

The Heavens 1461

Chapter 1461: Vast Expanse Shrine!

By now, virtually all of the disciples in the Ninth Sect were looking at the man standing at the very top of the mountain, in front of the Vast Expanse Shrine.

He looked like a celestial spirit standing there, robe fluttering in the wind, a warm smile on his face. It was a simple, warm smile, nothing more, and when he looked away from Yan'er, his gaze came to rest... on the Vast Expanse Shrine.

Although it was called a shrine, it was actually a huge tower with a total of ten levels.

In all of the Ninth Sect, only the disciples who reached this point on the mountain could qualify to be listed in the top 100 of the Vast Expanse Shrine.

Each one of those hundred cultivators were thoroughly famous within their sects. In fact, they were also well known among people in the other sects as well.

After all... in the Vast Expanse School, there were a total of nine Vast Expanse Shrines. In some ways, it could be said that those who made it into the top 100 on one of those nine shrines were actually within the top 1,000 of the entire Vast Expanse School.

In a sect with such a vast number of disciples, to be within the top 1,000... made one truly Chosen!

Therefore, when Fang Mu's name appeared among the top 100, the entire Ninth Sect was shaken. Countless individuals were paying close attention, and many had eyes shining with envy and passion. Chosen, as long as they didn't perish at some point, were destined to become pillars of the Vast Expanse School. Not only were they incredibly important to the sect, they were the type of figure others didn't dare to provoke.

As for Meng Hao, he had done something visibly different from the average Chosen. He had established a legend, having reached the top 100 in such a short time. Countless individuals within the sect were very curious about how far he would actually go in the end.

The area around the mountain was completely silent. No one cried out. All eyes were fixed on Meng Hao as he flicked his sleeve, turned, and strode toward the main door of the tower that was the Vast Expanse Shrine. When he reached it, he stretched out his hand and pushed.

Rumbling sounds echoed out as the door opened. Without the slightest hesitation, Meng Hao stepped into the first level of the Vast Expanse Shrine.

The Vast Expanse Shrine. It was a huge tower with ten levels, each one of which represented ten names. The amount of time spent within each of those levels would determine one's ranking on the list.

In almost the same moment that he stepped into the first level, brilliant light glittered, and he looked out to see a world stretching out in front of him. The sky was crimson, and the land was actually a sea of flames.

An intense pressure crushed down onto him, something so powerful that it seemed capable of crushing anything and everything. However, Meng Hao didn't seem to be affected very much at all. Although his divine sense and his soul felt incredible pressure, and he trembled, when he looked up at the crimson sky, his eyes shone with a bright light.

"It seems the first level of the Vast Expanse Shrine tests a person's willpower and tenacity. There is no pressure on the body, only the soul." Even as he stood there thoughtfully, the pressure suddenly exploded in intensity. Massive rumbling sounds echoed out, as the mounting pressure tried to force Meng Hao to submit.

He smiled. In terms of cultivation base, this clone of his couldn't be considered spectacular, but in terms of willpower... in all of Planet Vast Expanse, it would be easier to find a phoenix feather or a qilin horn than to find someone who could match Meng Hao's tenacious willpower.

His willpower had been forged within the Mountain and Sea Realm, and then had grown to new heights because of its destruction. He had experienced a complete transformation when defending the Mountains and Seas against the Immortal God Continent and the Devil Realm. After all of his countless years of cultivation and other experiences, he had made shocking progress.

If he hadn't developed an incredible willpower throughout his life, he would long since have been destroyed. Now, standing here in the first level of this tower, even if the pressure were increased by a hundredfold, it wouldn't be anything more than a gentle breeze to him.

At the most, it might stir his hair, or cause his mind to shiver a bit.

Amidst the rumbling, the pressure intensified, and something like an enraged roar echoed out in all directions.

“Kneel!!” the voice roared. Power slammed onto Meng Hao, but his only reaction was to smile derisively. Disdain flickered in his eyes, and Immortal qi erupted out of him as he took a step forward and waved his sleeve.

“You’ll be kneeling to me!” he growled. His willpower exploded out, the combination of everything from his third and fourth lives creating a Heaven-defying pressure that erupted out, causing the first level to shake.

Wild colors flashed, the wind screamed, and rumbling echoed out in all directions. In the short time it took Meng Hao to wave his sleeve, everything trembled so violently that the pressure was incapable of fighting back against his willpower and divine sense, and began to retreat.

Meng Hao took another step forward, and then another. Without pausing, he walked forward, his mental faculties growing stronger. Simultaneously, the pressure in the area grew weaker. By the time he took a ninth step, the situation was completely reversed, and instead of the pressure crushing down onto Meng Hao, he was crushing it!

This was the first time anything like this had ever occurred in the first level of the Ninth Sect’s Vast Expanse Shrine. In the past, people had to endure for a set period of time to be able to pass into the next level.

But today... something entirely different was happening!!

It was a dazzling scene as Meng Hao’s willpower and tenacity filled the entire level, crushing the pressure and forcing it to submit to him.

In the end, he was like the lord of the entire level. His footfall could flatten Heaven and Earth, and finally, the pressure completely vanished!

The illusory world around him collapsed, and the entrance to the second level appeared in front of him.

Meanwhile, on the stone stele outside the mountain, the name Fang Mu rose up to 90th place, passing Bi Yun, much to the astonishment of people in the audience.

“Too... too fast!!” Bi Yun blurted in disbelief. He wasn’t the only person to react in such a way. Many other disciples in the top 100 had expressions of astonishment on their faces.

They knew how terrifying the first level was, which only served to increase their shock.

The disciples who had challenged the Vast Expanse Shrine in the past were already starting to speculate about what was happening. “There’s only one way he could do it so fast!” someone said. “He’s--”

Before the sentence could be completed, radiant light began to emanate from the first level.

“First Heaven! The First Heaven is appearing!!”

“I know that light! According to the stories, anyone who can create a legend in the Vast Expanse Shrine will cause the First Heaven to appear!!” The dazzling light which spread out seemed to replace the Heavens themselves, causing cries of shock to rise up from the cultivators outside of the mountain.

Even in ancient times, there was a legend related to the Vast Expanse Shrine. In any particular level, if a person could do something completely unheard-of, and reach the absolute pinnacle of a given level, then a radiant light would appear which represented... the light of Heaven!

Depending on the level involved, there were the First through the Tenth Heavens!

From ancient times until the present, it was uncommon for the First Heaven to appear. As for people who reached the Second Heaven, they were very rare, and when it came to the Third Heaven, there had only been nine people throughout the history of the Ninth Sect who had succeeded.

As for the Fourth Heaven... only two people had ever succeeded, and the Fifth Heaven... remained unseen throughout the entire long history of the Ninth Sect!

Now that the First Heaven had appeared, everyone in the Ninth Sect was boiling with excitement.

There were Dao Realm experts who appeared to bear witness; elders of the Ninth Sect, and Dao Lords showed their faces.

There were even Dao Sovereigns who flew over to the Vast Expanse Shrine.

Meng Hao stood there for a moment on the first level of the Vast Expanse Shrine, then stepped forward into the second level.

In that instant, he entered yet another new world, within which existed nothing more than a huge spell formation.

“Light up the spell formation,” a voice said. “Anyone who finishes within the time it takes an incense stick to burn will rise to the third level.”

Meng Hao sat down cross-legged, a thoughtful expression on his face. Almost as soon as he did, his cultivation base began to rotate rapidly, and his divine sense exploded out. His arteries and veins began to shine with crystalline light.

This level tested latent talent; lighting up the spell formation quickly required incredible latent talent. As for Meng Hao’s latent talent... that came from how his true self had re-moulded his body with the bronze lamp. It wasn’t even necessary to talk about how good or bad his latent talent was. This was the Vast Expanse School, and as far as Meng Hao could tell, his bronze lamp originally belonged to Patriarch Vast Expanse.

In other words, after being re-moulded by the bronze lamp, the latent talent of the clone he had subsequently created would be little different than that of Patriarch Vast Expanse himself.

Using Patriarch Vast Expanse’s latent talent to complete a trial by fire in the Vast Expanse School was essentially... like cheating!

Almost in the same moment that Meng Hao sat down, the spell formation lit up with bright light, and began to rumble.

From the time the Vast Expanse Shrine had been created until this time, nothing like this had ever happened. The spell formation was shining with incredible brightness!

Rumbling echoed out as the crowd outside saw brilliant dazzling light shining out from the second level. It was none other than... the Second Heaven!

It combined with the light from the First Heaven, creating a completely shocking spectacle.

“The Second Heaven! I can’t believe... the Second Heaven has actually appeared!”

“No, no way! It happened too fast. How could he possibly have lit up the entire spell formation on the second level so quickly!?”

“What... what kind of latent talent does he have? How is this happening? Even if he has Superlative latent talent, he shouldn’t be able to go that fast. It’s like... he’s cheating or something!” The group gathered near the mountain peak, all of whom were in the top 100, were in a complete uproar. As their voices rang out, more and more disciples were thrown into a commotion.

The Dao Realm experts and the sect Elders, even the Dao Sovereign, were all completely and utterly shocked.

Chapter 1462: Establishing a Legend!

Meng Hao really was cheating. On the first level, he had relied on his willpower and mental faculties. Considering the experiences of his true self, there was virtually nothing that could surpass him in terms of that.

On the second level, he had also cheated. The test was of latent talent, or essentially, whether or not one was fundamentally suited to cultivate the techniques of the Vast Expanse School. As a matter of fact, what the Vast Expanse School considered to be Superlative latent talent, might not be considered so by other sects in the outside world.

That truth was the case everywhere. In different sects and schools, in different Realms and worlds, so-called latent talent was really just a measure of how suitable a person was to cultivate certain techniques.

Within the Vast Expanse School, the latent talent of Patriarch Vast Expanse... would naturally be the absolute, optimal latent talent!

Heaven and Earth rumbled as boundless light from two Heavens radiated out, to the uproar of the crowd. Meng Hao rose to his feet, coughing dryly, and yet feeling not the slightest bit of shame as he headed to the third level.

He hadn't been in the third level for very long when the entire place began to shine with dazzling light, which transformed into the Third Heaven. Before the tumult could die down in the crowd, the Fourth Heaven rumbled out.

Next was the Fifth Heaven, the Sixth and the Seventh. Meng Hao was truly forging a legend. Outside the mountain, the crowd was boiling with excitement, including ordinary Dao Realm experts, Dao Lords, and even Dao Sovereigns.

“This is unheard-of! This Fang Mu... is breaking all the records!”

“This is the first time a cultivator from our Ninth Sect has ever summoned the Fifth, Sixth, and Seventh Heavens!”

“What do you guys think, is it possible that he'll... do something that's never been done in the entire Vast Expanse School, and summon... the Tenth Heaven?!”

Keen anticipation filled the hearts of the audience. After all, no one in the Ninth Sect had ever even summoned the Fifth Heaven in the Vast Expanse Shrine.

However, even though the Ninth Sect's Vast Expanse Shrine was only one of several within the Vast Expanse School as a whole, there were others who had summoned the Fifth Heaven, and even the Sixth and Seventh Heavens. As for the Eighth Heaven, the number who had succeeded was miniscule, but they did exist.

And then there was the Ninth Heaven. Years ago, there had indeed been one person who had summoned it.

But as for that Tenth Heaven, it was completely unheard-of. In the entire history of the Vast Expanse School, it had never been seen!

The sound of the uproar echoed out, to the point that even the 7-Essences Paragon who kept watch over the Vast Expanse Shrine was visibly moved, and flew out in midair to observe.

