De Kunzi quickly spoke.

“Master, actually, what I said previously is unimportant. The most important thing is that I’m able to follow such a handsome and valiant man. It’s the greatest honor of my life to be at the side of the most handsome man in the entire Divine Eye civilization.”

Wang Baole gave De Kunzi a deep look. After a moment, his expression relaxed quite a bit and revealed a sense of wistfulness. He even sighed in his heart.

I can’t really blame him, it’s all my fault. Most handsome in the Federation, most handsome in the Divine Eye civilization... So be it, I was mistaken. He wasn’t bootlicking, he was telling the truth. Wang Baole sighed. He felt that even the Federation President couldn’t be so cruel as to not allow people to praise him from the heart. It wouldn’t be good to force people to say untrue statements.

So, as he left this cosmos and returned to the Holy Crest Sect’s battleship, under Wang Baole’s understanding, De Kunzi unleashed his mystic technique to the extreme. As they traveled, he continuously showered Wang Baole with praises regarding his appearance, not once repeating compliments. As Wang Baole listened, he became wistful once again and reluctantly smiled and nodded.

This continued until they saw the battleship that the Holy Crest Sect sent to await Wang Baole’s return in the cosmos. As the true body of De Kunzi walked out to welcome him, Wang Baole returned to the Holy Crest Sect’s battleship. The Holy Crest Sect’s Grand Supreme Elder didn’t express any discomfort as he took over the task of sucking up from his avatar.

Afterward, he interrupted the truths that De Kunzi was saying and made up an excuse to search the soul of his true body. As the death curse was still present, De Kunzi dared not resist. Hence, Wang Baole searched the soul of De Kunzi’s main body very thoroughly and gained a deeper understanding of the Divine Eye civilization.

That was especially so for the conflict between the royalty and the three greater sects. He gained a fuller picture of the conflict. But at the same time, there was one thing that gave Wang Baole a headache.

That was how to get along with the royalty and get the continuation of the Demonic Eye Art. This was a huge issue that stood in front of Wang Baole. After all, if he wanted to maintain the high speed that his cultivation was increasing, he had to get the associated techniques to the Demonic Eye Art. He could continue cultivating regardless, but refining his Soul Conduit cultivation with Nascent Soul techniques was akin to pulling a giant horse cart with a pony.



But the royalty of the Divine Eye civilization had been put on house arrest and sealed under the precautions of the three greater sects. They cut off almost all possibility of communicating with the outside world. Although a few methods remained, they were all under the supervision of the three greater sects.

So, the difficulty of contacting the royalty and obtaining the continuation of the Demonic Eye Art while not getting noticed by the three greater sects increased infinitely. Even if he transmogrified using his essence technique, the difficulty was the same. If he could kill a Spirit Immortal and replace them, then maybe he stood a chance.

But Spirit Immortals weren't so easy to kill and replace. Even if Wang Baole could suppress cultivators at the perfected Soul Conduit realm currently, he wasn't confident enough to fight a Spirit Immortal. Even if they were only at the early stage of the Spirit Immortal realm, they were still incredibly strong.

Not considering the latter, the only method was to become the leader of the top legion in the legion competition held every 30 years by the Divine Eye civilization. They would be received by the royalty and given mystic techniques as a reward.

The entire Divine Eye civilization was being controlled by the three greater sects, which meant that the top legion must also come from the three greater sects. From here, one could see the compromise of the royalty. But similarly, Wang Baole also saw the intentions of the royalty that were unknown to others.

Wang Baole didn't fully understand the battle of wits involved and could only see the faint traces of it. But this didn't affect his judgment and decision-making. He was very clear that if he could achieve this method, he had a very huge chance to obtain the cultivation techniques he needed. Even if he couldn't obtain them, he could make use of this opportunity and use other means to do so.

However, it's still difficult to become the top legion. Wang Baole sighed. Through De Kunzi's memories and his understanding after coming to the Divine Eye civilization, Wang Baole was clear that the top-ranked military commanders of the three greater sects were all Spirit Immortals.

For some special legions, even if they weren't that highly ranked, their commander still had to be a Spirit Immortal.

In the three greater sects, every sect has six to seven Spirit Immortals... I need to find a way to increase my cultivation! While Wang Baole realized this, he also decided to assimilate into the Holy Crest Sect thoroughly. He would make use of this minor sect to find an opportunity to enter the Divine Sovereign Justice Sect. Afterwards, he would join a big legion and await his opportunity.

Increasing cultivation takes time, but there's a faster way to increase my combat strength. That is... the Divine Eye civilization's Dharmic Battleship! Wang Baole narrowed his eyes. After searching the soul of De Kunzi, Wang Baole learned that beyond the Divine Eye civilization's battleships were an even stronger existence called Dharmic Battleships!

Normally, only the big legions had these Dharmic Battleships, and they were usually controlled by Spirit Immortals. To a certain degree, they were like Divine Armaments and had differences in level.

Wang Baole wasn't sure how exactly they were refined and segregated, but he understood that continuously refining his own battleship was surely a method of turning it into a Dharmic Battleship. So, Wang Baole's desire for refinement resources intensified as he became more determined in his thoughts.

Therefore, in the next few days, he displayed a mid-stage, nearing late-stage Nascent Soul realm cultivation. As such, he was appointed as the vice-commander of the Holy Crest Sect's legion, with the commander being De Kunzi.

Although others objected to this, they chose to remain silent under the majesty of De Kunzi. In addition, Wang Baole got De Kunzi to cooperate with him. As the Holy Crest Sect pillaged the cosmos, they found a battleship among some ruins.

It was found, but actually, it was the battleship that Wang Baole built personally. He used a suitable method to display it to everyone. This caused the combat strength of the Holy Crest Sect legion to increase quite a bit and reduced the number of objections from the other elders.

Afterward, he collected resources again and again with the Holy Crest Sect legion. Time passed slowly as he did so, and a year passed.

In that year, the cultivation Wang Baole displayed slowly increased to the perfected Nascent Soul realm, and the resources he collected were largely used to refine his battleship. At the same time, his true cultivation had thoroughly stabilized. He could be said to have completely entered the Soul Conduit realm, and his actual combat strength increased.

Meanwhile, he killed many times during battles, such that he became too lazy to hide his cultivation. In an encounter he deliberately created, and with the cooperation of De Kunzi, Wang Baole's cultivation achieved a breakthrough in front of everyone and entered the Soul Conduit realm!

The moment he entered the Soul Conduit realm, under the envious looks of the Holy Crest Sect disciples, Wang Baole gave orders with De Kunzi. The Holy Crest Sect legion ended their travels that lasted for over a year and prepared to... return to the Divine Eye civilization!

#### **Chapter 754: You Trying to Rob Me?**

The expedition that had spanned more than a year had been extremely rewarding for the Holy Crest Sect. They had amassed hordes of resources that would clear their debts completely and replenish the resources they had exhausted during the restoration of their battleship. Even after they had done all that, they would still be left with many times the wealth they had spent.

This was all due to the decision they had made in allowing the Eye of Ten Thousand Demons to choose their final destination. The location they had been teleported to had been a foreign territory that hadn't yet fallen prey to other sects from the Divine Eye civilization. Of course, some measure of danger had been expected in such a bold venture. Regardless, with the joint effort of Wang Baole and De Kunzi, they had managed to survive the dangerous endeavor mostly unscathed.

The sheer size of their bounty was going to be a problem when they returned to the home planet and began sorting through their loot. There was also the issue of storage that plagued them presently. Wang

Baole eventually had to make space in his own battleship for the loot. As a result, he could no longer store his battleship in his storage bag like he used to. Instead, his battleship became exposed in space.

Wang Baole harbored concerns about such an open display of his wealth, but there was nothing much he could do about the situation. He could only disguise his battleship's appearance and make it look as worn down as possible. He also tried to keep the most prized of their valuables in his storage bags and the storage bags of others.

Having dealt with all these matters, De Kunzi activated the aura of the Eye of Ten Thousand Demons, which all of them, as well as the battleships, had been basking in. A brilliant light that signified the beginnings of teleportation erupted. It basked the surrounding space in a blinding glow instantly as a deafening thunder rumbled in their ears. The cultivators of the Holy Crest Sect and their battleships vanished within the blink of an eye.

When they reappeared, they found themselves before the Eternal Star of the Divine Eye civilization once again.

The sight of familiar stars and the presence of their home planet sent everyone onboard into a bout of excitement. At the thought of the bountiful loot they had returned with, their hearts filled with anticipation.

Wang Baole felt the same way. His excitement, however, wasn't for their return. It came from his desire for the cultivation technique that belonged to the royal family of the Divine Eye civilization. He was unfazed by the consciousness that hid within his Demonic Eye Art. No matter how much stronger it grew, it would still be kept under control by his Dark Art. What he desired most was to get his hands on the advanced cultivation techniques that came after the Demonic Eye Art. They would speed up the progress of his cultivation, pave his way towards a breakthrough from the Soul Conduit realm into the Spirit Immortal realm, and allow him to advance to the Planet realm!

