

## Worth 1171

### Chapter 1171: How could not be torn apart!

“Who is it!” Wang Baole was terrified. He fled quickly, but it was useless. After a few breaths, the pull appeared again. He was extremely shocked as he shouted loudly.

“I saw you. HMPH, so it’s You!”

Boom!

The pull appeared again!

“Despicable, Shameless. If you have the ability, come out and see how your father will beat you!”

Boom! Boom!

Another tug..

Wang Baole was about to go crazy. In that short period of time, he had been pulled more than twenty times. Cracks had appeared in the world around him, as if it was about to collapse, this made Wang Baole, who had been completely immersed in the scene, even more terrified.

At the same time, in the Dark River Temple, the red-dressed woman’s eyes shone with a fierce light. She lowered her head. She held Wang Baole’s body with one hand and pulled his head with the other. She let out low growls again and again, she continued to exert force..

Ten times, twenty times... Finally, when she tried for the twenty-seventh time, there was a loud bang. It wasn’t Wang Baole’s head being pulled off, but the puppet that he had transformed into. It seemed to have broken out of its previous state. Under the pull of some rules.., it suddenly retreated, as if it wasn’t under the control of the red-dressed woman. It returned to its original position. Then, its body shook. When it opened its eyes again, Wang Baole woke up.

All the memories from the Moon returned in an instant. Wang Baole’s expression changed drastically. He immediately realized that he had fallen into a strange illusion. The next moment, he immediately retreated and quickly checked his body, doubt appeared in his eyes.

He... was fine. It was just that his neck hurt a little. Therefore, he raised his head. The moment he raised his head, he saw the woman in red staring at him with bloodshot eyes.

She seemed to be angry and unwilling.

Wang Baole was shocked. He retreated once again. He was about to shout out the dao scripture and activate the intrinsic scabbard in his body. However, in the next moment, a dark light flashed in the eyes of the huge red-dressed woman. Wang Baole’s body stiffened once again, confusion appeared in his eyes. He turned back into a puppet. This time... He didn’t return to his original position. Instead, he returned to his original position under the special care of the red-dressed woman.

The woman didn't bother looking at the other puppets. She didn't bother with the glow emanating from the puppets. She just stared at the puppet that Wang Baole had transformed into and waited for it to light up.

As she waited, Wang Baole was immersed in another illusory realm. It was the Divine Eye Galaxy. Behind Wang Baole, a large number of warships were pursuing him. The leader was a woman, the commander of the INK Dragon Army, a strong killing intent appeared in her eyes as she neared Wang Baole.

Wang baole, who was fleeing, was momentarily at a loss. However, he was soon immersed in the danger of being pursued. He fled rapidly, but it was inevitable that he would be pursued closer and closer.

Damn it, they were clearly the ones who snatched my gains! Wang Baole was immersed in the hallucination realm. The moment he felt hatred in his heart, the starry sky suddenly rumbled. A powerful force gathered rapidly from all directions and landed directly on his neck, it seemed to have transformed into two large hands and yanked his neck hard!

The pulling force was strong, but... it didn't break. Wang Baole was stunned.

This feeling is a little familiar..

At the same time, in the Dark River Temple, the red-dressed woman threw her head back and let out a series of angry roars. Her eyes were bloodshot. She even stood up and used all her strength in her hands, she wanted to break Wang Baole, who had turned into a black board in her hands.

However, no matter how hard she tried and how crazy she was, she couldn't do anything to the black board. If her divine ability didn't connect to the source of life, but only her soul, Wang Baole's soul would have already dissipated, however, when it came to the source of life..

Even if the Dark River was gone, Wang Baole's black board would still be safe and sound. The only difference was that the soul he had been born on the black board would be gone.

The roars continued. The red-dressed woman continued to try frantically. Wang baole, in the illusory realm, felt himself being pulled time and time again. Gradually, he went from being at a loss to being shocked, then from being shocked to being at a loss. This continued over and over again, a hint of struggle appeared in his eyes. The struggle grew stronger and stronger. In the end, clarity was suddenly revealed!

Huh? Wang Baole turned his head abruptly and looked around. Memories instantly surfaced in his mind. He remembered that he was in the Styx River, in the temple, and where the red-dressed woman was.

"Then, my current state..." Wang Baole's eyes shone. Before he could think too much, an extraordinary burst of power erupted. His neck hurt slightly, and the world collapsed.

The pain was as if someone had slapped him. In reality, it didn't hurt much, but the world couldn't withstand the pain. The moment Wang Baole's consciousness returned, he retreated rapidly. At the same time, he saw the red-dressed woman before him, the red-dressed woman was almost completely covered in blood.

At the same time, he saw that there were more than ten puppets around him. He didn't know how long they had been lit up, but they were ignored... Wang Baole had a strange expression on his face. In the

next moment, as the red-dressed woman continued to persist, Wang Baole's vision blurred again. When it became clear again., he had returned to the land of the fallen stars.

He was on the island with the prodigies, trying to escape the pursuit of the figures they had killed. However, after running a few steps, Wang Baole stopped in his tracks. A struggle appeared in his eyes, and he recovered in the next instant.

This time, perhaps due to the previous two experiences, he could successfully awaken ahead of time. As soon as he woke up, the pulling force descended once again. Wang Baole didn't pay it any heed. He scratched his neck and looked around, then, a look of contemplation appeared in his eyes.

That red-dressed woman seems to be a simple-minded person..

The power of the illusion is average. It has no effect on me at all

"However... the essence of the illusion is rather interesting. It can reveal my memories, and at the same time, it can affect my previous life... Then, is it possible that images from my previous life will appear as an illusion as well?"

"If that is really the case... then, perhaps I can experience the insights from my previous life again? Perhaps I can see even more! Perhaps some... memories that I have never known will appear?" Wang Baole thought, it was a fantasy. He didn't have much confidence in himself, but he still had some hope. He walked around in anticipation, looking at everything in the illusory realm. As he sighed, he experienced more than thirty times of his neck being pulled.

Wang Baole was already used to it. Every time the pull came, he would adjust the angle and use the pull to make himself feel more comfortable. Just like that, with a loud bang, the world collapsed.

After regaining consciousness, Wang Baole didn't retreat this time. Instead, he stood there, looking expectantly at the red-dressed woman who was staring at him with bloodshot eyes.

In the next moment, she seemed to be enraged by Wang Baole's provocation. The red-dressed woman roared and used her spells again. Wang Baole returned to the Gray Starry Sky where his senior brother, Chen Qingzi, was

Soon, Wang Baole returned. He entered the divine race again... in his previous life..

Then, it was the vicious weapon, the resentful cultivator, the zombie, and the deer..

Wang Baole had achieved complete consciousness this time around. He was even more shocked by the power of the simple-minded man in red. At the same time, the anticipation in his heart grew stronger.

"Could it really be possible!"

Wang Baole was instantly excited. After returning once again, he looked at the panting red-dressed woman with a fiery gaze.

"Again!"

The red-dressed woman faced the sky and roared. She raised her right hand, seemingly unwilling to cast another spell. However, she instinctively hesitated for a moment. This made Wang Baole anxious. He

rolled his eyes, and a disdainful look appeared on his face. He flew slowly into the distance with disdain, he looked as if he was about to leave.

The murderous look in the woman in Red's eyes erupted once again. She raised her right hand and slammed it down. Wang Baole got what he wanted. He entered the ward, feeling very happy.

Woh –

He had accompanied the old man to the hospital today. He had been quite tired after returning. He had written slowly. Fortunately, he had finished writing. He had forgiven her

### **Chapter 1172: Serendipity!**

He is indeed a fool. Wang Baole was excited. After entering the illusory realm once again, he, who had gotten used to it, regained consciousness almost instantly.

As he looked around, Wang Baole could not help but exclaim in surprise.

He was no longer surrounded by the little white deer and the others from his previous life. Instead, he was surrounded by nothingness. It was pitch-black. There were no stars, no aura, and everything he saw was endless darkness, coldness, and deathly stillness.

"This place..." Wang Baole was shocked. He had been looking forward to it for a long time, and he had experienced his previous life in the illusory realm. However, at that moment, he was still shocked by the divine ability of the red-dressed woman.

It was true that in his previous life, where there were scenes and stories, it would be easier for him to become an illusory realm. However, this place... was the scene in his memories of his previous life, where he had wandered through nothingness and fallen asleep. The red-dressed woman.., was able to refract it as well.

Wang Baole's soul trembled. He immediately scanned his surroundings. The first thing he looked at was himself. It was the same as what he had experienced in his past life. At this moment... he was a black wooden board.

There was nothing else.

Wang Baole was silent. He scanned his surroundings once again, unwilling to give up. He treasured the illusion this time. In his past life, in this state, he did not have much consciousness.

It was a pity that no matter how Wang Baole examined it, he could not find anything special in the void. Soon, he felt the pull, appearing time and time again. However, to these.., wang Baole did not care.

It was only after the pull had appeared more than thirty times that Wang Baole sighed and gave up on observing his surroundings. He felt that there might not have been anything special about him during the dozens of times he had floated in the void, therefore, he placed his anticipation in the subsequent illusory realm.

Before long, when the feeling of being pulled came again, the surrounding void collapsed. Wang Baole knew that this meant that the illusory realm was coming to an end, and the red-robed fool had once again failed to make a puppet.

However, just as the surrounding cracks increased and the illusory realm was about to collapse, Wang Baole's mind suddenly jolted. He turned his head abruptly and looked into the distant void.

