

## The Heavens 1511

Chapter 1511: I'm Meng Hao!!

The Blue Sea Sect wasn't exterminated. Even as Meng Hao stood there silently, grief filling his eyes, his heart trembling, a will spread out that caused all the bitterly fighting cultivators to suddenly drop to their knees.

It was the will of Allheaven, which became a radiant, seven-colored light that filled the starry sky.

It wasn't just in the location of the Blue Sea Sect; it actually spread out to cover all of the Hundred Sects in the Vast Expanse Cosmos....

"Oh ye people of mine...." It was an ancient voice that filled the minds of all cultivators in the Vast Expanse Cosmos, and told them that from this moment on, slaughter was not permitted.

The dispute was over. And that was because... the identity of the ninety-ninth generation Son of Allheaven was soon to be announced.

The majestic will told all people and all sects that in a mere half-year, the trial by fire to win the title of Son of Allheaven would begin, a grand battle royale. In the end, only one person... would be named the ninety-ninth generation Son of Allheaven.

That person would receive the blessing of Allheaven, and would represent Allheaven to step into the Vast Expanse Arcane Pocket Realm and accomplish a very special mission....

The voice faded away, and the light became countless motes that rained down onto the Hundred Sects of the Vast Expanse Cosmos. Any location with cultivators experienced that rain of light.

They were Allheaven seeds, and any cultivator who wished to participate in the trial by fire to become the Son of Allheaven needed to absorb one of them in order to qualify.

The disciples from the allied sects withdrew. None of them dared to countermand the orders of Allheaven. Not a single one hesitated for even a moment.

Thus, the war ended.

Silence replaced the bitterness in the Blue Sea Sect. It was almost as if everyone forgot about the bloody, bitter battle which had just been raging. All of the remaining disciples and Elders of the sect gathered together. With the exception of the very old, everyone was given an Allheaven seed.

One of them was delivered to Meng Hao by Chen Fan.

“Still confused I see,” Chen Fan said bitterly. “You don’t care how many people died in your sect, do you? Even your own son.... I thought you said none of this was real, and that only what you experienced in the Vast Expanse Arcane Pocket Realm was real.” Various emotions could be heard in his voice.

“Well, absorb this seed. Once you become the Son of Allheaven, you can go back into the Vast Expanse Arcane Pocket Realm. Then you can see for yourself what is real and what is not!” Chen Fan placed the Allheaven seed in front of Meng Hao, then stood there, waiting for Meng Hao to absorb it. Everyone else looked on with varied expressions. Some had hatred in their eyes, some seemed torn. All seemed to rue the war which had been sparked by Meng Hao.

Meng Hao looked at the Allheaven seed, and shivered. His wife was off in the distance, holding their dead son. She was giggling madly, seemingly in a daze.

Meng Hao stood there silently. He picked up the seed and examined it. It wriggled. Just as Chen Fan had said, by absorbing this seed, Meng Hao could become the Son of Allheaven. He could go back into the Vast Expanse Arcane Pocket Realm.

And yet, the current flowing into him from the copper mirror continued to grow hotter. It seemed to have reached a critical juncture, as if it were about to fuse with him. The indistinct voice he could hear was growing clearer by the moment.

His vision swam, and he suddenly saw a different version of himself. He saw himself sitting there cross-legged in the Blue Sea Sect. He saw himself absorb the seed and participate in the fight to become the Son of Allheaven. He took first place, and was named the Son of Allheaven.

That different version of himself offered formal greetings to Allheaven. The will of Allheaven filled his body, causing the seed to grow. It soon filled him through and through, after which he entered the Vast Expanse Arcane Pocket Realm.

As soon as he entered, he saw a beautiful woman. As soon as she caught sight of him, she smiled.

“Like I said, once you returned, you would be the Son of Allheaven.”

A tremor ran through Meng Hao. The dream suddenly ended, shattering to pieces. He opened his eyes, and everything became clear. The seed was still laying there on his palm. Even as he looked at it, it began to melt, as if it were about to bore into his flesh.

The heat from the copper mirror grew hotter than it ever had. It filled Meng Hao’s body, whereupon a bronze lamp appeared. Apparently, it had always been there, somehow concealed from Meng Hao’s perception. Now that it was visible, it began to shine brightly, sending out light that prevented anything from entering him.

As the light filled him, the confusion in his eyes faded away. His mind filled with crackling sounds. He thought about Ke Yunhai, and he thought about how Fatty and all the others had died. He thought about how his son had been killed, along with so many other fellow sect members.

But then, those memories became somewhat indistinct. At the same time, it was as if a veil had been ripped from his mind. Memories of the starry sky of the Vast Expanse, and the Mountain and Sea Realm, flooded into his mind. The voice which had been calling out to him so indistinctly was now as clear as crystal.