A blank look could be seen in Yan'er's eyes. Her Master was shaking the entire world, something she almost couldn't believe, almost didn't dare to believe.

As the seven Heavens cast brilliant light into the sky, Meng Hao was slowly proceeding along into the eighth level. The third through seventh levels mostly tested aspects relating to latent talent in cultivation. Some of those tests looked at the blood itself, others looked at the blood vessels and arteries. Whatever the case, Meng Hao only had to step into the level to instantly do something which had never been done!

Any other result would have been impossible... him appearing in the trial by fire was almost the same as Patriarch Vast Expanse showing up. How could he not do the impossible, and complete the level perfectly?

On the stone stele, Fang Mu's name continued to rise until it was in the top 30!

All of the Chosen whom he had passed up were able to tell how easily he had swept past them. Their records were crushed as easily as dried weeds, as if they weren't even on the same level as him.

As for all of the disciples who still ranked above him, they were normally people who acted superior and mighty. But now, they were sitting there nervously. Even the people in the top 10 had ill premonitions bubbling within them.

After reaching the eighth level, Meng Hao slowed down a bit. It was now taking a bit of effort to make progress. By this point, the Vast Expanse Shrine was testing one's overall level of power. As for Meng Hao's clone, his weakest aspect was his cultivation base, which still hadn't left the Immortal Realm.

Virtually everyone in the top 10,000 were in the Ancient Realm; Meng Hao was definitely the only cultivator in the top 30 who wasn't. Furthermore, all those other people were at the peak Ancient realm, and some were even on the verge of breaking through to the Dao Realm!

However, the Vast Expanse Shrine had no Dao Realm experts in the rankings. It was a test only for disciples under the Dao Realm. Generally speaking, the test for people like that was the Transcendence Path.

Only a few people challenged that trial by fire who weren't in that Realm.

Within the eighth level, Meng Hao looked up into a starry sky, within which could be seen countless red-eyed shadows charging toward him violently.

Close examination revealed that the shadows all had threads attached to them; apparently, they were all puppets under the control of someone else.

The requirement of this test not to simply slaughter the enemy, but rather to seek out whoever was controlling the puppets, and kill that person.

Without doing that, the cultivator would be overwhelmed by the huge amount of foes, and would then be forced to wipe them out by means of slaughter. Of course, with a sufficient cultivation base, that was always an option.

In fact, this test actually placed a high priority on cultivation base. All of the shadows were at the peak of the Immortal Realm, and after looking them over, Meng Hao quickly identified which one was in control, but could also tell that his cultivation base wasn't sufficient to ensure a kill.

Time seemed to slow down, and Meng Hao's eyes flickered with cold light. He knew that he had most likely reached his limit, and yet wasn't willing to just give up.

"Well, since that's the case, I might as well tackle my Ancient Tribulation right here. I'll go from the Immortal Realm into the Ancient, and see if I can take 1st place!" Without the slightest hesitation, he backed up. His eyes closed briefly, then opened again, and it was as if the world were exploding.

Rumbling sounds echoed out from him as his Immortal meridians began to explode. His cultivation base rose up, and the air of the Ancient Realm began to rise up within him.

As he started to transform, and his cultivation base aura began to rise; everything was shaking violently. At the same time, he shot forward like lightning to appear in front of one of the shadows, whereupon he shoved his palm out violently.

A boom could be heard as the shadow shattered. In that instant, all of the other shadows faded, as though the trial of this level were about to vanish.

But then, Meng Hao made a slight exclamation of surprise. According to his divine sense, there was actually another person within the shadows, controlling them.... As it turned out, there wasn't one person controlling them, but rather, two.

“A test hidden within the test, huh?” Without the slightest hesitation, he flickered into motion, appearing in front of another of the shadows. His palm launched out, and the shadow shattered. The other shadows were already mostly transparent, and now they seemed to be on the verge of vanishing. However, it was at that point that Meng Hao suddenly waved his finger out in front of him.

A blast of wind shot out, slamming into one of the fading shadows some distance away, completely exterminating it!

In that instant, Meng Hao frowned as he realized that the number of individuals controlling the shadows had once again increased. It turned out there were now more than eight!

At the same time, the surrounding figures, including the controllers, were all rapidly vanishing. There didn't seem to be enough time to kill them all. Meng Hao's eyes flickered, and without the slightest hesitation he suddenly took in a deep breath, then performed a double-handed incantation gesture and pointed out.

It was none other than Demon Sealing Hexing magic! He was unleashing the Fourth Hex... the Self Hex!

Almost instantly, bizarre fluctuations began to spread out from Meng Hao. A ghost image rose up, and a second version of himself walked forward. Then a third, and a fourth, and a fifth...

In the blink of an eye, ten million incarnations of Meng Hao appeared. There were men and women, old and young, and they all looked somewhat different, and yet they were all Meng Hao!

This was the Self Hex, and as soon as it was unleashed, the countless versions of Meng Hao launched themselves toward the eight puppet controllers, cutting them down. Almost immediately, twelve new controllers appeared.

Slaughter ensued. In a short period of time, Meng Hao killed so many puppet controllers that he lost count. Eventually, the world faded away completely, and the eighth level was over.

Meng Hao's Self Hex faded away, and his incarnations vanished. He stood there in the middle of the eighth level, his cultivation base continuing to rise as his Immortal meridians began to transform into Immortal Soul Lamps.

The Immortal Soul Lamps didn't appear outside of him, but rather inside his body.

He took a deep breath, eyes flickering as he murmured, "That eighth level was incredible."

He now understood that the eighth level's test was a complex one. It tested one's cultivation base and divine sense, as well as one's judgement and observation. Not only did one have to identify the numerous controllers amidst the vast crowd, but then one actually had to kill them.

That was the way to pass the level, but in order to reach the absolute peak of perfection, one needed speed and instinct.

That was something Meng Hao couldn't actually do on his own, and had been forced to rely on the Self Hex to accomplish.

"I underestimated the Vast Expanse Shrine," he said, looking up toward the ninth level with anticipation.

It was at this point that brilliant light began to shine out from the eighth level. On the outside, all of the cultivators could now see... the Eighth Heaven!

The Ninth Sect was in a complete uproar, and was unprecedentedly shaken. From Paragons to ordinary disciples, tens of millions of people were all shouting out in excitement.

As for the Chosen in the top 20, they couldn't help but chuckle bitterly. After seeing the Eighth Heaven, they understood the grand splendor it represented. They already knew that they were all destined to fall by one spot in the rankings.

Step by step, Meng Hao was on the verge of creating... a shocking legend within the Vast Expanse School!

And that legend hinged on... the Ninth Heaven!

If Meng Hao pulled it off, and the Ninth Heaven appeared, then all of the nine sects in the Vast Expanse School would ring their bells to fill Planet Vast Expanse with the sound of their tolling.

That was... the most supreme of honors!

Chapter 1463: Seal the Heavens Hex!

At the same time that the crowds in the Ninth Sect were in an excited uproar, clouds began to gather in the sky up above. Soon, everything was covered over by the thick, black clouds.

Because of the brilliant light being cast out by the eight Heavens, it was initially difficult to spot them. However, the most powerful experts among the cultivators could sense an intense pressure building up in Heaven and Earth.

Soon, that sensation grew more obvious, and people began to look up. That was when their expressions began to flicker.

“That’s... Lightning Tribulation!”

“What kind of Tribulation is that? It’s so huge...”

“It makes me think of the Immortal Tribulation Elder Brother Fang Mu went through back then. I wonder if this Tribulation Lightning... is here for him?” Shocked cries could be heard as the black cloud layers rapidly grew thicker and larger. In the blink of an eye, they had covered the entire Ninth Sect, and were growing larger by the moment.

Yan’er hadn’t been there to watch her Master’s Immortal Tribulation, but she was shaken nonetheless. Not only could she overhear the conversations of the people around her, she could also sense that the clouds contained a terrifying aura of some sort.

The Dao Realm experts, the Dao Lords, Dao Sovereigns, and even the 7-Essences Paragon, all looked on with very serious expressions. If the current situation had begun to play out before the appearance of the Eighth Heaven, they wouldn't have paid it much heed. Fang Mu's life or death would have been up to fate.

But now, with the Eighth Heaven there shining brightly, Fang Mu's status and importance far exceeded what they had before. He was no longer just an Inner Sect disciple of one of the subdivisions. He had the potential to become the Legacy disciple of the entire Ninth Sect. He was on the verge of establishing an unheard-of legend within the Vast Expanse School, and was also about to send the Ninth Sect rocketing to fame.

The Dao Realm experts, the Dao Lords and Dao Sovereigns, and even the reclusive 7-Essences Paragon, would not be willing to allow Tribulation Lightning to interfere with a disciple like that.

The 7-Essences Paragon snorted and shot forward, followed by the Dao Sovereigns. The Dao Lords and other Dao Realm experts also flew out. This rather large group of powerful experts all unleashed their cultivation base power; shockingly, they were attempting to help Meng Hao disperse the Tribulation Lightning.

Black clouds seethed, and lightning bolts began to fall. Even as they shot toward the Vast Expanse Shrine, the 7-Essences Paragon waved his sleeve to disperse them.

The Tribulation seemed enraged, and in the blink of an eye, hundreds of bolts of lightning began to descend. Then thousands. They were like a lake of lightning spreading out in all directions.

Meanwhile, back in the Vast Expanse Shrine, Meng Hao was speeding along into the ninth level. As soon as he entered, he looked around to find himself surrounded by countless stone steles of varying sizes. All of them were inscribed with lines of text and magical symbols.

On the first stone stele he examined closely, he found a complete magical technique. Upon further inspection of the level, he found that the stone steles here were covered with numerous types of magic, over a million in total. Furthermore, there in front of Meng Hao was one particular stone stele which was completely blank.

There was no need to spend time in thought. Meng Hao instantly understood what this ninth level tested. It tested... creativity!

The requirement was to create a divine ability or magical technique, and inscribe it onto the blank stone stele. Based on the power of that magic, one would be assigned a rank in the ninth level.

As Meng Hao's divine sense spread out, the Immortal Soul Lamps began to ignite inside of him. Both in terms of the number of lamps, and the process with which they appeared, they were completely different than the Soul Lamps his true self had possessed.

As that occurred, his cultivation base rose. Taking a deep breath, Meng Hao sent his divine sense into the surrounding stone steles, examining them and seeking enlightenment. After a moment, his heart trembled.

"Creating a divine ability wouldn't be difficult at all for me. However, nothing I created would be very useful. It would be better to use this place to perfect... the Seal the Heavens Hex!" His eyes glittered as he sat down cross-legged. After closing his eyes, he once again sent his divine sense out into the surrounding stone steles to seek enlightenment of the various techniques therein, and using bits of what he learned to add to the Seal the Heavens Hex.

As that happened, the Seal the Heavens Hex trembled and grew clearer, and at the same time, became more complicated and resplendent. As he continued to seek enlightenment and perform augury calculations, the Seal the Heavens Hex reached greater heights of perfection.

Gradually, an intense aura began to emanate out from him, a powerful aura that could shake Heaven and Earth. It was aggressive, so much so that it seemed capable of sealing the Heavens!

Incomparably domineering!

Despite being wrapped up in seeking enlightenment, he was somewhat able to detect the lightning outside of the Vast Expanse Shrine. Shockingly, there were now tens of thousands of bolts of Tribulation Lighting exploding out to rock Heaven and Earth, and yet, they were summarily blasted away by the 7-Essences Paragon and the others.

Something like a bellow of rage could be heard from within the black clouds as more than a hundred million lightning bolts shot down. It was like an explosion of lightning that caused the faces of the onlookers to flicker with shock.