There, he vaguely saw a thread. However, he didn't have time to confirm it before the void in front of him collapsed. Wang Baole regained his consciousness and opened his eyes. He saw the same red eyes as before, panting heavily, the red-robed man was filled with rage.

"What did I see just now?" Wang Baole ignored the red-robed man. He frowned and tried to recall. As he recalled, the red-robed woman in front of him seemed to lose control of her anger, she let out an intense roar, unwilling to give up.

The Roar formed a storm that erupted in this world, interrupting Wang Baole's thoughts. This made Wang Baole unhappy. He raised his head and frowned as he glanced at the red-dressed man.

"Can you keep your voice down?"

Madness erupted in the red-dressed woman's single eye. She let out an even more intense roar. She raised her trembling right hand and pointed at Wang Baole. In an instant... Wang Baole entered the hallucination realm once again.

This time, the red-dressed woman quickly grabbed the puppet that Wang Baole had transformed into. She didn't even need to use her hands to pull it. Instead, she placed it in her mouth without any hesitation and bit down hard!

With a loud bang, Wang Baole, who had just entered the illusory realm and was quickly waking up, immediately felt a numbness in his neck before he could see his surroundings clearly. This time, it wasn't a pulling sensation. Instead, it was as if an invisible force had turned him into a cleaver, it was as if it was going to cut him.

However, it was clearly... useless.

Wang Baole scratched his neck and ignored it. He looked around quickly and recalled what he had felt previously. His mind dispersed, and his soul spread out as he observed carefully.

Just like that, after the Invisible Cleaver had landed more than ten times, Wang Baole finally saw a thread that flashed and disappeared in the distant void!

It's over there! Wang Baole's spirits were lifted. He immediately focused his attention and chased after the thread. However, no matter how Wang Baole chased after it, the thread didn't seem to be able to get close to it. It appeared and disappeared mysteriously, often appearing in front of him, however, in the next instant, it was in the opposite direction.

This made Wang Baole anxious. His soul spread even faster. He even used his divine ability to split his soul like a clone, trying to get close to the thread from multiple locations.

However, he was still unable to figure it out, and it was difficult to get close to it, let alone see what the thread was.

Time flew by quickly. After the thirty-fifth invisible knife landed, the world collapsed. Wang Baole woke up. He saw the red-dressed woman before him, and the crazed determination in her eyes, he also saw... a tooth in her mouth that seemed to have been worn out.

He could even feel some unknown liquid in his flesh, hair, and neck. However... even though Wang Baole had seen all of this, he was no longer in the mood to pay attention to it.

That was because the moment he woke up, his mind was in turmoil. He was shocked to discover that his soul had unknowingly increased from the appearance of a perfected star to more than thirty steps!

This increase was almost terrifying. It caused Wang Baole's eyes to shine brightly. He ignored the red-dressed woman's madness and the fact that she had done something to him, causing his hair and neck to be covered in liquid, instead, with a fiery gaze, anticipation, and even gratitude, he cupped his fists and bowed to her.

"Senior, you have done me a great favor..."

Roar. Before Wang Baole could finish his sentence, the woman in red, who had felt an indescribable provocation, stood up from her sitting position. She raised both her hands and grabbed at Wang Baole.

Wang Baole was instantly moved and even more grateful. He didn't Dodge at all. He even took the initiative to fly away. In an instant... he entered the illusory realm once again. It was still nothingness, and he was still searching rapidly for the silk thread.

This time, after enduring the pull, the invisible cleaver, and even being crushed multiple times, Wang Baole's soul had been strengthened and split even more. Finally... There was a moment when he approached the thread, he saw clearly... the exact appearance of the thread!

It was..

A severed hand!

The severed hand was filled with an indescribably rich nomological law, as well as the charm of countless great dao that surpassed everything else. With just a glance, Wang Baole's soul rumbled. It was as if countless pieces of information were rapidly filling in, almost all of the split out of the distraction, the moment was burst, only the host soul, can barely exist.

The surrounding nothingness collapsed at that moment. Wang Baole returned, but he didn't have time to look at the woman in red. He quickly closed his eyes, as if using this method to seal his gains and prevent them from spreading, then, his body shook violently. At that moment, his divine soul continuously absorbed and digested the information. It was as if his own dao was immediately completed and evolved endlessly, causing his divine soul to recover in an instant. From more than thirty steps, to more than ninety steps!

Wang Baole's body shook. When he opened his eyes, they shone with a glow that surpassed the previous glow. When he looked at the red-dressed woman, his heart was in turmoil.

He had already guessed who the severed hand belonged to. However, it was precisely because he had guessed that the red-dressed woman was able to materialize it that he was extremely shocked.

Perhaps it's because they are of the same origin? Wang Baole had just thought of this answer. The red-dressed woman was panting heavily, and she was so mad that she had almost lost her mind. She stared fixedly at Wang Baole and let out a deafening roar. However, in the next moment.., she seemed to struggle for a moment. For the first time, her raised hand did not land on Wang Baole's body. Instead, it landed on the side..

There, a whirlpool appeared. It was the exit.

Seeing that the other party had stopped playing and wanted to chase him away, Wang Baole was dumbfounded. He immediately became anxious. How could he give up on such an opportunity? His mind spun rapidly. After a long while, he glared at the red-dressed woman, he spoke loudly.

"Han Han, come over here!" Wang Baole raised his right hand. With disdain and arrogance, he beckoned at the red-dressed woman.

The red-dressed woman suppressed her anger and looked at Wang Baole. She held it in and ignored him.

Wang baole became even more anxious and quickly tried other methods. However, no matter how much he provoked her, the red-dressed woman tried her best to restrain herself. In the end, she lost her patience. With a finger, the exit of the vortex emitted a suction force, even if Wang Baole tried his best, his body could not help but be sucked in.

This made Wang Baole's eyes turn red. In the end, he let out a loud roar and leaped up. His target was... the puppets in front of the red-dressed woman that he clearly adored, he made a gesture as if he was going to take them all away.

At that moment, the red-dressed woman, who had restrained herself to the extreme, could no longer hold herself back. She stood up completely, her aura exploding. The world trembled, and cracks appeared one after another, as if it was about to collapse, wang Baole was also terrified. He wondered if he had gone too far. The woman in red leaped, turning into a streak of red light that charged straight at Wang Baole..

In that instant, it rushed into his body!

Wang Baole's mind exploded, and once again... he lost consciousness!

In the next instant... he saw a scene that shook the heavens and earth in his heart. That scene was... countless cultivators worshipping a huge piece of wood in the Void Vortex that led to an unknown location, it was a scene that slowly descended inch by inch!

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He was still four chapters short. He would continue to make up for it tomorrow. Today, he would accompany his family. Thank you

**Chapter 1173: figure!**

Everything on the screen was exactly the same as what Wang Baole had seen on the fated star in his previous life!

It was the battle to destroy the Dao between the vast expanse dao domain and the Weiyang Dao Domain. The Vast Expanse Dao domain had gone all-out, continuously resisting, and using a secret technique to awaken the patriarch statue. It was about to fight the Weiyang Dao Domain.

On the screen, all of the living beings in the never-ending dao domain were worshipping the starry sky. Complicated and incomprehensible incantations could be heard coming out of their mouths, as if they were praying, but also summoning.

As they prayed, countless bolts of lightning shot out from the starry sky, as if they wanted to cover the entire void. In the center of the countless bolts of lightning was an existence that looked like a rift, but also like a vortex.

It was called a crack because of its irregular appearance, as if the starry sky had been torn apart. It was called a vortex because, apart from the tear, countless natural laws were being drawn over. They collided with each other and canceled each other out, causing a storm-like situation to form, it was like a halo that spread out in all directions. From a distance, it looked like a vortex!

There were also waves of world-shaking pressure that caused the starry sky to tremble and the universe to dim. It was being released from the crack vortex. It was as if it was too high up in the universe, so high that it was enough to give birth to a dao domain, it was unbearable. It was as if the universe was about to collapse as the pressure within dispersed.

It was mind-blowing!

Wang Baole's entire mind was shaking. He had seen the same scene in his previous life. However, at that time, both his cultivation and his mobility were inferior to the current him. The difference between the former and the latter wasn't small, the latter was in the hallucination realm, and his consciousness was clear. That was why he was able to decide whether he should stay or go!

Soon, amidst the overwhelming pressure, he saw with his own eyes a giant log slowly descend from the vortex of cracks. One foot, two feet, three feet..

The log fell three feet. The vast dao domain collapsed. The patriarch's statue collapsed. Countless roars and screams erupted in the starry sky. Countless lives were torn apart, and countless lives were forcefully wiped away, there was no bloody slaughter, but the fact that death was happening!

Wang Baole's soul was shaking violently. He looked at the scene again. His emotions were still extremely shaken, but he knew very well that this opportunity wouldn't last long. Even if the red-dressed woman had amazing abilities and could create all of this.., it would definitely not last. He was afraid that in the next moment, he would be unable to hold on and see things that he shouldn't have seen, causing everything to disappear in an instant.

Therefore, Wang Baole suppressed the shock in his heart. Without the slightest hesitation, he continued to do what he had not been able to do in time in his previous life!

His figure rushed out in an instant. He was so fast that he broke through the limits of Wang Baole's physical body, soul, and cultivation. His entire body was like a shooting star that flew across the starry

skies of the battlefield, charging straight towards... The vortex of cracks that had fallen three feet of black wood, he charged forward!

A familiar feeling, a warm feeling. As Wang Baole's consciousness approached rapidly, it kept appearing in his mind. It grew stronger and stronger, and he was getting closer and closer to the Vortex!

