

## Worth 841

### Chapter 841: Royal Cemetery!

The price of 3000 Red Crystals was an astonishing price for Wang Baole, both now and in the past. In fact, if he threw that number of Red Crystals out, it would be extremely easy to make Spirit Immortal cultivators go crazy too.

Even Planet realm cultivators would be moved by that. That was why Wang Baole rejected Xie Haiyang previously. He thought that Xie Haiyang was extorting him, but compared to the small fortune of 3000 Red Crystals, Wang Baole felt that it would all be worth it if he could really use the opportunity to become a Spirit Immortal!

*Once I become a Spirit Immortal, I'll be able to put up a fight against Gu Mo if I use the mask's curse as well... Although it's pretty clear who'll win, it'll still be enough for me to hold my own!* Wang Baole narrowed his eyes. He pondered in his heart while waiting for Xie Haiyang's reply.

After fifteen minutes, Xie Haiyang's surprised voice sounded from within the voice transmission jade slip.

"Brother Baole? Haha, you've finally contacted me. We're brothers, after all, so how could I cheat you? Let me tell you, my tip does indeed contain an opportunity for you to become a Spirit Immortal. But I have to warn you first. It's only an opportunity. As for whether you can obtain it... it's up to you.

"Of course, if you're willing to spend some more Red Crystals, I can try my best to look for contacts and send the opportunity directly to you. Everything can be discussed."

Wang Baole could feel Xie Haiyang's joy even through the jade slip. After muttering in his heart, Wang Baole asked what price he would have to pay to get the opportunity directly.

"Fifty thousand Red Crystals!"

Xie Haiyang perked up immediately and spoke with anticipation.

*Curse you...* Hearing that price, those two words appeared in Wang Baole's mind. Besides that, he also thought that Xie Haiyang was an evil merchant, so he humphed in his heart and said, "Deal, I'll owe you first."

"Haha, stop joking, Brother Baole. Let me tell you the tip priced at 3000 Red Crystals." Xie Haiyang coughed, avoided the previous topic, and started talking about the tip.

"Go on," Wang Baole said while feeling annoyed.

"Well... you'll have to pay a deposit first." Xie Haiyang hesitated.

"Brother Haiyang! You don't trust me?" Wang Baole grabbed the voice transmission jade slip as he spoke word by word.

"Uhhhh... Okay then. Since you've contacted me, it shows that you already have the intention. I won't hide then. You don't need to pay first. I'll tell you about the source of the opportunity." Xie Haiyang sighed.

“Not many people know about this tip within your Divine Eye civilization. Only the royals know about it. It’s considered an absolute secret of the Divine Eye civilization’s royalty.”

“This is because what the tip describes is the Divine Eye civilization royalty’s imperial cemetery!” Speaking to that point, Xie Haiyang purposely spoke softer to create a sense of mysteriousness.

“Cemetery?” Wang Baole froze.

“That’s right. The burial place of all royalty, from the creator of the Divine Eye civilization, also known as the Divine Eye civilization’s first emperor, to the previous emperor.”

“Within the imperial cemetery lies an opportunity. It has long been desired by the past generations of royalty in the Divine Eye civilization, but they have always found it hard to obtain. If you can obtain it, I can guarantee you that you’ll achieve a breakthrough in your cultivation immediately and reach the Spirit Immortal realm!” Xie Haiyang suddenly paused, clicked his tongue, and stopped speaking.

Wang Baole waited for a while. After seeing that Xie Haiyang stopped speaking, he was clear in his heart that he wanted a deposit. So he resisted the pain and asked, “How do I give you Red Crystals?”

“You just need to place the Red Crystals on the teleportation jade slip. But what are you doing, Brother Baole? How could I not trust you and want you to pay a deposit while giving you information? I didn’t speak just now because I had some important matters to settle.” Xie Haiyang spoke with a tinge of unhappiness.

Wang Baole was also too lazy to care. He simply took out his Red Crystals and sent 3000 of them over at once.

“Can you say it now?” After paying, Wang Baole spoke calmly.

“Hahaha, Brother Baole, you’re really forthright. Don’t worry, from now until I finish speaking, whoever disturbs me will become my enemy. For this period of time, I’m yours.” While feeling surprised, Xie Haiyang also became more passionate and even started getting mushy as he quickly told Wang Baole everything he knew.

“The imperial cemetery is a forbidden area of the Divine Eye civilization’s royalty. That place has bloodline divine powers and will reject anyone who’s not from the royal bloodline. So, after you go, Brother Baole, you’ll definitely feel like you’re being rejected, as though the entire imperial cemetery doesn’t welcome you and hates you. So you must be quick!

“Also, after you enter there, the deeper you go, the stronger the rejection. In the deepest area, where the main gate of the internal area of the imperial cemetery is, the rejection will be extremely astonishing. So... when you step into the forbidden area—the outer area of the imperial cemetery—the clock will start ticking down. You only have fifteen minutes, so... theoretically, you can’t go deep into the imperial cemetery because you don’t have enough time. You still need more time to activate the restriction of the imperial cemetery main gate.”

Listening to that point, Wang Baole raised his eyebrows. The appearance of the imperial cemetery had already appeared in his mind, according to Xie Haiyang’s descriptions. Obviously, the imperial cemetery should be divided into internal and external areas. And in the center of the cemetery was the imperial cemetery main gate.

“But, Brother Baole, don’t worry. I took your 3000 Red Crystals, but I’m not just going to sell you information. Take the voice transmission jade slip I gave you and immediately activate it to talk to me when you pass the external area and near the imperial cemetery main gate. I can help to forcefully teleport you in.” Xie Haiyang’s voice was full of confidence, as though he was very satisfied with the services he could provide.

“As for after you’re teleported into the internal area of the cemetery, whether you can obtain the chance in time is really up to you.” After speaking, the voice transmission jade slip vibrated slightly. Curious, Wang Baole swept his consciousness towards it. Immediately, he felt some disturbances on the voice transmission jade slip. In the next moment, the map of the imperial cemetery appeared in his mind.

This scene made Wang Baole narrow his eyes. After looking at the voice transmission jade slip in his hands closely, he closed his eyes and observed the map in his mind carefully. Although the map was somewhat different from his previous judgment, it was mostly the same. It was indeed divided into internal and external areas.

“Brother Baole, besides helping you open the imperial cemetery main gate, the 3000 Red Crystals you paid also includes two additional teleportation chances to and fro. Once you’re ready, I can immediately teleport you to the outer area of the imperial cemetery!

“Similarly, you just need to walk out from the internal area, activate the jade slip, and I can instantly teleport you back to where you are now!”

“What do you think? Don’t you think I’m pretty reliable!” Xie Haiyang continued speaking excitedly. As for Wang Baole, he didn’t reply and instead started pondering.

He analyzed it completely in his mind, and after 30 minutes, a glimmer flashed between Wang Baole’s eyes.

“Teleport now!”

“Okay!” Xie Haiyang laughed and unleashed an unknown technique. In the next moment, an intense light suddenly exploded forth from the voice transmission jade slip in Wang Baole’s hands. The light spread and engulfed Wang Baole within it instantly, then disappeared.

It seemed like a brief moment but also seemed like a long time had passed. When Wang Baole’s vision cleared again, he had already appeared in a foreign world!

The sky was orange, and the land was black. In the distance, there were many mountains, and greenery was everywhere in the surroundings. There were also whimpering black winds bringing the stench of death with them. They blew from all around and whizzed past his body. In this space, they dispersed an indescribable eeriness and chill!

From afar, one could see heaven-shaking pillars that were seemingly supporting the heavens. There was a countless amount of black lightning surrounding the pillars. The lightning created rumbles and shook the souls of anyone who saw it.

That place... was no longer the Soul Rift Legion’s planet. Instead... it was the main star of the Divine Eye civilization. It was the imperial cemetery, a forbidden area within the sealed territory of the royalty!

Looking at his surroundings, Wang Baole took a deep breath. While he was impressed with Xie Haiyang's methods in his heart, a glimmer slowly appeared in his eyes.

*I can't waste those 3000 Red Crystals. This opportunity... I'll definitely obtain it!* Thinking to that point, Wang Baole knew he had limited time. Without hesitation, his body flew out instantly with a flick. After the map appeared in his mind, he sped towards the imperial cemetery main gate!

Just as he flew out, the speeding Wang Baole suddenly narrowed his eyes. His silhouette suddenly stopped. After sensing his surroundings, suspicion appeared in his eyes.

*Something doesn't feel right!*

## **Chapter 842: The Right Time!**

Wang Baole had just appeared inside the imperial cemetery and was feeling that something was amiss. At that very moment, in a distant galaxy far away from the Divine Eye Star System, on the top floor of a shop in a market, was Xie Haiyang, who had just successfully teleported Wang Baole away. He picked up a cup of tea from the table and took a sip, a smile appearing on his face as he murmured to himself.

"Brother Baole, I, Xie Haiyang, am a man who gets the job done and done well... The payment of 3000 Red Crystals isn't only for providing you with valuable information, opening doors for you, and teleporting you over... it includes doing so at just the right time!

"And timing... is what's most valuable. Appearing now will give you access to certain information... and give you the opportunity to change certain things in the future."

"As your investor, I've done more than enough for you!" Xie Haiyang smiled and placed his teacup down.

At that very moment, Wang Baole was hovering in mid-air inside the Divine Eye civilization's imperial cemetery. A fierce light flashed in his eyes as he surveyed his surroundings.

*Maybe I've really been blessed by Lady Fortune herself.* Wang Baole thought to himself as he looked around silently. Xie Haiyang had confidently mentioned a strong force of rejection that was going to greet him. It felt like an exaggeration. Now that Wang Baole was in the cemetery, he couldn't feel any trace of that force at all.

He could accept the absence of a hostile force. What puzzled him was what he felt in the cemetery. In every blade of grass, in every living creature, and even in the air... he felt an indescribable sense of kinship and warmth.

The grass on the plains before him was swaying in the breeze like it was extending a warm welcome towards him. The breeze had gathered under his feet as he hovered in mid-air, serving as an airy bolster. It was as if it were worried that he was expending too much of his spirit energy.

Something flickered in Wang Baole's eyes as he observed the world before him. A possible explanation for this popped up in his head.

*Is it because... I'm a Demonic Eye Art practitioner? That's why I'm being mistaken as a descendant of the royal bloodline? Or is it because... the royal bloodline doesn't come into the picture at all. Anyone who*

*practices the Demonic Eye Art will fulfill the requirements for entry?* Wang Baole narrowed his eyes. He had a feeling that he might be right.

“But why do I still have a feeling that something strange is going on...” Suspicion appeared in Wang Baole’s eyes as he muttered to himself. After a moment of consideration, he took a leap forward and landed on the grassy ground. He stared at the blades of grass wavering in the breeze, then at the trees surrounding him. Finally, he made his way towards a huge tree with numerous small fruits hanging off its branches. He stood in front of the tree and suddenly spoke.

“It would be great if I could find bigger fruits.”