That voice was his own, and it was speaking four simple words!

“I am Meng Hao,” he murmured. He looked at Chen Fan, and his eyes clear, lacking any confusion whatsoever. Sighing, he rose to his feet. “Elder Brother Chen Fan, I am no longer confused.”

He looked over at his wife, his gaze warm.

Chen Fan seemed more torn than ever, as though he were sighing inwardly. Meng Hao’s wife shivered in response to his words. Tears streaming down her face, she rushed over and embraced him.

“There there, everything’s fine....” Meng Hao said softly. More tears flowed as she held him tightly, as if she feared that loosening her grip would cause him to leave forever.

Meng Hao's eyes were bloodshot, but he seemed completely calm as he looked down at his wife.

No one knew that after his eyes opened just now, his view of the world became completely different.

The sky was no longer clear, but rather, was full of mist. The mountains were not lush and green; they were barren and empty. The beautifully decorated architecture of the sect was now nothing more than crumbled ruins.

His wife was actually a dessicated corpse, as was virtually everyone else in the sect. What had once been flourishing spiritual energy was really the sinister aura of death and an aroma of decay.

His son, the eight-year-old boy, was actually not a boy. He was a dwarf, and also a dessicated corpse. His eye sockets didn't contain eyes, only writhing black maggots.

In all of Heaven and Earth, there was only one other person besides Meng Hao who was different. Chen Fan.

Meng Hao looked around at everything, then closed his eyes.

His wife was smiling, seemingly elated that her husband had finally recovered. She was just about to say something when...

Meng Hao reached up and stroked her hair, his gaze warmer than ever. However, if you looked very closely, you would see a tiny flicker of pity in his eyes.

"Little Junior Brother," Chen Fan said, looking more torn than ever, "you need to absorb that Allheaven seed as soon as possible. I'll--"

"Elder Brother Chen Fan," Meng Hao interrupted calmly, "even after some contemplation, I can't think of any time that I ever let you down. Not once. I've always respected you, and no matter what happened, you have always been my Eldest Brother." Meng Hao held his wife and looked over at Chen Fan.

Chen Fan's heart thumped, and he was just about to say something else, when Meng Hao's voice spoke out, seemingly filled with magical power.

"I cannot forget! I cannot forget those things which you say are illusions. I cannot forget that which exists in my mind. If those real things are actually illusions, a mere dream... then I would rather sink into that dream than ever wake up." He felt his wife suddenly go stiff. His eyes filled with pity as he suddenly pushed his hand down hard onto her back.

Under the shocked glances of all present, that simple movement severed his wife's aura and exterminated her soul. Meng Hao slowly rose to his feet.

"It's better to release you," he said softly. "That way no one can control your corpse or soul after death."

The surrounding crowds were as shocked as if they had been struck by lightning. After a moment of silence, enraged howls rose up, and their bloodshot eyes filled with shock and fear.

The sect Elders took to flight. The Sect Leader and even the Dao Realm experts were flabbergasted.

"Meng Hao!" Chen Fan roared in disbelief.

At the same time, an anguished cry rose up from Meng Hao's Master, who was also his father-in-law. He flew over, trembling, staring first at his daughter's corpse, and then at Meng Hao. Coughing up a mouthful of blood, he began to laugh, and then lunged at Meng Hao.

Meng Hao's eyes were calm. The world had completely transformed. As of this moment, he was not being attacked by a middle-aged man, but rather, a corpse, a corpse with a huge, empty hole in its chest....

Meng Hao sighed and closed his eyes. Just when the man was almost upon him, Meng Hao opened his eyes again. Although they were still bloodshot, the pupils were now crimson. He clenched his right hand into a fist and punched out, shredding his Master into a haze of blood and gore.

That was the battle prowess of the peak 9-Essences level, which exploded out from Meng Hao.

"Elder Brother Meng is bedeviled!!"

“Kill him!” Roars of fury and rage echoed out from the mouths of the Elders. As they charged toward Meng Hao, his eyes flickered with pity, and he moved forward. He became a blur, and every person he encountered, regardless of the level of their cultivation base, was destroyed in body and mind by the single flick of a finger.

Soon, all Heaven and Earth was sinking into darkness. Miserable shrieks rose up. Wherever Meng Hao went, death followed. Blood flowed across the ground, and bodies could be seen everywhere.

However, what Meng Hao saw was a bit different. The blood which flowed was not red, but rather black and filthy. Furthermore, the corpses which lay in his wake had been corpses long before he struck them down.

Chapter 1512: It All Falls Apart!