At the same time, the world formed by the illusory realm started to become unstable. It started trembling slightly at the beginning, but in the span of a few breaths, it began to shake violently. In the next moment, it began to collapse!

The sound of explosions reverberated like never before. Wang Baole could even hear a faint scream that seemed to come from the void. He instantly understood that the sound came from... the woman in red.

The illusory realm is about to collapse! Wang Baole panicked. His speed increased once again, and he was even closer to the vortex. However, at that moment, the illusory realm began to collapse.

The first thing to collapse was the void beneath him. The void in the starry sky shattered visibly. It was as if the entire scene was being erased by an invisible hand.

In the next instant, the collapsed vast dao domain disappeared. The same thing happened to the Weiyang Dao Domain. It was dissipating rapidly, and the entire world was turning into nothingness at an extremely fast speed.

Wang Baole's speed had reached its limits. The force of the destruction was chasing after him, and the world was disappearing rapidly, wang baole finally... He charged into the vortex of the crack as the destruction approached!

He took a step forward, and his body followed the vortex and charged into the crack. The moment he entered the crack, his vision became blurry. It was as if there was a layer of fog covering his vision, preventing him from sensing clearly, it was just like how the crack was like an entrance, but due to the different rules and laws, as well as the Dao between the two worlds, unless Wang Baole completely adapted to it, he would still be able to see the Moon in the water!

At that moment, the spot where his body had been earlier was instantly chased by the power of the erasure, dissipating along with the surrounding void. Even the vortex outside the crack was the same. In the entire illusory realm, only the crack was still there.

However, it couldn't continue. It wasn't because the power of the crack wasn't strong enough. On the contrary, it was because its status was too high, beyond the limits of the red-dressed woman's abilities. It was as if she had seen something she shouldn't have seen, as if a mortal had seen an immortal god..., everything that couldn't be seen, couldn't be seen... exploded at that moment.

The Crack... disappeared!

However... the moment it disappeared, Wang Baole stepped into it. His vision started to become clear from the previous blur. However, he still couldn't see everything clearly. He could only see through the fog.

In that blurry state, Wang Baole could vaguely see that there was another universe within the crack. There were no stars, only illusory figures of various sizes sitting cross-legged in the starry sky.

There were men and women, Old and young, as well as beasts and beasts. There were a total of 108 figures. Their bodies were exuding an earth-shattering dao intent. Each of them was meditating with their eyes closed. Within their bodies., there seemed to be a world, a living being.

In the vast universe, above the 108 figures, there was another figure that was larger than all of them. Even if the 108 figures were added together, they were still not as large as one in ten.

This figure was like an emperor, exuding the aura of an emperor. He did not close his eyes. Instead, he opened them and looked at Wang Baole!

The moment his gaze landed on Wang Baole's eyes, Wang Baole's entire body shook violently. It was as if a sharp blade had pierced through his mind and into his soul. His eyes exploded. The moment he lost all his vision, the entire world turned blurry, then, it collapsed!

In the next moment, in the Dark River, in the temple, in the world where the red-dressed woman was, Wang Baole's consciousness returned to his body. He spat out a mouthful of blood. His seven orifices exploded with a loud bang, and tears of blood flowed from his eyes, cracks appeared on his body, as if he was about to be torn apart. He staggered backward several steps.

As he retreated, wisps of red mist spread out from his body. The mist gathered rapidly after it flew out, forming the figure of the red-dressed woman. She screamed shrilly.

"Who are you? Who Are You?"The woman seemed to have suffered an indescribably heavy injury, blood sprayed out of her mouth, and her body seemed to be on the verge of cracking. She clutched her eye, and her body fell back rapidly. She didn't even care about her beloved puppets. In the next moment, she disappeared from the world.

As she disappeared, the world became blurry. In the next moment, the world dissipated, revealing... the true location of the temple.

It was just an ordinary temple. It worshipped a statue of a woman dressed in red. However, at that moment, countless cracks appeared on the statue. Blood flowed out of its seven orifices. An entrance appeared on the ground in front of the statue.

Wang Baole stood beside the entrance. He closed his eyes and was breathing rapidly. Around him... lay a large number of dark sect cultivators. They were all in deep sleep, but their auras were clearly fluctuating. They seemed to be about to wake up.

It wasn't until a long while later that Wang Baole finally managed to calm down. He wasn't excited because his soul had reached the hundred steps of the perfected star realm. Instead, he was shaken by the huge waves that were stirring in his heart. That was because... his eyes weren't blind, even though the pain was still sharp and his tears of blood continued to flow, in the hallucination realm earlier, the moment the gigantic figure looked at him, he had also seen... a black wood nailed into the center of the figure's brows!

That piece of black wood... he was not unfamiliar with it!

Fu –

I wish everyone a happy Halloween and three more chapters to be added next week

## Chapter 1174: female?

So... That's a wooden nail! Wang Baole fell silent. After a long while, he sighed softly. Even though he could not calm down and saw something that he had been eager to know in the past.., he could not help but feel complicated.

This complicated feeling came from... where he came from.

Am I a nail? Wang Baole felt a headache coming on, but fortunately, he quickly suppressed this thought. The image he had seen previously appeared in his mind — the 108 gigantic figures.

Every single figure is unfathomable, and their cultivation is beyond my imagination... I don't know what realm they are at. Furthermore, within their bodies, there is a world, Wang Baole muttered to himself. Then, he could not help but.., the image of the 108 figures appeared in his mind. There was a gigantic, indescribable, and extraordinary body that seemed to be able to suppress everything!

That domineering aura and the presence of an emperor gave Wang Baole an answer in his mind.

"The emperor..." a deep look appeared in Wang Baole's eyes. He was almost seventy to eighty percent sure that the emperor was the legendary Emperor. The place where he was and the one hundred and eight figures.., they should be the real... Weiyang Dao Domain.

The stone stele world I'm in is merely the place where a clone of the Emperor was born and formed. Wang Baole knew this. He even knew that if it wasn't for the arrival of the ancient immortals and the hand of Allheaven turning into a seal.., then, the Weiyang sub-domain from back then would have returned long ago.

It was also because of the seal of the hand of Allheaven that Karma was formed. The connection between the Weiyang sub-domain and its main body was severed. With the dark sect acting as an emissary to suppress it, the world restarted time and time again, it continued to weaken and erase the traces of weiyang, making the seal stronger and stronger.

In reality, if it weren't for the problem with Allheaven himself, the Weiyang clan in the stone stele world wouldn't have been able to revive. Even if... Allheaven's goal wasn't to target the emperor, but to seal the ancient immortals.., however, in the end... it still had some karmic ties with the terrifying emperor.

Wang Baole didn't know who was stronger, but he knew... that Allheaven had fallen. There was no point in comparing the two. What he cared more about was the black wooden spike between the emperor's brows!

Where had the black wooden spike come from? Why had it been summoned when the Weiyang sub-region had summoned it..

Wang Baole narrowed his eyes. After some thought, a bold guess emerged in his mind.

Is it possible that the reason why the Supreme Emperor sent out a large number of distractions and gathered one avatar after another to return... was to fight against the black wooden nail between his brows? That's why there was the summoning of the sub-region and the appearance of the black wooden

nail. Could This Be... a form of self-preservation? Wang Baole felt a headache coming on, he knew too little, so much so that all his thoughts could only remain at the level of guesses, unable to be verified.

Even so, it was enough for Wang Baole at that moment.

He could deeply sense that all the secrets in this world, or perhaps the universe, or the real Weiyang Dao Domain, were slowly opening up to him.

If he could continue on his path, if his dao could continue to be perfected, then one day, he would be able to know all the truth, understand all the answers, and find out... where he came from!

Origins are important, but more importantly... I have to live out my true self! Wang Baole's narrowed eyes shone brightly. He suppressed all his thoughts and sensed some of the gains he had made in his soul.

His soul had reached the limit of the perfected star realm. Just like his physical body, it had reached the level of a quasi-starfield, reaching a hundred steps!

Such a deep foundation was rare in the entire Weiyang Dao Domain and in the myriad sect clans throughout history.

It had never reached the limit in all three aspects.

After all, if one reached the limit, they would be able to become a top prodigy in the first tier. It was already a miracle if two reached the limit. Once they appeared and were known to outsiders, it would definitely shake the entire Weiyang Dao Domain.

And three... that would be a legend, a legend!

Wang Baole felt it for a while, especially after his soul had reached the limit of a hundred steps in the star. The feeling of being able to break through at any moment and grasp more laws and regulations made Wang Baole feel much more at ease. Even though his cultivation hadn't changed much.., however, under the double pull of his soul and physical body, he could clearly sense that even if he didn't have the opportunity or even cultivate, his cultivation would definitely improve on its own within ten years at most.

It's still a little slow. Wang Baole's eyes were filled with determination as he lifted his head to look around.

The first thing he saw was the red statue that was filled with cracks. After looking at it, Wang Baole had a strange expression on his face. He felt a little emotional. He had to thank the simple-minded man in red. If it wasn't for his hard work and help.., he wouldn't have been able to understand so many truths today.

At the same time, he saw the puppets that the simple-minded man in red didn't care about. They were all dark sect cultivators who had entered this place previously, but not all of them.

There were about five or six mighty figures from the galaxy who weren't here. There was a possibility that they had died, but it was also possible that they had used an unknown method to leave this place and enter the next level.