The tree shuddered when he said that. The fruits hanging off its branches shriveled instantly. Only one fruit, which had been hanging nearest Wang Baole, was left intact. Instead of disappearing, it started growing at a rapid speed. Within a few seconds, the fruit grew from the size of a fingernail to that of a fist.

Wang Baole gasped at the sudden transformation that had just taken place before him.

*Just as I guessed, something’s not right. Even though I’m practicing the Demonic Eye Art, that alone shouldn’t have caused such extreme phenomena to take place.* An icy glint flashed in Wang Baole’s eyes. The abnormal phenomena were raising alarm bells in his head. He had a theory about this, but it surfaced fleetingly before sinking back into the depths of his mind. He went to the extent of concealing any thoughts of suspicion and doubt. He tried to clear his mind of all thought, his face revealing nothing.

Instead, he coughed and allowed a sense of satisfaction to fill him, warming him up from inside.

*I must be blessed by Lady Fortune herself.* Wang Baole sighed. There was nothing he could do about it. He had tried so hard to keep his head down, but the fates themselves seemed to be secretly infatuated with him. Lady Fortune herself appeared to follow him around, blessing him with good fortune no matter where he went.

*In that case... the time limit shouldn’t affect me either...* Wang Baole patted his tummy and sighed before finally making a move. He moved swiftly, with the aid of the wind under his feet. His Divine Sense extended outwards as he rushed forward.

His thoughts appeared to be filled with confidence and smugness. There was little trace of doubt in his head. Even if someone were to spy upon his inner thoughts now, they wouldn’t be able to find anything amiss. Contrary to his appearance of confidence and ease though... was the Planet realm palm inside him, which was being nurtured by an eternal fire. It was ready to unleash its power at any moment.

This meant that Wang Baole was, in fact, secretly... on high alert!

His current state was similar to that of a person who had just hypnotized themselves. He had deceived even himself at that moment. That was how he could keep himself on guard without revealing any of his caution in his thoughts. In fact, the impression that he was giving others was that of smug overconfidence.

Wang Baole carried that appearance of smugness with him as he dashed forward. The imperial cemetery was spread across a vast land. Even with his current speed, he would need half an hour to cover the entire grounds. Regardless, just a moment after he had started moving, Wang Baole paused

momentarily in his tracks, and an intense light flashed in his eyes. He tilted his head towards the right before his form blurred and vanished in an instant.

Twenty seconds after Wang Baole's disappearance, seven to eight people came racing from the direction that Wang Baole had last looked. They weren't traveling at particularly high speeds. The spirit energies that they were exuding were only at the Nascent Soul realm. They were dressed in lavish clothes, and their eyes shone with arrogance. The faint aura of the Divine Eye Art exuded from them as they sped past the spot where Wang Baole was last seen.

As the last cultivator sped past, a wisp of black mist appeared on his hair. It slipped between the strands of the middle-aged cultivator's hair and snaked into his ear. The man shuddered suddenly in the next moment, and the air around him appeared to distort itself momentarily. No one in the group noticed anything.

None of the cultivators in front of the middle-aged cultivator realized what had happened to him. No one knew that the momentary distortion was the result of Wang Baole taking on the middle-aged cultivator's form, sealing the man and trapping him inside his storage bag.

He even managed to complete a simple soul search.

*The royal family...* Transformed as the middle-aged cultivator, Wang Baole followed the cultivators in front of him as they raced across the sky, his eyes flickering imperceptibly. The soul search revealed that these cultivators were from the royal family. He also knew why they were there and what they were going to do next.

*The current Divine Eye emperor is going to unlock the gate to the cemetery\**. All cultivators from the royal family are to head for the imperial\* cemetery\*. Interesting. This golden ticket that Xie Haiyang gave me seems too good to be true...\* Wang Baole narrowed his eyes. The cultivator whom he had conducted the soul search on didn't know much. As a result, Wang Baole only had an inkling of what was going on. He wasn't in a rush, though. He followed the group quietly as they raced across the cemetery grounds. Half an hour later, they arrived at the center of the imperial cemetery!

Wang Baole could see a huge statue when they were still a distance away. It towered above the ground, looking down with a single huge eye from its otherwise featureless face!

The statue was made of stone. The Demonic Eye Art inside Wang Baole's body activated without his conscious instruction as soon as he laid eyes on the statue's huge eye. He suppressed the Demonic Eye Art forcibly, then, without showing anything on his face, continued to follow the group of cultivators he was traveling with. They approached the statue steadily.

There were... hundreds of cultivators already gathered there.

Those cultivators were clearly not mere passersby. They were divided into two clear groups. One group was spread around the periphery. There were more than thirty of them. They were dressed in rainbow-colored robes, and their faces were covered with purple masks. The intense, powerful auras that were exuding from that group had a distinct tinge of violence to them. They had incredibly powerful cultivations. Besides five Soul Conduit realm cultivators, Wang Baole instantly spotted a Spirit Immortal realm cultivator within the group!

Those cultivators shared a distinct trait, their auras were tinged with blood. If one were to take a closer look at them, they would be able to notice a blood-colored jade pendant in their hands!

The blood-tinged aura emanating from the jade pendants appeared to afford a degree of resistance to the forces of repulsion in this place. As a result, there were no indications of repulsion in the area.

Wang Baole narrowed his eyes at the sight. He then turned and looked at the other group.

They stood closer to the statue. They were dressed in lavish clothing and had waves of Divine Eye Art spirit energy emanating from them. They were obviously part of the royal family. Out of the group, four cultivators were giving off spirit energies significantly more powerful than the rest.

They were all old men. Three of them were dressed in purple robes and appeared to be at the perfected Soul Conduit realm. The look in their eyes was cold, and they stared at the old man dressed in yellow. He had a crown on his head, and his clothes made him look like some kind of emperor.

“My dear brother, does that mean... that you’re not going to do it?” one of the three old men in purple robes asked icily.

The emperor-like figure shuddered at the voice, a look of helplessness on his face. He looked at the three old men around him with fear in his eyes and said bitterly, “I’ve done my best. I wish I could open it too... but my blood simply isn’t pure enough to unlock the gate. It doesn’t matter if you force a Bloodline Pill down my throat. This just isn’t going to work.”

#### **Chapter 843: Who Knew How Tall It Grew**

The old man in imperial robes looked at the three men helplessly. The terror shining in his eyes appeared to be a genuine reflection of what he was feeling deep in his soul.

But Wang Baole had read too many high officials’ autobiographies. He believed that one should never judge a book by its cover. People like the old man were most likely to do the unexpected. The more fearful and helpless one appeared to be, the more likely they would lunge at someone when their back was turned.

*It’s clear from his clothes and the way that they are addressing him that he’s the emperor of the Divine Eye civilization.* Wang Baole blinked and continued to observe the scene unfolding before him.

He watched as the emperor finished talking, and a dark look settled on the faces of the three purple-robed elders standing next to him. The one who had spoken earlier looked icily at the emperor. He was about to say something. Before he could, though, the Spirit Immortal realm cultivator who had been standing at the periphery and who was clearly not part of the royal family, suddenly laughed.

“Fellow Daoist He Yunzi, your imperial brother, the current emperor of the Divine Eye civilization... doesn’t seem to be very cooperative.”

“Patience, please, Fellow Daoist Zi Luo!” The purple-robed elder, whom the Spirit Immortal realm cultivator had addressed as He Yunzi, cupped his fists lightly at the cultivator when he heard that. He then turned towards the Divine Eye civilization’s emperor, a murderous glint flashing in his eyes.

“Brother, cease your unrealistic dreaming and stop testing my limits. Besides... we’re doing this for the glory of the Divine Eye royal family. Take a look at the stance that our family members are displaying. This is where the future is headed!”

“He Yunzi, this is a misunderstanding. There’s nothing I can do. I know that almost every member of our royal family supports the alliance with the Violet Gold civilization. I may not approve of this alliance, but I’m well aware that I’m an emperor in name only. I don’t have the power to stop the alliance from taking place,” the emperor told He Yunzi with a grimace on his face.

“I’m glad that you understand that. Open the ancestral tombs so that we can fully unlock the gate to the Divine Eye. Then, as outlined in our agreement with the Violet Gold civilization, they will descend upon the Divine Eye civilization, destroy the three greater sects, and restore the Divine Eye royal family to its former glory. Don’t you wish for us to rise and resume power again, my dear brother?” He Yunzi stared unblinkingly at the emperor as he enunciated each word clearly. There was a fervent glow in his eyes as he spoke.

“Rise again...” The emperor smiled wryly, his eyes devoid of hope and life. He was silent for a few moments, then he sighed.

“I want the royal family to resume its former glory as well. But to do so with the aid of foreign help would be the equivalent of inviting a pack of feral wolves into your own home. Even if we were to succeed, would the Divine Eye civilization be the same again? Besides, the Violet Gold civilization is a powerful force to be reckoned with. Why... would they ally themselves with us? We all know the answer to that!”

“Even so, this doesn’t mean that I won’t try my best to help. He Yunzi, why don’t I pass the seat to you? I have done my best, but the blood in my veins isn’t pure enough. There’s nothing I can do about that.” The emperor seemed to be on the verge of tears by then. Shock and unease coursed through Wang Baole as he watched from afar.

He seemed to have stumbled upon an important piece of information. He now knew who the group of cultivators dressed in rainbow-colored robes, with their faces hidden behind purple masks, were. They were from the Violet Gold civilization.

The source of his unease was the old emperor himself. He couldn’t see through the old man. His experience told him that something wasn’t quite right with the emperor.

He wasn’t the only one who thought this way. He Yunzi shared his views as well. He stared unblinkingly at the old emperor, a murderous glow lighting up his eyes once more.

“Brother, you may have been acting like a fool for the past few years, but I know that your deviousness and conniving ways far surpass ours. I’ll count to three. If you don’t unlock the doors by then, you’ll have to forgive me if I set aside our family ties and do the unthinkable!” There was a tinge of madness to his final words. He lifted his right hand slowly. Thunder rumbled in the distance, and the winds started to whip wildly. At the same time, a giant seal materialized right above his head.

“One!”

“I’m speaking the truth...”



“Two!”

“Heavens, why won't you believe me!”

“Three!” The veins on He Yunzi's face bulged as he roared. He was ready to send his right hand swooping down at any moment.

“I'll do it! I'll do it!” The old emperor's face was deathly pale, his expression that of extreme terror as he shrieked and stumbled towards the statue. His crown fell off along the way, but he hardly had the luxury to pick it up. His face crumpled into a terrified look as he trembled and bit his injured finger, activated his cultivation to force blood to the surface of his skin, and flung his blood at the statue's eye.

“Open! I command you!”

The statue shook slightly for a brief second, then became still again...

The faces of He Yunzi and the other two purple-robed elders darkened. He Yunzi broke out into furious laughter, and a murderous glint lit up his eyes. His right hand descended, and the giant seal thundered and rushed towards the old emperor.

A murderous aura emanated from the seal as it surged towards its target like an unstoppable force. Winds howled in its wake. Just as the seal was about to land on the emperor, he cried out in terror and fell to his knees with a loud thud. Tears flowed down his cheeks as he howled in front of the statue.