Within the Vast Expanse Shrine, Meng Hao shuddered slightly. As his enlightenment progressed, the Seal the Heavens Hex grew more complete. It was now more complex than before, and at the same time, more perfect.

It was at this point that Meng Hao suddenly realized that although his original attempt at the Ninth Hex had been interfered with by Allheaven, the truth was that what he had thought to be the perfect version of the Hex at that time was actually not so perfect.

Now, with the constant additions and adjustments he was making, a perfect version of the Seal the Heavens Hex was taking shape that was completely different from the previous one.

It was impossible to say how much time passed, but soon, rumbling sounds filled Meng Hao as the sealing mark of the Seal the Heavens Hex finally reached a state of perfection. However, it was only an outline, not complete. Just when Meng Hao assumed that this would be enough, he suddenly saw lines spreading out within the outline. Unexpectedly... something else was forming inside of him... a second version of the Seal the Heavens Hex!

This sudden development left Meng Hao shaken. He once again sought enlightenment, focusing fully on the Seal the Heavens Hex. By drawing upon the more than one million perfect techniques around him, he was quickly able to identify the full shape of the sealing mark of the second Seal the Heavens Hex.

Although the shape seemed the same as before, there were certain tiny details that were different. Apparently... one sealing mark was not enough to complete the perfect version. Two were required! But then he realized that two was actually not enough, as... a third appeared!

Next was a fourth, a fifth, a sixth.... Meng Hao's mind was reeling, and excitement flooded him as he watched the Seal the Heavens Hex continuously transforming and rising to a higher level!

When the seventh version appeared, Meng Hao assumed it would be enough. But then came the eighth, and finally the ninth. Meng Hao's mind was spinning, and he was panting as he looked at the nine outlines of sealing marks.

Those nine sealing marks were the Seal the Heavens Hex!

Meng Hao's eyes snapped open, and he took a deep breath. He looked at the blank stone stele, eyes glittering, then raised his hand and placed the first sealing mark down upon it.

The stone stele trembled, and radiant light erupted out. From the feeling it gave off, it seemed like the absolute pinnacle.

Meng Hao stared in shock. He had only placed one of the nine sealing marks onto the stone stele, and yet the ninth level... had seemingly reached the pinnacle.

Meng Hao suddenly sensed a Paragon aura, and gasped.

“Paragon magic...” he murmured. “These sealing marks are a Paragon magic!”

After a moment of thought, he performed a double-handed incantation gesture. Without a moment of hesitation, he used divine will to send the second sealing mark onto the stone stele, which caused it to tremble violently.

Within that trembling, Meng Hao could clearly see that the two sealing marks were fusing together, and that the will of a Paragon was growing more intense. A boom echoed out as an incredibly powerful aura erupted out from the stone stele.

It felt like divine ability that was even more like a Paragon magic than before!

As the divine ability appeared, there was a huge crash as the million surrounding stone steles began to crack. Then, to Meng Hao’s wide-eyed shock, all of them exploded!

It was as if they had destroyed themselves.

Apparently... in the face of such a matchless divine ability, all of the other divine abilities and magical techniques initiated self-destruction rather than remain in its presence!

Furthermore... that was only the fusion of two of the sealing marks. Looking excitedly at the stone stele, Meng Hao sent more divine will into the palm of his hand, then reached out and placed the third sealing mark onto the stone stele.

In that instant, it fused with the others, whereupon a terrifying aura exploded out that would strike fear into the heart of anyone who felt it.

That aura contained a sensation of deadly crisis, an indescribably terrifying power that the stone stele simply couldn't handle. A boom could be heard as the only remaining stone stele... cracked, and then exploded!

It couldn't withstand the power of a mere three fused sealing marks!

One sealing mark made a Paragon magic!

Two sealing marks destroyed millions of stone steles!

Three sealing marks were so majestic that the testing stone steles of the ninth level couldn't handle it and exploded!

Meng Hao shot to his feet, trembling, his eyes flickering with excitement. Then he threw his head back and laughed uproariously.

"I can't fully unleash it now, and can only make imprints with divine will, even still... when I combine those nine sealing marks into one, then the Ninth Hex will appear, and I will be able to fully utilize it!" He finally had his direction, and knew what to do. He had to fill in the outlines of all nine sealing marks.

As of this moment, his foray into the Vast Expanse Shrine had resulted in unprecedented gains.

At the same time that he rose to his feet, the ninth level of the Vast Expanse Shrine erupted with dazzling light that was instantly visible on the outside. Everyone could see that above the Eighth Heaven was... the Ninth Heaven!!

Nine Heavens astonished and shocked everything in the world!

A bell began to toll which was profoundly more ancient and sonorous than anything from before. At the same time, in the Eighth Sect on the eighth continent, another shocking toll could be heard!

The cultivators there were still reeling from the events involving Meng Hao shortly before, and when they heard the sound of the bells, their jaws dropped.

Simultaneously, in the Seventh, Sixth, Fifth, Fourth, Third, Second... and First Sects, in all of the nine sects of the Vast Expanse School, the sound of ancient tolling bells could be heard. Nine bells rang out, filling the Vast Expanse School, and also Planet Vast Expanse!

The hearts of countless cultivators were shaken, and numerous powerful experts were astonished. Everyone was wondering what exactly was happening.

Soon, that shocking bell toll swept out to fill even the most remote corners of the Vast Expanse School....

Chapter 1464: Tolling in Nine Sects!

As of this moment, all nine of the Vast Expanse School sects on Planet Vast Expanse were echoing with the tolling of bells. All cultivators in the Vast Expanse School were completely shaken, and in fact, even cultivators who weren't disciples, but happened to be visiting Planet Vast Expanse, could hear the ancient and sonorous toll.

“What’s happening!?”

“Wait a second... bells are tolling in the Vast Expanse School, and they sound very serious. There’s something extraordinary happening....”

As Planet Vast Expanse was shaken, there were still only a few people who had realized that the tolling of the bells was actually coming from all nine of the great sects that made up the Vast Expanse School.

But then, an ice-cold and completely emotionless voice spoke out to fill the First Sect, the Second Sect... and in fact, all of the sects, all the way to the Ninth Sect. The entire Vast Expanse School was filled with the same voice!

“Ninth Sect. Fang Mu. Ninth Heaven!”

Only six words were spoken!

However, those six words were like an enormous, invisible hand pushing down onto the Vast Expanse School from above. All of the nine sects seemed as quiet as death.

After a few breaths of time passed, just when it seemed the crowds couldn't be more suppressed by the pressure, a huge commotion rose up, a clamor, a hubbub that filled the entire Vast Expanse School.

“Fang Mu! Fang Mu from the Ninth Sect! I can't believe he summoned the Ninth Heaven. How.. how is that even possible!?”

“Maybe there was a mistake. Nobody can really summon the Ninth Heaven. What an absurd notion!”

“How could there be a mistake? Bells are ringing in all nine sects! Fang Mu... I remember him! He was the guy who went from mortal to Immortal in ten years!” The sound of conversations formed a roar that caused the entire planet to tremble.

The Ninth Heaven.... that was something miraculous that, in the entire history of the Vast Expanse School, had only been seen once before!

Countless people were shaken. It was in this way that the name Fang Mu instantly came to be heard by all of the disciples of the Vast Expanse School. Then, the profound shock they felt increased as they suddenly realized... that the tolling of the bells could actually be heard everywhere on Planet Vast Expanse!

“The bells are ringing in all nine sects, filling all of Planet Vast Expanse!” This fact led to widespread gasping and shock. Perhaps better ways existed to make one's name known to all, but... for now, Meng Hao's method was completely unprecedented.

In one brief instant, the name 'Fang Mu' came to be fixed in all minds.

Regardless of the level of cultivation base involved, Dao Realm experts, Dao Lords, Dao Sovereigns, and even Paragons, everyone on Planet Vast Expanse had eyes wide with shock.

It would be impossible not to be moved, all because of... the Ninth Heaven!

Throughout the history of the sect, there had only ever been one person who had summoned the Ninth Heaven, but now... there were two.

At the moment, numerous streams of divine sense were pouring out from within the First Sect. On the Holy Mountain there was an Immortal's cave, the door of which opened to reveal a handsome young man clad in a long robe. He had a unique air about him, and as he silently walked out, he looked in the direction of the Ninth Sect, his eyes glowing brightly.

He was a Chosen, and within the First Sect, he held a rank that put him on equal footing with their Holy Daughter... He was the First Sect's Holy Son. He also held the 1st place spot on the First Sect's Vast Expanse Shrine. In all of the sects, people who were in the top 10 were extremely prominent individuals.

It was the same in the Second Sect; a powerful roar could be heard as a pillar of water erupted from a deep, icy pool. It propelled a burly, bare-chested man up into the air, whose expression was both grave and defiant.

"Fang Mu...." he said, looking in the direction of the Ninth Sect.

In the Third, Fourth, Fifth... all the way to the Eighth Sect, none of the Chosen were very pleased about what was happening. That was especially true of the various Chosen who were in the top 10; all of them now had the name 'Fang Mu' fixed firmly in their minds. Not only were they unwilling to accept him, they also wanted to fight him.

They were Chosen, like prize jewels of the sect. They had access to cultivation resources that others would find difficult to even imagine. Although they might not have started out as proud and arrogant people, after reaching this point, they could pass up their contemporaries as easily as flipping over a hand. Soon, they were so far ahead that when they looked back, they couldn't see anyone following in their path. They were the people who others looked up to.

They were as lonely as eagles, soaring in the Heavens. Beneath them were mere common birds who flitted around beneath the very clouds they soared above.

It was a lonely existence in which the only people worthy of their gazes were the other eagle-like Chosen who were their peers.

If you likened such people to eagles, then, as of this moment, it was as if a roc had appeared. The pressure weighing down on them now was something they couldn't accept, and filled them with the desire to fight.

A gale force wind was blowing through the Vast Expanse School, throwing the sects into an uproar, and causing surges of energy to appear as various Chosen powered up.

Even Han Bei appeared. As she hovered there in the air, listening to the tolling of the bells, she could sense the uproar in the First Sect, and could see other cultivators flying out in shock. Everyone, it seemed, was subconsciously turning to look in one direction.

The ninth continent, and the Ninth Sect.

At the moment, Han Bei was perhaps the calmest person on all of Planet Vast Expanse. It was as if she weren't surprised at all to hear the name 'Fang Mu'.

"He's basically a 9-Essences Paragon, bullying some kids. How amusing." She snorted coldly, and yet, was still suspicious of what exactly Meng Hao was doing with his clone. She had the feeling that there was some important plan being carried out.

While the other eight sects were thrown into an uproar, the Ninth Sect was equally filled with astonishment. As that cold and shocking voice echoed out, expressions of zealous veneration appeared on their faces, as well as delight and excitement.

"Eldest Brother Fang Mu!" It was hard to say who called it out first, but soon, the cry became a huge roar that exploded out into the air.

"Eldest Brother Fang Mu!!"

"Eldest Brother Fang Mu!!!"

The title of Eldest Brother was usually used to indicate seniority within a group. But in this case, it represented the approval and acclaim of all disciples within the Ninth Sect.

The only one who wasn't saying it was Yan'er. Her eyes went wide as she suddenly realized she had a seemingly innumerable amount of Sect Uncles now....

The Vast Expanse Shrine of the Ninth Sect radiated the scintillating light of the Ninth Heaven. The black clouds up in the sky churned, and something like a Heavenly howl of anger echoed from

within them. More lightning built up, and yet the 7-Essences Paragon simply laughed and led the rest of the powerful experts to help Meng Hao counter the Tribulation Lightning.