As for the quasi-dark ones, most of them had become puppets here. Wang Baole swept his gaze across them. He could sense that the puppets were gradually recovering their life force and consciousness.

He was just about to turn his gaze away and leave the place when he let out a soft gasp. His eyes flashed as he looked at the quasi-dark children again. He saw the youth who had provoked him earlier, and also... at the side.., a figure wearing a mask!

This person is also trapped here? Wang Baole was a little surprised. The masked figure was, after all, the strongest among the dark children. Based on Wang Baole's understanding, he should have some tricks up his sleeve, he shouldn't be trapped here.

Soon, Wang Baole narrowed his eyes. He realized that there were two dark children missing..

One was the woman who seemed to be hiding something when she had extended the depth of the hand seal earlier!

The other person was someone that Wang Baole didn't seem to pay much attention to. He tried to recall carefully, but he didn't have much of an impression of the missing dark children. He only remembered that the other person seemed to be a middle-aged cultivator. Everything else was a blur.

Huh? This surprised Wang Baole. After a moment of silence, he moved to the side of the mask puppet that was about to wake up. He saw that the puppet's body was rapidly turning into flesh and blood. Wang Baole suddenly raised his hand, he picked up the mask on the cultivator's face and glanced at it.

A woman? Wang Baole was stunned. He hadn't expected that the strongest dark child, who had confronted him in public and was clearly recognized by everyone in the Dark Sect, wasn't the man he appeared to be.

His appearance... was that of a gentle-looking woman.

"That can't be. Does she only look like a woman?" Wang Baole was curious. He was indeed curious... he lowered his head and sized up the cultivator whose mask had been removed.

He couldn't help but lean forward to take a closer look. He didn't make a move, but he was certain... that the other party was indeed a woman. It was just that it wasn't obvious.

Something's not right... Wang Baole frowned. Too many guesses appeared in his mind at that moment. For example, this person had only appeared on the surface. There was someone else who was the strongest dark child.

Or perhaps this person wasn't the cultivator he had seen outside. He had been replaced while he was here.

Another example was the red-robed man's simple-minded supernatural ability. He had modified some of the cultivators here... These guesses flashed through Wang Baole's mind. He immediately put the mask back on. His eyes were filled with thought as he left in a flash, at the entrance in front of the red-robed statue, he suppressed the speculations in his heart and stepped in!

It's useless to think too much. It's better to help senior brother retrieve the remains of the dark emperor as soon as possible! Wang Baole's eyes flashed, and his body disappeared in an instant, entering the statue.

## Chapter 1175: good!

Looking down from above, the place where the Hell Emperor's temple was located was the top of a huge mountain that couldn't be seen from the bottom. There was a statue standing at the top of the mountain, but underneath the statue was the top of the huge mountain.

That was why the temple was actually at the top of the mountain.

The world where the red-dressed woman had been in before had been revealed after it had been destroyed. It was indeed the interior of the temple, the temple that worshipped the red-dressed woman. After seeing through the void, there was nothing out of the ordinary about it.

However... After following the entrance and stepping into the next level, what Wang Baole saw caused his heart to palpitate. It was still a world, but it wasn't open. It had been created. To be precise..., this was actually a sealed cave!

Above the cave, which was where he had entered, was a place that had been affected by a strange supernatural power. It had transformed into the sky. There seemed to be no boundary between heaven and earth, but there was also a boundary. It was difficult to detect with the naked eye, but with a scan of his divine perception..., he could sense an invisible barrier hundreds of thousands of miles away.

Below him... was the land. Mountains rose and fell, and rivers flowed. Other than the absence of life, everything was normal.

At the center of the world stood a stone tablet. At the top of the stone tablet were three large words.

Those were the words of the dark sect.

The tomb of the Dark Emperor!

It was a tombstone. What made Wang Baole's heart palpitate was the totems in the background behind the three large words on the tombstone. The totems were a painting.

The painting was of an upside-down tower. The tower was buried deep within a mountain, and there was a temple painted on it. There were statues on the temples, and they looked very similar. They were almost identical.

The upside-down tower extended downwards from the inner layers of the mountain. At the lowest layer, there was a coffin painted there.

There was an eye carved on the coffin. When Wang Baole looked at the eye, the pull and summoning instantly grew stronger. However, that was not what made Wang Baole's heart skip a beat.

What stirred him was that he had seen many details on the first level of the toppling pagoda. He had seen the mountains and rivers described there, and there was also a stone tablet drawn on the first level.

There was also... a small person drawn outside the stone tablet. Behind the small person, there was a black hand grabbing at it. Even though it was a distance away, it looked like it was about to grab at Wang Baole.

The moment he saw the small figure, Wang Baole couldn't help but leave the spot. His emotions grew stronger. He swept across the entire world once again and looked at the tombstone.

He could naturally tell that the totem pattern drawn on the tombstone was the structure of the tomb of the Dark Emperor. He was clearly on the first level of the toppling pagoda!

As for the small figure... no matter how Wang Baole looked at it, it seemed to represent him!

That was his intuition. However, if it really was him... Wang Baole's divine perception was instantly on high alert. That was because... if there really was something strange about the stone tablet that could reflect him out, then the palm behind him..., where was it.

Something's wrong! Wang Baole was on high alert. As he constantly checked his surroundings, he also sensed the strange silence of the world. Ever since he arrived, there hadn't been any sounds.

Even the flowing water on the ground was silent.

Wang Baole narrowed his eyes. He left a strand of his divine thought in the area and sped away. He continued to observe the world, searching for the entrance to the next level. However, no matter how hard he searched, he didn't find anything at the entrance.

However, he saw some strange landforms.

These landforms were hand seals. There were three hand seals on the land of the world. The size of these three hand seals was about 30,000 feet. At the center of the hand seals on the ground, Wang Baole saw three... Skeletons!

The three skeletons were extremely thin and skinny. It was as if all the essence, blood, and flesh in their bodies had been devoured. Wang Baole couldn't recognize them from their appearances. However, from their clothes and auras, he could tell that the three of them... were from the dark sect.

He had no idea what method they had used to pass through the illusory realm of the woman in red in the upper level of the temple. However, they had died tragically on this level.

Wang Baole was on high alert and observed carefully. He could tell that the reason for the three deaths was that their souls had been devoured cleanly by something. As for their flesh and blood... it was more like their souls had been absorbed and dried up after they had disappeared.

The land that had absorbed the flesh and blood of the three of them was this very land!

Wang Baole took a closer look. He could sense the faint scent of blood emanating from the ground where the three skeletons were.

All of this made the world even stranger.

Wang Baole's eyes shone coldly. He retracted his gaze and continued searching for the entrance. However, not long after, his expression changed. The telepathic thoughts he left on the stone tablet immediately saw the changes in the image of the stone tablet's Totem!

In the image, on the first level, the tiny figure representing Wang Baole had left the stone tablet. It was where Wang Baole was at that moment. At the same time... The Black Hand that had grabbed him from behind was even closer!

There was no longer one, but ten of them. They had even surrounded him.

Wang baole frowned when he realized what was happening.

"You're just pretending!" As he spoke, the dark fire in Wang Baole's body exploded. His eyes shone brightly. He released all of his consciousness and scanned his surroundings.

There was nothing!

Wang Baole narrowed his eyes. He simply stood there without moving. The intrinsic scabbard in his body circulated slowly. A monstrous sword qi emanated faintly from his body, and he looked around coldly.

However... he still didn't discover anything. However, the divine thought that was left behind at the stone tablet saw a shocking scene within the totem of the stone tablet.

In the image, around the tiny figure that Wang Baole represented, there were no longer ten black palms. There were even more of them... the surroundings were densely packed, and there were palms appearing at all times, the entire process took about ten breaths. Around Wang Baole, there were tens of thousands of palms.

The densely packed palms surrounded Wang Baole. Vaguely, it seemed like they formed... an even larger palm. Wang Baole was currently at the center of the palm.

However, Wang Baole didn't sense any danger. It could even be said that if he hadn't left his divine thoughts on the stone tablet, he wouldn't have noticed anything unusual at the moment.

His divine thoughts looked at the massive palm imprints formed by the densely packed palms around him. It reminded Wang Baole of the terrain he had sensed earlier, as well as the remains of the three dark sect experts.

Something's not right. There's something wrong here! Wang baole frowned. He looked around, then looked in the direction of the stone tablet. He had a strong suspicion. If this place was really so dangerous, then why was there a warning from the stone tablet.

The use of the stone tablet didn't seem to be necessary. Instead, it seemed to be more like a warning and guidance that was meant to be used for malicious purposes!

This is the tomb of the Dark Emperor. I'm a dark child, after all. The people who have come this time are all from the dark sect... They also have the aura of the Heavenly Dao. Logically speaking, there shouldn't be any danger, because no matter what, they are all from the same sect

“It can be said that an accident happened to the red-dressed woman above. After all, she is a living creature, and her thoughts will change with time. However, we have already entered the tomb...” Wang Baole thought to himself and put himself in a different perspective, he thought about this matter.

“Distinguish between good and evil?” Wang Baole suddenly muttered after a long while. He felt that there was a certain possibility in this matter. It was to distinguish between good and evil. If he had a sense of respect and respect for the good in this place, he wouldn’t care about the evil hands around him, he believed that this place wouldn’t harm him. On the contrary... he would definitely be filled with anxiety and panic, and countless thoughts would arise in his mind.