“Patriarch, please, show mercy. I beg you to open the doors to the ancestral tombs... I... I...” Terror coursed through his veins and flooded his mind. The emperor shuddered and wet his pants... He froze momentarily, then looked down and burst out into crazed laughter. He slumped to the floor and began to weep noisily.

His sorrowful cries affected everyone present.

Wang Baole was stunned at what he had just seen. His eyeballs almost popped out of his head. He studied the old emperor carefully, then gasped. The old man was either an extremely sly and conniving man, or... he was genuinely misunderstood.

He Yunzi was similarly shocked by the sight. He stared at the howling old emperor, then, with exasperation in his eyes, turned towards the group of cultivators standing at the periphery.

“Fellow Daoist Zi Luo, I'm sorry you had to see that.”

Zi Luo, the Spirit Immortal realm cultivator, laughed as he stood amongst the group of cultivators from the Violet Gold civilization. His eyes flickered as he looked around him before he turned his eyes back to He Yunzi. He said coolly, “There's no need for that. I have come here solely to deal with this matter. Since the blood of your emperor doesn't seem to be pure enough, then perhaps... we should gather the blood of every royal family member here and house it in a vessel. That might do the trick.”

“I have a Dharmic treasure here with me now that our patriarch bestowed upon me. It has the ability to set aflame the bloodline of every person within a certain radius and activate their latent bloodline. The consolidated efforts of every family member will allow us to open the doors successfully!” The Spirit Immortal realm cultivator flipped his right palm over as he spoke. An unlit bronze lamp appeared in the center of his palm. He flung his arm out and sent the lamp flying towards He Yunzi.

“He Yunzi, raise the lamp, and use your full cultivation to light it. That will allow you to activate the bloodline of every royal family member here!”

An ancient aura emanated from the lamp as it flew towards He Yunzi. Its flight resembled the shifting passage of time. It headed swiftly for He Yunzi, who shuddered upon catching it. The blood in his body suddenly stirred. It gathered in his palm and rushed towards the bronze lamp. He lost control over his cultivation as it activated suddenly, without warning.

An illusory image of the Divine Eye appeared behind him and was sucked into the bronze lamp. Sparks erupted from the wick inside the lamp instantly. They brightened, then burst into flames. With a loud bang, the lamp was lit up!

At that very same moment, a fiery glow erupted from the lit wick and flooded outwards, enveloping the entire area. Emotions flashed across the faces of every royal family member. Their bodies shuddered, and an imprint of an eye materialized on their foreheads. Their cultivations and the blood in their veins rushed upwards and emerged from the top of their heads.

It started with He Yunzi. A crimson light erupted from the top of his head, rising as tall as fifty feet. It was a terrifying sight to behold. The same happened to the other two purple-robed elders. Their towers of red light, however, didn't rise as high. They were only forty or so feet tall.

It was still an impressive sight, though. The other royal family members around them shuddered and released similar beams of red light. Their beams varied in heights. Some were as tall as thirty feet, while others were only a few inches tall. Wang Baole was experiencing a myriad of emotions at that moment. The Demonic Eye Art inside him had activated on its own. The will inside the Demonic Eye Art, which he had been suppressed inside his body, suddenly erupted. It appeared to be trying to rush out of his body.

*Oh no!* Wang Baole stiffened.

As Wang Baole struggled to suppress the will, red beams of varying heights pierced into the heavens like great pillars. The tallest of them... belonged to the weeping old emperor. The red pillar of light above his head was three hundred feet tall. It caught everyone's attention.

The sight of how smoothly things were going got He Yunzi laughing. He turned towards the old emperor and said, “Now, we can...”

The skies shifted before he was done speaking. The winds began to howl, the clouds boiled in the heavens, and thunder boomed. Suddenly, a veil of red burst forth from amidst the crowd of royal family members and surged to the skies. It flooded every corner of the cemetery grounds, casting a red cloak over both land and sky!

Everyone was dumbstruck by the sight—He Yunzi, the other two purple-robed elders, the old emperor, the rest of the royal family, as well as the cultivators from the Violet Gold civilization. They unanimously turned their eyes in the same direction and saw Wang Baole... and the incredible beam of red light emerging from the top of his head and rushing towards the heavens!

The height of this red pillar of light... could no longer be measured in terms of feet. It... rose into the heavens, reaching hundreds of thousands of feet high, and merged with the edge of the atmosphere... No one could tell how tall it grew.

“What in the world...” He Yunzi muttered in shock, his head buzzing.

### **Chapter 844: The Conniving Merchant!**

“How is that possible?” He Yunzi wasn’t the only one who was dumbstruck by the sight. The other two purple-robed elders, princes of the Divine Eye civilization, had gasped aloud in shock.

The other royal family members around them were staring too, incredulity and disbelief shining in their wide eyes. A myriad of emotions appeared on their faces. They seemed incapable of controlling their emotions at that moment.

The pillar of red light that was bursting from the top of Wang Baole’s head had reached the edge of the planet’s atmosphere and merged with outer space. From afar, it looked as if the heavens had opened its eye, revealing a blood-red pupil as it gazed upon the living creatures on the ground.

The unleashing of such power had been unexpected, and it sent the heavens and earth quaking. It sent waves of energy rippling across the lands, red waves surging forth. A tornado rose into being, and Wang Baole was the eye of the storm, whose fierce howling winds lashed outwards with a force that could flatten mountains and empty oceans.

Everyone around him was forced to retreat, and gasps of terror rose into the air. It was as if they had just seen a ghost.

“Heavens... how tall is it... A hundred thousand feet, or maybe even a million feet tall?”

“I must be hallucinating... I must’ve eaten too many spirit herbs yesterday...”

“So... which one is the real emperor?”

A commotion broke out in the crowd. The cultivators from the Violet Gold civilization stood a distance away. Dressed in rainbow-colored robes and with their faces hidden behind purple masks, these cultivators were similarly taken aback. The extent of shock that they were feeling couldn’t compare to what the royal family members were feeling, of course, but the sudden turn of events had shocked them as well. The only person who seemed unfazed was the Spirit Immortal realm cultivator leading them. His eyes glimmered with a strange light that quickly faded away.

It was obvious... that the pillar of red light rising from Wang Baole’s head was beyond this world. When placed next to the beams of light rising from the other family members’ heads... it was akin to seeing a giant standing next to a clutch of chicks.

Wang Baole was equally shocked, just like the rest of them. He had felt a tinge of unease when the Spirit Immortal realm cultivator from the Violet Gold civilization had whipped out the bronze lamp. After all, he had felt such a strong sense of kinship to the place when he had first arrived in the cemetery. But he had consoled himself then.

The emperor had needed to use real blood when he had tried to unlock the doors. Wang Baole’s current form was an avatar conjured through his essence technique, so no blood flowed in his veins. That was why he had thought that the concept of bloodline wouldn’t apply to his avatar form. He wasn’t going to

be exposed. He had another thought hidden in the deep recesses of his mind then as well. He had wanted to... verify a theory of his.

While the events that had unfolded next had brought a grimace to his face, they had also led to the sudden flash of an icy glint in his eyes. The theory that he had all this while was true!

*The fact that I don't feel any forces of repulsion while I'm in the imperial cemetery and, in fact, feel an extreme sense of kinship to this place... has something to do with my practicing the Demonic Eye Art. But that's not the main reason. The main reason is because... of the will hidden within the Demonic Eye Art!*

*This will... is closely tied to the Divine Eye civilization. I can probably guess who it belongs to... There's a great chance that it belongs to the patriarch who created the Divine Eye Art, who is probably also... the first emperor of the Divine Eye civilization!*

He had gone through the series of inferences and analysis and arrived at his conclusion within the blink of an eye. As he came to his conclusion, the old emperor, who had been howling in tears a moment ago, widened his eyes and stared dumbly at Wang Baole amidst the shocked gasps rising from the crowd. After a few moments, he climbed to his feet hastily and fell to his knees as he gave Wang Baole a deep bow.

"The esteemed patriarch, it's the esteemed patriarch. He's shown himself. He's returned to us!" The old emperor was visibly agitated. He bellowed loudly, at the top of his lungs, in order to show how excited he was. Bowing didn't appear to be enough to show how excited he was at the return of his patriarch. He kept kowtowing and slamming his forehead into the ground.

The fervor in his voice ignited a resonance that coursed through the blood of every royal family member. Members who had been coerced or pressured into supporting He Yunzi trembled and fell to their knees. Their voices joined the old emperor's.

"Greetings to the esteemed patriarch!"

"The patriarch?" There were still quite a few family members who remained standing while their fellow family members greeted their patriarch. He Yunzi and the other two princes were standing as well. Their eyes shone with murderous intent and greed.

Wang Baole narrowed his eyes instantly as he glanced at the kowtowing emperor and family members before him. The old emperor's reaction might have seemed perfectly normal, but Wang Baole still felt a slight unnaturalness to it. Wang Baole's arrival seemed too timely.

The timing had been too perfect. He had appeared at just the right time to hear the royal family spill their secrets and find out who the Violet Gold civilization was. The old emperor's cry about their patriarch finally showing himself and returning to the family suddenly gave Wang Baole some ideas about what was going on.

*I don't believe that Xie Haiyang doesn't have a hand in this. So... what does Xie Haiyang get out of me appearing now?*

*Maybe... Xie Haiyang's got something to do with the old emperor as well. He said something about his patriarch finally showing himself and returning to the family. Could it be that... he's made a deal with Xie Haiyang and wished for his patriarch's return?*

*Xie Haiyang's making deals with both sides then? So, let's see who's the more important investment...* Wang Baole laughed suddenly. It wasn't the first time that Xie Haiyang had done something like that. He had done something similar during his days on the ancient sword. He had sold information on Wang Baole's whereabouts to someone who had wanted to kill Wang Baole, then helped Wang Baole kill that very same person. They had split the spoils between them after that.

Wang Baole immediately changed his plans. He had planned to enter the imperial ancestral tombs using the fastest way possible. But now that he wasn't experiencing any force of repulsion and might face some problems with the will that was hidden inside his Demonic Eye Art, he wasn't in as much of a rush as he had been.

He wasn't going to give up on a life-changing opportunity. But before he got his hands on such a golden ticket, he needed to establish control over the current situation. This was to prevent anything unexpected from happening. As that thought flashed in his head, he released the full power of his cultivation. His Emperor Armor materialized instantly, exuding an incredible power that swept across the lands and exerted a suppressive force over everyone.

Giant waves seemed to rise instantly and sweep over the royal family members who hadn't gotten to their knees. Blood spilled from their lips as they shuddered violently. Wang Baole then leaped into the air and charged at the three royal princes!

His speed was akin to that of lightning. Surprise flashed across He Yunzi and the two princes' faces. There was no time for them to retreat. Wang Baole appeared before them, stuck his right hand into the air, and unleashed the power of a Spirit Immortal realm cultivator at the trio.