“Fang Mu,” he said loudly, “don’t disappoint me. Go all out and see... if you can summon the Tenth Heaven for the Ninth Sect!”

In response to his words, a collective gasp could be heard from the cultivators in the Ninth Sect. Then, brilliant gleams began to shine in the eyes of one and all.

The Ninth Heaven was not completely unheard-of, nor was it something that was impossible to surpass. In sharp contrast was... the Tenth Heaven. If someone could summon the Tenth Heaven, then the only thing that could happen in the future would be that others might catch up. However, no one... would be able to surpass that person’s achievement.

It was a glory which would last for tens upon tens of thousands of years, and would always remain within the Ninth Sect!

“The Tenth Heaven.... Eldest Brother Fang Mu, summon the Tenth Heaven!”

“Eldest Brother, get that Tenth Heaven!!”

As the crowds called out, Yan’er also shouted, “Master, summon the Tenth Heaven....”

The Chosen from Ninth Sect, even the one who held the 1st place spot on the stone stele but was already prepared to lose it, were moved. Burying their emotions, they sighed, and soon gleams of light appeared in their eyes.

If you are a roc, then please don’t bully us eagles. Go bully the other birds of prey.... That is what the current 1st place holder was thinking, and similar thoughts were running through the minds of the other Chosen.

Back on the ninth level of the Vast Expanse Shrine, the thought of bullying the so-called eagles hadn’t even crossed Meng Hao’s mind. He was very interested in this Vast Expanse Shrine. Waving his sleeve, he cleared the rubble from the ninth level, causing the entrance to the tenth level to appear.

Without the slightest hesitation, he proceeded forward to the tenth level... the highest level of the Vast Expanse Shrine.

Almost as soon as he set foot there, a strange expression appeared on his face. He was suddenly struck with the feeling that... he really was bullying children.

The test of the tenth level consisted of nothing more than a wall, which pulsed with shocking magical ripples.

Visible there was a list of ten names, which were the Chosen who had taken 1st through 10th place in this Vast Expanse Shrine.

After each name was a number. Behind the 1st place name was a number a bit higher than 70,000. Subsequent numbers got smaller and smaller, until the 10th place, which had a number at around 40,000.

From what Meng Hao could tell, the ninth and tenth levels of the Vast Expanse Shrine were complimentary. On the ninth level, the disciple would create a divine ability, and on the tenth level, the specific strength of said magic would be assessed. The result would be a number; the higher the number, the more powerful the divine ability, and the higher the ranking.

However... the stone stele in the ninth level had already exploded.... Granted, that stone stele wasn't designed to measure the strength of the divine ability, but it was intended to help the disciple refine the divine ability, and make it more complete. Unfortunately, that stone stele... was gone.

When the Vast Expanse School had created the Vast Expanse Shrine, no one could have imagined that someone would create a divine ability that would actually cause the stone stele on the ninth level to explode. Compared to a divine ability like that, this tenth level would be about as powerful as a pile of chicken ribs.

"Well, I'll give it a shot," thought Meng Hao. "Since this is a special stone stele for testing the power of divine abilities, maybe it won't explode like the last one." After a moment of hesitation, his eyes began to shine, and he reached out. The nine sealing marks of the Seal the Heavens Hex began to shine brightly inside of him as he pointed his finger at the wall.

Chapter 1465: Completely Brazen!

The first sealing mark of the Ninth Hex emerged. Although it was only an outline, and illusory, it was complete.

You could even say that the sealing mark was comprised mostly of Meng Hao's divine will, which was currently the only way he could unleash it.

The flickering sealing mark instantly appeared on the surface of the wall.

Almost immediately, the wall began to vibrate, and a rumbling sound emanated out.

The name Fang Mu appeared, and it immediately took the 1st place spot, shoving all the other names downward. Next to it was a number slightly higher than 30,000,000....

It was a number hundreds of times larger than the original 1st place spot holder, a number which could shake Heaven and Earth!!

Meng Hao didn't really care about the name or the number. However, he could sense that the wall was apparently capable of accepting more than one of the sealing marks. He quickly performed an incantation gesture with his right hand, then pushed it down onto the wall. The second sealing mark flew out, and once again the wall shook. Intense rumbling sounds echoed out, and it took even longer this time for things to quiet down.

When that happened, the number next to Fang Mu's name... went in the briefest of instants from more than 30,000,000... to the shocking number of 300,000,000!

The terrifying level of that number so vastly exceeded that of the previous number that to speak it out loud would cause even a Paragon to gasp in shock.

According to the rules of the Vast Expanse Shrine, 100,000 indicated that the divine ability was powerful enough to use on Dao Realm experts. 1,000,000 was the threshold for Dao Lords, and 10,000,000 for Dao Sovereigns. 100,000,000 was for 7-Essences Paragons. 1,000,000,000 was for 8-Essences, and as for 9-Essences... the number was 10,000,000,000 and higher.

This wall had revealed the divine ability's final level of power, which had nothing to do with one's cultivation base. Therefore, it was possible to tell that the combined two sealing marks of Meng Hao's Hexing magic was powerful enough to shake 7-Essences Paragons.

The terrifying level of that power was something that left even Meng Hao shaken, and caused a gleam of focus to appear in his eyes. As of this point, he was certain that his current Seal the Heavens Hex was definitely incredibly powerful.

Eyes glittering, he once again placed his hand onto the wall. Using his divine will, he placed the third, fourth, and fifth sealing marks down.

When the third sealing mark fused into the wall, the wall stayed whole, and the number next to Fang Mu's name rocketed up, reaching 1,000,000,000, then 2,000,000,000 and finally 3,000,000,000. That meant that three of the sealing marks together could shake an 8-Essences Paragon.

When the fourth sealing mark fused with the others, the wall shook so hard that cracks began to spread out over its surface, which almost immediately tried to close up. The number next to Fang Mu's name changed again, reaching an astonishing level. It went from 3,000,000,000 all the way to 10,000,000,000, then 20,000,000,000. It didn't stop at 30,000,000,000, but actually kept going all the way to 60,000,000,000!!

That incredible number resulting from the fusion of four of the sealing marks, 60,000,000,000 indicated that the divine ability could kill half of all 9-Essences Paragons!

And that... was only the combination of four sealing marks!

Next... the fifth sealing mark appeared, and more cracks spread out across the surface of the wall. A boom rang out as the wall reached its limit and exploded!

Just before it completely fell apart, Meng Hao was able to see that the number next to the name Fang Mu had broken past 100,000,000,000, and was continuing to climb. However, he wasn't able to glimpse the final result, as the wall collapsed.

His jaw dropped, and he couldn't help but inhale sharply. He lifted his hand and looked at it, and then a bright glow appeared in his eyes.

"Five Seal the Heavens Hex marks combined is enough to kill... a 9-Essences Paragon, even someone at the peak!" Meng Hao took a deep breath, his eyes shining brightly as his heart filled with the anticipation of seeing the final version of the Ninth Hex.

It was in this same moment that the wall collapsed, in which massive rumbling sounds echoed out, accompanied by brilliant light. The tenth level of the tower that was the Vast Expanse Shrine began to emit the dazzling light of... the Tenth Heaven!

Throughout the entire history of the Vast Expanse School, only one person had ever summoned the Ninth Heaven. Now, Meng Hao was the first to summon the Tenth! It was... completely unprecedented!

On this day, the first tolling of bells throughout the entire Vast Expanse School was because of the Ninth Heaven. The sound of those bells had just faded away, and no one had recovered from what would be a conversation topic in the cultivation world for many years to come.

And yet, it was at that point... that bells began to toll again. From the First, Second, Third... all the way to the Ninth Sect.

“What? Why are there bells tolling again?”

“Is that just an echo? I... I think I’m hearing things.”

“What’s... what’s happening now?!?” As the bells rang, the disciples in the First through Eighth Sects looked around in shock as, yet again, a cold, emotionless voice spoke out.

“Ninth Sect. Fang Mu. Tenth Heaven!”

Everyone was flabbergasted, including the supposed eagle-like Chosen, the powerful experts in the Dao Realm, and the Dao Lords and Dao Sovereigns.

For a moment, complete silence filled the Vast Expanse School, but then a massive commotion broke out in which virtually everyone was shouting out in disbelief and shock.

“Impossible! This is completely impossible!!”

“The Tenth Heaven! How could it be? That’s the Tenth Heaven.... The Ninth Heaven just appeared! How could Fang Mu possibly have summoned the Tenth Heaven?! This... this is the making of a legend, the forging of a myth!”

“Cheater! He definitely cheated! Dammit, there’s something wrong here!” Numerous cries filled the entire Vast Expanse School, causing everything to tremble.

Most people either couldn’t believe it, or didn’t want to. The faces of the Chosen were ashen. The blow which they had just received was difficult to put into words.

Even the Paragons were shaken. The faces of the 7-Essences and 8-Essences Paragons flickered, and at the same time, the meditating 9-Essences Paragons opened their eyes.

It was impossible for even figures such as them to ignore what was happening. The Ninth Heaven was a major event, but the Tenth Heaven... was a pinnacle that no one had ever reached before.

When a disciple like that appeared in a sect, even 9-Essences Paragons had to pay attention.

The Sect Leader was the first to send his divine will out. It only took a moment for his suspicions to be aroused, and after various speculations, a wry expression appeared on his face, and he looked away.

Golden-robed Jin Yunshan and Sha Jiudong both looked similarly suspicious; their uncertainty gave them a bit of pause.

They were the only ones who picked up on the clues. All of the other 9-Essences Paragons were extremely interested about this Chosen named Fang Mu.

However, they then recalled that the Ninth Sect was run by the inhuman Ninth Paragon, and they looked away, no longer the least bit interested in Fang Mu.

Or perhaps it would be more accurate to say that they didn’t dare to be interested.

The Vast Expanse School was even more excited than it had been before. The name Fang Mu was now a legend. Within the Ninth Sect, people were calling out loudly, even Yan’er.

Even as the excited cries echoed out, Meng Hao appeared at the top of the Vast Expanse Shrine. The tenth level was over, and he had become the first person in the Vast Expanse School to ever summon the Tenth Heaven. Now, he even appeared to be standing atop that very Tenth Heaven.

He looked like an Immortal being, his garments rippling, his hair floating around him. Then he looked up into the sky, and the roiling, churning black clouds.

At that point, the Ten Heavens began to fade from the Vast Expanse Shrine. It started with the First Heaven, which became a beam of light that shot up and entered Meng Hao.

Meng Hao's mind trembled, and as the beam of light entered him, he could sense it converging on the first of the nine sealing marks.

“Is this good fortune from the Vast Expanse Shrine?” he wondered to himself. “An additional bonus after the conclusion...?” At the same time, the Second, Third, and Fourth Heavens... also vanished, becoming beams of light that shot toward Meng Hao.

As they fused into him, he got more excited; the first sealing mark was rapidly becoming more solid. Then the Ninth and Tenth Heavens faded and shot into him, filling him with rumbling sounds.

In the end, he took a deep breath, and his eyes shone with delight. The first of the nine sealing marks was now thirty percent complete!!

Before he could spend much more time observing it, lightning bolts began to appear in the black clouds up above.

100. 1,000. 10,000!

Boundless Tribulation Lightning began to fall toward Meng Hao, filled with death and destruction. The 7-Essences Paragon and the others ceased to offer assistance. After all, since the lightning was clearly there just for Meng Hao, then he would need to face it alone.

As they fell back, Meng Hao's eyes gleamed with brilliant light. As the disciples of the Ninth Sect all watched, rumbling sounds echoed out, and Meng Hao flew up into the air above the Vast Expanse Shrine, taking the initiative... to attack the Tribulation Lightning!