In Silence, his telepathic thoughts looked at the screen. The number of black hands around him had reached an extreme. He was just a hair’s breadth away from forming a complete giant handprint. Wang Baole’s eyes suddenly flashed, he immediately cut off the connection with the telepathic thoughts. He didn’t pay attention to the stone tablet. Instead, he bowed deeply in the direction of the stone tablet.

“Patriarch of the Dark Emperor, I, Wang Baole, am here on behalf of the Heavenly Dao to retrieve your remains. This is disrespectful, but it is to restore the glory of the Heavenly Dao and fulfill Luo’s mission. I hope you will fulfill it.” Wang Baole bowed, he waited for a moment before slowly straightening his body. He acted as if he didn’t know that there was an invisible black hand beside him. He withdrew all of his cultivation and pressed down on the sword Qi in the intrinsic scabbard in his body. He walked forward calmly.

One step, ten steps, a hundred steps, a thousand steps..

A hundred feet, a thousand feet, a thousand feet, a hundred thousand feet..

Wang Baole continued walking like this until he left the area covered by the hand seals. He didn’t encounter any danger. As he successfully walked far away, ripples appeared in the void in front of him, forming a door of light.

The moment the door of light appeared, Wang Baole heaved a sigh of relief in his heart. Vaguely, he seemed to hear a voice that came from nowhere. It spread out like ripples in his heart.

“Good.”

### **Chapter 1176: Soul Guide!**

“A voice?” Wang Baole was shocked. He felt the words reverberating in his mind, confirming his guess.

In fact, when he had seen the tombstone, he had been thinking about one question. Who... had built this tomb for the Dark Emperor.

It wasn’t the Dark Emperor himself, but he couldn’t rule out the possibility. However, Wang Baole still felt that it was his descendants, or the cultivators who had followed him all those years ago, who had built this tomb for him.

Therefore, the sound of the voice made Wang Baole feel much more confident about this trip. These thoughts flashed through his mind. Wang Baole collected his thoughts and bowed in all directions in front of the door of light, then, he stepped inside.

As he stepped in, his vision blurred. In the next instant, a new world appeared before Wang Baole's eyes. The Sky was dark, and the ground was filled with fog. He could see a tombstone that looked exactly the same as the one on the upper level from afar, however, it was shrouded in fog, so he couldn't see it clearly.

The only thing he could see was the countless spirits rolling in the fog below him. These spirits weren't quiet. They seemed to have formed a nation within the fog. He could see that there were seven soul kingdoms, and they were located in Wang Baole's position, he could clearly see that each of the seven soul kingdoms had their own system, with the existence of a soul emperor.

There were currently three soul states fighting against each other, causing the fog to churn even more violently. There were even screams and screams that spread in all directions. This scene... caused Wang Baole to frown slightly.

In reality, everything in the Dark Emperor's tomb looked very strange to him. It didn't seem as simple as just burying bones in a cemetery.

The illusion of the temple is more of a recollection of memories... the refinement of the first level is more of a distinction between good and evil

Wang Baole was silent. After a while, his eyes lit up. He hadn't seen much, but no matter how much he thought about it, among the many answers, there was a guess, it kept surfacing in his mind.

This place... is more like a choice... Wang Baole narrowed his eyes. He was silent for a long time as he carefully observed the soul nation in the fog below. This place had clearly existed for a long time. The Soul Nation in the fog fought like a mortal nation, it seemed to have no beginning or end. The fog couldn't block Wang Baole's gaze, but it was obvious... that it could block the souls here.

As a result, Wang Baole's location was very detached, looking down like a god. As he watched, his brows furrowed again. He still couldn't figure out how to resolve it. He simply swayed his body and entered the fog, he walked towards the seven soul realms.

Wherever he passed, all the ghosts in the area couldn't sense his presence. Wang Baole was like an outsider, walking through the soul realm.

He was searching for the entrance and observing the soul realm. Wang Baole didn't need to change his mindset too much. He naturally had the feeling of a god.

Other people in the dark sect might have been able to do the same, but it wasn't easy. After all, the focus of a god was related to power, but the mindset was more important.

It was a calm that was indifferent to all living things, emotionless, detached from the outside world, and didn't involve scheming. It was easy to say, but it was difficult to do. However, for Wang Baole, as he understood what he had learned in his previous life on the heavenly fated star., as he experienced it, his state of mind had already reached this level. After all, if he could let go of everything at that time, he could have stayed on the heavenly fated star and watched the DAO domain rise and fall coldly.

All he needed to do was to observe and record.

After leaving, his state of mind had not recovered for a short period of time. It was because he had deliberately concealed it until now that he had slowly returned to his original state. He could be considered to have gone from being an immortal God to a mortal.

Therefore, for Wang Baole, it was easy for him to change his state of mind. The moment his state of mind became detached, he could feel the world filling the heavens and earth, filling the souls of all living beings, it was filled with... crying in the endless fog.

It was indeed crying. It was as if it was in pain, as if it was pleading, as if it was speaking..

Wang Baole stopped in his tracks. He raised his head to look at the fog around him. He sensed the fluctuations of the souls in the area, and gradually, he came to a complete realization.

This crying is due to the fact that I have yet to enter the cycle of reincarnation. It is the result of endless death and awakening. It is the result of boredom and sorrow. Is this test for the dark sect disciples to carry out their mission and send these souls into the cycle of reincarnation

Wang Baole thought for a moment, then sat down cross-legged. The dark fire in his body suddenly spread out. As it spread outwards, he closed his eyes and murmured softly.

“When the heavens and earth separate, the cycle of fate stops...”

As soon as he said those words, the dark fire that spread out from his body instantly grew in size. It spread rapidly in all directions, filling the entire soul world in an instant. In the sky, it seemed to merge with the fog, and faintly.., it formed a gigantic figure.

The figure’s appearance couldn’t be seen clearly. It was very blurry, but it was filled with authority. It seemed to be able to suppress everything, as if it could replace the cycle of reincarnation.

The appearance of the figure also caused the spirits fighting in the soul realm to tremble. They raised their heads in confusion and looked up at the sky. The Soul Emperors and all the souls in the seven nations also raised their heads, they all did the same. They all raised their heads.

The Seven Soul Emperors, in particular, trembled slightly. A hint of anticipation appeared in their eyes.

As the souls of the soul world stared at the sky, Wang Baole, who was sitting cross-legged in the soul world, said the second sentence.

“The one who wishes to know the cause of his past life and the one who suffers in this life is...”

As soon as he said that, the entire soul world trembled. The storage bag on Wang Baole’s body opened by itself. A black robe, a dark boat, and a lantern oar appeared.

The robe landed on Wang Baole’s body, enveloping his face. The dark boat appeared beneath his feet, lifting him up. The lantern oar appeared in front of him, swaying on its own.

The figure in the sky that was being watched by countless souls also appeared. A black robe appeared, the lantern oar appeared, and the dark boat appeared. Its original blur became clearer.

The soul fire grew thicker. The figure seemed to turn into a vortex, causing the entire world to shake. The countless souls’ eyes were filled with desire.

The Seven Soul Emperors knelt down and worshiped. All the souls followed suit.

The world shook. Countless souls knelt down and worshiped. Wang Baole's third sentence came out of his mouth, but it reverberated in the hearts of all the souls present!

"Those who wish to know the fruits of the afterlife, in this life, shall..."

"Lead... The Souls!"

The world shook and the surroundings rumbled. Wang Baole's figure in the sky became clearer, as if it had materialized. He sat on the gigantic dark boat, raised his right hand, and waved it at the Earth Soul World. Immediately, the dark fire that emanated from it churned, it turned into a dark river!

Compared to the Dark River in the outside world, Wang Baole's dark river was too small and small. However, the aura that emanated from it came from the same source. The moment it appeared, a suction force spread out and turned into a pull, causing the soul world to.., the spirits that worshipped it revealed a look of liberation. They flew up one by one and merged into the Dark River.

As they flew up and merged into the Dark River, their faces became blurry. They gradually lost their facial features. Their bodies were faintly discernible, and they slowly turned into soul light. After merging into the Dark River, they seemed to turn into stars. They dyed the Dark River and made the Dark River.., more like a galaxy.

Very quickly, all the souls in one country were pulled out of the soul world. Then, a second, a third, a fourth, a fifth..

At that moment, Wang Baole's body trembled slightly. His dark fire couldn't hold on much longer. It was as if it couldn't hold on long enough to pull all seven of the soul countries out. However, he had a feeling that what he was doing here.., would affect his chances of obtaining the Dark Emperor's remains in the future.

After a moment of silence, Wang Baole didn't open his eyes. However, the dark robe on his body shone brightly. The aura of the dark boat beneath him erupted. The lantern oar in his hand did the same. In the end, all the aura fused into... the lantern oar, it was tied to the lantern.

The wick in the lantern was originally dim. Suddenly, Sparks appeared. In the next instant... it lit up. The light spread outwards and enveloped the sixth and seventh soul realms. All the souls in the soul realm.., they were all drawn into the Dark River.

The realm was empty!

A door of light appeared!

Wang Baole slowly opened his eyes. He understood. He stood up and stepped into the door of light with the Dark River and the souls of the Seven Kingdoms.

**Chapter 1177:— master's gaze!**

Many years ago, in the Dark Dream, Ming Kunzi had stood before Wang Baole. His eyes were gentle, but his expression was stern. He had asked Wang Baole about cultivation.

“Baole, what will happen to the dark sect disciples after the soul is drawn?”