At that exact moment, as Wang Baole unleashed his attack, the light in the bronze lamp that He Yunzi was holding all this while suddenly flared up. Someone inside the lamp snorted, and an illusory finger stretched out from the lamp and pointed at Wang Baole.

The power of a Planet realm cultivator exploded from the finger instantly. Wang Baole's pupils contracted as the two forces collided.

Wang Baole shuddered as a thunderous boom reverberated in the skies. He retreated hastily. The Eternal Star Fire inside his body flooded out and tried to weaken the force of the finger's attack until the latter finally faded away. Despite the aid from his Eternal Star Fire, Wang Baole could still feel his essence churning painfully inside him. His face darkened as he retreated, and his eyes stared unblinkingly at the finger that had emerged from the bronze lamp.

The sudden turn of events had shocked He Yunzi and his fellow princes as well. Cold beads of sweat lined their foreheads. They had felt the swift approach of death as Wang Baole charged at them. If not for the bronze lamp, both their spirits and flesh would have been destroyed by now.

"Who are you?" He Yunzi's breathing quickened as he stared at Wang Baole.

The princes meant nothing to Wang Baole. Instead, his stare was fixed on the bronze lamp. He narrowed his eyes. They had gone to the extent of housing the Divine Sense of a Planet realm cultivator inside the lamp. The Violet Gold civilization was clearly plotting some grand scheme. His interest in what lay hidden inside the imperial ancestral tombs grew!

“Not only did you manage to survive an attack from me, but you’ve also released the most powerful red light, proving the strength of your bloodline. I don’t care who you are. My predictions were right. We’ve chanced upon the perfect opportunity to unlock the Divine Eye civilization’s ancestral tombs. Zi Luo, release your seal and capture this man. We shall offer him as a sacrifice!” A cold, cruel voice rang out from inside the bronze lamp. Its words were laced with murderous intent and mercilessness.

As soon as the order was issued, Zi Luo, the early-stage Spirit Immortal cultivator, turned towards the bronze lamp and cupped his fists.

“Yes, my lord!”

He looked up immediately, and a thunderous boom erupted inside his body. It sounded like the release of a seal. His cultivation erupted suddenly, rising from the early-stage Spirit Immortal realm to the mid-stage Spirit Immortal realm. It didn’t stop there. It continued rising until it reached the perfected Spirit Immortal realm. Zi Luo towered like a deity as he stood there. Then, he turned towards Wang Baole and smiled faintly at him.

“I may not know who you are, but you... are the reason that I’m here.”

Wang Baole’s pupils contracted, and he retreated instinctively, without any hesitation. At the same time, curses began to fly inside his head.

“What prediction? It’s all rubbish. D\*mn you, Xie Haiyang. You had your bets placed on every outcome, didn’t you!”

#### **Chapter 845: A Mutual Exchange!**

As Wang Baole retreated and Zi Luo approached him, a disdainful snort from the Planet realm cultivator sounded from the bronze lamp in He Yunzi’s hands.

The flames in the bronze lamp rose instantly. Through some unknown means, the Planet realm cultivator released his suppressive force from within the lamp and sent it surging outwards. His suppressive force enveloped the entire area, creating a seal that trapped Wang Baole inside!

The seal looked like a translucent dome from afar. It sat between the heavens and the earth, restricting Wang Baole’s mobility to an area that spanned a thousand feet!

The seal not only restricted the area in which Wang Baole could move, but it also created a barrier between him and the doors to the ancestral tombs!

Shock flickered across Wang Baole’s face. If someone could hear the voice inside his head at that moment, they would surely be deafened by his loud cursing.

That d\*mned Xie Haiyang. Just you wait and see. You dog... The fact that he spread his bets across the betting pool like this means that he has already discovered that I’m practicing the Demonic Eye Art. He knew that I wouldn’t suffer from any forces of repulsion here. Whatever he said before was just an act. What a sly fox. He must also know how many Red Crystals I have left. He’s trying to find a way to make me beg him for help, then he’ll make me pay a hefty sum for his help!

Wang Baole finally realized exactly what was going on as he retreated. But he knew that this wasn’t the time to think about such matters. He didn’t plan to fall into Xie Haiyang’s trap and pay the merchant’s

unreasonably exorbitant fees. He unleashed a sudden burst of speed as he forced the gears in his head into overdrive, dodging and evading Zi Luo's attacks within the small space that only spanned a thousand feet.

Wang Baole had just guessed that the conniving merchant, Xie Haiyang, had sold him information at an exorbitant fee, fulfilled the wish of the Divine Eye civilization's emperor, and carried out the request of the Violet Gold civilization at the same time. While he was trapped in a perilous situation, in a distant galaxy far away from the Divine Eye Star System, in a shop owned by the Xie family and located in a market, sat Xie Haiyang. He was listening to his staff report work matters when he suddenly sneezed.

"Someone's cursing me!" Xie Haiyang coughed. He then raised his right hand and formed a hand seal, a look of revelation appearing on his face a few moments later.

"It must be that fatty, Wang Baole!"

"Young Master... you saw him do it. Why do you even try and pretend that you need to read your fortune to know that?" The man reading out his report to Xie Haiyang was an old man wearing traditional Chinese robes. He was clearly of significant status and rank. He was seated as well, and there was a teasing look in his eyes as he smiled and spoke.

Xie Haiyang blinked, then looked at the table before him. There was a jade slip lying on the table. Above the jade slip hovered an audiovisual projection...

The image projected was the current scene unfolding in the Divine Eye civilization's imperial cemetery. They weren't looking through the eyes of Wang Baole, but... through those of the old emperor!

The image looked extremely clear, and the audio came through equally clearly and without any distortion. The old man's comment made Xie Haiyang feel slightly sheepish. It was true that he knew nothing about fortune-telling, but couldn't he just pretend that he did, just for a moment?

The old man could feel Xie Haiyang's embarrassment, and the smile on his face faded away. After a brief moment of contemplation, he asked, "Young Master, should we be helping Wang Baole?"

"The fatty might be stubborn, but everything is going to turn out fine. He may have tricks hidden up his sleeve that can help him break the seal, but he'll have to pay a high price to do that. Very soon, he'll be sending me a voice transmission to give me a good scolding. Then, he'll hand over his money without any complaints and ask me for my help. He shouldn't need my jade slip to open the doors to the ancestral tombs. The jade slip that I've given him isn't meant for this. It's for him to call for help. In addition, after he's entered the tombs... I'll have another chance to squeeze more money out of him. Without my help and with his current level of cultivation, he's not going to find the life-changing opportunity that he's looking for." Xie Haiyang smiled confidently. He pulled out a voice transmission jade slip and placed it beside him.

"What we're waiting for now is for him to ask me to help him break the Planet realm seal and escape!"

At that very moment, inside the Divine Eye civilization's imperial cemetery, Wang Baole was in the middle of a desperate retreat. Countless ideas appeared in his head as he tried to think of a way to get himself out of his current predicament.

But... each solution would leave Wang Baole with some form of regret. He ached at the price he would have to pay. The use of either the Flame Patriarch's cursed jade slip or the Planet realm palm that was resting inside him and being nourished by his Eternal Star Fire was too high a price to pay. It wasn't worth it.

He could only use the cursed jade slip once. As for the Planet realm palm, it might survive being used a couple of times, but he had only started nurturing it. He was worried that the power unleashed from the palm wasn't going to be powerful enough if he used it prematurely. He was going to end up paying a heavier price to achieve the damage he wanted.

This applied to him blowing up his Eternal Star Fire as well. That would be akin to blowing himself up along with his enemies. The injury he would receive if he chose that option would be greater.

That cursed Xie Haiyang is forcing me to ask him for help! The struggle that Wang Baole was feeling was reflected clearly in his eyes. With a single bound, he narrowly avoided another attack from Zi Luo. Zi Luo was growing increasingly impatient with his constant evasions. Despite his level of cultivation, and despite having shrunk the size of the battlefield, Wang Baole continued to evade his attacks repeatedly. The main cause for that was that they needed to capture him alive. Regardless, his continued failure was making him look like a fool in front of his superior.

"There's no need to capture him alive. Kill him. We can still use his corpse as a sacrifice!" The Planet realm cultivator hidden inside the bronze lamp must have realized what was going on, so he immediately barked out his order in a cold, merciless voice.

"Yes, my lord!" A gruesome grin split Zi Luo's face wide when he heard that. As he raised his right hand, black spirit energy rushed out from his body and gathered around his right hand, transforming into a crocodile's skull in his palm. The skull expanded and enveloped Zi Luo, merging it and the cultivator into one!

Black spirit energy surrounded the rotting skull, which radiated death and decomposition. An indescribable sense of something evil emanated from the skull, whose appearance caused spatial distortions to suddenly appear in the confined, sealed space. A terrifying power erupted from the skull, and an alarming sense of danger exploded in Wang Baole's head at the same time.

But... at that exact moment, as alarm bells began blaring in Wang Baole's head, a strange light flickered in his eyes. He suddenly thought of what the Planet realm cultivator had said.

They want to use my corpse as a sacrifice? Corpse... sacrifice... Wang Baole's eyes brightened, and a crazy idea popped into his head.

Let's wing it. If this doesn't work, I'll just have to give that cursed dog Xie Haiyang his chance to earn big bucks!

Madness flashed in Wang Baole's eyes at that thought. He howled and stopped running. Then, without summoning any defenses or protection, he charged at the approaching Zi Luo as if he were charging towards his own death.

Zi Luo froze momentarily at Wang Baole's unexpected charge. Then, the murderous glow in his eyes intensified as he unleashed a burst of speed and rushed towards Wang Baole. He reappeared before



Wang Baole almost instantly, grinning fiercely as his crocodile opened its maw and lunged at Wang Baole, ready to swallow him whole.

Wang Baole didn't defend himself as the crocodile's jaws swung towards him. He seemed adamant about dying together with his enemy. The old emperor stood outside the sealed space and watched the scene unfold before him. The expression on his face changed suddenly, and genuine fear appeared in his eyes for the first time.

A similar expression had appeared on the face of Xie Haiyang, who was observing everything through the old emperor's eyes. He had been seated all this while, with a smug look on his face, before he suddenly rose to his feet.

"Oh no!"

A roar erupted from within Wang Baole's body as soon as he said that out loud. The Demonic Eye Art began churning even though Wang Baole hadn't activated it. An enormous eye materialized behind Wang Baole, and an old man's face appeared inside the eye's pupil.

The old man was the will that was hidden within the Demonic Eye Art!

The idea that Wang Baole had thought of had nothing to do with the fact that he was currently in the body of his avatar, which had been conjured via his essence technique. It had to do with what the Planet realm cultivator had said about corpses and sacrifices!

It had to do with the fact that... there was someone there who really wanted him alive. That someone was the old emperor, and... the will that was resting inside his body, the will that belonged to the patriarch of the Divine Eye civilization!

Wang Baole knew exactly what the patriarch wanted. He knew very well that even though the old wretch wanted him weakened and injured, he didn't want him caught, and he most definitely didn't want Wang Baole to die there.