He flew up into the sky, fearless, laughing coldly, a gleam of disdain visible in his eyes. He clearly wanted to fight.

When the countless disciples down below saw that, they began to cheer loudly. It was an image that would be forever imprinted on their souls.

To the Chosen, Meng Hao was being extremely domineering, acting in a completely and utterly brazen fashion.

Chapter 1466: Who Else?

Shocking rumbling sounds could be heard as Meng Hao slammed into over 10,000 Tribulation Lightning bolts. He flicked his sleeve, unleashing the explosive power of his cultivation base. It wasn't the power of the Immortal Realm, but the Ancient Realm. Dots of light could be seen all over his body, which made him shine brightly.

Massive booms could be heard as the 10,000 lightning bolts were destroyed. Meng Hao's garments and hair fluttered, and as he looked at the black clouds, he took a step upward.

In response to that step, the clouds rumbled, and tens of thousands of lightning bolts fell, transforming into a lake of lighting that enveloped him. He snorted coldly, performing a double-handed incantation gesture and then waving both hands out.

RUUUUUUMMMMMBLLE!

All of the lightning was destroyed. Then the black clouds churned, as a roar of rage echoed out from inside. 100,000 lightning bolts began to fall, seemingly endlessly, as if the Heavens were infuriated. After the 100,000 lightning bolts were destroyed, another 100,000 came. Then another.

It seemed as if the lightning would never end, as if the Tribulation wouldn't stop until Meng Hao was dead.

Meng Hao's eyes flickered as he performed an incantation gesture with his right hand, causing boundless mist to build up around him, which was a divine ability he had picked up from the Vast Expanse School. He extended his right hand, and the mist rapidly transformed into streams of smoke which shot out to meet the incoming Tribulation Lightning. Booms could be heard as they all exploded.

The sound was shocking. It was as if in all creation, the only thing that existed were the Heavens and Meng Hao!

One man was personally fighting the Heavens!

Everyone present was completely shaken, and the Dao Realm experts were clearly moved.

Another 100,000 lightning bolts collapsed, and behind them came yet another 100,000. It was then that Meng Hao's laughter began to echo out. His hands flashed in a double-handed incantation gesture as he stepped forward again, energy surging in spectacular fashion.

"I'm seeking enlightenment of what it means to seal the Heavens, in order to complete the Ninth Hex. If I can't seal some Tribulation Lightning, then how could I possibly strive to seal the Heavens!" Laughing, he took another step forward, raised his hands up and pushed them toward the Heavens.

The aura of the Ancient Realm erupted out, and countless shining lights appeared. Heaven shook and the Earth quaked as he fought against one round of 100,000 lightning bolts after another.

Booms rang out constantly as the lightning collapsed. At the same time, Meng Hao remained in place in mid-air, clearly visible to everyone down below. The crowds were shaken by this sight of someone actually fighting the Heavens.

Meng Hao flicked his sleeve, glaring at the clouds as he said, "Bring it on! Let's see how many lightning bolts you can send against Fang Mu this time!"

Only someone with profound character... could say something like that!

Countless gasps of shock could be heard from the crowd down below. It was an intense image that was burned into their minds: Fang Mu standing there, facing off against the endlessly seething black clouds and crackling lightning.

Anyone who saw such a scene couldn't help but gasp in astonishment.

The Chosen had already forgotten about how they didn't want to accept Fang Mu. Their eyes were shining brightly because of his brazen attitude, his domineering nature, and the heroic and shocking way he fought against the Heavens.

“Fang Mu!”

“Fang Mu!!”

“Fang Mu!!!” It was impossible to say who began to shout it first. But soon, all of the Chosen, and all of the other male cultivators in the Ninth Sect, could sense Meng Hao's heroic nature. It was a madness that could fight against the Heavens, and it left them shaken, eyes bloodshot, roaring at the tops of their lungs.

Their voices became a sound wave that shook Heaven and Earth, causing everything to tremble, as though energy itself were erupting from their mouths.

The Dao Realm experts were all moved. They looked at the disciples, and then looked at Meng Hao, their expressions filled with excitement.

Morale and spirit are extremely important in a sect, and as of this moment... a seed of valor seemed to have been planted in the hearts of all the disciples.

And it was all because of Meng Hao. He had successfully captured the hearts of all of the disciples of the Ninth Sect. Not only were they crying out to him as Eldest Brother, but their hearts were also brimming with ardor and reverence for him.

At the same time, the surrounding female disciples were looking at Fang Mu with unprecedented glows in their eyes. To see him fighting the Heavens had imprinted his image onto their hearts for all eternity.

It was the same kind of look that the female disciples had given Wang Tengfei back in the days of the Reliance Sect, or the looks that the female alchemists had given to Chosen in the Violet Fate Sect. It was the exact same look given to Meng Hao in the various sects in which he had become a legend, a Dao Child among Chosen!

The female disciples gazed at Meng Hao with adoration and envy; they were attracted to him in a way that far exceeded the passions of the male cultivators.

It took only a moment for all of the disciples of the Ninth Sect to be whipped into an unheard-of frenzy, all thanks to the sight of Meng Hao fighting the Heavens, viciously battling the lightning, and everything else.

Yan'er stood there in the crowd, and was suddenly not very happy. She felt a sensation of crisis, something extremely, profoundly intense.... She was excited just like everyone else, but her young heart was also filled with a secret joy because of Meng Hao; somehow, he had become everything to her. Then she realized how everyone was looking at him, and she suddenly felt as if they were having aspirations regarding something that belonged to her.

“Hmph,” she thought, gritting her teeth. “There’s only one of that old man. What do you people think you’re doing? Trying to steal him? He’s my Master. MINE!”

The emotions of the Ninth Sect’s disciples bubbled over, as if they had been lit with flame. Meanwhile, the clouds churned, and more lightning formed, this time, not 100,000 bolts, but instead, more than 1,000,000.

1,000,000 lightning bolts began to fall, a shocking spectacle difficult to put into words. As they fell, they resembled, not a lake of lightning, but rather, an enormous hand!

It was a huge hand composed of lightning, emanating crashing booms as it descended toward Meng Hao. A sensation of imminent crisis rose up within him, and his eyes began to shine brightly. He threw his head back and roared, throwing both hands up into the air, causing numerous dots of light to appear.

10. 30. 50. 80... 108!

The 108 major qi meridians on his body were all shining brilliantly. Shockingly, within each of those 108 qi meridians, it was possible to see an image.

Closer examination revealed that those figures were, astonishingly... Immortal Soul Lamps!!

108 meridians, 108 lamps!

It was a complete and shocking sight to everyone. This was the first time for Meng Hao's clone to reveal how many Soul Lamps he had, and the result was almost beyond belief.

In the blink of an eye, all 108 Soul Lamps were blazing with light, casting Meng Hao in complete brilliance. As the enormous palm fell, he harbored no thoughts of putting up a defense, or of evading. Instead... he attacked!

He was fighting the Heavens with an incisive will!

Meng Hao took the initiative to fly out, a blur of light that shot toward the enormous lightning hand. Everything shook violently, and all eyes were fixed upon the scene, filled with both nervousness and anticipation. To them, it was as if nothing else existed other than Meng Hao.

Time seemed to slow. Everyone watched as Meng Hao made contact with the hand. Then, time seemed to return to its normal speed, and even increased explosively.

Heaven and Earth trembled, and rumbling sounds echoed out. The hand, filled with endless destructive power, intent on wiping Meng Hao out of existence, collapsed into countless fragments. The light shining out of Meng Hao dimmed somewhat, but he laughed nonetheless.

"Bring it on!" he yelled, as brazen as ever, his hair whipping about.

Rumbling sounds emanated out from within the black clouds. The clouds suddenly shrank, converging in upon themselves, sending a terrifying pressure out to cover everything. The disciples of the Ninth Sect had just begun to feel relieved moments ago, but suddenly got nervous again.

Crackling sounds rang out as the shrunken clouds suddenly exploded with an insane rain of lightning. 100,000 bolts. 1,000,000. 2,000,000. 3,000,000. 5,000,000. 8,000,000!!

8,000,000 lightning bolts converged, seemingly covering the entire world. They descended like a downpour, and from a distance, they almost looked like... a huge finger!

Although it was simply an outline, the resemblance was striking!

Meng Hao's pupils constricted as the finger closed in on him. Just when his true self was preparing to converge some divine sense to send out in assistance, all of a sudden, a voice could be heard. It

came from the group of Chosen down below; they had witnessed Meng Hao fighting the Heavens, and they could see how mismatched and unfair the battle was.

“Eldest Brother Fang, you’re fighting the Heavens alone! I hope you don’t mind if I, Sun Mou... join you in fighting the Tribulation Lighting!?” Even as the words rang out, a figure flew out from the crowd.

Almost simultaneously, more people began to call out.

“Eldest Brother Fang, count me, Liu Mu, in as well!”

“And me, Chen Ao!”

“How could I, Zhang Yunqi, possibly stay out of something like this!?”

“And me!”

“Eldest Brother, I, Cai Wei, will also join you!”

“Tribulation Lighting? Zheng Yuan will join you to fight it, Eldest Brother Fang!”

Countless individuals flew up, and innumerable voices cried out. There were men and women, all of whom flew up into the air.

1,000 disciples. 5,000. 30,000. 200,000. 1,000,000. 3,000,000... Soon, 10,000,000 disciples were up in the air, flying together!

The Dao Realm experts were shocked, and the Paragons gasped. In the blink of an eye, the 8,000,000 lightning bolts suddenly... lurched to a halt!

Chapter 1467: Seven Sealing Marks Eradicate Tribulation!

It wouldn’t be correct to say that all of the disciples in the Ninth Sect flew up to assist. But 10,000,000 was a huge number, all of whom flew up, causing Heaven and Earth to shake.

Their eyes burned with reverence and awe. Many of them were even ranked on the Vast Expanse Shrine. However, because of the Tenth Heaven, Meng Hao had thoroughly won them over, and his heroism in single-handedly fighting the Heavens had set their blood boiling.

As their voices rang out and they flew into the air, the world trembled. Meng Hao's clone looked at them, heart pounding, and a bit in a daze because of their cries.

His true self, who remained concealed nearby, was also taken aback, and felt his heart beginning to pound.

Their cries gave him a strange feeling. The truth was that before, he had never felt much of an attachment to Planet Vast Expanse. But now, thanks to the cries of the cultivators of the Ninth Sect, Meng Hao couldn't help but feel moved.

That feeling was like a seed planted in his heart, which almost immediately began to slowly grow. Meanwhile, the black clouds in the sky rumbled, and the enormous outline of the finger formed by the 8,000,000 lightning bolts seemed to seethe with rage as it descended once again.

This time, Meng Hao wasn't facing the Tribulation Lightning alone. 10,000,000 disciples of the Ninth Sect joined him, unleashing various divine abilities in a Heaven-defying display. Everything went dim, and the sky seemed to be on the verge of collapsing. The clouds layers roiled, and from a distance, it was possible to see that the truly shocking sight was not the 8,000,000 bolts of Tribulation Lightning, but rather, the 10,000,000 disciples!

RUUUUUUMMMMBLLLLLE!

It was an indescribably powerful offensive, a destructive attack that was difficult to put into words. Anyone who tried to illustrate it in a painting would find it very difficult. It was... completely astonishing!

It was Man versus the Heavens. The Heavens roared, and Man howled. Massive rumblings echoed out as the enormous lightning finger began to fall apart. Blood sprayed out of the mouths of the 10,000,000 disciples, transforming into a sea of blood. However, instead of falling to the ground, it shot up toward the lightning.