*With the advanced cultivation technique, and with the speed of cultivation achievable with the Demonic Eye Art, I could attain the Planet realm within days!* Wang Baole narrowed his eyes. He remained cautious, though. Based on what he knew, both the Demonic Eye Art and the Divine Eye Art should be able to speed up the progress of his cultivation.

The Divine Eye civilization's royal family must possess exceptional battle capabilities. Its power might be contained by the three greater sects, and that might have obstructed its path to power through murder and massacre, but whatever power it had accumulated should still be substantial.

While Wang Baole was deep in his thoughts, Grand Supreme Elder De Kunzi was plagued with his own troubles as well. He had been branded with a servant's seal. Relentless consolation and self-delusion had led him to a revelation... of how great an honor it was to be branded as a servant of the royal family!

As he numbed himself to the fact of his indentured enslavement with delusions of honor, De Kunzi's voice grew increasingly agitated.

"We've made a safe return. Next, we'll have to be careful as we make our way back to the main planet. There shouldn't be any trouble!"

As he spoke, the two Holy Crest Sect battleships suddenly unleashed bursts of speed and thundered in the direction of the main Divine Eye planet.

Cosmic territory in the Divine Eye civilization was currently split into three factions under the ruling presence of the three greater sects. The main Divine Eye planet was at the center of the civilization. From the main planet, space was split into three regions. A vast expanse of space surrounding the main planet housed the imprisoned royalty of the civilization. As a result, these areas were considered public spaces.

The region that contained the Eternal Star was one of those spaces that didn't belong to any of the greater sects. It was part of the civilization's public space. That was why the Holy Crest Sect planned most of their routes in those public spaces on their way back to the home planet.

Because it was public space, there were many battleships that made use of it on a daily basis. That meant a degree of danger involved in traveling through those spaces. The tensions amongst the three greater sects were restrained and seldom spiraled out of control. Regardless, they did happen on occasion. Of course, such conflicts usually only happened when the armies under the greater sects were involved.

For minor sects like the Holy Crest Sect, they only needed to pay a token fee in exchange for safe passage. The greater sects seldom made life difficult for them. This was one of the hidden rules that governed the Divine Eye civilization. Such payments became a regular source of funding for the armies under the three greater sects.

Wang Baole had heard of such dealings from De Kunzi. They had encountered three passing armies from different greater sects during their journey back. Each time, De Kunzi had paid up, doing so with the ease of the experienced, and their journey had remained relatively unhindered. They approached the main Divine Eye planet steadily.

Their apparent luck seemed to have run dry when they were two days away from their home planet. They ran into a small army, which consisted of seven to eight unique-looking battleships. They looked like eight-limbed octopuses and appeared to be made of special materials. These battleships were clearly the fusion between biological lifeforms and non-biological building blocks.

Such battleships were considered rare even in the armies of the three greater sects, with only the top ten most powerful armies in each greater sect owning such battleships. They were more powerful than ordinary battleships. While they might not be equal to a Dharmic Battleship, which could only be steered by a Spirit Immortal realm cultivator, they came close enough.

The last three encounters that the Holy Crest Sect had were also with army fleets that belonged to the greater sects. Their military strength couldn't compare with the current fleet, though.

Even De Kunzi gasped when he saw the current fleet. The biological battleships might look slightly worn down, as if they had just survived an intense battle, but the murderous aura that they exuded still managed to strike fear into the hearts of everyone on board the Holy Crest Sect battleships.

The source of their fear was... the eight Soul Conduit realm auras onboard the battleships clearly returning from an expedition, which flooded the region like a raging thunderstorm. When these auras gathered, their combined power surged through the area like a tsunami.

Fury permeated the auras. It was like facing a starving wolf that had returned from battle. It had lost in battle and, furious at its loss, had carried its anger back with it. Every creature that it came across could potentially become the unfortunate soul that bore the brunt of its anger.

“The Ink Dragon Legion under the Violet Gold New Dao Sect!” De Kunzi was clearly more knowledgeable when it came to famed armies under the three greater sects. An uneasy feeling rose within him when he saw the fleet of octopus-shaped battleships appear before them.

He said quietly, “The Ink Dragon Legion is ranked the seventh most powerful army in the Violet Gold New Dao Sect. It’s notorious for its cruelty and massacring ways, and it’s generally just unreasonable. In addition, the commander of the legion is... at the Spirit Immortal realm! It seems like they met with some trouble. We should be careful.”

Wang Baole narrowed his eyes. He could sense the Soul Conduit realm spirit energy within the biological battleships. There were eight of them, of which five were at the early-stage Soul Conduit realm and the remaining three at the mid-stage Soul Conduit realm. He wasn’t particularly bothered by them. The fleet’s commander, though, and the fleet’s ultimate master, the Violet Gold New Dao Sect, weren’t entities that he was capable of fighting against openly at this moment.

“We’ll let them pass first!” Wang Baole narrowed his eyes and said immediately. De Kunzi was of the same view. He hastily steered their battleship aside, dipping the front of the battleship slightly, as if bowing deferentially to the passing fleet. The Ink Dragon Legion sped past them like the mighty and powerful.

De Kunzi watched as the fleet ignored their presence and went on its way. He was about to release a sigh of relief when Wang Baole, who had had his eyes locked on the fleet all this while, frowned.

One of the Ink Dragon Legion battleships stopped in its tracks. Suddenly, a Divine Sense broadcast itself from the battleship, ripping apart the defenses of the two Holy Crest Sect battleships brutally and without mercy and flooding the minds of everyone within.

“We’ll be confiscating all of your resources. You’re to... scam after that!”

The voice was like a sudden explosion inside everyone’s minds, and alarm flashed across everyone’s faces. De Kunzi’s face became flushed red, as if he was barely reining in his anger. As for Wang Baole, the icy glint in his eyes sharpened.

“Master, the Holy Crest Sect is only a minor sect that’s affiliated with the Divine Sovereign Justice Sect. The other party is the seventh most powerful army that’s reporting directly to the Violet Gold New Dao Sect. We’re no match for them... besides, we’re in public space now. There might be a slim chance of us winning if we open fire, but the enemy’s commander is at the Spirit Immortal realm...” De Kunzi took a deep breath and shoved aside his pent up anger when he saw the cold glint in Wang Baole’s eyes. He immediately sent a voice transmission to Wang Baole in an attempt to appease the latter.

Wang Baole was feeling extremely unhappy. He had always been the one robbing others, and this was the first time someone had tried to rob him. What De Kunzi said made sense, though. They weren’t reporting directly to the Divine Sovereign Justice Sect. Should they engage in a battle with their enemy over resources now, the support that they would receive from the greater sect was going to be limited.

Wang Baole ached for the loss of their resources. Regardless, after weighing the pros and cons of the situation, he finally took a deep breath. Just as he was about to speak... another Divine Sense broadcast itself from a second Ink Dragon Legion battleship. It thundered more loudly than the first and sounded like a greater bully. Its voice rumbled like the beginnings of a thunderstorm.

COMMENT

“This battleship’s kinda interesting. It’s mine now!”

Wang Baole lifted his head slowly. He had never been the kind of person to stand down and suffer the provocation of others. An icy glint flashed across his eyes when he heard the taunting words, and he laughed suddenly.

*You want to steal my battleship? So what if you have a Spirit Immortal realm cultivator on your side? You think I’m afraid of you?*

### **Chapter 755: The Protection of a Spirit Immortal Realm Cultivator**

De Kunzi secretly lamented when he sensed Wang Baole’s murderous intent. He might have been imprinted with a servant’s brand and would have to answer to Wang Baole’s every beck and call, but he was reluctant to offend any of the three greater sects until it was their last resort. The Violet Gold New Dao Sect, especially, had only recently gained its power. Because of its newly gained dominance, it was dearly protective of its own. What people heard about the sect drove terror into their hearts. They were notorious for eliminating and massacring whole sects. Their infamy was widespread.

De Kunzi’s guts told him to calm Wang Baole down and dissuade him from any extreme actions. Before he could speak, though, the Ink Dragon Legion struck!

The cosmos thundered as eight purple beams of light blasted from the Ink Dragon Legion and landed on the Holy Crest Sect battleships. The beams of light transformed into eight layers of purple nets, which entrapped the Holy Crest Sect battleships within and, with a single fierce yank, began dragging them along. It appeared that the Ink Dragon Legion intended to take them away by force.

An overpowering force emanated from the nets, attacking the minds of the Holy Crest Sect disciples on the battleships and sending blood spilling from their lips. Their bodies could hardly take the stress. Even those at the Nascent Soul realm didn’t escape unscathed. De Kunzi himself was trembling slightly, and his heart was in turmoil with a mix of anxiety and fear as he stared at Wang Baole and sent the latter a voice transmission hastily.

“Master, why not just let this pass? Offending the Ink Dragon Legion is equivalent to challenging the Violet Gold New Dao Sect. Unless we stay within the Divine Sovereign Justice Sect’s territory indefinitely, we’ll definitely run into trouble in the future if we cause trouble now!”

The look in Wang Baole’s eyes grew frostier when he heard De Kunzi’s voice transmission. Originally, he hadn’t intended to cause any unnecessary trouble and was going to let the other party confiscate their resources. His heart might ache for the loss, but this was a decision he had accepted was better in the long run. But the battleship that he had crafted by hand meant a lot to him. He had spent too much effort and too many resources on it. There was no way he was going to agree to let it go.