Everything was quiet in the sect. Only Meng Hao and Chen Fan remained standing.

“Meng Hao, y-you...” Chen Fan was trembling in disbelief at everything which had just occurred. His eyes were filled with grief, rage, and conflict.

Meng Hao looked around at the corpses and sighed. Then he looked at the Allheaven seed which was trying to force its way into his palm, and crushed it!

Chen Fan looked at Meng Hao, his expression torn. “You exterminated your own sect! Killed your own wife and Master! All because of a world that’s an illusion? Was all this worth it, Meng Hao?”

Meng Hao looked up at him. “Chen Fan, I’ve always respected you as my Elder Brother.... Enough with the act. You have your path that you must follow. I’m not sure why you did this, although I’m sure you have your reasons. I can’t blame you. I have my own path too.”

Chen Fan stood there silently, bitterly. Finally, he smiled, a bitter, conflicted smile that gradually grew more resolute. “He promised me that as long as you lost yourself in here, my Ling’er would truly be resurrected. To him, something like that is as easy as flipping over a hand.

“Meng Hao, I, Chen Fan, have done anything and everything to truly resurrect my Ling’er. After all the years which have passed, this was my only hope.... Therefore, you have the right to blame me. You can even hate me. Meng Hao... I’m sorry. I’m sorry. I’m so sorry...”

Now Meng Hao also looked torn. Various memories flitted through his mind as he looked at Chen Fan. He knew that the Ling'er Chen Fan referred to was none other than Shan Ling from the Solitary Sword Sect.

Meng Hao shook his head, ignoring Chen Fan as he contemplated the danger he had just been in. If it weren't for the copper mirror, for the enlightenment provided by the death of his foster father Ke Yunhai, and his own unimaginable willpower... he would surely have lost himself in here and become exactly what Han Bei had described. He would have returned to her side as the Son of Allheaven.

It was time to leave. He took a step forward and made a ripping gesture with his hand. Rumbling echoed out as a rift was torn open into the air in front of him, which he prepared to step through.

“Meng Hao, you can't leave!” cried Chen Fan, tears streaming down his face. “You have to stay!” His eyes filled with determination, with obsessed focus. He lifted his hands up, and the world shook. Apparently, a will was descending, a will which then flowed into Chen Fan himself.

Chen Fan's energy skyrocketed, and his cultivation base power soared. Blue veins bulged out on his face, and he shook visibly. His eyes turned crimson, and seemed to suddenly lack conscious thought. Only obsession remained.

Suddenly, he turned into a blur that shot toward Meng Hao. He lifted his right hand, whereupon Heaven and Earth seemed to back him, and the starry sky seemed to exist within his hands. Apparently, the will of Allheaven had taken over Chen Fan's body, and was using him as its shell to act within the world.

Rumbling echoed out, and Meng Hao fell back. Blood oozed out of the corners of his mouth, and his eyes shone with grief. The person in front of him was his Elder Brother, someone he had known all the way back in the Reliance Sect. Back on Planet South Heaven, he had almost been like a blood brother to him.

But now, they had no option other than to fight.

There could be no holding back or surrendering. Chen Fan could not retreat. He had gambled everything, all in the hopes of resurrecting his wife.

Neither could Meng Hao retreat. If he was defeated, he would be lost in this place, and would lose everything. This place was both real and false. The objects were real; what was false was that they existed, not in the present, but the past.

Meng Hao smiled bitterly. He slapped his chest with his palm, and the copper mirror flew out, transforming into innumerable black threads which spread out to cover his entire body in a suit of armor. The Battle Weapon appeared in his hand, and he transformed into a beam of light that shot toward Chen Fan.

Incredible rumbling echoed out. Heaven and Earth were shattered, and mountains were transformed into rubble. The sect became nothing more than ash as the two of them rose up into the starry sky as they battled.

Chen Fan was fighting with the power of the will of Allheaven, and the divine ability he unleashed was bizarre. Unexpectedly, it was... a memory magic!

It was a deceptively unthreatening magic that targeted specific memories in Meng Hao's mind, causing all of the versions of Chen Fan which existed there to simultaneously attack him.

It wasn't just the current Meng Hao that was being targeted, it was all of the different versions of him throughout history, including Planet South Heaven and the Reliance Sect.

When put into words, it is a difficult thing to describe, but the end result was that even as Chen Fan and Meng Hao fought in reality, countless stabs of pain filled Meng Hao's mind.

He felt his memories diverging from reality, as if all of his memories of Chen Fan were rising up and exploding. This magical technique was no mere divine ability, it was a Dao which went far beyond any sort of natural or magical law.

It was something the likes of which Meng Hao had never before experienced.