That's why... I can still make use of Xie Haiyang's seemingly intelligent move of placing multiple bets in this fight and free myself from this current predicament, and I'm going to do it my way!

The high officials' autobiographies mentioned this before. Never underestimate anyone. Xie Haiyang... you made the terrible mistake... of underestimating me!

Those thoughts were racing through Wang Baole's head as the enormous eye hovered behind him. Reflected in the eye was the old man's resentful look. He hadn't intended to interfere in the fight, but he had no choice but to do so. Forced into a corner, he shouted two words!

"Divine! Eye!"

Zi Luo shuddered violently when he heard those two words. Countless eyes appeared on the crocodile that he had summoned. They exploded as soon as they appeared, forcing a scream of pain from Zi Luo's lips. He seemed to be trapped in an illusion and could no longer sense where Wang Baole was. Instead, he charged in another direction.

Outside the sealed space, the old emperor's eyes had turned red. He leaped into the air, his eyes bright with madness as he roared, "Divine! Eye!"

Countless eyes appeared all over his body. They blew up, ripping his body apart. His blood transformed into an enormous blood-red eye that rammed straight into the seal, causing a thunderous boom to erupt in the air. No one knew what the old emperor did, but he had somehow tainted the seal that had been formed from a Planet realm cultivator's Divine Sense. The seal shuddered violently as the old emperor faded away, and a crack appeared in its wall.

Wang Baole's eyes flashed as the crack appeared. He made full use of the window of opportunity, retreating hastily and dashing straight for the crack. Just as he stepped through the crack, he threw a glance at the vanishing puddle of blood and flesh, condescension flickering in his eyes!

Wang Baole...

Somewhere in the market, Xie Haiyang had risen to his feet. He could see the mockery in Wang Baole's eyes through the audiovisual projection hovering in front of him. Xie Haiyang's breathing quickened, and he was silent for a long time before he finally sat back down again.

You're really something!

#### **Chapter 846: Inside the Imperial Cemetery!**

Thus, life had proven that any situation involving more than two parties could result in an infinite number of possibilities. As such, three-way relationships were easier to unravel and exploit. Wang Baole had done just that. He had made use of the will hidden within the Demonic Eye Art, its lust and its desire to live, and successfully fought back the Violet Gold civilization and its intervention.

To a certain degree, he and the will inside the Demonic Eye Art had been able to establish a temporary alliance.

As the will inside the Divine Eye Art unleashed its power and the perfected Spirit Immortal realm cultivator, Zi Luo, screamed and was forced to retreat, Wang Baole darted forward like a bolt of lightning and slipped through the crack that the old emperor had created by sacrificing himself!

In the next moment, he had dashed out of the seal. He looked around. Zi Luo, who seemed to be under an illusory spell, was surrounded by intense waves of black Qi. His heavy breathing was interspersed with furious growls. He was clearly in the midst of recovering from the spell. The waves of black Qi dispersed then, revealing his reddened eyes.

Zi Luo howled and charged towards Wang Baole as their eyes met. He Yunzi watched, flabbergasted, while the bronze lamp in his hand shuddered violently. The Planet realm aura housed within the lamp was furious and ready to charge out.

Wang Baole's enemies stood before him, while the will in the Demonic Eye Art lay behind him. There was no way he could fight his way through his enemies. But if he were to give up his chances now and try to escape, the will in the Demonic Eye Art, which had been forced to come to his aid earlier, would likely attack him immediately and prevent him from escaping successfully.

Xie Haiyang might have promised him that the jade slip that he had given him would be able to teleport him out safely, but Wang Baole no longer trusted the man's words.

He had two choices before him. He could wing it and get Xie Haiyang to transport him out of there, or... charge towards the only exit, which was... in the statue's eye, the door to the imperial cemetery!

Wang Baole might have hesitated if he were in his true form. He might have gone for the other option. But he was currently in the avatar that had been formed from his essence technique. His eyes narrowed.

At that moment, he recalled everything that had happened after he had created a separate avatar using his essence technique and infiltrated the Divine Eye civilization. He was sure of one thing. The will resting within the Demonic Eye Art had been suppressed and sealed away at nearly all times.

That meant that the will was probably being misled... It probably didn't realize that it was resting within an avatar!

Of course, Wang Baole could be making a wrong guess. The presence inside the Demonic Eye Art might already know. Nevertheless, this was a blind spot. The avatar that had been formed from his essence technique was no ordinary avatar. It was something from his senior brother and wasn't something that the will in the Demonic Eye Art was a match for. It would be challenging for the will to try and possess this avatar. Even though the will might be lusting over his avatar form with every intention of taking over his body, the chances of its success were... very low!

*Even if we take a step back and look at this again, and assume that he succeeds in the end, it doesn't mean a thing. The most harm done is that my original true form suffers some collateral damage. But I can also choose to call for the Flame Patriarch's help if I do face danger.* An icy glint flashed across Wang Baole's eyes at that thought. He had spread his Eternal Star Fire out like a cloak while going through those thoughts so that the will inside the Demonic Eye Art wouldn't be able to sense what he was thinking.

*In that case, I'm not the one who should be afraid. It's the will inside the Demonic Eye Art, the will that seems to be the will of the first emperor of the Divine Eye civilization, who should be afraid... This is my opportunity. I'm not going to let it slip away!*

At that thought, Wang Baole no longer hesitated. After dashing out of the seal, he surged forward and seized the opportunity that the will inside the Demonic Eye Art had created for him. Before Zi Luo could approach him, and before the Planet realm aura inside the lamp could do anything, he charged towards the eye of the statue.

He could sense uncontrollable excitement and agitation emanating from the will inside the Demonic Eye Art as he charged. He narrowed his eyes and slowed down slightly. A thunderous boom erupted behind him, and Zi Luo charged out of the seal in the next moment. The Planet realm aura inside the lamp unleashed its full power, roaring and transforming into a huge, translucent palm that made a grab for Wang Baole.

The will inside the Demonic Eye Art started to panic after Wang Baole slowed down. It wasn't to be blamed for its irrationality. The chance that it had been waiting a long time for had finally appeared right before its eyes. Its longing was stronger than Wang Baole's. Even though it knew that Wang Baole had intentionally slowed down, it couldn't stop itself from striking.

The will roared and cast another illusory spell at the Planet realm palm and Zi Luo, who had come charging at Wang Baole.

Amidst thunderous booms and waves of spirit energy surging across the air, the will inside the Demonic Eye Art unleashed a second attack to thwart the pursuit of Wang Baole's enemies. Wang Baole sped up instantly and rushed at the statue's eye, reappearing next to the statue instantly. The Planet realm cultivator from the Violet Gold civilization and Zi Luo roared furiously as they watched him collide with the statue's eye, phasing straight through the statue effortlessly!

Zi Luo caught up with Wang Baole just as the latter disappeared into the statue. He unleashed his full power and struck the statue's eye. However, no matter how hard he struck the statue, its eye remained unchanging and unmoving, keeping Zi Luo outside!

"The statue's origins are mysterious. It's probably a statue of the first emperor of the Divine Eye civilization... Unless one possesses Eternal Star realm cultivation, it's likely impossible to force your way inside!" The palm that had been formed from the Planet realm aura inside the lamp had transformed into a blurry outline of a person. The indistinct figure eyed the statue, snorted, then paid no further heed to Zi Luo. Instead, he turned around and returned to the lamp.

His voice continued to reverberate in the imperial cemetery after he had vanished inside the lamp.

"He Yunzi, the window of opportunity has passed. It doesn't matter whether that kid lives or dies inside the Divine Eye imperial cemetery. Neither bodes well for us. Now... the only solution is to force a descent and stabilize the situation. You should make up your mind quickly!"

He Yunzi listened to what the Planet realm cultivator had said, then turned and saw the flicker of icy light in Zi Luo's stormy eyes. The other two princes standing next to him appeared slightly uneasy too. They turned and looked at He Yunzi.

He Yunzi felt torn. He had been forced into a tough spot today. He hadn't expected the old emperor to go behind his back and commit those deeds. At the same time, he knew very well that the intruder who had barged in upon them earlier had emanated an aura that had belonged to the first emperor of their royal clan.

*The first emperor is clearly trying to resurrect himself... and he's probably going to succeed. What awaits me then will be...* Visible red veins appeared in He Yunzi's eyes, and an aura of madness radiated from the man as he spoke in a dark, heavy voice.

"The treasonous greater sects have pushed us too far. First, they surrounded us, and now, they've sent assassins to infiltrate the royal clan, kill our emperor, and rob us of our clan's ancestral power. They'll have to... answer for that!

"From this day on, I'll temporarily take over as the head of the Divine Eye civilization. I swear to restore our royal clan's ancestral power, eliminate the three greater sects, and avenge our emperor. I'll stop at nothing to restore our royal clan to its former glory!

"I'll use our royal clan's power to unlock the Eye of the Eternal Star and invite the Violet Gold civilization to descend upon our civilization and aid us in sealing the imperial cemetery. They'll help us send the cemetery into the Realm of the Nine Spectrals, then help us destroy all treasonous elements in the Divine Eye civilization!"

“Agreed!” A cold, dark voice rang out from the lamp. Flames surged out of the lamp and flooded the area, surrounding the statue and transforming the ground under the statue into soft mud. The statue rapidly sank into the ground, vanishing from the surface of the earth and disappearing into what He Yunzi had called... the Realm of the Nine Spectrals.

Nine Spectrals was simply a name given to an underground space sealed away under the surface of the Divine Eye civilization. It was worlds apart from the visible part of the Divine Eye civilization.

According to concepts that were understood on Earth, everything in the universe had two sides. There was life and death, and there was light and darkness. To a certain degree, the Nine Spectrals was akin to the underworld!

Those who were alive and stepped into this realm would find it extremely difficult to leave again!

He Yunzi didn't turn back after he had said everything. He led the royal clan and Zi Luo's people away, departing swiftly. What awaited them was something that was to be ended in the quickest time possible, something that the three greater sects hadn't been prepared for and which they had just started... It was a war!

The royal clan was unprepared as well. They were unable to fully unlock the Eye of the Eternal Star and allow the distant Violet Gold civilization to make a one-time, complete descent upon their civilization. However, time was of the essence. Instead of hesitating and waiting, it was better to act decisively. That way... they would be able to launch an unexpected attack and overpower their enemies swiftly!

A war... was about to break out!

At that moment, inside the eye of the statue that had been sealed inside the Realm of the Nine Spectrals, within the real imperial cemetery of the Divine Eye civilization, Wang Baole... had also reappeared!

Upon reappearing and seeing what was around him, he momentarily froze in shock, and a strange light flickered in his eyes.

*This place...*

### **Chapter 847: Bait!**

This was a world that seemed no different than the world outside. The sky was blue, and the land was a series of vast plains. The grass and the trees were lush and green, and in the distance lay mountains that stretched majestically across the horizon. The air was even filled with rich Spirit Qi.

It didn't resemble an imperial cemetery at all. The light breeze in the air brought along with it the twittering of birds and a floral fragrance. Cranes could be seen flying across the skies occasionally, and beautiful fairies could be seen seated on some of the cranes. They looked down from their perches and stared at Wang Baole curiously.