It was at that point that someone aboard the Ink Dragon Legion's biological battleship snorted.

"You have three seconds to get out of my sight!" A slit appeared in the layers of purple net instantly, and a sudden force erupted from within, shoving the Holy Crest Sect cultivators into the open, tossing them into space and scattering them amongst the stars.

Only Wang Baole remained on the battleship, standing.

"Not leaving?" Upon discovery of Wang Baole's inaction, the same person on board the Ink Dragon Legion's battleship snorted again. Eight cultivators appeared suddenly, surrounding Wang Baole's battleship. They unleashed their Soul Conduit realm cultivation without any hesitation, and their power surged outward and filled the entire cosmic region.

"A mere Soul Conduit realm cultivator. Since you want to stay, I'll make sure you can't leave!" The same voice, infused with a menacing tone, thundered again. Its owner appeared elderly, and he had a head full of white hair and a cold, arrogant look on his face. The look in his eyes could freeze water.

The look on De Kunzi's face was thunderous. He had been expelled from his battleship and now faced eight Soul Conduit realm cultivators. He hovered a distance away from his battleship, his heart in turmoil. He felt awe and fear in the presence of a greater sect, but there was also shame and fury at being robbed. His fingers tightened into a fist and loosened themselves again as conflicting emotions fought inside him.

Wang Baole appeared calmer in comparison, despite being surrounded by eight Soul Conduit realm cultivators. He stood atop his battleship and swept his gaze across the eight cultivators. His eyes then landed on the old man who had spoken earlier. He recognized the voice, as it belonged to the old man who had demanded that he hand over his battleship.

"Can we talk this over and not have my battleship confiscated? This is the list of resources I've invested in crafting this battleship. It took me three years to build it. If you still want the battleship, why not compensate me for my efforts?" Wang Baole said slowly after a moment of silence. As he spoke, he raised his right hand and made a sweeping gesture, and a jade slip shot out and headed for the elderly cultivator.

"You want compensation?" The old man laughed, acting as if he had just heard the funniest joke. The Soul Conduit realm cultivators around him broke out into laughter as well. The middle-aged, early-stage Soul Conduit realm cultivator standing to his right, especially. The look on his face was filled with condescension and mockery. He looked as if he was about to say something when the jade slip approached amidst their laughter and was seized by the elderly cultivator. He clenched his fist and destroyed the jade slip, and black flames instantly surged out from the disintegrated jade slip and flooded the area!

Everything happened within the blink of an eye. The black flames rose like waves and transformed into a sea of black fire in the cosmos. It appeared to have sealed the region, surrounding the Ink Dragon Legion and trapping them within, disallowing any form of spirit energy to leak out from the area. They were effectively isolated!

As soon as the seal materialized, Wang Baole shot forward like an arrow released from a bow, disappearing instantly and reappearing next to the Ink Dragon Legion the next instant. Just as the enemy

was about to react to his sudden proximity, his right hand shot out and clamped itself over the forehead of the elderly cultivator, the old man who had laughed at Wang Baole earlier.

The Thearch Armor materialized, then transformed into a set of gruesome-looking claws. Thunder rumbled in the cosmos. The elderly cultivator widened his eyes, and before he could retaliate, Wang Baole's right hand tightened with sudden violence. The old man's skull exploded like a watermelon that had been smashed with a hammer!

It didn't matter that he had been at the mid-stage Soul Conduit realm, nothing could have saved him then. Before Wang Baole, there was no chance for him to reveal any of his fighting prowess!

Wang Baole's incredible fighting abilities were part of the reason for the elderly cultivator's quick death. But the fact that he had underestimated Wang Baole, and the fact that Wang Baole had made use of the Dark Fire's sudden explosion to execute an ambush, also contributed to his unexpected and abrupt elimination.

Blood splattered everywhere, and a rush of vitality escaped from the elderly cultivator's corpse and was sucked into Wang Baole's Thearch Armor. The headless corpse shriveled up within seconds and was left adrift in space when Wang Baole released his hold on it.

A sudden deathly silence descended upon everyone. The remaining seven Soul Conduit realm cultivators, as well as the hordes of cultivators aboard the Ink Dragon Legion fleet, all stared at the scene, their eyes wide with incredulity. Everything had happened too quickly. These might have been battle-hardened warriors, but even they couldn't accept what had just happened so readily. This wasn't the same as the heightened state of vigilance they instinctively went into during expeditions. After all, they were in their home territory and facing off against an insignificant minor sect. The losses they had suffered in their most recent expedition had soured their moods as well, so naturally, they hadn't been in the right state of mind.

But this was the seventh most powerful fleet under the Violet Gold New Dao Sect. The Ink Dragon Legion naturally had strengths that others couldn't compare with. The unexpected outcome of the engagement immediately sent the battleships into action. Without orders from any Soul Conduit realm cultivators, the battleships had activated their offensive capabilities and locked down Wang Baole as their target. They unleashed their incredible offensive capabilities and retaliated instantly.

The surviving seven Soul Conduit realm cultivators immediately coordinated their attacks. Four charged Wang Baole while three retreated in an attempt to establish contact with the outside world. When they failed to establish contact, they realized the key to their freedom was Wang Baole. They roared and unleashed their full cultivation, intent on blasting clear the black flames that were trapping them in place so that they could signal that they were under attack.

Everything happened swiftly, within moments, from Wang Baole's initial attack to the Ink Dragon Legion's retaliation. Wang Baole narrowed his eyes when he witnessed the Ink Dragon Legion's swift response to his attack. As beams of light erupted from the enemy battleships, he said coldly, "I had no intention of showing my hand here... but it seems I have no choice... so be it. I'll just have to kill every single one of you."



The bespelled beams of light pierced through Wang Baole's body as soon as he said that, and the four approaching Soul Conduit realm cultivators had reached him then as well. The thunderous sounds of battle rumbled in the cosmos. It didn't matter if it were spells released by the enemy battleships or divine powers unleashed by the Soul Conduit realm cultivators, they all went right through Wang Baole's body when they landed on him.

Wang Baole's form blurred in that instant, transforming into a semi-transparent state. It spread out like mist, passing through everything ahead of him and racing straight for the three Soul Conduit realm cultivators who were currently trying to blast open the black flames sealing them in this space!

The suddenness and speed of the attack sent the Ink Dragon Legion into another bout of shock. The three Soul Conduit realm cultivators who had been busy trying to blast open the seal formed from Dark Fire were stunned as well, and alarm flashed across their faces as they scattered hastily. They had intended to continue attacking the seal while Wang Baole was distracted by the others. While this tactic might have worked on someone else, it was useless against Wang Baole!

His body had transformed into mist, and within the mist, hidden from the eyes of his enemies, was the Dark Demonic Eye. His form shadowed everything in the sealed space. It didn't matter how many avatars the three Soul Conduit realm cultivators summoned, they were all within his reach. It took mere moments for Wang Baole to encase them in his mist-like form.

Screams of pain and terror pierced the cosmos. When the mist rolled back and shrunk to reveal Wang Baole again, one could see three corpses floating around him, each one shriveled and bereft of all life and vitality!

Wang Baole knew that time wasn't on his side. The sooner he ended this battle, the better it would be for him. He didn't hesitate as he transformed into mist again and headed straight for the remaining four Soul Conduit realm cultivators in the center of the sealed space.

Of the four Soul Conduit realm cultivators, two were old, one was middle-aged, and the last was a young man. They were all filled with shock and fear at the moment, having just watched as their fellow cultivators got butchered like chickens in a slaughterhouse. They were even beginning to doubt the abilities of their fellow Soul Conduit realm cultivators. As danger marched steadily towards them and the threat of death loomed over them, they howled and began to retreat, unleashing their most powerful techniques.

These techniques were useless as long as Wang Baole remained in his mist-like state, so the cultivators were surrounded by Wang Baole in an instant. The two elderly cultivators were the first to scream out in pain as their bodies shriveled up. Next was the middle-aged cultivator, who managed to survive for an extra three counts before also quivering and shriveling up. The last was the youth... As Wang Baole approached him, the youth howled in despair and smashed his palm into his forehead. It was then...

A surge of spirit energy that alarmed Wang Baole erupted from the young man's body as red mist poured out from the young man's orifices and materialized into a red palm before him. Immediately after, an overwhelming power that shook the heavens and earth and appeared capable of overpowering everything in sight rushed at Wang Baole.

*He's under the protection of a Spirit Immortal realm cultivator? Wang Baole's eyes narrowed!*

## Chapter 756: A False Immortal Arrives!

Wang Baole had experienced similar waves of spirit energy in the past and had full confidence in his judgment. The terrifying waves of spirit energy emanating from the palm and the rising sense of alarm he was feeling made him doubly sure of himself!

The aura emanating from the palm exuded a power that was at least at the False Immortal realm. It might not be the true Spirit Immortal realm, but it still exceeded the perfected Soul Conduit realm!