However, he knew that the only way to vanquish Chen Fan was to defeat him in all of the past memories that existed in his mind.

As they fought in reality, Meng Hao thought back to the time when the 33 Heavens were about to descend upon the Mountain and Sea Realm. Even as he prepared to defend the Mountains and Seas, Chen Fan suddenly attacked him.



At the same time, back on Planet South Heaven, Meng Hao was visiting Chen Fan in his sect. They were drinking in front of the rock that was Shan Ling, when suddenly, Chen Fan's eyes flickered with killing intent, and he slashed his sword out at Meng Hao.

Simultaneously, he was back in the lands of South Heaven, shortly after leaving the Reliance Sect. He had just arrived in the heart of the Southern Domain when he was reunited with Chen Fan. Chen Fan was delighted to see him, but then, his face twisted viciously, and he attacked.

They were back in the Reliance Sect, when all of the other great sects came to try to seize the Sublime Spirit Scripture. As the other disciples were taken away, Meng Hao stood alone on the mountaintop, watching bitterly as a middle-aged man from the Solitary Sword Sect asked Chen Fan if he wanted to be taken as a disciple of his sect.

Chen Fan was just about to respond when his eyes flickered. Without any warning, he suddenly turned and attacked Meng Hao.

There was another moment in which Meng Hao and Chen Fan were sitting together in the Reliance Sect. Chen Fan was introducing the sect to Meng Hao, when suddenly, his eyes flashed with coldness, and he attacked.

Back on the very day Meng Hao had joined the sect, he and Fatty were there together being escorted into the servants district, when suddenly a blur appeared, shooting down from one of the mountain tops. That blur shot directly toward Meng Hao, intent on killing him.

All of these things happened at the same time. Blood sprayed out of Meng Hao's mouth as he watched himself be killed by Chen Fan over and over again, and simultaneously, watched himself kill Chen Fan over and over again. The memories piled up onto one another, and at the same time, their real fight intensified.

The memories of them fighting transformed into seeds, seeds which, by means of some unique fashion, were implanted into his mind.

"Meng Hao," Chen Fan cried, "become the Son of Allheaven. Become the Emissary of Allheaven. Get rid of your pain! All of this has been foreordained!" Then he roared: "Allheaven Transformation!"

A boom could be heard as his muscles and blood evaporated. He was left as nothing more than skin and bones, and the resulting bloody mist was filled with the will of Allheaven as it surged out to cover Meng Hao.

At the same time, the seeds inside of Meng Hao exploded, likewise turning into a mist which disseminated the will of Allheaven. The mist spread out, as if to infect Meng Hao inside and out with the will of Allheaven, to force him to become both the Son and Emissary of Allheaven.

Just when Meng Hao was about to fight back, he realized that the power of his own bloodline was doing nothing to defend him. In fact, it was even possible to say that his blood was perfectly suited to be able to act as a host for the will of Allheaven.

It was even the same with the Demonic qi inside of him!

It was as if everything about him had been prepared specifically for the will of Allheaven. If the will of Allheaven had entered the body of any other person, the process would not have occurred so efficiently.

It was as if this were the perfect possession, as if Meng Hao truly had been prepared specifically for the will of Allheaven.

In and out, whether it was the bloodline or the Demonic qi, whether it was within his memories or without, the will of Allheaven exploded, and Meng Hao seemed powerless to do anything about it. But then, the will of Allheaven suddenly lurched to a halt.

That will could occupy his soul, his blood, and even his Demonic qi. However, as it spread out through him, attempting to take control, it encountered fierce resistance.

That resistance came from the bronze lamp!

Furthermore, his body had been remoulded by the bronze lamp itself, and was therefore not perfectly suitable for the will of Allheaven. Because of that, at this most critical of moments, the will of Allheaven suddenly stopped moving.

In that moment, the flame of the bronze lamp ignited, causing a majestic glow to spread out and to fight the will of Allheaven. The two seemed as incompatible as fire and water.

As that happened, the seemingly boundless will of Allheaven that existed in Heaven and Earth tried to force its way into Meng Hao to eradicate the flame of the bronze lamp.

It was a critical juncture. Meng Hao coughed up a mouthful of blood, and his eyes shone with red light. In the same moment that the bronze lamp and the will of Allheaven began to contend with each other, he extended his right hand and then made a sharp chopping motion at himself!

“Hexing magic: Karmic Hexing!”

Astonishingly, he was using Demon Sealing Hexing magic to find Chen Fan’s Karma. Countless Karma Threads appeared on his head, among which was a pitch-black strand that connected him to Chen Fan.

“Sever!” He roared, slashing down onto the thread with the Battle Weapon!

Chapter 1513: Five Pillars!