The intense booming sounds continued to echo out. So far, this battle with the Tribulation Lightning had lasted for over one hundred breaths of time. When the 8,000,000-lightning-bolt finger collapsed, the 10,000,000 disciples once again coughed up blood. All of them were injured, and

staggered backward. However, their eyes shone with a spirit that had never before been seen therein.

Their auras were even more fierce and lively, their eyes flashing with clarity as if their understanding of the world were different now than it just had been.

It was a scene that was earth-topplingly shocking to the Dao Realm experts, Dao Lords, Dao Sovereigns and the 7-Essences Paragon. There were other 7-Essences Paragons who were rushing over, and when they personally laid eyes on what was happening, they gasped. How could they not tell that the energy of the entire Ninth Sect was now completely different than before!?

There was a vitality, a focus, an incisive power. There was the gall to fight the Heavens! Who said that only a single person could fight the Heavens!?

The Tribulation Lightning wasn't finished. Even as the 10,000,000 disciples fell back, the black clouds in the sky seethed once more. They shrunk again, but this time, to an exaggerated degree. In the blink of an eye, they were vastly smaller than before, only about 3,000 meters across.

However, as they shrunk, the pressure they exuded emanated out like numerous crushing mountains that could destroy all.

The disciples gritted their teeth and prepared to charge in attack once more. Before they could, Meng Hao leaped up ahead of them. Surprisingly, he completely ignored the lightning, and turned back to the countless cultivators. Taking a deep breath, his eyes flickered as he clasped hands and bowed deeply to them.

"I, Fang Mu, offer many thanks to you, Fellow Daoists. You've done enough by helping once. After all, this is my Tribulation.... Many thanks!" Without offering any other words, he clasped hands and bowed.

Even as the words left his mouth, the Heavens rumbled, and the 3,000 meter stretch of black clouds shrank down again. Soon, it was only 300 meters wide. Then 30. Then 3. In the end, it transformed into an ink-black needle!

It was pitch black, and filled with the power of all the darkness of the starry sky of the Vast Expanse. Almost immediately, it began to whistle through the air at incredible speed, and from the feeling it let off, it seemed more apparent than ever that it wouldn't rest until Meng Hao was dead.

It moved so quickly that by the time Meng Hao turned his head, the Tribulation Lightning needle was right in front of his forehead.

His eyes flickered; it felt as if all of the Tribulation Lightning were contained in that black needle. It contained soul-destroying power, as well as a divine will of its own.

It was a divine will that contained myriads upon myriads of transformations; if it entered the body, those transformations would explode out, filling his sea of consciousness with infinite bolts of lightning. It would become a divine ability of Heavenly might that would destroy the body inside and out.

Although the lightning might be powerless to affect Meng Hao from the outside, now that the Tribulation Lightning had chosen to use divine will to pierce Meng Hao's sea of consciousness, it was dangerously destructive.

Meng Hao's eyes flickered. Had he not experienced everything in the Vast Expanse Shrine, his only option would have been to rely on the strength of his true self to destroy the Tribulation Lightning.

But now, he had the outline of the nine sealing marks of the Seal the Heavens Hex inside of him. He couldn't unleash them outside his body, and was forced to let them brew inside of him via divine will. Right now, the Tribulation Lightning needle was about to stab into him and enter his sea of consciousness, to unleash its transformations of divine will.

However, to Meng Hao, with his terrifying Seal the Heavens Hex in nine parts, this Tribulation Lightning... was seeking its own destruction!

A cold smile appeared on his mouth, and he didn't even attempt to evade. He allowed the black needle to stab into his forehead, merging into him. It became countless streams of blackness that instantly poured through his body, converging onto his soul and his sea of consciousness. Then, it became a fog of black lightning that prepared to destroy him from the inside.

However, it was then that Meng Hao drew upon his divine will. Instantly, the first sealing mark of the Seal the Heavens Hex appeared, causing rumbling sounds to echo out as it faced off with the black lightning mist.

When they met, the black mist lurched to a halt, then exploded out with even more force than before. However, then the second sealing mark appeared, and the third. After that was the fourth.

They combined with the first sealing mark, utterly shaking the black mist. It began to dissipate, whereupon a roar of rage and disbelief echoed out. Meng Hao snorted coldly, and the fifth sealing mark appeared. It combined with the others to create a Heaven-shaking, Earth-shattering power that completely crushed the mist, dissipating it violently.

However, things weren't over. Neither the ninth nor the tenth levels of the Vast Expanse Shrine had been sufficient to solidify even one of the sealing marks. However, this Tribulation Lightning was the perfect subject to experiment with.

It had voluntarily entered his body, so it had opened the door, and there was no way Meng Hao would let it off the hook. His divine will rumbled as he unleashed the sixth sealing mark, combining it with the others. An indescribable rage coursed through his body, wreaking complete havoc on the Tribulation Lightning, and causing the black mist to rapidly shrink down.

In the end, it transformed back into a needle, which then attempted to flee.

"You're not going anywhere!" Meng Hao said with a cold harrumph. The seventh sealing mark appeared, merging with the others almost instantly.

When that happened, a world-shaking power rumbled out through him, along with an indescribable sealing power. In the blink of an eye, Meng Hao's entire body became like a cage. The needle trembled, trying like mad to break free, but was blocked at every turn.

Next, the sealing power created by the fusion of that seventh sealing mark created something like a huge net, forcing the black needle into its confines. Soon, the net had covered the needle.

The needle shivered as though it wanted to struggle, and yet had no power to endure. The combined power of the seven sealing marks continued to weigh down onto it until it cracked, collapsed, and transformed into ash.

Meng Hao shivered and then opened his eyes. A flicker of lightning could be seen therein. Then he raised his right hand up, and countless bolts of lightning shot out from his palm toward the Heavens. The Heavens trembled, and sunlight spilled down; the aura of Tribulation had vanished.

This instance of Ancient Realm Tribulation had been overcome!

It was now evening, and Meng Hao hovered in midair bathed by the warm sunlight, making it look as if he had donned a set of saffron-colored armor. It was an image which would be eternally unforgettable to all of the disciples in the crowd.

“Eldest Brother Fang Mu!”

“Eldest Brother Fang Mu!!”

“Eldest Brother Fang Mu!!!” As the voices rang out, countless hands clasped in respect. The resulting sound wave echoed out in all directions, and was joined in by everyone, with the exception of the Dao Realm cultivators.

All eyes were filled with zealous ardor.

Yan'er was there in the crowd, her young heart shaken. She had never seen her Master like this, and for some reason, she found this version of him, bathed as he was in the evening sun, to be especially good-looking.

Meng Hao hovered there looking at the adoring masses, and he caught sight of Yan'er. After a moment passed, he looked back up into the Heavens, and a bright light flickered in his eyes.

This clone of his was now matured. What he needed to do now was get the clone into the Dao Realm, where he could use his explosive cultivation base power to complete all of the sealing marks of the Seal the Heavens Hex.

Seven days after Meng Hao's clone gained fame and renown, shaking the entire Vast Expanse School, his true self received an excited divine will message from the Sect Leader.

“Ninth Paragon, everything is prepared. This time, it might be possible to... stay long-term in the necropolis!”

Chapter 1468: Im Here for the Copper Mirror!

As soon as Meng Hao's true self heard the words, he looked up, and his eyes gleamed with determination. Then, he rose to his feet.

His anticipation regarding this trip into the necropolis could not have been greater. This time, his goal was not the Transcendence Dais, but rather, that location he had glimpsed upon leaving last time, where the shard of the copper mirror had landed.

"The third land mass...." he said. Taking a deep breath, he flicked his sleeve, vanishing from within the Ninth Paragon City.

When he reappeared, he was up in the starry sky of the half planet, heading toward the spell formation that led to the necropolis.

Even as he arrived, the air distorted as other figures appeared. The other 9-Essences Paragons could be seen, as well as the golden-robed Jin Yunshan, and Sha Jiudong.

Although there had been no previous agreement regarding the matter, no one brought subordinates this time. They had been brought along last time to fill out the vanguard position as they made their way to the continent. But now that everyone was sure of the way to go, and had been preparing for dozens of years, they were all confident in their ability to make their way alone.

The group hadn't laid eyes on each other for dozens of years. After returning to the sect all those years ago, each one had gone into secluded meditation. Now, they looked around, measuring each other up, assessing each other's cultivation bases, checking to see how much progress they had made.

Everyone treated Meng Hao very respectfully. This being their second time inside, his importance to the group, and his invincibility inside the necropolis, ensured that none of the other 9-Essences Paragons were willing to provoke him.

As for Jin Yunshan, he would never be able to forget the events which had occurred. Along with Sha Jiudong, he avoided standing in front of Meng Hao at all times.

Seeing that everyone was assembled, Shangguan Hong asked, "Sect Leader, earlier you said that we could stay 'long term' within the necropolis. What did you mean by that?"

Others quickly added follow-up questions.

“Yes, please clear this matter up, Sect Leader!”

“What does ‘long term’ mean? Could it be that you have a way to deal with the doomsday events which unfold inside?”

Even Sha Jiudong and Jin Yunshan were waiting to hear the Sect Leader’s response.

Meng Hao was just as interested. After all, the Transcendence might be helpful to the others, but to him, it was of little use, at least not at the moment.

He still needed his clone to finish forming the Ninth Hex, and then merge back into him. At that time, he would be able to take advantage of the aura of the Transcendence Dais, combine the Nine Hexes, and gather the power to extinguish the bronze lamp.

Before then, he didn’t care much at all about the necropolis. He only cared about... the copper mirror shard.

“Calm down, everyone,” the Sect Leader said, laughing. “There is still one more Fellow Daoist who hasn’t come yet. Once she arrives, I’ll explain everything.” The Sect Leader’s eyes shone with brilliant light. After dozens of years of preparation, he was now fully confident of being able to stay long term within the necropolis.

“Who else is coming?” Jin Yunshan asked, eyes glittering. Knowing expressions could be seen on the faces of the others. Apparently, everyone had an idea who the Sect Leader was talking about.

Meng Hao’s eyes glittered as he looked off into the distance and saw a white beam of light shooting toward them. It wasn’t bright, being composed of a mist. However, that mist soon dissipated, revealing the image of a woman.

She wore a long white robe, and was gracefully beautiful. She looked almost like a female Immortal, except that her eyes seemed filled with mist, making it impossible to see her pupils. It almost was as if her eyes had been intentionally obscured with mist to prevent people from seeing them.

“Greetings, Fellow Daoist Bai.” As soon as the crowd caught sight of her, they clasped hands and bowed in greeting. Even Jin Yunshan and Sha Jiudong treated her with the utmost respect.

This woman was none other than one of Planet Vast Expanse’s four peak 9-Essences experts, the mysterious woman whom Meng Hao had never laid eyes on before this day. She hadn’t participated in the last foray into the necropolis, but here she was today.... Bai Wuchen.

Because she was like an Immortal floating in the wind, on Planet Vast Expanse she was called Immortal Bai Wuchen.

As soon as Meng Hao laid eyes on her, she turned to look at him, and their gazes met. Despite feeling as if he were separated from her by some sort of mist, he smiled, although he didn’t say anything.

She nodded at him, then looked away.

“Fellow Daoist Bai,” said the Sect Leader, “with you joining us on our trip into the necropolis, I’m much more confident in our being able to succeed.” He laughed heartily, then looked over the group and began to explain why the preparations had taken so many years, and how he planned to evade the catastrophe that lay in wait in the necropolis.