It was likely that the youth wasn't an ordinary young man. Giving someone one's Spirit Immortal realm protection was like leaving his or her avatar with the person. How powerful the avatar was varied according to the strength of the Divine Sense that had been imprinted on the person. It could be as powerful as an early-stage Soul Conduit realm cultivator to one at the perfected Soul Conduit realm. The palm that had materialized from within the youth's body was clearly more powerful than a cultivator at the perfected Soul Conduit realm. It was as if one was receiving a blow... from a true Spirit Immortal realm cultivator!

Even Spirit Immortal realm cultivators wouldn't be able to summon more than a few such protective avatars.

Wang Baole was hardly in the position to wonder about the identity of the cultivator whom the palm belonged to. It didn't matter whether he or she was truly at the Spirit Immortal realm or the False Immortal realm. His pupils contracted as a sudden sense of danger erupted in his mind. Wang Baole retreated immediately. With a wave of his hand, numerous Dharmic Armaments appeared before him. He flung them all before him, barely batting an eyelid as they blew up and helped him counter the attack.

The cosmos thundered with a series of explosions, the force of which transformed into shock waves that rushed at the red palm, but the power imbued in the palm was immense. The resultant force of self-destructing his Dharmic Armaments might have been strong, but it was negligible in the face of the immense power of the red palm. It appeared non-existent as the palm relentlessly charged through it and at Wang Baole!

Wang Baole might have been at the early-stage Soul Conduit realm and as powerful as a perfected Soul Conduit realm cultivator, but he was still no match for such an attack. If he were fighting with his true form, perhaps he might have fared better. After all, his true form's physical resilience could have helped him in this battle.

But he was currently in the body of his avatar. Even if the avatar had been created through the essence technique, it was still not as sturdy as his true form. Wang Baole watched as the palm approached. He was unable to avoid it, so he gritted his teeth and turned into mist again.

There was a crash of thunder as his mist-like form collided with the red palm. A muted smack echoed in the air and rippled outwards in the form of whipping wild winds, and a good half of Wang Baole's mist-like form disintegrated. Torn into shreds, he could no longer maintain this state. The remaining wisps of mist gathered together and materialized into a violently shaking Wang Baole. He could feel the damage inflicted on his essence technique, and he was barely able to keep his avatar together.

The danger hadn't yet passed, though. While the red palm appeared to be weakened slightly, the source of its power, the young man's body, continued to emit huge clouds of red mist, which gathered and transformed into a second palm!

Is this guy the Spirit Immortal realm cultivator's son or something? Wang Baole's pupils contracted. Then, in the next moment, he began to sense waves of spirit energy coming from the distance. It was emanating fury and charging madly in their direction. Wang Baole's face paled.

Don't tell me the true form is headed this way too! Wang Baole's breathing grew uneven. Without the true form's interference, he would still have time to slowly weaken the attacks coming from the two palms. However, with the arrival of the palm's true master, things had changed. He no longer had the luxury of time.

Damn it! Frustration boiled inside Wang Baole. He watched as the palms unleashed their attacks, one after the other, swift and overpowering, distorting space itself as they passed through the cosmos. Madness colored his eyes.

There's only one way left! Wang Baole clenched his jaw as he formed a series of hand seals. His finger pointed into the distance, where his battleship hovered, exposed in open space because there was no room left in his storage bag for it.

The only way to mount a retaliatory attack in a short period of time was to blow up an extremely powerful artifact. Compared to the times when he had blown up the Thearch Armor or other precious artifacts, he found himself less willing to do the same to his battleship. Regardless, it was the best choice in this situation. It might seem as if he was blowing up the battleship in an attempt to counter the attack from the Spirit Immortal realm palm, but in reality... his target was the Soul Conduit realm youth!

Wang Baole was gambling on the chance of the Spirit Immortal realm protective power rushing to the youth's aid!

"Explode!" Ignoring the pain of losing it, Wang Baole howled and blew up the battleship he had so painstakingly crafted over such a long period of time.

A destructive, blinding light engulfed Wang Baole's battleship instantly, and the ship and the materials on board exploded in the same instant. The resultant shock wave rushed at the approaching twin palms and crashed into them.

A deafening thunder reverberated across the cosmos. The Holy Crest Sect battleship didn't escape from the resultant shock waves of the collision, caving in instantly. Trapped within the sea of Dark Fire, the Ink Dragon Legion fleet were sitting ducks that had nowhere to run. They didn't escape unscathed either.

The self-destruction of a battleship might have been powerful, but the damage it caused would be limited. However, when the self-destruction of a battleship occurred concurrently with the collision of Spirit Immortal realm palms, the resultant shock waves not only annihilated the entire fleet, they also instantaneously blew apart the surrounding Dark Fire entrapping the fleet within.

Wang Baole made the right bet. The two Spirit Immortal realm palms did their best to protect the Soul Conduit realm youth in the aftermath of the collision, gaining Wang Baole some time!

With a pale face and without hesitation, he began to retreat. With a swift whirl, he turned around and raced into the distance. De Kunzi and the rest of the Holy Crest Sect had long vanished. Wang Baole's attack must have thrown him into a panic and sent him running.

This Ink Dragon Legion! Wang Baole unleashed his full speed, his guts churning with anger as he raced across the cosmos. The whole thing had been a result of the Ink Dragon Legion's unreasonable, bullying behavior. They had demanded the entirety of the Holy Crest Sect's resources and then forced him to hand over his battleship. He couldn't take those terms lying down. However, refusing them would amount to asking for trouble.

Should worse comes to worst, I'll just leave this wretched place! Violence flickered in Wang Baole's eyes as he sped through space. Then, a sudden loud thunder erupted from the battlefield behind him and reverberated across the cosmos.

Wang Baole knew without having to turn his head around that the Spirit Immortal realm cultivator had arrived. That was indeed the case. The fabric of space had been ripped apart in the spot where Wang Baole had engaged in battle with the Ink Dragon Legion, and a middle-aged, female cultivator dressed in Daoist robes stepped out from the tear with a dark look on her face.

She appeared before the young cultivator whose life had been saved by her two palms. With a wave of her right hand, the young man's eyes fluttered open as he stirred out of unconsciousness. As he woke, the injuries on his body healed instantly.

"Master!" The youth became visibly agitated when he saw the middle-aged female cultivator standing before him. This wasn't simply his master. She was also the commander of the Ink Dragon Legion!

He immediately told her what had happened. The female cultivator lifted her head and stared in the direction that Wang Baole had left, a murderous glint in her eyes.

"Your master knows now. I'll make sure we flay his skin and strip the meat from his bones. After we're done torturing him, we'll trap his soul in the body of one of your female servants and let you do whatever you want with him!" The words that came out of the female cultivator's mouth were soaked in malice, and they flowed effortlessly from her lips. It was clear that she was accustomed to committing such acts of viciousness. The youth wasn't surprised by what she had said. Instead, his eyes began to shine brightly.

"Follow your master, we'll get him!" the female cultivator said. Then, with a sweeping gesture, she pulled her disciple along and sped into the cosmos, appearing to cross vast expanses of space within a single step as she chased after Wang Baole after finding traces of his escape!

Theoretically speaking, pursuing a Soul Conduit realm cultivator when one was a Spirit Immortal realm cultivator was an easy feat. This was especially so when one had their target locked down. In this case, though... the Spirit Immortal realm cultivator wasn't truly at the Spirit Immortal realm, and her target was no ordinary Soul Conduit realm cultivator!

One was a step away from the true Spirit Immortal realm, while the other was an exceptionally powerful Soul Conduit realm cultivator. It was impossible for the female cultivator to catch up with Wang Baole so quickly. She might be fast and could teleport, but Wang Baole could move swiftly across vast expanses of space as well. After transforming into mist, his speed gained an additional boost.

The open chase across public space in the Divine Eye civilization soon caught the attention of various sects passing through the area. The military contingents under the Divine Sovereign Justice Sect and the Earth Hexagram Unity Sect were some of the first to be informed. They observed the pursuit with great interest.

“I heard there’s a newly minted Soul Conduit realm cultivator in the Holy Crest Sect who’s an extremely powerful warrior. He decimated an entire team from the Ink Dragon Legion!”

“That sounds interesting. This Soul Conduit realm cultivator must be quite a character, to be able to achieve such a feat. No wonder he had the guts to provoke the Ink Dragon Legion from the Violet Gold New Dao Sect!”

The pursuit continued as news of it spread like wildfire. Three times, the middle-aged female cultivator had almost caught up with Wang Baole. However, he had used the tricks he had up his sleeves and unleashed his full speed then. Even then, he had only barely widened the distance between them again. His escapes intensified the female cultivator’s intent to kill. Near the end of the pursuit, she was brimming with rage, as the attention that the prolonged pursuit had drawn was humiliating.

Trying to escape into Divine Sovereign Justice Sect territory, I see? The female commander of the Ink Dragon Legion appeared to have guessed Wang Baole’s intentions. She watched as Wang Baole teleported into the distance again, a vicious glint flashing in her eyes.

#### **Chapter 757: The Borders of the Divine Sovereign Justice Sect!**

The Ink Dragon Legion’s commander made the right guess. Wang Baole was indeed headed for Divine Sovereign Justice Sect territory. He knew that the relationship between the Violet Gold New Dao Sect and the Divine Sovereign Justice Sect ensured that the former wouldn’t dare to venture into the latter’s territory so easily.