Without the bronze lamp, Meng Hao’s Karmic Hexing would have been incapable of affecting his memories of Chen Fan, which were the extension of the will of Allheaven. But now that the bronze lamp had tied up the will of Allheaven, Meng Hao made his move, thus putting an end to the final bit of dangerous power being levied against him.

Moments ago, they had been on equal footing, but now that changed as the Battle Weapon completely destroyed Chen Fan’s Karma Thread.

Now, no Karma existed at all between Meng Hao and Chen Fan. All of the images of Chen Fan within his memories were forcibly wiped away.

The seeds that had been formed by the will of Allheaven let out roars of rage as the brilliant light from the bronze lamp swept over them, driving them out.

Blood sprayed out of Meng Hao’s mouth, and he suddenly seemed much older. Even the slightest mistake moments ago would have resulted in him being wiped out of existence.

He thought back to the Emissary of Allheaven, Song Daozi, who had stepped outside the Vast Expanse with a cultivation base half a step into Transcendence, and had returned as the Emissary of Allheaven.

He could well imagine Song Daozi facing a similar situation as he had. And yet, even being half a step into Transcendence, he had been unable to avoid the fate which awaited him. Meng Hao knew that without the bronze lamp, he would likely have walked the same path as Song Daozi.

As the will of Allheaven was forcibly severed from Meng Hao, Heaven and Earth began to shake violently, tearing rifts open throughout the starry sky.

Amidst the rumbling, the rifts opened up longer and wider, spreading out in all directions. As for Chen Fan, he was there in front of Meng Hao, his body withered up. He looked at Meng Hao, and smiled. It was a smile of grief, pain, and release.

“Meng Hao, your Elder Brother let you down!” Chen Fan let out a roar, then smashed his hand viciously down onto his own forehead.

Meng Hao’s face fell, and he moved forward to intervene, but Chen Fan was too fast. A boom rang out, and Chen Fan exploded. He was killed in body and mind.

For the sake of Shan Ling, he had turned a blind eye to the destruction of the Mountain and Sea Realm. He had chosen to turn on his little Junior Brother, to cooperate with the will of Allheaven to try to erase his mind. In the end, he had even gone so far as to allow the memories in Meng Hao’s mind to be infected by the seeds of the will of Allheaven.

Despite all that he had done, Chen Fan had never been cruel and merciless. Hesitation had always lurked in his heart as guilt.

In the end, when it was obvious how things would end, he didn’t even have the face to look at Meng Hao. In his bitterness, he chose simply to end his own life. Perhaps his death could be some form of compensation.

Meng Hao quietly looked at the spot where Chen Fan had died, heart aching with bitterness. Even though Chen Fan had chosen to attack him, Meng Hao didn’t feel any hatred for him. Nowadays, he had fewer friends than ever, and he cherished all of them.

Chen Fan's death caused the destruction of the surrounding world to speed up. Soon, ear-splitting rumbling sounds could be heard as everything fell to pieces.

When that happened it was like a veil being lifted away, revealing... what was truly outside the Vast Expanse.

Everything was barren. There was no mist like in the Vast Expanse, nor were there any signs of life. Everything was in ruins, and filled with an aura of death.

Wreckage and corpses were strewn about. There was also dust that floated there eternally.

Long ago, this truly had been the Vast Expanse Cosmos, with the Hundred Sects and countless cultivators. That was all true....

But now, their glory had faded into nothing.

It was an enormous place, but even still, it was possible to make out something very far off in the distance. There were five pillars which seemed impossibly high, stretching up into the starry sky.

This was not Meng Hao's first time seeing the five pillars. Back in the underground tunnel in the necropolis, he had seen them via divine sense. This time, though, he was able to see them with his own two eyes.

However, there was something different about them this time.... Back in the fresco, all five pillars had stood strong and tall. But now, three of them had been destroyed!

Only two of them were whole as they stretched up into the starry sky.

Meng Hao looked at them quietly for a moment, and then his eyes glittered. Because of his bloodline, his Demonic qi, and also because of everything that had happened in the Mountain and Sea Realm, he had already guessed much of the truth.

"A plot which was hatched long, long ago.

“The Allheaven bloodlines. Apparently they were created for the express purpose of benefiting Allheaven!

“And the Demon... comes from the Immortal. I’m not the first Demon. There were many before me. All of them transformed in the moment when they were about to become the Immortal. And the Demon... is what Allheaven wants to appear.

“Perhaps I’m thinking of things in a bit of a one-sided fashion. Perhaps in all of the years in which this starry sky has existed, the true Demon has never actually appeared. Perhaps in the critical moment, Allheaven stopped them all.” Meng Hao couldn’t help but think of Song Daozi.