“Master, after the soul is drawn, according to what the DAO Heart feels in the Heavenly Dao reincarnation, draw the corpse’s face for the soul, determine its fate, and draw the lines of karma. Once everything is completed, it will be able to send the soul into the reincarnation smoothly, allowing the Heavenly Dao to examine it. If it passes, it will start a new life. If it doesn’t pass, it means that the dark sect disciples’ cultivation isn’t enough.”

“Good.”

Wang Baole opened his eyes and looked at the third level of the world that appeared after he stepped into the door of light. He looked at the place amidst the endless white clouds. It was an independent existence. Other than the white clouds, it was the only thing that entered his eyes.

It was a cliff.

In front of the cliff, there was a table.

On the table, there was a pen.

It was the corpse face pen.

Looking at everything, he thought of the dark dream and everything he had learned in the past. At the same time, he finally understood why the tomb of the Dark Emperor was so strange.

That’s because... This place is both a graveyard, a trial, and also... an inheritance

Everything here is for verification, a test, and a selection of disciples who can obtain the inheritance of the dark emperor

Wang Baole murmured softly. He turned his head to look at the Dark River beside him. There were countless souls in there. He silently took a step forward and sat beside the cliff before the table.

His eyes closed once again. It was as if he was reminiscing, but at the same time, he was immersed in his memories. After a long while, Wang Baole opened his eyes. His eyes were calm. He waved his left hand, and the white clouds in the surroundings surged forward and merged into the Dark River beside him, the souls that had sunk into the river... waves of sensations appeared in Wang Baole’s mind. He seemed to see faces.

A moment later, Wang Baole raised his right hand and picked up the brush that was placed on the table. A wisp of soul light flew out from the Dark River and floated before him. Wang Baole’s expression was calm and serious, as if he had returned to the dark sect, he started drawing on the soul light.

Drawing corpse faces.

Corpse faces were difficult to draw, but there was no room for mistakes. A single slip of the brush could affect the soul’s afterlife. An accident could affect one’s dao heart.

There could be no selfish motives. For example, his senior brother had taken the wrong path in his future choices because of his selfish motives.

Wang Baole didn't know if he could do it well. After all... it had been a long, long time since he had drawn a corpse face. His own path was at odds with the dark sect's.

However, this is also a part of karma. Wang Baole shook his head. He calmed himself down. He drew the outline of the soul before him one stroke at a time. A body gradually appeared, and a face gradually appeared. His gender was gradually determined.

During this process, his hands didn't tremble. Even though he was a little unfamiliar, his state of mind was on the level of a god. This transcendence made Wang Baole's entire body exude the charm of Dao.

This Dao was the Heavenly Dao, the Dao of the dark sect.

A sigh reverberated softly outside the world, outside the vast dark river. However, it didn't enter the hearts of anyone, not even the minds of others. Only outside the Dark River, in the void, Chen Qingzi's heart didn't dissipate for a long time.

Chen Qingzi's eyes seemed to be able to see through everything. He could see everything that had happened in the Dark Emperor's tomb.

He saw what had happened in the temple. Wang Baole's experience made him fall silent. He also saw that after Wang Baole left, the people in the temple gradually woke up and entered the next level.

He also saw that on the first level of the collapsed pagoda, Wang Baole was surrounded by countless killing intent. The killing intent was enough to wipe away Wang Baole's soul.

It wasn't until Wang Baole bowed and gave up all resistance, revealing his spirit and showing his goodwill that the ghosts slowly disappeared.

He also saw that after Wang Baole left, more than half of the dark sect cultivators who had entered the first level had died due to their ill-intentions.

On the second level, Wang Baole's soul guidance and the corpse face on the third level made Chen Qingzi sigh once again.

Wang Baole was indeed the hope for the dark sect to rise again.

That was because no one before or after him could guide the souls of the seven nations. He was the most powerful one. No one could remain aloof and unaffected like him, silently drawing the corpse face.

However... the Dao was different.

Therefore, all he could do was sigh. His gaze deepened until he saw two figures moving forward with great difficulty on the lower levels.

One was a man, and the other was a woman.

The woman was the quasi-ming Zi who had been hiding his true power outside, while the man was the other quasi-ming zi who had an ordinary appearance and didn't seem to exist. As the two of them stood together, their figures seemed to be slowly fusing together in Chen Qingzi's eyes.

“The yin-yang Netherworld sealing technique, returning to the Great Dao, didn’t want to become a backup, so I went all out. But in the end, I still lacked a bit of... luck.” Chen Qingzi stared at it for a moment, then retracted his gaze, he looked... At the deepest part of the tomb of the underworld emperor.

There, a coffin could be seen. Next to the coffin, a figure was sitting cross-legged in meditation.

The figure was indistinct, but it emanated an ancient aura. It emanated an aura of endless time, and as it pervaded the final layer, it seemed to be able to sense Chen Qingzi’s gaze. The figure lifted his head and opened his eyes. Across the tomb, across the underworld river..., he looked at Chen Qingzi.

“Master... I want the remains of the Dark Emperor. If you don’t give it to me, then will you... give it to little junior brother if he goes?” Chen Qingzi lowered his head and murmured softly.

The figure was the gravekeeper. He was also... His Master. He was also Wang Baole’s dark grandmaster master.

His Dao name was... Ming Kunzi!

Time passed. Wang Baole didn’t care how much time had passed. He didn’t consider whether someone was observing him or not. He didn’t even pay attention to the people who had entered the third level after him.

He didn’t consider why the people who had entered the third level after him still had their souls drawn to them. After all, he had drawn the souls of all the Seven Kingdoms of the soul realm from the previous level.

That wasn’t important.

It didn’t matter whether the second level had no beginning or end. The Soul Realm continued to exist. Regardless of who had come, they were all on guard when they saw Wang Baole. Regardless of whether the person had appeared, the white clouds around him had formed cliffs, it didn’t catch his attention.

At that moment, all Wang Baole could see was the corpse’s face.

He drew each stroke. He drew out all the souls according to the insights that surfaced in his mind. The Dark River around him disappeared. The souls that he had drawn the corpse’s face formed dots of light, they surrounded him, causing him to shine with a brilliant light.

A divine aura appeared on his body, causing the people around him to have complicated looks in their eyes.

Only then did Wang Baole slowly recover.

“Next, it’s time to decide my fate.” As he muttered, the door of light appeared before Wang Baole. He stood up and took a step forward, bringing with him all the new souls that no longer had the aura of death but were filled with life, they stepped in together.

From the beginning to the end, he didn’t look at his side at all.

He only felt two pairs of eyes, one above and one below, staring at him. He could understand who it was from above, but he didn't know who it was from below.

However, he could feel that as he walked layer by layer, the call and the pull became clearer and clearer. Faintly, as he walked into the light and entered the next layer, he felt a sense of familiarity and familiarity in his heart.

### **Chapter 1178: enlightenment**

Cordial... Wang Baole stopped in his tracks. He didn't immediately look around at the world below him. No matter what it looked like, it didn't matter to Wang Baole anymore.

He understood that the tomb of the Dark Emperor was a trial, a choice, and an inheritance. From start to finish, it was a mission for the visitors to walk through the dark sect.

Wang Baole had walked this path in the dark dream back then. This was the first time he had done so in reality. However, he was willing. As he walked, he seemed to recall everything that had happened in the dark dream. He recalled the beautiful memories.

In Silence, Wang Baole felt a sense of familiarity that came from deep below. The word 'good' that he had heard earlier reverberated in his mind. Gradually, a look of disbelief appeared in his eyes.

"Familiar..." Wang Baole mumbled. He had an answer in his heart, but he couldn't believe that it was real. The calm emotions that he had felt when he was guiding the soul and the corpse's face began to stir because of the warmth and familiarity.

The waves covered his memories and brought him back to the past, back to that dream. That Dream... to a certain extent, it could be said that it had changed Wang Baole's life.

Therefore, after stopping in his tracks, Wang Baole lowered his head. His gaze seemed to be able to penetrate the land of the world he was in, looking into the deepest part of the world. Through the stone tablet, he knew that there was a coffin there. However, when he looked at it now, despite his cultivation..., he was still unable to see through it, but an image had already appeared in his mind.

In the image, in the deepest part of the world, there was a figure in his memories. At that moment, he was looking at him, revealing a loving smile that he had not seen for a long time.

As he stared, Wang Baole's heart was in turmoil. Various thoughts appeared in his mind, and for some reason, his eyes were slightly red. This master whom he had never really met had a great impact on him, and he was very gentle and sincere towards him.

The Dark Dream's acceptance of him as a master had been fixed for a lifetime.

Eventually, these emotions gathered on his body, causing Wang Baole to lower his head and kneel down. He kowtowed towards the figure that appeared in his mind.

"Good."

Vaguely, that familiar voice reverberated in Wang Baole's mind. It lasted for a long time before it dissipated. Wang Baole took a deep breath. When he stood up, determination appeared in his eyes, and a surge of energy surged from him.

He didn't care about his senior brother's disappointment after being influenced by the Heavenly Dao.

He didn't care about the dark sect's rejection of him or his sighs.

He didn't care about the path he was going to take in the end. In fact, it was contrary to the dark sect. The worries that he didn't want to think about in the depths of his heart, that he might have to fight with his senior brother in the future, also disappeared at this moment.

Because right now, his only thought was to properly draw those souls with corpse faces, determine their fate, cause and effect, and send them to reincarnation.

That was because... his master was looking at it again.

It was just like how his master was inspecting his homework in the dark dream.

With that thought in mind, Wang Baole's gaze swept across the land on this level. It was different from the previous levels. The sky above this level was a giant compass!