They were rivals, after all. Their rivalry might not have reached the point of outright hostility, but trespassing into the other’s territory would be construed as an open provocation, regardless of the reason.

As soon as the female cultivator realized what Wang Baole was up to, a vicious glint flickered in her eyes. She snorted, then lifted her right hand and formed a hand seal. Then, she suddenly bit the tip of her tongue and spat out a mouthful of blood!

The burst of fresh, crimson blood rippled and morphed into a blood-colored dragonfly!

Both the dragonfly’s body and wings were blood red, and the creature exuded a murderous aura. It appeared to be the physical manifestation of someone’s will. It dashed out as soon as it materialized, shooting through space like a piercing arrow. Its speed exceeded that of a False Immortal realm cultivator one step away from the true Spirit Immortal realm, and it swiftly matched that of a true Spirit Immortal realm cultivator.

Everything happened within the blink of an eye. The blood-colored dragonfly traveled at a shocking speed, thundering as it shot through space and headed straight for Wang Baole.

Wang Baole, who had teleported a distance away, suddenly turned pale with alarm. When he reappeared in the next moment, alarm bells were ringing in his head. He had no time to think at all, and he turned into mist immediately and scattered outward.

It was too late. Just as he turned into his mist-like state, the blood-colored dragonfly appeared behind him and stabbed him without hesitation.

Upon entry into his mist-like form, the dragonfly melted away into a pool of blood-colored liquid, infecting Wang Baole's mist-like form and turning the mist a similar blood-red color!

A deafening thunder erupted in space, and Wang Baole's mist-like form began to churn and boil rapidly. It gathered and formed into a humanoid shape in the distance, trembled, then spat out a mouthful of blood. The blood was the essence of his vitality. Wang Baole's face was pale, and on his chest was a wound in the shape of a dragonfly, one which wasn't healing at all!

Countless thin, blood-colored veins were spreading out from the dragonfly-shaped wound and across his body. They drained him of his vitality as they wriggled all over his skin, like a toxic tumor that was killing him in order to keep itself alive!

A curse? Wang Baole's face darkened, and he immediately summoned his Dark Fire to seal the curse as best as he could. That was the best he could do at the moment. After all, he didn't currently have the luxury to remove the curse completely. He knew that the wound served as both a curse and a device that could lock down his coordinates. Without wasting any time, he raised his right hand in a wave and pulled out numerous Dharmic Artifacts from his storage bracelet.

These Dharmic Armaments weren't from the Federation but components that he had crafted during his time in the Divine Eye civilization. They had been pieces that he had practiced refining while researching how to build his own battleship. Each one of them had their own specific use. Wang Baole had two particular habits he kept when he refined artifacts. The first was to create a contingency plan for each artifact, while the second was to equip each artifact with a unique self-destruct mechanism.

The force of such self-destructive explosions might not be that powerful if one only blew up a couple of artifacts at the same time, but if he were to activate the self-destruct inscription on thousands of artifacts and blow them up in one go, the resultant explosion would be overpowering.

Just as he was about to activate the self-destruct mechanisms, the skies behind him rippled as a tear in the cosmos appeared. The Ink Dragon Legion commander was ready to step out of the tear when the look on her face shifted to that of alarm. She had sensed the waves of self-destructive energy emanating from Wang Baole's Dharmic Artifacts. With a swift movement of her right hand and a flurry of hand seals, she attempted to counter the impending attack as she made a hasty retreat.

Thunderous explosions erupted and reverberated in the cosmos at the same instant. The force of thousands of Dharmic Artifacts exploding at the same time swept across the entire cosmic region, creating an ultra-strong tornado in its wake.

Wang Baole didn't escape from the growing tornado unscathed. He spat out another mouthful of blood—blood that was the essence of his vitality—before clenching his jaw tight. He didn't slow down and instead continued his escape, vanishing yet again with another teleportation.

Three seconds after his disappearance, the Ink Dragon Legion commander pulled her disciple out from the center of the tornado. They had dodged the brunt of the earlier explosion, but the look on her face was thunderous. She gritted her teeth as a dark look flashed in her eyes.

Wang Baole's retaliatory attack had shocked her on two levels. Firstly, he had appeared relatively unaffected by her curse. The blood-colored dragonfly had carried blood within it that had been extracted from the tip of her tongue, and the curse that the dragonfly had embodied was especially effective on the living and the living's flesh and blood. It was a mystic technique that she had acquired from a Planet realm patriarch in the Violet Gold New Dao Sect. Unless one had reached the Spirit Immortal realm or beyond, death was imminent if they were to be inflicted with the curse!

Then came the second shock. She wasn't that bothered with the curse's apparent lack of effect on her target. However, she couldn't believe how quickly he had reacted. She had locked down his coordinates and teleported herself over almost immediately after the blood-colored dragonfly had imprinted the curse on the other party. Regardless, she had still been ambushed, and he had successfully thwarted her pursuit momentarily.

We can't leave this kid alive! Murder flashed in the Ink Dragon Legion commander's eyes. She formed a series of hand seals with her right hand, prepared to make another teleportation to her target's exact location based on her connection with the blood-colored dragonfly. Next to her was her disciple, the young man who had almost died at Wang Baole's hand. He was shaking with nervous energy. He had followed his master closely the entire time and had seen the thunderous look on her face growing darker throughout their pursuit, causing the fear he felt towards Wang Baole to intensify. Then, he saw the look on his master's face turn a darker shade. It appeared that she had lost sight of Wang Baole. His pupils contracted instantly.

It's been sealed? The commander gritted her teeth. She began to give chase again. She might have failed to track down the exact location of the target, but that didn't mean that she couldn't sense the general direction that Wang Baole was moving. Their chase had brought them near the border between public cosmic territory and Divine Sovereign Justice Sect territory. Wang Baole was currently racing at full speed, rushing through space like a shooting star.

His face was deathly pale. He might have sealed the wound inflicted by the dragonfly inside his body with his Dark Fire, but as long as the dragonfly remained and wasn't removed, it would continue to inflict extreme agony on his body. Wang Baole shook violently from the pain. It was a pain that went deep into one's soul and went so far as to affect his true form.

Luckily, despite the obstacles along the way, Wang Baole still managed to keep his speed up. The pace that he was setting brought him closer and closer to Divine Sovereign Justice Sect territory. In fact, he could see a glowing line of light ahead of him!

The white light divided the cosmos into two regions, and on the inner side of the white light were dozens of enormous battleships!

Behind the fleet floated numerous air bubbles. There were hundreds of them clustered together, crowding the cosmos. Within each of the air bubbles was a small world, where cultivators could be seen flickering in and out of sight.

Finally, behind the clusters of air bubbles was a rainbow-colored air bubble. Seemingly sealed within it was a black-colored armored beetle. The beetle's eyes were shut, but it still managed to exude a terrifying aura that surged outward and flooded the region. Lying on the head of the Black Armored Beetle was an old man. He was resting his cheek on his palm and staring in Wang Baole's direction with mockery in his eyes!

The fifth most powerful army in the Divine Sovereign Justice Sect... the Black Armor Legion! Wang Baole's eyes flashed as he studied the air bubbles hovering beyond the glowing line of light. He had learned quite a lot about the Divine Sovereign Justice Sect through De Kunzi, so he knew that the Black Armor Legion was the current fleet guarding the Divine Sovereign Justice Sect's borders.

He also knew that he had approached the Black Armor Legion's temporary base camp. The glowing line of light was the border, and only members of the Divine Sovereign Justice Sect or members of affiliated sects could pass through the borders unharmed. Outsiders... were strictly forbidden entry!

Wang Baole didn't show any signs of relief as he approached the border. Instead, he gritted his teeth and activated his cultivation, pushing himself to go faster. A dozen or so counts later, he heard a thunderous rumbling behind him. The commander of the Ink Dragon Legion finally caught up with Wang Baole. It was at that moment that Wang Baole made a huge leap and landed on the other side of the glowing line, in Divine Sovereign Justice Sect territory!

As soon as he crossed over to the other side of the border, Long Nanzi's identity token, which had been resting inside his storage bracelet all this while, flashed with a brilliant light. It appeared that his identity had just been verified, permitting safe entry.

The Black Armor Legion didn't react to Wang Baole's entry at all. The cultivators in the fleet turned their eyes towards him momentarily, but none stopped him. It was as if they were simply watching a performance unfold before them. As the audience, they would neither stop nor help him.

The commander of the Ink Dragon Legion, a fleet under the Violet Gold New Dao Sect, had to stop right outside the glowing line of light. Her face darkened, then paled, then darkened again repeatedly as a myriad of emotions flitted across her face. She lifted her head and looked beyond the Black Armor Legion, straight at the elder lying atop the armored beetle in the rainbow-colored air bubble. Her voice traveled loud and clear across the cosmos.

"Fellow Daoist Xu Feizi, how about an Ink Dragon Fish in exchange for his life?"

### **Chapter 758: When Your Turn to Fight Arrives, Fight!**

The thought wasn't directed at a single person but transmitted into the vast, open space. Everyone heard it!