He looked thoughtfully at the enormous pillars, then began to fly in their direction at top speed.

Time passed. He wasn’t sure how long he had flown, but he kept getting closer and closer. Eventually, he reached the location of one of the destroyed pillars. As he hovered there, he sensed an aura which could shake Heaven and Earth. It was not the aura of the Immortal or the Demon, but rather, the Devil!

As soon as he sensed the Devil aura, he thought of the Devil Realm Continent. Then, he slowly reached his hand out toward the indescribably large column, and gently pushed down onto its surface.

The instant his hand made contact, he saw the image of a person who radiated a powerful, deathly aura. He had thrown his head back and was howling.

That person was born inside of a sinister, deathly vortex. His body and his soul were separated, and then countless years later, he emerged from the vortex, giving rise to a storm that shook the world. In the end, he stepped onto nine World-Butterflies, spread his hand, and caused the starry sky to shake. A strange and bizarre aura spread out from him to fill the starry sky, leaving Meng Hao’s mind reeling.

That energy was enough to cause Heaven and Earth to dim, heavenly bodies to fall, and the starry sky to bow its head.

Meng Hao watched as the person transformed into a land mass, sacrificing himself for everyone he knew.

Next, innumerable years passed. Eventually, the man who had transformed into a land mass emerged once again. He left that land mass and traveled outside the Vast Expanse. His expression was one of pain as he saw the starry sky there transform into a huge hand which grabbed toward him.

Light flashed as the young man destroyed one of the hand's fingers. Then, he left the area outside the Vast Expanse, disappearing far off into the distance.

As for the destroyed finger, that was the ruined column which Meng Hao was now in front of.

“Transcendent cultivator. He was definitely a Transcendent cultivator....” Meng Hao pulled back his hand, and his eyes shone with a strange light. Based on his judgement, he was sure that the young man he had seen inside the column... was a Transcendent cultivator from the Devil Realm Continent.

He wasn't sure of the young man's name, but based on the aura he had sensed, Meng Hao now had a much better understanding of Transcendence in general.

He flickered into motion, flying toward the next destroyed column. Time passed. Eventually, he reached the second column, whereupon he took a deep breath, reached out, and placed his hand onto its surface.

The moment he touched it, his mind filled with rumbling sounds. He saw a young man born in a mountain village. He caused massive chaos on the planet upon which he was born. He killed his way into forging a shocking legend, and slaughtered his way to becoming a Paragon in his Realm!

Later, he walked a difficult path. In order to resurrect his wife, he left carnage in his wake as he fought to the pinnacle. He shook the entire starry sky when he Transcended.

Almost as soon as Meng Hao laid eyes on the young man, he was shaken. He couldn't help but think of Slaughter, and of the time-walking technique Slaughter had taught him.

The young man in the column, and Slaughter, both looked exactly like the statue on the Immortal God Continent....

His expression was cold as he looked up into the starry sky. The wave of his hand, caused the heavenly bodies to shift, and the starry sky to be torn open. He stepped outside of the Vast Expanse, and also destroyed one of the fingers, before disappearing into the distance.

Meng Hao was left panting. When he pulled his hand away, he looked at the destroyed column with a complicated expression. After a long moment, he turned and headed toward the next column.

This column was not destroyed. It was one of the two that stretched high up into the starry sky!

When he reached out to touch it, he saw nothing inside except for emptiness. There was no Transcendent cultivator, but there was shocking Immortal qi, which was apparently brewing inside of the column. Just visible within the Immortal qi were countless images, all of which seemed to depict people.

“Those people were all cultivating the magic of Immortality, and were on the path to becoming the Immortal!

“There has never been a Transcendent Immortal....” Meng Hao murmured. After examining it further, he realized that the column was weak, almost to the point of collapse. If the true Immortal ever appeared, it was likely that the column would immediately be destroyed.

Meng Hao pulled his hand away. After some more thought, he began to fly toward the fourth column, which was the final destroyed column.

Time went by. After passing through all of the dust and ruins to arrive at the fourth column, he took a deep breath, reached out, and touched it. Rumbling filled his mind, and he caught sight of a young man. He wore a robe decorated in flowers, and seemed different than the two other young men Meng Hao had just seen. A sarcastic smile could be seen on his face, and his eyes glittered with intelligence. His features were delicate and even pretty, and he almost looked as if he were recovering from an illness.

Meng Hao watched the young man silently. He didn't know who he was, but as he looked on, the young man created the copper mirror. He also held a bronze lamp in his hand. Furthermore, the robe he was wearing was the same robe Meng Hao had seen being worn by the person who had faced the Immortal Tribulation and been killed by the finger from the Heavens. Meng Hao instantly realized who this was.