If it had been some other cultivator who had come across such a scene, they wouldn't have been able to sense anything wrong even if their cultivation surpassed Wang Baole's and had reached the Planet realm. But Wang Baole was a unique case. A ghostly light flickered in his eyes as he narrowed them.

There was a trace of Dark Fire in that ghostly light in his eyes. Dark Fire filled his eyes, and the world before him was transformed instantly. It was as if a veil had been flipped over, revealing the true reality of this place!

The sky wasn't blue but red!

The earth wasn't covered with lush greenery, as everything had shriveled. What had looked like mountains... were piles of countless bones. The cranes flying in the sky were fearsome ghosts, and the fairies... gruesome maggots!

The rich Spirit Qi... wasn't Spirit Qi at all but the intense, overpowering aura of death. The vast plains weren't empty but filled with an army of dead that numbered almost a million. The eyes of the soldiers were cold and emotionless as they stood in neat rows. One could call it a majestic sight.

In the sky above the mountains of bones was a vast imperial palace. It was painted in violet and emerald. One could see thirteen lavishly-decorated imperial thrones in the palace!

Twelve of those thrones were lined in two rows. The final throne sat in the deepest part of the palace, above the other thrones. It was far larger and grander than the others.

There was someone sitting in every one of those thrones. The twelve thrones that were lined in two rows were occupied by old men. They looked different but shared similarities in their facial features. Their eyes shone with authority, while their faces were stern and expressionless. They wore yellow robes and had crowns on their heads. They were looking dispassionately in the direction Wang Baole was standing.

In the deepest recesses of the palace, on the last throne... sat a tall figure that emanated waves of power and authority that seemed capable of turning the world upside down. There was something about this figure that was different from the rest. He had no facial features. His face was completely blank!

A strange look appeared on his face when he realized what he was looking at. Before he could do anything, the faceless great emperor seated in his throne suddenly looked up.

Even though he had no face, Wang Baole still had a feeling that the emperor was looking straight at him.

The emperor's gaze felt like a physical blow. Wang Baole had shuddered when those eyes had turned onto him. The Demonic Eye Art inside his body activated uncontrollably, and an enormous black eye appeared at his back.

The eye spanned a thousand feet, and its appearance unleashed an overwhelming power that collided with the gaze of the faceless emperor. Excited laughter erupted from within the demonic eye inside Wang Baole's body.

"Wang Baole, I have to thank you for bringing me back from the state of near-death and giving me a second life!" As laughter reverberated in the air, the silhouette of an old man appeared inside the pupil of the enormous black eye. He exuded wild power as he laughed, stepped out of the black eye, and stood in the sky.

His form might have appeared illusory, but it emanated a power that appeared to meld seamlessly with this world. It seemed to have the capability to shift the sky and land, summon winds, and send the clouds rolling back. Waves of terrifying suppressive power flooded the lands.

“Are you done, first emperor of the Divine Eye civilization? I realize old men like you are really long-winded.” Wang Baole couldn’t be bothered to pretend that he was shocked by the emperor’s appearance. The expression on his face was composed as he tilted his head and eyed the old man.

“Are you going to try and possess my body now? It seems quite a challenge with your current state. In that case... what’s your trump card? What makes you so confident that you’ll succeed?” As he spoke, Wang Baole finally realized the opportunity that Xie Haiyang had told him about.

*There’s a great chance... that it has to do with the first emperor. Since he’s capable of striking deals with three parties at once, he must know that the first emperor intends to possess my body in order to resurrect himself. My opportunity has to do with the first emperor himself. I should be right!*

*Xie Haiyang might have tricked me, but it’s unlikely that he’s trying to get me killed. If that’s the case, how is he so sure that the attempted possession will fail and that the first emperor will become fuel for my cultivation and my breakthrough? Maybe Xie Haiyang planned for me to get into this place, then pay him for his help. If that’s the case, it means that Xie Haiyang believes that I won’t be able to succeed on my own... There are two ways he could’ve reached that conclusion. Either he doesn’t know that I’m of the Dark Sect, or... there’s something wrong with this old ghost!*

As the gears in Wang Baole’s head spun furiously, the first emperor narrowed his eyes and smirked.

“As a show of thanks, I’ll be possessing your body and living your life for you!” As he spoke, he raised his right hand and swept it across the air.

His aura erupted with that single wave, and immediately after, the million-strong army of dead souls standing dispassionately on the plains before Wang Baole shuddered. The coldness in their eyes transformed into madness, and they fell to their knees immediately!

Watching a million-strong army falling to their knees was like watching a sudden wave falling rapidly. It was an awesome sight. What was more shocking was what followed next. As the army of dead fell to their knees, they opened their mouths and started speaking!

“Welcome back to the palace, great emperor!”

As soon as the voices rang out, wisps of soul rose from the heads of these million dead souls and headed straight for... the old man who had walked out of the demonic eye, the first emperor of the Divine Eye civilization!

A bright light flashed across Wang Baole’s eyes as he observed the scene, and doubt surfaced in his mind.

*Does this old ghost not know that I’m from the Dark Sect?*

He was a Dark Child from the Dark Sect. If Wang Baole wanted, he could seize the power of those dead souls and consume them for his own. The scene before him made him hesitate though. An

imperceptible flicker appeared in his eyes, and he put an extremely smug look on his face and laughed out loud.

“I have no idea why the Dark Sect tweaked the Divine Eye Art and left you untouched, but it seems like you don’t really know who I am...”

“Dark Art, summon the soul!” As soon as Wang Baole said that, he raised his right hand, and Dark Fire erupted in his eyes. An ancient aura that was of the Dark Sect started emanating from him, causing the world to shudder violently. Emotion flashed across the first emperor’s face. Spiritual Qi of the million dead souls that had been rushing towards the emperor made a sharp swerve right in front of him... and headed for Wang Baole instead!

“That’s impossible! The imperial descendant has returned!” Shock filled the face of the first emperor, and there was panic in his eyes. He seemed to be experiencing extreme anxiety. He quickly raised his right hand and pointed at the palace in the sky.

Except for the faceless great emperor sitting in the palace, the other twelve emperors shuddered on their imperial thrones and rose to their feet. They turned towards Wang Baole and the first emperor and fell to their knees.

“Welcome back to the palace, esteemed patriarch!”

Powerful spiritual Qi erupted from the twelve emperors as their voices rang in the air. The Qi transformed into twelve spiritual dragons that charged out of the palace and headed straight for the first emperor. They intended to stop Wang Baole from drawing the Qi of the million dead souls away!

The Qi of the dead souls and the Qi of the twelve emperors filled the air. As a member of the Dark Sect, Wang Baole could sense how strong the waves of power in the air were. If he were to gather the Qi and fuse it with his body, then digest the Qi over a period of time, his cultivation would spike, breaking through the Soul Conduit realm and reaching the Spirit Immortal realm. In fact, this breakthrough might not stop at the early-stage Spirit Immortal realm. There was a chance that he might reach the mid-stage Spirit Immortal realm!

*Such temptation...* Hesitation and desire warred fiercely inside Wang Baole.

#### **Chapter 848: The Mysterious Beginnings of the Divine Eye Civilization**

He was torn because he wasn’t sure if it was a trap!

He wasn’t sure if the old ghost knew of his intimate connection with the Dark Sect. That was why he was hesitating!

Despite his hesitation and mixed feelings, he could see the giant loophole in the current scenario. It was just that the temptation hanging in front of him was too great, so those loopholes were easily overlooked.

After all... as long as Wang Baole wanted, he could absorb every soul there with a single thought. After spending some time digesting all those souls, he would be able to break through to the Spirit Immortal realm and perhaps even reach the mid-stage Spirit Immortal realm all the same!



*Something must be up. There's no way that this old ghost didn't know that I'm from the Dark Sect. After all, the Dark Sect modified the Demonic Eye Art. Even if the Dark Sect had fallen and its cultivation techniques had been scattered across the universe... this concerns his successful possession and resurrection. There's no way he didn't check repeatedly and make sure that his information was sound.*

*Besides... the old ghost is extremely conniving and sly. There's no way he wouldn't have arrived at the right conclusion. Another thing... If I do absorb these souls, I won't be able to attain an immediate breakthrough. It'll be like swallowing a pill. I'll need some time to digest everything... Could this be what the old ghost wants? He's trying to buy time?* Wang Baole's eyes reddened, and the gears in his head spun furiously within those few brief moments. The twelve spiritual dragons finally fused with the Qi of the million dead souls that hovered between him and the old emperor. The latter's face was colored with anxiety, while Wang Baole's eyes flashed with decisiveness.

"I don't need those souls!" Wang Baole roared and retreated, abandoning the idea of using the Dark Art to seize control and absorb the souls. As he gave up on those souls and moved back, the Qi of the million dead souls and the twelve spiritual dragons snapped back like a rope that had been pulled taut and then released, rushing towards the old ghost!

The souls surrounded the old ghost amidst a thunderous boom and rushed into his body. They seemed to share the same bloodline and origins as the old ghost, and as a result, the old ghost didn't need to wait for the souls to be digested. His cultivation rose immediately.

He reached the perfected Soul Conduit realm instantly, and still, his cultivation continued to climb. He broke through to the Spirit Immortal realm in the blink of an eye. Under the nourishment of the souls, his cultivation continued to rise. However... Wang Baole didn't hear any excited laughter from the old ghost as he retreated. Instead, what he heard was... a growl filled with resentment and regret.

Wang Baole's eyes flashed at the sounds the ghost was emitting. He knew instantly that he had been right. The old ghost... had laid a trap for him!

His hands flew around in a flurry. Instantly, Xie Haiyang's jade slip appeared in his left hand, and the Flame Patriarch's jade slip appeared in his right. He didn't send a voice transmission, only pulling them out as a precaution.

Wang Baole began chanting the Dao Scripture under his breath as he tightened his grip on both jade slips!

The old ghost's cultivation was still rising, though the features on his face had contorted into an ugly expression. The loss that he was feeling slammed into him like a tsunami, and violence rose within his heart uncontrollably.

"Cursed... Wang Baole, I can't believe that you didn't absorb it with the Dark Art!"

His roars reverberated in the air. He hadn't wanted to absorb those souls at all. Even though they helped in the recovery of his cultivation to a certain degree, it was merely a partial recovery. Compared to this, he much preferred a smooth and successful possession and resurrection. That was what he truly longed for.

He knew that Wang Baole belonged to the Dark Sect, but he had pretended not to know so that he might unleash the power of those dead souls and use them to reel Wang Baole in. He wanted Wang Baole to lose his reason in the face of such great temptation. If Wang Baole were to make an error in his judgment... If he had acted on his impulse and absorbed those souls...

Wang Baole would have fallen right into his trap. The souls couldn't be transformed into cultivation immediately, as time was needed to slowly digest them. During that period... because the vast quantity of souls shared the same source as he did, prior to the complete digestion of them, Wang Baole's body would have become a form of breeding ground.