Darkness flashed across Wang Baole's face then, and he narrowed his eyes. Someone else in his place would have been jittery with anxiety, but not him. His eyes swept past the commander of the Ink Dragon Legion. He had some inkling of what was going on.

This fox probably has something up her sleeve. She might be interested in an exchange, but there's a higher chance of this being a way for her to save herself from embarrassment. That's the only way to explain why she made sure everyone could hear her... when the more advisable approach was to send a



personal voice transmission! Wang Baole thought. This was only guesswork on his part, though. There was no way that a commander of an army fleet who had risen to the Spirit Immortal realm was going to be a simple idiot. No matter what, the high officials' autobiographies had taught Wang Baole a lesson that he always followed.

Never bet your own personal safety on others never committing a mistake!

Wang Baole's eyes flashed at that thought. His gut feeling was telling him that this might be a chance for him to establish contact with one of the most powerful Divine Sovereign Justice Sect fleets in the Divine Eye civilization.

I've lost too much today, and I have no outlet for all the pent-up frustrations that I'm feeling now. That's why... I have to test the waters and make a good impression on the right party! Various thoughts flashed across Wang Baole's mind.

Before the commander of the Black Armor Legion could reply, he pulled out a jade slip and imprinted his Divine Sense into it. Then, he raised it up into the air and shouted, "Senior Xu Feizi, your junior Long Nanzi thanks you for saving his life. To express my gratitude, I will donate a hundred Ink Dragon Fish to the Black Armor Legion. I swear to fulfill my promise within three years!"

He directed his promise at the entire fleet instead of the individual and cleverly called it a donation. This sweetened the nature of the deal and softened its seeming brashness. Compared with the way the Ink Dragon Legion had offered their deal, his deal was clearly the better one.

It made the cultivators of the Black Armor Legion give Wang Baole a few more studied looks. Even the elder lying inside the rainbow-colored bubble on the Black Armored Beetle gave him a side-glance, a hint of a smile appearing on the elder's face. He turned towards the Ink Dragon Legion commander next with a look of unconcealed condescension. He dug his ear and then spoke casually.

"To think that a cultivator at the False Immortal realm who is also the commander of the Ink Dragon Legion couldn't even compare with a random cultivator affiliated to our sect when it comes to propriety and tact. If you truly want this kid's life, why not offer a hundred Ink Dragon Fish for it as well?"

The female commander's face turned thunderous instantly. She glared at Wang Baole. The Ink Dragon Fish was an extremely unique lifeform. When reared to maturity, it would effectively become a biological battleship. Prior to that, its adolescent form could be used as material for building other types of biological battleships. They were extremely useful for boosting battleship capabilities. The means of acquiring Ink Dragon Fish had been monopolized by the Violet Gold New Dao Sect, and it was extremely difficult for those who didn't belong to the sect to obtain one. That was why each one of those Ink Dragon Fish was seen as priceless.

The fish were resources that were to be used strategically. The sect might turn a blind eye towards one or two Ink Dragon Fish being given away, but not a hundred. First of all, she wouldn't be able to get her hands on so many. Even if she managed to get a loan, such a gift would be a serious violation of their sect rules.

Wang Baole was right. She might want his life, but once he had escaped into Divine Sovereign Justice Sect territory, she had been prepared to let this matter pass. It simply wasn't worth it to trespass into their competitor's territory and violate unspoken rules just for a moment's satisfaction.

But allowing Long Nanzi to live was going to leave a stain on her pride too. Others might not submit to her authority after this incident. That had been why she had initiated a negotiation. She had thought the idea through. It would be best if the Black Armor Legion agreed to her deal. If not, she would have had a way to stand down from this matter as well. It wasn't the issue of her not being able to kill Long Nanzi, it was the issue of the Black Armor Legion protecting the latter. Besides, there was no way this Long Nanzi was going to remain indefinitely in Divine Sovereign Justice Sect territory. He had to leave eventually.

All of her careful planning was thrown into chaos when Wang Baole said that he would make a donation of a hundred Ink Dragon Fish within three years. His promise essentially elevated his worth. That meant that she would have to have him killed secretly. Otherwise, any attempts on his life openly would give the Black Armor Legion an excuse to demand compensation from the Ink Dragon Legion!

Curse him! This was the first time the commander of the Ink Dragon Legion experienced the influence of mere words and how it could shift the balance of power. The look on her face was thunderous. Yet, she could only grit her teeth and turn away from the enemy. She would find a chance to exact vengeance.

Her disciple stood beside her. He was the youth that had almost been killed by Wang Baole earlier. He clearly hadn't realized the situation like his master had. In terms of intellect, he couldn't compare with Wang Baole either. As a result, he hadn't yet seen the dilemma his master was currently in. But he knew that the chances of him getting his vengeance today were slim. As he left, his eyes shone with hostility as he glared at Wang Baole, who was standing at the glowing edge of the border separating the two territories. Vicious words spewed out from his mouth.

"Fatherless rascal, I don't believe you can hide in the Divine Sovereign Justice Sect's territory forever. I'll catch you one day, then I'll skin you alive and strip you of your bones, using your fat to light my lanterns. After that, I'll yank your soul out and imprison it inside the body of a female servant and use her as a cauldron. You'll wish that you were dead!" Having said that, he snorted and turned away, ready to leave with his master.

His words were laced with malice. Many of the cultivators in the Black Armor Legion turned their gazes towards Wang Baole after hearing those words, some appearing to be visualizing the details of what the young cultivator had promised to inflict on Wang Baole...

Wang Baole froze. He had been cursed and scolded by many people countless times throughout his cultivation. They had sworn to strip him of skin and bones and had called him despicable and shameless. He had grown used to those by now. However, this was the first time he heard that one could yank a man's soul out of his body and trap it inside a female body. The thought of that sent Wang Baole shivering, his body quivering with disgust and fury!

What a bastard! What kind of brain does he have to come up with such bizarre ideas? He wants to rape me? There's no way I can leave him alive! Thoughts of murder rose inside Wang Baole. He had been the victim in the entire fiasco. They had wanted to rob him of his resources and his battleship, so he had attacked in self-defense. Then, before he could win against the younger one, the older one had come to the rescue. Now, the younger one had so brazenly spewed such malice at him!

That's just too much! The more Wang Baole thought about it, the more furious he got. He had been boiling with rage, the anger within him pent up with no proper outlet, and had been extremely reluctant to just let things go. The rage was a red blur that clouded his judgment. Now, having been incited

further, he could no longer control his rage. Just as the commander of the Ink Dragon Legion prepared to leave, with her disciple following behind her, and as the Black Armor Legion, including the elder inside the rainbow-colored bubble, believed that the matter had come to an end, Wang Baole struck!

His fury erupted and filled his body instantly, and he charged across the border, displaying a speed that he had never displayed before. Everyone watched in disbelief, hardly expecting his sudden attack and finding it unbelievable that he would choose to strike at this moment. Wang Baole dashed forward, crossed the border, and rushed straight at the Ink Dragon Legion commander's disciple!

He was like a bolt of lightning whose approach was imminent. The first to react to Wang Baole's attack wasn't the youth but his master. She whirled around, alarm coloring her face as she raised her right hand in a sweeping gesture. A large seal charged at Wang Baole with the intention of driving him away.

Wang Baole's eyes flashed with madness as he watched the Ink Dragon Legion commander's attack rush at him. He raised his right hand and unleashed his full power as he struck the seal. The collision sent Wang Baole quaking violently, blood spilling from his lips. At the same time, his right hand broke into pieces, then exploded as he himself was flung back from the shock waves emanating from the seal.

He wasn't done yet, though. One broken finger from the fractured arm burst into black flames instantly, which pierced through the barrier of the seal and darted with lightning speed towards the youth. Just as the young man, white with shock and soaked in relief, thought that he had survived a fatal blow, the burning finger appeared before him and pierced clean through his forehead.

The youth shuddered, and a hole appeared between his brows as the force of the blow sent him staggering a few steps backward. There was a lost look in his eyes, and he wanted to turn around and look for his master, but before he could do that, his head exploded, and both his spirit and flesh were decimated!

Everything happened too quickly, within the span of a moment. Any normal person would have viewed Wang Baole's actions as those of a madman. No one could have predicted that he would do that, which was one of the reasons he had succeeded!

"Kun'er!" The female commander of the Ink Dragon Legion watched with incredulity as the series of events unfolded before her eyes. She let loose an enraged howl and turned her furious glare onto Wang Baole, who was attempting to make use of the residual shock waves from his collision with the seal to retreat back to the other side of the border!

His chest had caved in, and he had lost his right hand. On top of that, his face was pale, and his breathing uneven. Even so, there was a certain satisfaction and wildness in his eyes that left a deep and startling impression in the minds of all of the cultivators who had just witnessed the scene. They gasped in shock.

"He's got guts!"

"This Long Nanzi isn't a simple character!"

"To think that he dared to strike despite the circumstances he was in. Come to think of it, the hundred Ink Dragon Fish that he promised earlier, was he already preparing an escape plan then? This kid... he's quite a smart one!"