Patriarch Vast Expanse!



Eventually, Meng Hao watched as Patriarch Vast Expanse also went outside the Vast Expanse. He destroyed another of the fingers, and then disappeared into the void.

Eventually, Meng Hao pulled his hand back. After a moment of thought, he proceeded toward the last of the pillars, one of the two which were still erect.

As he flew closer and closer, a powerful Demonic qi from the column began to form a resonance with him.

Chapter 1514:

The instant that resonance formed with the Demonic qi, Meng Hao's eyes began to shine with a deep, profound light. He had already surmised that of the five pillars, there was one for the Ghost, God, Immortal, Devil, and finally...

The Demon!

He increased his speed, and eventually arrived at the final staggeringly large pillar which stretched up into the starry sky. After a moment of thought, he reached out and touched the pillar. Then he frowned.

Eventually, he pulled his hand away, and his eyes flashed.

“The other pillars don't seem to have much to do with me. But this pillar... represents the Demon. There is a resonance with me, and yet, when I touch it, no strange transformations occur....” He wasn't quite sure what that meant, but he could tell that the resonance was growing stronger. Gradually, a sensation of deadly crisis began to build up within him.

Eyes flickering, he spun. Instead of spending any more time in contact with the final pillar, he decided to leave.

He was soon 30 meters away, then 300. The pillar still stood in place, and the farther away he went, the weaker the resonance became.

He didn't seem to be reacting much to that, but inwardly, he was focused on examining himself. When he reached the 3,000-meter mark, he hesitated a bit. It wasn't that he wasn't curious about the column. Rather, he had to forcibly resist the urge to rush back and touch it.

He definitely needed to come to a deeper understanding of what dangers lurked in this area.

After the 3,000-meter mark, his eyes flickered, and he pushed himself faster. When he was several thousand meters away, he increased his speed yet again.

Even when he was 30,000 meters away, nothing had happened. Finally, he stopped in thought for a moment, then gritted his teeth and headed back toward the pillar. Moments later, he arrived, then reached out to touch it.

Rumbling filled his mind, and as his Demonic qi blended with the aura of the pillar, the resonance exploded in intensity, and he suddenly realized that there was an illusory world within the pillar.

It was like the mist of the Vast Expanse, boundless and majestic. At first, there didn't seem to be anything other than mist, but soon, Meng Hao realized that within the very center of the world was a bright red thread.

It was a thread that looked like a blood vessel, except it was huge. Soon, he realized that the thread twisted and turned around on itself, forming a shape. The shape of a person!

There were four limbs visible, as well as a head. Apparently, that thread really was a blood vessel, and it really was forming into the shape of a person.

There was no flesh or blood, and no bones. Just a system of blood vessels.

Shockingly, there appeared to be fruits growing from the blood vessels!

In total, there were ninety-eight of them.

Some were large and some were small, and they were located throughout the shape which the blood vessels formed. All of them were withered, as though their life and quintessence had been absorbed, and they were what had enabled the shape of the person to take form.

Upon closer examination, it was clear that the various fruits had faces on them, all of whom had their eyes closed, and were completely motionless.

As Meng Hao examined all of this, his heart began to pound. Eventually, his eyes fell upon the ninety-eighth fruit, and the ninety-eighth face. Shockingly, that face... was the same face which had attempted to interfere with Meng Hao summoning the copper mirror, the Emissary of Allheaven.

It was Song Daozi!

“These faces....” Meng Hao gasped as an idea suddenly struck him, a vast, monumental idea that left his mind completely spinning.

“These faces are all of the people who were turned from Immortal to Demon... From ancient times until now, there have been many people like Song Daozi, all of whom were turned into... the Demon! No, that’s not right. The true Demon hasn’t appeared yet, otherwise, this pillar would look very different!

“These people all... became food for this person-shaped outline, in the moment that they were about to transform into the true Demon!” Meng Hao’s mind reeled at the sight of all the faces on the fruit, and the human-shaped network of blood vessels. Suddenly, he was struck with the realization that the shape... wasn’t complete. It lacked a final fruit.

That empty location was where the heart should be. With a fruit there, the outline of this person would be complete and perfect.

Almost as soon as his eyes fell upon the empty location of the heart, all of the ninety-eight faces’ eyes suddenly opened, and they looked at Meng Hao.

His mind was left reeling, his scalp tingling. The ninety-eight faces staring at him caused him to recall how there had been ninety-eight Sons of Allheaven.

Even as he began to pull back his divine sense, the ninety-eight faces all smiled.

They were sinister smiles, mysterious to the extreme, and the instant they appeared, the faces spoke.