“Over the years, I analyzed everything that happened within the necropolis, and also studied the ancient records. One thing I can be certain of is that the entire catastrophe doesn’t last for very long. Only about ten days.

“What we need to do is figure out how to survive inside of the necropolis for those ten days.

“After all, once inside of the necropolis, even though it is an illusory world, if you die inside, you will die in reality. Therefore, the key is to be in a state of reality, and yet unreality, in a state of illusion, and yet not illusion.

“In that aspect, Fellow Daoist Bai can help us. If we need even more assistance, I’ve also made other preparations.” No one spoke or asked any questions during his speech.

When he finished, he didn’t wait for anyone to ask any questions. He waved his right hand, causing a turtle shell to appear, about the size of a palm. It glittered with scintillating light, like a precious treasure, and even emanated pulses of pressure. When the Sect Leader took hold of it, it almost

looked as if his hand weren't part of the world any more. His flesh was visible, and yet undetectable via divine sense.

"It took me dozens of years to prepare this particular item," he said.

Almost as soon as the turtle shell appeared, the expressions of the others flickered.

"That item...."

"Sect Leader, are you sure about this? You can't treat that thing lightly!"

"This object is the Vast Expanse School's sect-protecting precious treasure," the Sect Leader said, his voice a bit hoarse. "Usually, it is used to suppress a certain qi flow, but over the past dozens of years, I used significant amounts of my own heart-blood to suppress the qi flow to the ultimate degree. I can guarantee that for half of a sixty-year-cycle, the sect-protecting precious treasure will not be needed there.

"With this object, and Fellow Daoist Bai's magical technique, I'm eighty percent certain that we can endure through the catastrophe. Furthermore, as Fellow Daoist Bai reminded me, she has conducted thorough research regarding the necropolis, no less than I have. She happened to find a clue in the ancient records which indicates that there is a region on the third land mass where the destructive effects of the catastrophe are significantly reduced.

"I also remember seeing some information along those lines. If I remember correctly, there is some power there which resists the world-destructive force. It is in that location that we will use Fellow Daoist Bai's magical technique, along with the Vast Expanse School's precious treasure, increasing our chances to well over ninety percent!" As everyone mulled over the Sect Leader's words, Meng Hao's eyes flickered with an undetectable gleam.

Next was a bit of discussion about various details. After confirming that things were all in order, and also coming up with a backup plan for how to escape if things went awry, the teleportation portal was activated.

As Meng Hao waited inside the portal, he thought about what the Sect Leader had said. Somehow, he had the feeling that the location the Sect Leader referred to was highly likely to be connected to the copper mirror shard.

As he contemplated the matter, the brilliant light of the spell formation began to rise up. It was at that point that he happened to look over at Jin Yunshan, to find the man was looking back at him.

Jin Yunshan immediately shivered, as an uneasy feeling rose up inside of him. When he thought back to the past conflicts between himself and Meng Hao, and the fact that they were heading back into the necropolis, he gritted his teeth and, before the spell formation could completely activate, began to walk in Meng Hao's direction.

Everyone looked on in shock, and the Sect Leader and Sha Jiudong felt their hearts beginning to thump. Meng Hao's eyes flickered coldly.

Suddenly, Jin Yunshan made a grasping motion, causing a bracelet of holding to appear. Face expressionless, he tossed it over to Meng Hao.

Meng Hao grabbed it and looked inside, whereupon a strange expression appeared on his face. The bracelet of holding was packed with spirit stones and medicinal pills, as well as various extraordinary magical items.

Because of everything that had occurred with the Mountain and Sea Realm, and all the other things he had experienced, his personality had changed significantly. However, there were certain things about him that existed deep in his bones, things that could never be thoroughly wiped away. After looking into the bracelet of holding, his eyes glittered brightly, and he smiled.

Seeing the smile on Meng Hao's face, Jin Yunshan breathed a sigh of relief. He completely ignored the strange looks that had appeared in the eyes of the onlookers because of his paying a protection fee....

He could never forget how, when they had returned from the necropolis last time, Meng Hao had looked at him with disfavor, and then they had exchanged blows. When that happened, he had shouted out about how he had paid compensation already, and the result was a somewhat bashful expression had flickered across Meng Hao's face.

"You can try to hide it," he thought, "but my Flame Eye can see your greedy nature. Hmph! I've already given you a bracelet of holding, so if you look at me the wrong way again, then I'll remind you about that fact to make sure things don't go too far. And if you really get out of hand... well, I've prepared five more bracelets of holding. Don't think I won't be able to handle you this time!" Snorting coldly inside, Jin Yunshan stuck his jaw out, looking as proud and lofty as ever.

Meng Hao cleared his throat, feeling a bit embarrassed by the strange looks being cast in his direction. It had been a long time since people had looked at him that way.

The Sect Leader exchanged an astonished glance with Sha Jiudong, although neither spoke. As for Immortal Bai Wuchen, she had a strange expression on her face as she glanced first at Jin Yunshan and then at Meng Hao.

The other 9-Essences experts refrained from reacting, unsure of what they should even say.

After a long moment passed, the spell formation light shot up into the clouds, and the group vanished. When they reappeared, they were on the very border of the necropolis's outer region.

From a distance, the necropolis looked just like it had last time. There were endless ruins and nine land masses. It was a desolate and ancient place, filled with silence.

The instant Meng Hao appeared, he could sense the coldness in the area, and how the bronze lamp flickered in response. Yet again, he sensed how he could command the ghosts.

“In this place, I am the Emperor.... And I'm here for the copper mirror.” He closed his eyes, and somehow, he could almost hear the countless ghosts in the necropolis crying out in greeting.

Chapter 1469: Conflicts

As soon as the entire group appeared in the necropolis, everyone turned to look at Meng Hao, with the exception of Immortal Bai Wuchen.

The Sect Leader clasped hands and bowed to him.

Meng Hao nodded, his eyes flickering. His purpose in coming to the necropolis this time was clear. He wanted to get to the third land mass and find the copper mirror shard. As for what everyone else did, he didn't really care. In fact, he planned to leave everyone behind as soon as possible.

The ideal outcome would be to handle all matters within one month. That way he wouldn't have to try to weather out the apocalypse with the rest of the group. Suddenly his third eye opened, and he looked out as the ruins around him completely changed.

Without any hesitation, he shot forward. Everyone else began to follow, clearly able to sense the increased coldness in the area. That meant that they were surrounded by countless ghosts, and yet, Meng Hao's own calm demeanor allowed them to remain completely calm.

Immortal Bai Wuchen had a slightly different reaction; a strange gleam appeared in her eyes as she took everything in. In the end, she looked thoughtfully at Meng Hao.

Time passed. Previously, it had taken them two days to get through the perimeter region of the necropolis, but this time, it only took two hours to reach the bridge leading to the first land mass.

Being familiar with the bridge as well, they were able to make it across much more quickly. After only about another two hours, they were on the first land mass.

People were starting to get excited to be on the land mass again. As for Meng Hao, he didn't even stop. He proceeded along quickly, heading toward where the first land mass connected to the second.

The Sect Leader could see how anxious he was, but after a moment of hesitation, he said, "Fellow Daoist Ninth Paragon, please wait a moment. There's no hurry to get to the second land mass. Let's give Fellow Daoist Bai some time on the altar to seek enlightenment. There will be plenty of time afterward."

Meng Hao frowned, then nodded and changed directions, heading directly toward the center of the land mass. After half a day of speeding along, Bai Wuchen stepped onto the Transcendence Dais. Meng Hao looked off in the direction of the third land mass, the gleam in his eyes growing more intense.

After seven days passed, Immortal Bai Wuchen was still in the midst of seeking enlightenment. That caught Meng Hao's attention, and yet all he did was glance at her. Eight days passed. On the ninth day, Bai Wuchen trembled, and then slowly rose to her feet, a strange look gleaming in her eyes. She glanced over at Meng Hao briefly before looking away.

By the time Bai Wuchen had finished her enlightenment, even the Sect Leader was starting to get a bit anxious. They traveled on for another half day until they were on the border of the first land mass, where it connected to the second.

In this location, there was no bridge, but instead, a staircase floating in the starry sky.

Beneath the staircase was nothing but a swath of pitch black darkness, from within which echoing roars could be heard.

The Sect Leader looked cautiously at the staircase. “These stairs are even more dangerous than the bridge. We need to--” Even as the words left his mouth, though, Meng Hao opened his third eye.

They had already wasted enough time because of Bai Wuchen, leaving less time for Meng Hao to accomplish his goals, and he had no desire to try to stay in this place to weather the catastrophe. As his third eye opened, he threw his arms up into the air, and then sent divine will out in all directions.

In almost immediate response, countless ghosts on the first land mass let out shocking howls that the living couldn’t detect. They flew up into the air and then began to rush toward Meng Hao from all directions. Even the ghosts outside of the first land mass joined in.

Soon, the coldness around them intensified, and cracking sounds could be heard as the ground began to ice over. Endless numbers of ghosts began to swirl around Meng Hao, forming a vortex. Everyone was shocked, especially Jin Yunshan, who shivered and pulled out a bracelet of holding.

Immortal Bai Wuchen’s eyes flickered with a strange light as she looked over at Meng Hao.

“Follow me, Fellow Daoists!” Meng Hao said, pointing forward. His divine will caused the surrounding ghosts to howl as they surrounded Meng Hao and the others and then shot toward the staircase.

Anyone who could actually see the ghosts would have seen what appeared to be a massive sea, howling and roaring as it carried the group up the stairs. Because of those innumerable ghosts, even the most dangerous entities couldn’t even get close. It was a truly domineering way to cross the land mass.

It only took a short period of time to fly all the way up the staircase and then land onto the surface of the second land mass.

As soon as they landed, and before the Sect Leader and the others could even get excited, Meng Hao flew up into the air and looked out at the second land mass with his third eye. Then he began to issue a calling with his divine will.

The bronze lamp inside of him flickered brightly, and within the endless ruins on the second land mass, countless ghosts shivered and began to look up. The sensation of the calling coming from Meng Hao caused them to tremble.

“The Emperor is calling to us....”

“The Emperor summons us....”

“That’s the aura of the Emperor....” No one could hear the murmured calls, but rumbling echoed out as the ghosts roared and flew into the air toward Meng Hao.

Meng Hao didn’t slow down at all. Allowing himself to be swept up by all of the ghosts from the perimeter, the first land mass, and the second land mass, he began to speed away. As he did, his voice echoed out within the ears of the other members of the party.

“Fellow Daoists, I won’t be participating in the efforts with the Transcendence Dais. I have a personal matter to attend to on the third land mass. After you’re finished with your enlightenment, I can return to escort you there.” With that, he began to pick up speed. However, it was in that exact moment that Immortal Bai Wuchen’s body flickered, and she suddenly vanished. When she reappeared, she was in front of him, her hand held up, causing a field of mist to spring up, blocking his way.

“Fellow Daoist Ninth Paragon,” she asked, “the third land mass is extremely important. No matter what personal matter you have to attend to, it would be best to avoid entering it alone. Why don’t you wait for us to finish our enlightenment, and we can all go together?”

Meng Hao stopped in place and looked at her coldly, his brow furrowing. He had never had any dealings with Immortal Bai Wuchen, and had no grudges with her. And yet here she was, suddenly acting hostile.

He then thought back to how Jin Yunshan had taken action against him in the past, and his eyes flickered thoughtfully.

Feeling a bit irritated, he said, “I don’t care what sensation or perception you’ve experienced. Please don’t forget what kind of person I am. If you don’t provoke me, I won’t provoke you. “

Before anyone else could even respond, Jin Yunshan chuckled coldly in his mind. He truly wanted to ask Meng Hao who had provoked whom last time they came back from the necropolis, and if Meng Hao was currently in a bad mood.