## Chapter 759: Never Offend a Dharmic Armament Cultivator!

For those who had reached a certain cultivation level, there were definitely those who processed information more slowly, but it was practically impossible for fools to exist. For example, most of the cultivators in the Black Armor Legion had realized that Wang Baole's initial promise was two-pronged. On the one hand, he wanted to protect himself, and on the other hand, he wanted to get into the good books of the Black Armor Legion.

The fastest, most convenient, and most effective method, other than hatred, was the interests of each other. So something like owing someone money was often one of the methods to quickly build up interpersonal relations. Once this relationship was formed, it was often very stable up until the debt was paid.

Wang Baole had understood this since he was young, and he made use of it many times. So, without much hesitation, he immediately used it. At the same time, deep in his heart, this was one of the true reasons he dared to take a risk and kill the Ink Dragon Legion commander's disciple.

He was definitely angry, but not to the point of intolerance. On the one hand, his taking action and killing the disciple was a test, and on the other hand, it was a position Wang Baole deliberately created.

He thought about it very clearly. Since he had met with the incident of the Ink Dragon Legion, it was now somewhat impractical to follow his previous plan step by step. At the same time, a new opportunity presented itself. But to climb up the ranks in the Divine Sovereign Justice Sect, he definitely had to show himself.

All of these factors culminated in the scene of him killing the disciple in a fit of rage and defiance!

And the shock of the surrounding crowd proved Wang Baole's judgment correct. But compared to the ordinary Black Armor Legion cultivators, Wang Baole was more interested in the attitude of the Black Armor Legion's commander.

This attitude... appeared quickly!

As Wang Baole retreated, the Ink Dragon Legion's commander, who had lost her beloved disciple, roared and prepared to give chase with incredible killing intent in her eyes. The elder lying on the black beetle within the rainbow bubble had a weird glow in his eyes for the first time. He took a deep look at Wang Baole and laughed.

"Interesting." As he spoke, he raised his right hand and seemed to randomly poke the shell of the black beetle. Immediately, the giant black beetle raised its head and opened its mouth, letting out a roar. This roar passed through the rainbow bubble and exploded out. The impact it created spread directly outside the light ray and formed a storm in front of Wang Baole, to where the Ink Dragon Legion's commander chased him.

Rumbles immediately echoed, and Wang Baole's body trembled. But he clenched his teeth and retreated back within the boundary light rays. Although the Ink Dragon Legion's commander was strong, she was still just a False Immortal and not a true Spirit Immortal. Her expression changed as the storm affected her speed, and she could only watch as Wang Baole entered the internal part of the light rays. The indignance and frenzy in her heart caused her to let out an angry roar.

But this Ink Dragon Legion's commander was a vicious person. Although her anger had reached a boiling point, she violently stepped on the cosmos below her. She didn't take a second look at Wang Baole, and instead, turned around and left with a flick of her body.

Her leaving like that made Wang Baole more frustrated than if she gave a vicious reply. That was because he understood that these kinds of people were the truly vicious ones.

This issue needs to be settled as quickly as possible! Wang Baole narrowed his eyes. He retracted his gaze from the direction of the Ink Dragon Legion's commander and turned to greet the Black Armor Legion with cupped fists, doing the same towards the rainbow bubble.

"Thank you for your assistance, Senior!"

The elder within the bubble seemed not to have heard Wang Baole's greeting. He lay down and closed his eyes.

Wang Baole's expression remained the same. After greeting the elder once again, he maintained his respectful posture and retreated while facing him. This continued until he retreated ten thousand feet away. It was then that he turned around and prepared to leave.

Right at that moment, seemingly pleased with Wang Baole's actions from start to finish, Xu Feizi's dignified voice finally sounded in Wang Baole's ears.

"Long Nanzi, you have promised to donate three hundred Ink Dragon Fish within three years. I will remember that."

After hearing that, Wang Baole was silent for a few breaths. He then cupped his fists and greeted Xu Feizi once more. In his respectfulness, he spoke without hiding his pain.

"Junior understands." As he spoke, he seemed listless. He clutched his chest, seemingly heavily injured, and slowly left. He only narrowed his eyes and looked back in the direction of the Black Armor Legion after he walked out of the area covered by the Spirit Immortal Divine Sense.

Asking for triple the amount, this Black Armor Legion commander is kind of vicious. Is he trying to make me shoot myself in the foot... Wang Baole narrowed his eyes. He originally didn't plan on repudiating his debt. If the situation allowed it, he would still have considered donating the Ink Dragon Fish and strengthening his ties with the Black Armor Legion as a result.

But Xu Feizi's previous words made him kill that thought. He realized the intentions of the Black Army Legion's commander. He was trying to forcefully increase Wang Baole's value. That way, Wang Baole's death would be more valuable.

"It doesn't have to take three years. At most, after one year's time... if I can't manage to produce the Ink Dragon Fish, this commander of the Black Armor Legion will create a situation where I'm killed by the Ink Dragon Legion, and then he'll ask for compensation from the Ink Dragon Legion." As he muttered, Wang Baole's speed didn't decrease. His target wasn't the Divine Eye civilization's main star. Instead, he wanted to find a place to cultivate within the cosmos controlled by the Divine Sovereign Justice Sect.

This kind of place wasn't difficult to find. Small planets or some meteorites were all very suitable. But comparatively, the latter was much easier to find.

After half a month, Wang Baole finally found a suitable meteorite. He meditated cross-legged on it, adjusting his cultivation. He withstood the pain that ripped across his body and finally dispelled the blood-colored dragonfly's curse on his chest. As he did so, he adjusted his thoughts and plans.

Whether it be the killing intent spread by the Ink Dragon Legion or the threats given by the Black Armor Legion, all of it can be attributed to the fact that... my identity and cultivation are both weaker than theirs! Wang Baole sat cross-legged on the meteorite, raising his head to look towards the cosmos ahead. He grabbed at the ground surrounding him with his right hand and dug out a piece of meteorite, turning it around in his hand.

Changing my identity isn't difficult, but it poses a threat in the future. The increase in my cultivation can't be done in a short amount of time. But... there's one thing that I can use to change this situation!

Fame! Wang Baole exerted some pressure on the meteorite in his hand, and a crack was heard as he crushed it. A glimmer appeared in his eyes.

If I were a reputable and famous person known to everyone in the Divine Eye civilization, then even if I can't change the situation completely, I can resolve everything once I get the attention of the Divine Sovereign Justice Sect!

The difficulty is in how I get the attention to reach the level I need... The only way for me to achieve this is to do something sufficiently shocking. As Wang Baole deliberated until this point, his thoughts became clear.

No event would be bigger and more shocking than one person taking down an entire army. A cold glint flashed through Wang Baole's eyes. Thinking about how he had to destroy the battleship he spent so much effort to build, the pursuit of the Ink Dragon Legion's commander, and the suffering he had to endure in this period before eliminating the pain brought to him by the blood-colored dragonfly's curse, a decisiveness appeared in his eyes.

With my cultivation, I will need enough battleships to do so!

These battleships don't need to be at a high level, they just have to be able to self-destruct. At the same time, I have to adjust their inscriptions and make it so that the self-destruction can be chained... Enough manpower is also needed to control these battleships. Wang Baole closed his eyes, thought for a while, then slowly reopened them.

Time to use my puppets! After making his decision, Wang Baole wasted no time. First, he strengthened the array formation he set up in the surroundings to be used during his recuperation. Next, he opened his storage bracelet and took out dozens of storage bags from within. Inside those bags was the loot from accompanying the Holy Crest Sect on their travels.

This still isn't enough... Wang Baole checked his items once, planned it out in his head, and immediately activated his voice transmission jade slip. He sent a voice transmission to De Kunzi, planning to make him gather all of the materials he needed and have him send them over in batches. At the same time, he gave De Kunzi a list and ordered him to purchase the items elsewhere.

De Kunzi had already escaped back to the main star of the Divine Eye civilization. He was originally cautious, and that was compounded by the rumors he had heard. After hearing rumors of Long Nanzi's

conflict with the commander of the Ink Dragon Legion and the involvement of the Black Armor Legion, he didn't relax, becoming more nervous instead. Truthfully, to him, both the Ink Dragon and Black Armor Legions were two massive armies he dared not step on the shoes of.

So, after receiving Wang Baole's voice transmission, he deliberated in his heart. In the end, he sighed, clenched his teeth, and carried out Wang Baole's orders.

Just like that, three months passed in a flash. The meteorite Wang Baole was on looked normal on the surface, but its interior had completely changed. The internal area of the meteorite had become hollow, and a sea of fire spread within it. Besides Wang Baole at the center, whose hair was unkempt seemingly due to his crazed refinement of armaments, there were thousands of puppets of various sizes within the internal area of the meteorite.

As for the puppets, they were busy going in and out of the meteorite, where simple battleships, whose only strength lay in the explosive power of their self-destruction, were being continuously mass-produced!

This still isn't enough. Commander of the Ink Dragon Legion, just you wait! With a wave of his right hand, Wang Baole produced three more puppets. After sending them to participate in the surrounding construction work, he started refining battleships once again!

### **Chapter 760: Returning to the Eternal Star!**

With the assistance of a large number of puppets, and after giving up on durability, speed, and even greatly reducing the offensive strength, the battleships were built, though they weren't really battleships anymore.