The compass was too big. It was densely packed with countless runes. Each of the runes here represented a different fate. From the inside out, there were more than ten thousand rings, it was as if the rings were bigger than the other rings, and they were placed together to form the feng shui compass.

Each ring within the feng shui compass could be rotated. That way, a huge amount of fate could be created. Even if it was the same fate, the runes would change differently with each passing breath of time.

The countless runes in the feng shui compass would change in an instant without repeating themselves. That was how the Feng Shui Compass, which could basically encompass all living beings, was formed.

The test of this level was to determine fate.

To determine the fate of the Seven Kingdoms of the Soul Realm and the countless souls in the future, what Wang Baole needed to do was to follow the guidance of the universe and replace the Heavenly Dao to bestow their own destinies on them.

There couldn't be any mistakes. If there were any mistakes, they would affect the life of the soul. To him, this might not be a big deal, but to the soul, it was life-long.

Similarly, if there were any mistakes, it would affect the operation of the disk. If there were too many mistakes and the operation of the disk stopped, the Heavenly Dao would be affected as well.

In the Dark Dream, Wang Baole had heard many exhortations from his master. It was a pity that he hadn't personally participated in this segment in the Dark Dream. He had only seen his master evolve and his senior brother perform.

“Don’t be selfish, don’t be selfish.” Wang Baole muttered to himself as he looked at the land beneath the compass. The land wasn’t fog, but a Black Sea.

Purple Lightning occasionally flashed across the sea, making the entire surface of the sea look awe-inspiring. At the same time, pillars stood on the surface of the sea. They seemed to be connected to the bottom of the sea, extending to the surface of the sea, they were tens of thousands of feet long. These pillars... were the platforms of destiny.

Dark sect disciples had to sit on this platform to comprehend the Heavenly Dao’s destiny and determine the destiny of their souls.

Wang Baole’s gaze swept across the pillars. Determination appeared in his eyes. His body swayed, and he guided the endless souls of the seven nations around him, which had drawn corpse faces and no longer had the aura of death, towards one of the pillars on the surface of the sea, step by step.

It seemed slow, but in reality, he had only taken three steps before he had stepped onto one of the pillars. He bowed once more towards the surface of the sea below.

“Master, Please Check!”

With that, Wang Baole lifted the hem of his clothes and sat down cross-legged. His eyes were calm as he raised his head to look at the firmament compass. The dark fire within his body erupted at that moment, and the dark child seal between his brows shone as well, it seemed to resonate with the firmament compass of fate, but it also seemed to use his own body as the key to open it.

The firmament’s compass of fate responded instantly. Amidst the rumbling sounds, the tens of thousands of rings of the compass of fate began to move at the same time. The frequency was different. Some were fast, some were slow. As it spun, waves of the aura of fate spread out, it spread out from within, affecting all directions and enveloping the entire world.

Wisps of souls flew out from the boundless sea of souls around Wang Baole, who was sitting cross-legged in meditation. They floated in front of him and behind him. As each wisp of soul was drawn by him with his full concentration, he was extremely familiar with them. As he raised his right hand, he grabbed at the fate compass in the sky, he very casually grabbed the fate aura that the Heavenly Dao wanted to give these souls new life.

The fate aura also had a color. It was gray.

The gray aura was continuously grabbed by Wang Baole. Through his careful inspection, he was sure that there was nothing wrong with the aura of fate. It matched his dao heart and the essence of the soul. More importantly, within the aura of fate.., there were no loopholes or signs of interference. Only then did it fuse into the soul.

The most crucial step... appeared.

As the first wisp of fate aura fused into the first wisp of soul, Wang Baole’s body shook violently. His vision blurred. In the span of a breath, he seemed to have become the soul, experiencing the soul’s life after its rebirth.

He experienced the seven emotions, experienced the six desires, walked through joy and anger, and understood the joys and sorrows of life. This was the most difficult part of the process of determining one's fate.

One needed to personally experience it. While one needed to find flaws and make up for them, it was also very easy to be affected. Once one's emotions fluctuated and was disturbed by it, it would be considered incompetent.

As time passed, as more souls were sensed by it, the probability of being affected would increase until one couldn't bear it anymore and went crazy.

This was the fate of the dark sect.

While giving the Heavenly Dao a mission, it was inevitable that some of its essence would be lost. This was because during this process, what the disciples of the dark sect truly wanted to find, or rather, the root of their mission... was actually to find immortals.

If they couldn't find them, they would be sealed forever. After they found them... they would be sealed forever until the arrival of Allheaven.

Not all the dark sect disciples knew about this. To be precise, most of them didn't. However, Wang Baole understood. However, he didn't care about it at the moment. What he wanted to do was to let his teacher examine his homework.

However, very quickly, Wang Baole's eyes revealed a look of confusion.

He realized that the soul whose fate had been decided by him had always felt regret and confusion after experiencing his entire life.

It's like a puppet..

Why is it like this... is it because everything has been decided? Is it because life has been arranged... gradually, Wang baole frowned. He sank into a strange state, deep in thought.

At the same time, the gaze from above revealed a complicated look.

At the same time, the gaze from below revealed a look of anticipation.

#### **Chapter 1179: said**

"Master, what is Dao?" In the Dark Dream, Wang Baole had once asked this question.

"Can you control your legs and the route you want to take? Forward, backward, left, right... or do you want to stay where you are? Even if you have a disability, your heart still has a path. The same goes for you."

"Of course."

"This is Dao."

"Master, I don't really understand..." Wang Baole was at a loss.

“If the back, left, and right are all in danger, how are you going to proceed?” His master’s eyes were deep as he asked softly.

“Move forward naturally!”

“Is it freedom?”

“AH? It should be freedom.”

“Can you walk the path you want to walk? Is It Freedom?”

“It is freedom.”

“This is the Dao. When you understand the true meaning of freedom, you will understand what your dao is.”

Wang Baole thought that he had understood the question he had asked his master in the Dark Dream. Then, he realized that he didn’t understand it. Before coming to the tomb of the Dark Emperor, he thought that he had understood it.

However, after sitting down cross-legged, he realized that he didn’t understand it. Now, in his destiny, he was questioning his heart. He was thinking. Vaguely, he seemed to have grasped something.

What is the mission of the Keeper of the Underworld?

Wang Baole asked himself in his heart.

The mission of the shallow layer is to divide yin and yang on behalf of the Heavenly Dao, to transform life and death, to make this world cycle of life and death, to form a balance, so that the living can not live forever, so that the dead will not perish forever.

It’s like a ghost song.

“To know the cause of the past life, the victim of this life is...”

Previous life accumulated good, this life is blessed, previous life evil, this life to give suffering, the cause of the previous life, affect this life, but if only so, this is not a cycle, will let the life without hope, so the Ming ballad has the next sentence.

“If you wish to know the fruit of your next life, the person who does it in this life is...”

If you accumulate good deeds in this life, you will obtain good fortune in the next life. If you commit evil deeds in this life, you will bestow suffering in the next life. The fruit of your next life should be seen in this life.

In reality, fate was not something that could not be changed. For example, Wang Baole, who was destined to have his fate fixed, would not completely freeze his fate. Instead, he would leave behind an opportunity, a change. This opportunity, this change., once he grasped it, he could change his destiny.

However, the so-called change of destiny was something that could be traced.

The truth was... There were many fates placed before living beings. It all depended on how they walked. No matter how they walked, they were all part of the game.

The world was like a chessboard, and all living beings were chess pieces.

This was the dark sect's low-level mission. The deeper level was that outside the chessboard, there was a god named Allheaven. He used his palm to turn the stone tablet, his palm to form fate, and his flesh to form the Heavenly Dao. Everything couldn't escape the word seal.

He had sealed all living beings, the universe, and everything.

That was why there would be struggles, resistance, and unwillingness.

From this point of view, the dark sect wasn't wrong. All living beings weren't wrong either. The Weiyang clan... wasn't wrong either.

Wang Baole didn't want to comment on who was wrong, nor did he want to think about it. That was because the third level of the Dark Sect's mission had appeared in his mind.

It was... tolerance!

It wasn't for Allheaven or the Dark Dao. I drew my own corpse face and decided my own fate. The cycle of reincarnation was there, so naturally, I had to go. However... the fate of all living beings wasn't something the dark sect could plan. Rather than having everything under control., it made people think that they had succeeded in changing their fate, but in reality, they were still being controlled. It was better... to add an unknown to their fate!

An unknown path, a path that was not controlled by others, a path that was filled with endless possibilities.

A path that allowed extraordinary people to become extraordinary, and an ordinary person to live in peace!

Why could there only be one dao?

Allheaven... might have been wrong to begin with. In the stone stele world, he had been wrong. In the outside world, he had been wrong. He had wanted to protect the world, but in the end, he had been in control. That was why so many extraordinary people had cut off his fingers, they had walked the path of their own transcendence.

That was why the first sentence in the dark ballad had come out.

"When the heavens and earth separate, the cycle of fate stops..."

What Luo Tian wanted to do was to continue the cycle of fate when it stopped. It was the same in the stone tablet realm and the outside world. He wanted the cycle of fate to continue. It didn't matter whether his goal was to control it or to protect it, what mattered was..

His Dao was wrong.

Wang Baole opened his eyes abruptly. His thoughts spread through his mind. He didn't know if his thoughts were correct. Perhaps he was wrong as well, but it didn't matter. This was the dao he had understood.

Tolerance!

It was different from his senior brother's Dao. His senior brother's Dao had once been the first level of his mission. Now, it was the second level of his mission.