One that was highly suitable for being possessed!

All of the undigested souls in Wang Baole's body could have been transformed into a source of aid for the old ghost. With their help, he would have been able to complete the possession of Wang Baole's body more easily and be fully brought back to life!

To ensure that his plan succeeded, he had pretended to look extremely anxious. When Wang Baole had been on the verge of absorbing those souls, he had been worried that the former would see through his act. That had been why he had dragged the twelve spiritual dragons into the picture. He had wanted to give Wang Baole an impression that he had just shown all of his cards and had been desperately trying to reverse what had seemed like a sure defeat.

Despite all his meticulous preparations and calculations, he had still failed. Resentment and grudge erupted inside him and transformed into rage. His breeding ground had been lost, which left him with no choice but to possess Wang Baole's body forcibly. The stakes had just risen in terms of both risk and difficulty.

"Wang Baole!" Even though both the risk and difficulty had risen, the old ghost was left with no other choice. He fumed and raged as his cultivation reached the mid-stage Spirit Immortal realm. He could wait no longer then. With a sudden shift, he vanished.

He had originally been inside the Demonic Eye Art, which Wang Baole had cultivated and practiced for many years. That was why, when he reappeared again in the next moment, he appeared... inside Wang Baole's body, in his soul, evading the Eternal Star Fire resting in Wang Baole's mind and the Planet realm palm!

He tried to forcibly possess Wang Baole!

A flash of violence appeared in Wang Baole's eyes the moment the old ghost appeared inside his soul. Wang Baole unleashed the power of the Dao Scripture, which he had silently muttered under his breath earlier. Instead of using it to exert a suppressive force on his surroundings, he turned it inward... onto himself!

Thunder erupted, and it was as if countless lightning bolts had been unleashed in Wang Baole's soul. His soul shuddered violently amidst the waves of deafening thunder. Suffering the same violent shudders was the old ghost that had tried to devour his soul.

*You're trying to possess me, and I'm... trying to hunt you too. I'm going to turn you into my golden ticket for a cultivation breakthrough!* Wang Baole's soul emanated intense waves of spirit energy. At this

point, he was fully aware of why the imperial cemetery was going to be his golden ticket to a cultivation breakthrough. If he had hunted and captured the old ghost outside, the ghost would have been severely weakened. Thus, Wang Baole wouldn't have been able to benefit as much from his capture.

Inside the cemetery, the ghost was given a chance to experience leaps in cultivation through the absorption of countless souls. Wang Baole faced great risk in facing a more powerful ghost. But, if he were to succeed... the benefits he would gain would be immeasurable!

With those thoughts in mind, the struggle between a possession and a hunt inside Wang Baole's soul began!

Wang Baole stood there, unmoving, as his body transformed into mist and then regathered and reformed into his physical body. Everything seemed normal despite the intense and dangerous battle currently taking place inside his soul!

The million dead souls were still on their knees, and so were the twelve silent emperors in the distant palace. The emperor on the tallest throne, with his indistinguishable face and a blurry silhouette, remained seated and unmoving.

But if one were to take a closer look, they would realize that there was something about the first emperor that was different from the other dead souls. He... wasn't a corpse like the rest. He was... a human-shaped armor... awaiting the return of its master!

In the distant cosmos, far away from the Divine Eye civilization, in the marketplace that Wang Baole had once visited, stood one of the Xie family's stores. Xie Haiyang stood in his pavilion, a dark and stormy look on his face as he stared at a pitch-black image that was being projected from a jade slip on the table in silence.

He had stopped receiving transmissions after Wang Baole had entered the inner chambers of the imperial cemetery. Despite the power that the Xie family held, there remained certain things in the universe that they couldn't breach.

The statue of the Divine Eye civilization's first emperor was one of them!

The mysterious Divine Eye civilization had managed to build an alliance with the Violet Gold civilization and gain the attention of Xie Haiyang, and the statue clearly had something to do with both.

*Does the Divine Eye civilization's secret... really... have something to do with that legendary place? Wang Baole, why are you so stubborn? Why can't you just ask me for help so that I can use this chance and get a clearer look...* Xie Haiyang was filled with a myriad of complicated feelings. The old man who was sitting in front of him sighed. He picked up the jade slip, then looked up and stared at Xie Haiyang.

"Young Master, the Violet Gold civilization has made a move. The Divine Eye civilization's royal clan is conducting a sacrificial ceremony. I estimate that the first batch of cultivators from the Violet Gold civilization will be teleported through the Divine Eye civilization's Eye of the Eternal Star within half an hour. War in the Divine Eye civilization will commence then. There will be three Planet realm cultivators in the first batch of cultivators from the Violet Gold civilization!"

## **Chapter 849: The Beginning of a War**

As Xie Haiyang listened to the old man's report, He Yunzi was leading the severely sealed royal clan in a grand sacrificial ceremony on the main star of the Divine Eye civilization!

Zi Luo, the perfected Spirit Immortal realm cultivator from the Violet Gold civilization, served as support, while the Planet realm cultivator resting in the lamp served as tinder. He Yunzi steered almost all members of the royal clan into gathering at a single location.

Even those with the most remote blood relations to the royal clan had arrived. There were more than a hundred thousand of them, all of them clustered in the royal city. The grand ceremony was initiated via the bronze lamp's bloodline. At that instant, everyone's bloodline began to rouse.

Beams of light radiating from their bloodlines surged out and flooded the entire royal city in a sea of red. The sight should have drawn the attention of the three greater sects and their spies, but it was clear that the Violet Gold civilization had ways of hiding what was happening from spying eyes. As a result, the three greater sects had no idea what was going on.

The ceremony went on for half an hour. During that half an hour, many clan members were overwhelmed by the awakening of their bloodlines. Their bodies shriveled, and they died almost immediately. But He Yunzi had called upon them in the name of the royal clan and for the sake of their clan's glory. The clan members who were still alive didn't give up. They unleashed furious roars and allowed their bloodlines to burn and be spent.

Half an hour passed, and the sky above the royal city transformed drastically. As the winds howled and the clouds stirred, He Yunzi ignored the mouthful of blood he had just spilled and watched as an enormous, illusory Eternal Star slowly formed above the royal city.

The Eye of the Eternal Star resembled an eye. It was a projection of the Eye of the Eternal Star. The royal clan had sacrificed their bloodline and their cultivation technique in order to summon it.

Hope and excitement appeared in He Yunzi's eyes as he watched the projection of the Eternal Star appear above him. He swept his arms out wide and howled.

"Open... the Eternal Star Gates!"

The bloodlines of the entire royal clan went into overdrive once more as his words reverberated in the air, and almost a third of the remaining clan members shriveled up and died. Every beam of red light rushed towards the bronze lamp in that instant. The light within the lamp turned crimson red and rushed towards the sky in a single pillar of intense light that charged straight at the projection of the Eternal Star.

The projection shuddered, and a vortex gradually formed on it, growing larger until... it transformed into a black hole and activated.

At that instant, a similar sight appeared on the actual Eye of the Eternal Star in the Divine Eye civilization. The Eternal Star shuddered, and a vortex formed rapidly on its surface and transformed into a black hole...

As the black hole came into being... a pathway for teleportation appeared to be unlocked. Numerous indistinct silhouettes appeared. They were all struggling. They seemed ready to rush out of the black hole. It didn't take long before waves of Eternal Star spirit energy surged outward. Before they could

reach the rest of the civilization, waves of laughter had rung out in the cosmos, and three figures had dashed out of the black hole!

They were dressed in rainbow-colored robes. Despite the purple masks on their faces, it was easy to tell that two of them were middle-aged, while the last was an old man. In fact... if Wang Baole were present, he would be able to recognize the old man's aura... as the Planet realm cultivator in the bronze lamp!

They unleashed their cultivations as they charged out thunderously. They were clearly all... at the Planet realm. They didn't leave after exiting the black hole. Instead, they took position at a corner, formed a series of hand seals, and then made a grab through space at the edge of the black hole. Then, they yanked. The Eternal Star shuddered once more, and the black hole expanded. Battleships and cultivators dashed out of the black hole in the next instant!

There were almost a hundred thousand battleships and five times as many cultivators. All of the battleships were rainbow-colored, as were the robes that the cultivators were wearing. This clearly showed... that all cultivators in the Violet Gold civilization were dressed in that fashion. If that weren't the case... then it meant that the first incoming batch of cultivators was simply one of many political factions in the Violet Gold civilization!

The eyes of the incoming cultivators were filled with greed and excitement as they stepped through the black hole alongside their battleships. They eyed their surroundings, then greeted the three Planet realm cultivators. At that point, there was no need to explain who the three Planet realm cultivators were.

"Greetings, my lord. Greetings, elders!"

The arrivals weren't the full might of the Violet Gold civilization but one of its sects. The old Planet realm cultivator burst out laughing after receiving the greetings from his people.

"What a civilization this is. Even though it's relatively primitive, the teleportation capabilities of its Divine Eye alone are proof of its value... It's capable of transporting our Heavenly Spirit Sect across hundreds of lightyears instantaneously..."

"We shouldn't delay any further then. According to our plans... one-tenth of our forces will be led by six of our leaders and head for the main Divine Eye star. They will lead our allies out of their imprisonment. The remaining forces will follow the two sect elders and me... We'll first eliminate the weakest greater sect, the Earth Hexagram Unity Sect!

"We'll crush the sect with lightning speed and destroy the balance amongst the three greater sects. Then, we'll split our forces. One elder will follow me into battle with the Divine Sovereign Justice Sect, while another elder will lead his forces to battle the Violet Gold New Dao Sect. If we succeed... there'll be no need for reinforcements from other sects in the Violet Gold civilization. We, the Heavenly Spirit Sect, will trample this civilization alone!"

"Let the war begin!" The Planet realm sect lord laughed and sped in the direction of the Earth Hexagram Unity Sect. Following behind him were his two sect elders, ninety thousand battleships, and more than four hundred thousand cultivators. They unleashed their full speed and charged ahead.

The remaining force—ten thousand battleships and more than fifty thousand Heavenly Spirit Sect cultivators—fell under the command of six perfected Spirit Immortal realm cultivators and charged towards... the Divine Eye civilization's main star!

As all of that was taking place, somewhere in the Realm of the Nine Spectrals, a statue was still sinking deeper into the abyss, without an end in sight.

The Realm of the Nine Spectrals was like a world on the other side of a mirror. It was difficult for an ordinary person to unlock the door to this realm. Only a cultivator at the Planet realm was able to open the door temporarily. Most of the time, the Realm of the Nine Spectrals was sealed.

The realm had its own natural laws and was unaffected by the outside world. At the same time, it appeared to exist everywhere, like how death existed wherever there was life. There was no distinction between the heavens and the earth in this realm. What it contained was thick fog, thick beyond measure. As the fog moved sluggishly in the air, emotionless faces would appear inside. They were like witnesses to death in the realm.

Gathered in the realm were the souls of the dead who had once lived in the Divine Eye civilization. The living rarely stepped into the realm, as only those who had acquired Planet realm cultivation could survive a short stint within. However, even they couldn't remain in the realm for long. The aura of death inside tainted everything. No one knew how many dead souls were trapped inside the realm.