From what Jin Yunshan could tell, Immortal Bai Wuchen must have felt the same thing he had felt last time, something like the will of Patriarch Vast Expanse, which made her decide to try to kill Meng Hao.

The Sect Leader frowned, and was just about to offer an explanation. However, Meng Hao was not feeling very tolerant at the moment, and took a step forward. Immortal Bai Wuchen smiled coldly, performing an incantation gesture with her right hand, causing her cultivation base to erupt into a windstorm that blocked Meng Hao's path.

"Screw off!" growled Meng Hao, flicking his sleeve. The surrounding ghosts emitted piercing howls as they charged forward, blasting at Bai Wuchen like a tempest. Booms rang out, and Bai Wuchen's face went pale. She had no choice but to fall back.

As she did, Meng Hao passed by, and began to speed off into the distance.

"Sect Leader. Fellow Daoists," said Immortal Bai Wuchen. "The third land mass is very important to us being able to endure the catastrophe. Clearly he has his reasons for going there alone. If I don't go to personally investigate, my heart can't rest at ease." Ignoring the rest of the group, she flew in pursuit of Meng Hao.

Her eyes glittered with strange light; as it turned out, Jin Yunshan had guessed wrong. She hadn't blocked Meng Hao's path after sensing the will of Patriarch Vast Expanse. The truth was that her real reason for coming into the necropolis was that she was after a certain object located in the third land mass.

It was something very important to her, and in fact, because of that item, something else in her bag of holding was beginning to emit pulsing fluctuations.

No one knew it, but even if the Sect Leader hadn't asked for her help, she still would have come into the necropolis. Based on information she had gleaned from others regarding the previous trip, the gains made by the group were significantly greater than in previous attempts.

That meant that she had a much greater likelihood of acquiring that item she wanted. That was also why she had encouraged the group to try to weather the apocalypse on the third land mass. It was

only after arriving in the necropolis itself that she suddenly got a strange feeling regarding Meng Hao.

She somehow had the sensation that his goal was similar to hers, or even the same.

Thus, she took action right away, and even began to chase after him. The Sect Leader's eyes glittered, as if he had suddenly realized something. Immortal Bai Wuchen was acting completely differently than her usual cool self. Perhaps it had something to do with the Transcendence Dais, although that didn't seem likely.

After a moment of thought, he flew into the air after her. Next, Jin Yunshan and Sha Jiudong exchanged a glance. They also could sense that something fishy was going on. Instead of worrying about the Transcendence Dais, they flew into the air as well.

As for the other 9-Essences Paragons, including the Second Paragon, they got the feeling that there was something very odd about the third land mass. However, considering that the most powerful peak 9-Essences experts were going there right now, it was likely that they themselves wouldn't be able to benefit from anything there. Almost in unison, they began to head toward the second Transcendence Dais in the middle of the second land mass.

Chapter 1470: Copper Mirror Shard!

Meng Hao sped along over the surface of the second land mass, moving so quickly that any observer would only be able to see a blur that left everything rumbling in its wake.

Only he could see the sea of ghosts that surrounded him, endless numbers of them. They radiated obsession, madness, and at the same time, reverence. He was like a king, leading his armies across the lands.

More and more ghosts flew in to join that army, until both land and sky were completely covered by them. The cold was so intense that everything above and below was freezing over.

It was a majestic sight. He passed through the central part of the second land mass completely unobstructed, heading toward the border, and the third land mass.

His speed increased, and the freezing lands beneath him were like a shadow.

Behind him, Immortal Bai Wuchen was trembling inwardly. Meng Hao was like the blazing sun at noon, and was someone she actually had no desire to provoke. However, it was clear that he was working toward the same goal she was, and therefore, she had no choice but to attempt to stop him. She couldn't permit anyone to interfere with her opportunity to return home.

Her eyes glittered with killing intent as she pushed herself faster and faster. Behind her was the Sect Leader, then Sha Jiudong and Jin Yunshan in his golden robe. The three of them flew single file through the air, muttering to themselves as they gazed at Bai Wuchen and Meng Hao up ahead.

Rumbling sounds filled Heaven and Earth like the crackle of thunder. The ghosts spun around him as he swept over the land, and when he reached the border, he didn't pause for even a moment. Countless piercing howls rose up as he charged out into the void toward the third land mass.

Not too long after Meng Hao and the sea of ghosts passed into the third land mass, Bai Wuchen appeared, gnashing her teeth. She didn't pause either, summoning a mist that turned her blurry as she also flew out toward the third land mass.

She was followed by the Sect Leader and the other two peak 9-Essences paragons. They hesitated for a moment, but then unleashed various divine abilities to follow. By this point, it would be impossible for them not to have come to the conclusion that the goal of both Meng Hao and Bai Wuchen lay in the third land mass.

As for what exactly that goal was, and why it caused the two of them to be so focused, the Sect Leader and the others didn't know. It might be a bit more possible to rationalize Bai Wuchen's actions, but as for Meng Hao, he wasn't even the Ninth Paragon to begin with, and had only been to this place once before. However, in that first time he visited, he had clearly discovered something new.

Time passed. Meng Hao was in the lead, increasing his speed the entire time, surrounded by a sea of ghosts. Soon, he was speeding across the surface of the third land mass itself. He knew Bai Wuchen was behind him, but all he did was snort coldly and completely ignore her as he flew at top speed toward his target destination.

As soon as Meng Hao began speeding in that particular direction, Bai Wuchen's pupils constricted. By now, she was certain that Meng Hao was indeed heading to the exact same position as her target.

"Dammit!" she thought, her eyes flickering with killing intent. Gritting her teeth, she even drew on her longevity for more speed and power. She bit down on her tongue and spit up a mouthful of

blood, transforming herself into a mist. That mist rapidly became a blood mist, which shot forward with increased speed, and an intense, murderous aura.

Almost immediately, the distance between her and Meng Hao was narrowed down dramatically. Then, she performed a teleportation, and appeared directly ahead of Meng Hao. There, her eyes turned red as she shoved her hand out toward him.

“Get back!” she said, her voice ice cold. At the same time, she unleashed the power of her cultivation base, causing Heaven-shaking, Earth-shattering power to converge on her palm. The result was that the mist in front of her took the shape of a gigantic hand that crushed toward Meng Hao.

Meng Hao’s eyes were glacially cold. By now, he could tell that Bai Wuchen had ascertained his own goal in this place.

“Does that mean that she came to the necropolis with the same objective in mind?” Even as he reached this point in his train of thought, he snorted coldly and led the ghosts in a charge toward the mist hand. They howled, causing everything to shake as they slammed into the hand.

From a distance, it wasn’t possible to see the ghosts, but it was possible to see the hand lurching to a halt, unable to get near Meng Hao. Then, it collapsed, and Immortal Bai Wuchen’s face fell. She quickly retreated, transforming into a mist that vanished from in front of the deadly attack of the sea of ghosts.

Meng Hao turned his head to look at a seemingly empty spot in the air off in the distance, his eyes glittering with killing intent as he said, “Get in my way one more time, and I’ll kill you no matter the price I have to pay.”

With that, he turned and flew away.

It wasn’t that he didn’t want to kill Bai Wuchen. Unfortunately, her techniques were far stranger than the golden-robed Jin Yunshan’s. There was something very dangerous about her, as far as Meng Hao could sense.

Therefore, unless it was absolutely necessary, he didn’t want to force her hand.

After Meng Hao left, the mist reappeared in the spot where he had been looking, quickly transforming into the form of a woman. It was none other than Immortal Bai Wuchen, her face pale, her expression unyielding. Unfortunately, she was running out of options.

She could sense how Meng Hao seemed to be invincibly powerful, and in fact didn't even need to attack: he could have the ghosts do it for him.

"I've spent years in preparation. I've waited and waited. My chance is finally here. That second mirror shard belongs to me, and anyone who tries to fight me over it will die!" Eyes gleaming with madness, she began to pant. Then, she turned as the Sect Leader and the others approached.

When she saw them, her eyes glittered, and her lips could be seen moving as she transmitted separate messages to all of them.

"You're serious!?!?"

"What did you just say?!?!"

"That thing is real?!?!"

The Sect Leader and the others all blurted responses at almost the same time. The first response came from the Sect Leader, who immediately began to breathe deeply, his eyes shining as he stared at Immortal Bai Wuchen.

The second response was from Sha Jiudong. A tremor ran through him, and he almost seemed to change into a different person as he stared at Immortal Bai Wuchen. Although he concealed what he was feeling, his eyes were bloodshot, and he seemed to be profoundly shocked.

The third response naturally came from Jin Yunshan, who began to pant, his expression one of complete disbelief.

"You three will know shortly whether or not I'm telling the truth." With that, she waved her hand, causing three jade slips to fly out, each one of which contained different sets of information. The Sect Leader and the others all caught them.

As soon as the jade slip landed in the Sect Leader's hand, he studied it, and then his face darkened. After a moment, he took a deep breath, and something like a struggle could be seen in his eyes. Then the jade slip faded away, and his expression became very grim.

As for Sha Jiudong, when he finished looking at the jade slip, he didn't say a word. However, his eyes seemed more bloodshot than before, and even radiated a rapturous glow.

Then there was Jin Yunshan, who gripped the jade slip so hard that veins popped out on his hand.

"Fellow Daoists," Bai Wuchen said, "would the three of you please assist me? As for all those ghosts he's called, I have a way to neutralize them for two hours." Bai Wuchen looked expectantly at the three other Paragons, certain that they would be moved by her offer. She had planned long and hard to get the mirror shard, and had spared no cost in her efforts. Originally, she had prepared those jade slips to prevent them from fighting with her over the mirror shard.

But Meng Hao had changed everything, and she was now forced to do things a bit ahead of schedule.

After finishing speaking, she clasped hands and bowed. Without waiting for a response from the other three, she turned to leave. In her heart, she was completely and utterly convinced that they would agree to help her deal with Meng Hao.

After she left, Sha Jiudong was the first to take to flight, his eyes bloodshot, his killing intent rising rapidly.

The next was Jin Yunshan, veins still pulsing on his hand, but face expressionless.

Finally was the Sect Leader. He took a deep breath, and the brightness in his eyes faded a bit. His expression turned cold, and he murmured, "Please forgive me, Fellow Daoist Meng...."

With that, his energy began to rise, and he flew in pursuit of the others.

The group of three went with Bai Wuchen in pursuit of Meng Hao, who had already caught sight of the location which was his destination, not too far off in the distance.

It was a desert, the sands of which were being whipped into a frenzy by a gusting wind. As he neared, Meng Hao took a deep breath, then waved both of his hands out in front of him, simultaneously unleashing divine will.

As the countless ghosts began to spread out to lock the area down, the excitement and anticipation in Meng Hao's face grew.

He waved his hand toward the desert, and a boom echoed out. As everything shook, the sand began to churn, slowly gathering together to form a mountain.

As the mountain took shape, the desert itself shrank. The sand mountain reached higher and higher into the sky, touching clouds. Soon, the desert was no more.

Revealed in front of Meng Hao was a stretch of ruins which had been buried underneath the desert. And in the middle of those ruins was a lake!

A closer inspection revealed that it was actually not a lake, but rather... a jagged shard of a mirror. However, it was so huge that at first glance it actually looked like a lake.

Meng Hao's heart began to pound at the sight of the mirror shard. He thought of the parrot, of the copper mirror, and of many other things. Taking a deep breath, he reached out and made a grasping motion.