Perhaps describing them as large scale Dharmic Artifacts was somewhat appropriate, so the production time was reduced to the extreme. Because of this, the number of battleships produced rose sharply.

In the short span of a few months, Wang Baole produced nearly 1000 of these battleships. To reduce costs, Wang Baole didn't even include the cores necessary for the battleships to be controlled via consciousness.

Therefore, the battleships produced were no different than trash in a certain sense. However, this was their state before self-destructing. Once they self-destructed, their combined power could unleash a storm capable of shaking the heavens and earth.

Because Wang Baole spent almost all of his energy on pairing the battleships' materials to achieve maximum explosive power when they self-destructed, instead of saying they were battleships, one could say that they were all bombs that could explode at any moment!

Wang Baole was even worried that the power unleashed after their self-destruction wouldn't be enough, so he added in the Federation's artifact refinement techniques. In the end, he still wasn't satisfied. However, after deliberation, Wang Baole decided against including the dark demonic eyes. Although doing so could increase the explosive power of the battleships, it also ran the risk of exposing Wang Baole.

*So be it, I can only reach this standard now.* Sitting cross-legged in the internal area of the meteorite, Wang Baole looked at the close to 1000 battleships around him and sighed with a tinge of regret. Afterward, he lowered his head to look through his storage bracelet. Seeing the remaining materials he had, his eyes slowly narrowed.

*Although I didn't include the cores needed to connect to my Divine Sense and can't spread out my Divine Sense to control the battleships precisely... I don't need to control them, I only need to control my puppets!* A strange glow appeared in Wang Baole's eyes. This was his plan all along. He would control a large number of puppets, and the puppets would control the battleships.

That way, when the battleships self-destructed, the puppets would self-destruct too. Even if the explosive power couldn't be compared to the former, they would still have an effect.

*Ink Dragon Legion, you dare to rob me? This time, I'll blow you to smithereens!* Wang Baole hmphed, then stopped thinking about the battleships. Instead, he started thinking about how to deal with the Ink Dragon Legion commander, whose cultivation was at the False Immortal realm.

Wang Baole was very clear that if he had no way to deal with this person, all his planning would go to waste. In fact, if he attacked, it would be akin to committing suicide.

*The difference between our cultivation levels is too big. Unless the true body came to fight me, I would be no match for her... But, it's not impossible for me to just trap her and not fight...* Wang Baole rubbed his chin, and a glimmer flashed between his eyes after he deliberated.

*As for trapping, I'm pretty proficient in that aspect...* As Wang Baole thought, a whole bunch of Dharmic Armaments like the Golden Bell Shield, the rope, array formations, and so on appeared in his mind. But he gave up on all of them in the end.

"I have limited resources right now. Even if I could produce them, it would be hard for me to gain a numerical advantage, and it's highly likely that an accident would occur," Wang Baole muttered and suddenly raised his head to look at the puppets working busily around him. In this period of time, to produce battleships more quickly, Wang Baole had created thousands of puppets.

*Each battleship only requires three puppets to control it. In that case, I will be left with around 7000 puppets...* Wang Baole's eyes slowly shone brighter as he rapidly calculated the possibility of this event in his head.

*Incorporating the Dharmic Armament system of the Divine Eye civilization and strengthening them infinitely, I can combine them together in units of one thousand to form a spherical seal... My goal isn't to trap the False Immortal for a long period of time, it would be enough for me to just trap her for ten breaths every time!*

*This way, I can trap the False Immortal seven times, and for ten breaths each time!* Thinking to this point, Wang Baole made a decision. This was the method he could think of that wasted the least resources and materials. So, he wasted no time and went into seclusion once again in the very next moment, starting to continuously upgrade and augment his puppets so that he could seal the False Immortal.

Just like that, time passed once again, and another three months went by!



As the 7000 puppets were all augmented and the one thousand battleships were assembled, Wang Baole's storage bag was emptied by almost 90%. Coupled with the full cooperation of De Kunzi, Wang Baole's plan of becoming a one-man army was accomplished.

*It's still not enough, I'm missing a life-saving technique!* After storing his puppets and battleships, Wang Baole stood on top of the meteorite and stared at the cosmos ahead. He muttered and stepped directly into the cosmos with a flick of his body, leaving behind the meteorite he had resided in for half a year as he headed straight towards a coordinate.

Halfway through his journey, Wang Baole's appearance changed rapidly. When he left the area controlled by the Divine Sovereign Justice Sect and entered the public area, his appearance had changed to become that of Zhuo Yixian. On the one hand, he did this in order to not expose his trail. On the other hand, during this period of time, De Kunzi had told him that the Ink Dragon Legion had made him a wanted man throughout the entire Divine Eye civilization.

*My life-saving technique is making use of the teleportation of the Eye of Ten Thousand Demons, enabling myself to use its aura anywhere to teleport instantly within a large area and appear beside the Eternal Star!*

*Therefore, I must purchase the right to use the Divine Eye civilization's Eye of Ten Thousand Demons once!*

Wang Baole muttered in his heart and sped up. The coordinate he was heading towards... was exactly where the Divine Eye civilization's Eternal Star was located.

This wasn't a thought he came up with on the fly. He had already thought of this previously when planning his shocking action on the meteorite. So in this period of time, he indirectly asked De Kunzi about the methods involved in activating the Eye of Ten Thousand Demons.

Wang Baole asked his questions in an ingenious way, such that De Kunzi didn't dare not answer him despite being suspicious. Hence, Wang Baole had a very clear understanding of this aspect today.

*Unless an individual has a special mandate, they are unable to offer a sacrifice to the Eye of Ten Thousand Demons and activate it. Only armies have this right!*

Wang Baole's speed was extremely fast, using only three days' time to reach the boundary of the Divine Eye civilization's Eternal Star. When he saw the giant Eternal Star from afar, he stopped and briefly felt its horrifying suppressive force. He clenched his teeth and sped up further, getting closer and closer to the Eternal Star.

As he neared the Eternal Star, extreme heat emanated from it. The destructive power coming from the Eternal Star made even Wang Baole's soul tremble. When he neared the limits of what he could withstand, he immediately retrieved an identity token from his storage bracelet!

This token was the emblem used to represent the Holy Crest Sect Legion. As Wang Baole retrieved it, he followed the method told to him by De Kunzi, making the designated hand seal with one hand to activate the legion's token. He then spoke loudly towards the Eternal Star.

"Holy Crest Sect Legion Vice-Commander Long Nanzi requests permission to activate the Eye of Ten Thousand Demons!"

As Wang Baole activated the emblem and his voice spread, not much change happened to the Eternal Star, but it seemed to cause a disturbance to the high heat within it. Wang Baole wasn't impatient and waited silently for about fifteen minutes. It was then that Wang Baole noticed that a black spot was slowly appearing on the Eternal Star!

As it appeared, the black spot started expanding rapidly. Following that, an inexplicably massive will slowly awakened, as though it had woken up from its slumber within the Eternal Star. Finally, when the black spot expanded to a certain degree, a huge eye replaced the Eternal Star and appeared in the cosmos.

COMMENT

That was the Eye of the Eternal Star!

That was the Eye of Ten Thousand Demons!

At this moment, Wang Baole's body shook, and the Demonic Eye Art within his body activated on its own. The desire that had appeared previously exploded forth more intensely once again.

*Next, I must use my own Divine Sense and incorporate it within the Eye of Ten Thousand Demons to make a pact with it!* Wang Baole was extremely excited. But even though he double confirmed with De Kunzi that he didn't withhold any information from him and told him all that he knew, he still paused due to the desire expressed by the Demonic Eye Art in his body.

But this pause didn't last for long. Very quickly, a decisiveness appeared in Wang Baole's eyes. He stopped hesitating and dispersed his Divine Sense, allowing it to near the horrifying awakened consciousness within the Eye of the Eternal Star ahead.

COMMENT

He didn't fully incorporate his consciousness and only established a weak connection with the Eye of Ten Thousand Demons' consciousness. Yet, Wang Baole's head rang and seemed to have made a pact. A wisp of black gas spread from the Eye of the Eternal Star and surrounded Wang Baole's body, giving him the right to transmit once.

According to the process De Kunzi described, at this point, everything could be said to have ended, and Wang Baole could retract his Divine Sense. At this moment, the consciousness from within the Eye of Ten Thousand Demons also slowly dissipated, and the eye transmogrified from the Eternal Star started to blur, seemingly about to fall asleep once again.

Seeing that everything was about to end, Wang Baole suddenly struggled. If he just left like that, he felt that he was missing out on something. That was especially due to the desire spread by the Demonic Eye Art in his body. This caused him to mutter for a few breaths and violently clench his teeth as the Eye of the Eternal Star was about to close, when the consciousness within it had already largely dissipated.

*What's there to be scared of, at most, I'll just make a new avatar!* Thinking to this point, Wang Baole no longer suppressed the desire of the Demonic Eye Art within his body, unleashing it completely.

As he unleashed the Demonic Eye Art in his body, the Eye of the Eternal Star, which was about to close, suddenly... opened once again!

At this moment, the will that was about to dissipate also exploded forth!