They only knew that the Nine Spectrals was a part of the Never-Ending Dao Domain. Legends spoke of its origins in... the previous Heavenly Dao that had existed a long, long time ago. During that time, the Nine Spectrals hadn't been sealed away. When the living died then, their souls were to return to the underworld. It hadn't mattered if one had been an ordinary soul or had a soul that had belonged to a powerful person. There had been no exception.

The rise of the Never-Ending Clan had ended that particular natural law, had marked the end of the Heavenly Dao. The Nine Spectrals had continued to exist, but it had been sealed away. The Never-Ending Clan had also set down rules. When cultivators at the Planet realm or higher died, their souls wouldn't enter the Nine Spectrals or the cycle of rebirth and would wander the universe instead. If they had the means to do so, they could return to life!

That was the legend that had been spread across the universe and the Never-Ending Dao Domain. Few knew if there was something going on behind the legend or if there was a hidden conspiracy.

In the eye of the sinking statue, inside the Divine Eye civilization's imperial cemetery, in front of the million kneeling dead souls and the bowed heads of the twelve emperors, stood Wang Baole. Inside his body, the fight between possession and hunt had reached its climax!

The old ghost, whose cultivation had reached the mid-stage Spirit Immortal realm, had unleashed his full power and was fighting to possess Wang Baole's body, something his cultivation should have allowed him to do. He had even evaded the Eternal Star Fire and the Planet realm palm, focusing his attacks on Wang Baole's soul as he tried to devour it.

But he had suffered under the hands of the numerous strange and bizarre powers that had been inside Wang Baole's body in the past. That was why he had set aside a bit of his power and transformed it into

a seal to stop anything from interfering with his attempted possession, preventing any unexpected accidents from happening at the same time.

A strange thought had appeared in Wang Baole's head when he had realized what the old ghost had done. It had popped up as a thought that he had concealed from the old ghost.

*The old ghost's actions would seem completely reasonable if he were fighting my true form now, but this is only an avatar of mine. My scabbard and the devouring seed are all inside my true form. The avatar is merely an illusion, so why did the old ghost bother then? Could it be... that he missed something despite his careful planning? Does he not know that this is an avatar? He thinks that I'm the real deal.*

At that thought, Wang Baole suddenly shuddered slightly, summoning an illusion of the devouring seed and his scabbard. Their appearance sent the old ghost into a bout of agitation instantly. It was as if Wang Baole had just summoned his greatest enemies!

*That's interesting!* Wang Baole thought. He had just become more confident about his chances. He seized the opportunity and bit hard into the old ghost's soul.

### **Chapter 850: The Knowledgeable Old Ghost!**

The bite tore a huge chunk of the old ghost's soul, and rage and agony spiked through him. He immediately suppressed the pain and made an attempt at devouring Wang Baole's soul.

At that moment, the scabbard and devouring seed that Wang Baole had summoned began shaking violently, appearing to be on the verge of blowing up. The sight made the old ghost fearful, so he carved a portion of his energy out to suppress them. In that moment of distraction, Dark Fire sparked and flared up inside Wang Baole's soul, then surged outwards.

*So you think you can possess your daddy's body, old man? In your dreams!* The Dark Fire surged outwards and exerted a suppressive force on all souls, causing the old ghost to feel like an ordinary man who had just been splashed with boiling oil. Screams of agony emerged from his mouth, and the rage and madness he had been feeling intensified.

He had traced whatever clues he had come across, done some analysis, and reached the conclusion that Wang Baole belonged to the Dark Sect. That had been why he had formulated his original plan. He had planned to fill Wang Baole's body with souls that shared his bloodline and origins. Even if Wang Baole released his Dark Fire and tried to suppress him, he was confident that he could fight back successfully.

But his plan had failed, and the only option left to him was to devour Wang Baole by force. Madness overtook the old ghost as he roared and tried to fight back against the agony of having his soul burned using only his cultivation. Amidst his pained, furious roars, the fight between his soul and Wang Baole's soul persisted and intensified.

The old ghost's soul transformed into the shape of an eye, descending upon Wang Baole's soul once more. Instead of attacking Wang Baole directly, it enveloped him completely.

"Divine Eye Assimilation Art!"

The ghost roared. The Divine Eye Assimilation Art was a divine power that he had prepared in the event that his original plan went off the rails and he had to possess Wang Baole forcibly. Instead of devouring Wang Baole's soul, it allowed him to envelop and trap it, then assimilate it as a part of himself.

This divine power allowed him to exploit his strength and his cultivation. Even though the injury caused by Dark Fire was still unavoidable, the divine power allowed him to complete the process of possession in a single, swift step. He was well aware that allowing Wang Baole to continue unleashing his Dark Fire while he slowly devoured his soul was unsustainable. The longer he dragged it out, the worse his odds became.

That was why he had planned to end the fight as soon as possible when such a situation occurred!

*Devouring involves destroying a soul and transforming it into a source of nourishment. It's a great way of possessing someone, but the destroyed soul ends up becoming mere nourishment. It's the same as eating a pill. Assimilation is the better option. If successful, Wang Baole will become a part of me, like an avatar. The strange entities inside his body will also belong to me!*

He seemed to be consoling himself, but the old ghost had no other choice. His soul continued to spread outwards as he unleashed the Divine Eye Assimilation Art. As his soul transformed into the shape of an eye and enveloped Wang Baole... alarm bells sounded loudly in Wang Baole's head. He instinctively wanted to move the parts of his body that he still had some semblance of control over and shatter either one of the jade slips in his hands.

Though, there was a price attached to Xie Haiyang's jade slip. If he were to shatter the Flame Patriarch's jade slip, the price he paid would be a change to the sect he belonged to. As a Dark Child of the Dark Sect, he truly didn't want that to happen.

*This is just my avatar. What am I afraid of? I can just wing it. I'm betting that this old ghost has no idea that this is my avatar form. I bet that he won't be able to possess an avatar!* Wang Baole was brutally decisive. Having made up his mind, he abandoned the idea of shattering his jade slips. Instead, he put all his efforts into unleashing his Dark Fire, causing the flames to flare up. However... the old ghost managed to suppress them with his cultivation. His strange Divine Eye Assimilation Art was fully unleashed.

Despite the pains of being burned by Dark Fire and the violent shudders wracking his body, he still managed to envelop Wang Baole's soul and unleash his full cultivation and divine power.

Wang Baole's soul vanished in a thunderous boom, and the gigantic eye that the old ghost had transformed into through his divine power took his place. The eye appeared to have taken over Wang Baole's soul. The sight of that sent the old ghost trembling with excitement. He was about to assimilate Wang Baole completely in a single go when... something beyond his wildest dreams happened!

Wang Baole's soul, which had been enveloped by his Divine Eye, suddenly passed right through the eye... It was as if his soul had lost its ability to hold Wang Baole's soul back, leaving him to watch helplessly as it escaped.

*What's going on?* The old ghost was flabbergasted. This wasn't part of his plan. It left him off balance. As for Wang Baole, his soul slipped out of the old ghost's hold and materialized again, his eyes shining with a bright light.



*This old ghost definitely doesn't know that I'm in my avatar form. Everything about this form is created from my true form's essence. Even though such an avatar can be possessed and assimilated... this isn't something that the old ghost is capable of at his current level of cultivation!*

Excitement filled Wang Baole, as he was sure that he was going to succeed. However, there was still something strange going on. The old ghost had been hiding himself for many years. He knew many secrets about Wang Baole, including that he was from the Dark Sect. So, there was no way that he didn't also know that this wasn't his true form. Unless...

*A powerful cultivator helped me by weakening this old ghost's senses or by planting an incorrect perception in his mind!*

*Such tactics... seem familiar. It doesn't seem to be by the hand of the Flame Patriarch. There's no need for him to do something like that. It seems like something that... Senior Brother would do!*

Wang Baole immediately thought of when his senior brother had taken him away and made him sleep inside his coffin. If it was something that his senior brother had done, then he would have done it during that particular period.

That was because his primary avatar, which had been formed from his essence technique, had been created after that.

Thoughts flashed through Wang Baole's head rapidly. The analysis might have appeared to take a long time, but in reality, he had reached the conclusion in the blink of an eye. At the same time, he also realized that the small portion of the old ghost's soul that he had devoured earlier hadn't vanished but had been completely merged with his own.

He burst out into laughter at that thought, and greed shone in his eyes. He stared at the old ghost as if he were staring at some rare and incredible pill. His soul lunged towards the old ghost. Dark Fire surged out, holding down the old ghost as the flames burned and devoured him with a mad fervor.

As this happened... Wang Baole didn't forget to wave his devouring seed and scabbard around, continuing to intimidate and distract his opponent.

The old ghost was going crazy. He had run through all kinds of scenarios, but he hadn't expected this outcome when he had clearly succeeded. As he roared furiously, his first reaction was that he had made a mistake earlier.

*That must be it!* He continued howling, resisting the pain inflicted by the burning Dark Fire and seizing the opportunity granted by Wang Baole's lunging at him to unleash his divine power again. The price he paid was another small part of his soul being devoured by Wang Baole. In order to prevent an unexpected mistake from happening again, he unleashed the Divine Eye Assimilation Art three times.

The Divine Eye Assimilation Art erupted with a thunderous boom. Soon, the old ghost had Wang Baole's soul trapped once again. He was about to assimilate Wang Baole's soul when... it slipped out of his hold for a second time.

*Impossible!* The ancient patriarch's eyes were ready to pop out of his head. His will was wavering. The strange scene before him made his hair stand instinctively. However, he wasn't willing to accept defeat.

*Why have I failed again? Is there no way to possess Wang Baole's body? I must be using the wrong techniques. Let me try another one!* The old ghost raged and fumed. His soul continued to shudder as Wang Baole tried to devour him. He quickly unleashed another assimilation technique.

"Kun Lun Body Sharing Technique!"

"D\*mn it, why doesn't it work? Great Demonic Fusion Cultivation Technique!"

"What in the world is going on? Heaven and Earth Union Art!"

The old ghost had gone completely mad. He had gone through five or six different kinds of possession techniques, but all his attempts had failed. It was as if Wang Baole's soul didn't exist at all. No matter how he tried to possess his body, he couldn't succeed.

Wang Baole's Dark Fire had been burning for some time as he made his repeated attempts. The intense agony wrought upon the old ghost's body gradually weakened him. Wang Baole hadn't ceased his devouring all that while. Even though he only tore into a tiny part of the old ghost each time, the parts added up. Thirty percent of the old ghost's soul had been devoured.

The damage to his spirit and soul drove the old ghost to the edge of his fury. But he had been the founding emperor of an empire. He was incredibly persistent and strong-willed. Despite numerous failed attempts, he didn't give up. As his furious roars thundered, he tried to possess Wang Baole again.

"Nine Heavenly Clouds Devouring Technique!"

"Spiritless Soul Exorcism Art!"

"Moon and Stars Dao!"