It was similar to his master's Dao, but it was also different. His master's Dao had once been the second level of his mission, and now, it was the first level of his mission.

In my previous life, I had heard stories from Yiyi's father, and everything that I had seen had left me with a question

Luo Tian seemed to be very pitiful

He seemed to be protecting something, but as he walked, he became in control. That was why he resisted, and that was why he struggled

That was until I saw the one hundred and eight figures in the illusory realm that the red-dressed woman had projected earlier... Wang Baole mumbled to himself. He had a guess as to why Allheaven wanted to take control..

Perhaps he had come from the void where the one hundred and eight figures were. Perhaps he was an enemy of that place. Perhaps... the path he had taken when he had gone out was the same path he had taken when he had transformed into the universe himself, becoming a true almighty!

However, no matter what, from the moment I began to think, even if I was wrong, I would have no regrets! Wang Baole muttered to himself. He suddenly raised his right hand and waved it violently. Instantly, all the souls around him spread out, the fate compass in the sky began to spin at an unprecedented speed.

Streaks of gray aura of fate descended and fused into the Wisps of souls. It made these souls more agile and more fated based on their life force. At the same time... their fates were incomplete.

That was because... there was no karma!

Soul guidance, Corpse Face, Destiny, and Karma!

Out of the four steps, Wang Baole erased the last one. He allowed the souls' fates to be determined, but karma would decide for itself. The choice of all karma represented a change in fate. If such a change continued..., it wouldn't be within the scope of Fate!

It would contain everything and allow everything!

"This is the path I'm trying to walk..." as he mumbled, Wang Baole's eyes grew brighter. As he slowly stood up, the world rumbled!

All the souls around him chose their own karma. Fate might exist, but the future was unknown. As the world rumbled, the seawater beneath him churned, revealing a huge crack.

The crack continued to spread, crossing the next layer that was supposed to lead karma. It revealed... the deepest part of the tomb, the bottom of the Dark Emperor Tomb!

There was a coffin. An elder sat cross-legged in front of the coffin!

The elder raised his head. His eyes were filled with emotion and relief as he looked at Wang Baole.

“Do you understand?”

“I understand!” Wang Baole bowed deeply.

“Freedom represents the physical body. For example, those who have been released from prison in my hometown will say that they will be free from now on. Freedom represents the spirit, observing the heaven and earth freely, and transforming the free and unfettered self

“My dao allows me to be free, and my heart is free. This Dao is my choice!”

### **Chapter 1180 extinguishing the lamp**

“It’s still incomplete.” At the lowest level of the Dark Emperor Tomb, an elder sat cross-legged beside the coffin. He had a smile on his face. Even though he exuded the aura of old age, his smile was the same as ever. It was the same warmth and love that Wang Baole had felt in his dark dreams, it was the same warmth and love.

His gaze landed on Wang Baole’s eyes and melded into his heart. The many hardships that Wang Baole had suffered over the years seemed to have been resolved a little. All that was left was calmness and peace.

“Master...” Wang Baole looked at the figure in the depths of the Dark Emperor’s tomb. A smile gradually appeared on his face. He didn’t ask why it was incomplete. Instead, he stood up and walked towards the passageway formed by the huge crack in the black seawater below, he walked forward step by step.

His figure walked into the Black Sea, into the crack, and into the next layer that was torn apart by the resonance of his Dao of Enlightenment. This layer was originally a cause and effect layer. However, it wasn’t tainted by Wang Baole’s aura at all and allowed him to walk past it, he entered another layer.

Just like that, he got closer and closer to his master. He arrived at the bottom of the tomb of the Dark Emperor, before the coffin, and before his master.

He didn’t look at the coffin, nor did he pay attention to the man and woman who had appeared on the upper level when he had walked all the way here. He didn’t pay any attention to the two figures either. The way they looked at him was filled with shock and disbelief, it was also filled with wariness, mixed feelings, and unwillingness.

None of this was important, because Wang baole only had his master in his eyes.

He gradually approached, and about ten feet in front of his smiling and kind master, Wang Baole stopped in his tracks. He lifted the hem of his clothes and knelt in front of his master. He kowtowed to his master with respect, gratitude, and peace.

He did everything meticulously. Even though it was slow, he was very serious. Very serious.

Ming Kunzi’s smile remained the same, but his eyes were filled with emotion, admiration, and even more... Heartache.

"I regret it a little. Perhaps I shouldn't have led you into the dark dream back then." Ming Kunzi sighed softly. He looked at the disciple before him. He saw Wang Baole's suffering, his fatigue, and his confusion, he saw what he had said.

"Master, I don't regret it." Wang Baole raised his head and smiled.

Ming Kunzi shook his head. His face was filled with more wrinkles, and his aura was older. His gaze was gentler and more filled with heartache. He wanted to raise his hand to caress Wang Baole's head, but he didn't raise it, instead, he shifted his gaze away from Wang Baole and looked outside the Dark Emperor's tomb. Outside the Dark River, in the void... the figure of his other disciple.

When he looked at the figure, his gaze was no longer gentle. Instead, it was filled with regret, mixed emotions, sadness, and... helplessness. The figure, in silence, bent down and bowed deeply.

In the end, Ming Kunzi retracted his gaze. There was a hint of regret in his expression. After a long while, he looked back at Wang Baole and murmured softly.

"Are you here to retrieve the remains of the Dark Emperor for your senior brother?"

"The remains of the dark emperor are of great use to senior brother. I... Wish to retrieve them for him," Wang Baole said softly as he looked at his master.

Ming Kunzi smiled. He gave Wang Baole a deep look and nodded.

"Go and retrieve them."

"Thank you, Master!" Wang Baole stood up and bowed once more. His trip had gone smoothly. He had gained a new understanding of his Dao and was about to retrieve the remains of the dark emperor for his senior brother. He had also met his master, who he had thought had fallen.

This made him feel even more at ease. His original intention of not staying in the dark sect wavered. Even though the Dao was different, if his master and senior brother were here.., then... Wang Baole felt that he should stay.

With that thought in mind, Wang Baole walked towards the coffin. At that moment, the man and woman, who were about to die, were looking at him.

At that moment, Chen Qingzi's gaze was also fixed on him in the nine serenities void above him.

At that moment, the dark sect cultivators who had been freed due to the incident in the Dark Emperor's tomb also noticed and looked at him!

Wang Baole, who was being watched by all eyes, did not notice that as he approached, his master was looking at him with nostalgia and... farewell.

Ming Kunzi didn't tell Wang Baole that Chen Qingzi had come before Wang Baole. He wanted to take away the dark emperor's remains, but he didn't agree and rejected him outright.

That was why Wang Baole had come. He didn't want to talk about it, and he didn't want to see any conflict between Wang Baole and Chen Qingzi. The two of them were his disciples. One had been

accepted into reality and had followed him since he was a child. In the end, he had betrayed him, he had lived in pain until he had fused with the Heavenly Dao and walked to the other extreme.

The other had been accepted into his sect in the dark dream, allowing him to experience everything in the dream. He had walked to this day, found his own dao, and remained unchanged.

This... is good. Ming Kunzi muttered to himself. He closed his eyes. He didn't want his youngest disciple to see him disappear.

However, Wang Baole's experience had allowed his senses to exceed Ming Kunzi's. Just as Wang Baole was about to approach the coffin, Wang Baole suddenly stopped in his tracks. A look of confusion appeared in his eyes, his instincts told him that... something wasn't right!

However, he didn't know what wasn't right, so he turned to look at his master.

There didn't seem to be any difference at first glance. However, after Wang Baole fell silent, a dark light suddenly flashed in his eyes. The Shadows of his previous life appeared one after another, and the aura from the intrinsic scabbard spread out, gathering into his eyes, his eyes shone brightly, but... everything was as usual.

"Aren't you going?" Sensing Wang Baole's gaze, Ming Kunzi opened his eyes and asked kindly.

Wang Baole stopped in his tracks. He was less than ten feet away from the coffin, but his instincts made him hesitate. Even though everything he saw was normal, he still looked at his master's face and asked.

"Master, do you... have something you haven't told me? If I take the Dark Emperor's remains, will it... affect you in any way?"

Ming Kunzi laughed.

"You Child, you don't have a suspicious personality in the dark dream. Why are you in such a state? Don't think too much. I'm not the Dark Emperor. What kind of influence can I have? Hurry up and take it away."

Wang Baole was silent for a moment before he suddenly spoke.

"Master, you said that my dao isn't complete yet. I don't know how it can be complete."

"If you take it away, I'll tell you. Go." Ming Kunzi laughed and closed his eyes.

Wang baole frowned. He looked at his master, then at the Dark Emperor's coffin. He paused for a few breaths, then suddenly raised his hand and waved it over his storage bag. Instantly, a small bottle appeared in his hand!

It was the wishing bottle!

"I wish for the eye that can see through the truth now!"

Ming Kunzi opened his eyes the moment Wang Baole spoke. At the same time, the gaze from above turned grave. That was because... at that moment, the wishing bottle released a stream of heat. It merged with Wang Baole's body and gathered in his eyes, black Lightning appeared in his eyes at that moment.

The moment the Lightning appeared, everything before Wang Baole's eyes... changed!

It was still the tomb of the dark emperor, the coffin, and the master. However... the figure of the master wasn't real. It was illusory... it was a soul body!

Three strands of soul threads extended from the soul body and connected to the coffin. There... were three soul lamps that Wang Baole couldn't see before!

If the soul lamps were extinguished, the library could be opened!

If the soul lamps were extinguished, the universe would die!