“You’re the missing piece... don’t go... don’t go...”

The bizarre voices filled the world, and Meng Hao’s mind spun. His Demonic qi suddenly seemed to be on the verge of erupting.

Almost simultaneously, the faces began to transform one by one into beams of light which shot toward him.

There was no time for Meng Hao to do anything other than sever his divine sense. Outside of the pillar, he quickly pulled his hand away and backed up.

In almost that same instant, the pillar began to shake, and ninety-eight faces suddenly shot out from it into the starry sky outside the Vast Expanse. Without pausing for a moment, they began to speed in Meng Hao’s direction.

As they neared, Meng Hao’s hands flashed in a double-handed incantation gesture, and he unleashed a divine ability. Numerous mountains descended to block the path of the faces. And yet the bizarre faces simply passed directly through the mountains as they closed in on Meng Hao.

Meng Hao’s face fell, and he punched out with his right hand. The Devil-Butchering Fist created a massive tempest, and yet the faces completely disregarded it, and were soon almost right in front of him. Apparently, no matter what techniques he unleashed upon them, it could do nothing to stop them.

His eyes flashed with killing intent, and he let out a cold harrumph. Suddenly, the copper mirror armor appeared, and he slashed out with the Battle Weapon. It split open the void, creating a vast rift which separated him from the faces.

This time, it seemed much harder for the faces to keep going, and over ten of them were actually split in half from the effort. And yet, they didn’t dissipate, but kept speeding toward him.

Meng Hao was continuously falling back, his face grim. No matter what ideas he came up with to deal with the situation, none of them worked. He sent out his Demonic qi, only to watch as the faces devoured it. Apparently, it was like fuel for them.

Meng Hao's face flickered as he pressed on, followed by the swarm of faces. They quickly caught up to him, and began to surround him, blocking his path. Then, they smiled oddly and lunged toward him with gaping jaws.

They bit into his flesh, apparently intent on chewing into his body and consuming him.

"Screw off!" Meng Hao said, eyes flashing coldly. His cultivation base erupted, and the Battle Weapon flashed as he swung it. A blast of wind swept out in all directions, and yet it didn't seem to affect the faces at all.

Blue veins popped out on Meng Hao's face, and he gritted his teeth violently. It was at this point that the bronze lamp sent blazing light out in all directions, and the faces began to tremble. Screaming, they fell back.

Meng Hao finally took a deep breath, and used the opportunity to flee.

However, almost as soon as he broke free from the faces, they pounced on him again. The light of the bronze lamp still caused them to scream, and yet they didn't give up. They endured the pain and tried again to chew into Meng Hao's flesh.

The intense light from the bronze lamp caused them to tremble on the verge of melting, and yet Meng Hao's aura was something they desired, something that was like food for them... Demonic qi.

Meng Hao's own Demonic qi was absorbed by the faces, nourishing them, giving them strength to fight the light of the bronze lamp.

Pain wracked Meng Hao, inside and out, and his eyes were completely bloodshot. Having been sent outside the Vast Expanse by Han Bei, he managed to unveil many secrets, and dispel many doubts. And yet, he had been placed in incredible, deadly danger.

Whether it was the illusion of which Chen Fan had been a part of, or the personal arrival of the will of Allheaven, or these faces, they were all situations in which the slightest mistake would lead to eternal doom!

He could well imagine what had occurred to the ninety-eight cultivators like Song Daozi whom these faces represented. They were people who had reached a point very similar to this, and none of

them had been able to escape. All had perished in the end, becoming components of the person-shaped outline that he had just seen.

As for Meng Hao, he had dispelled the illusion and cast out the will of Allheaven. And yet, he was not quite strong enough to deal with the faces, no matter how much he wanted to.

His eyes were crimson, and he simply couldn't give in to the idea of being defeated. His clone was almost finished with his work, meaning that the Ninth Hex was close to completion. He was unprecedentedly close to Transcendence.

Just when everything was almost complete, this sudden turn of events occurred. Suddenly, deep hatred for Han Bei rose up within his heart.

Rumbling could be heard as the faces continued to chew into his body, to devour his life force, his Demonic qi, his soul, his everything.

It took only a moment for him to become extremely withered. It was as if his fate were unavoidable. And yet, he refused to believe that. He lifted his right hand and prepared to call upon his final trump card, a divine ability that he wouldn't use unless there were absolutely, positively no other options left. The price to be paid to use it would be unimaginably high.

But then, suddenly, a piercing cry rang out from within his armor. All of a sudden, the parrot flew out!

How quickly the tide had turned!

Chapter 1515: Call Me Lord Fifth, Bitches!

The parrot's eyes were bright red as it hovered there by Meng Hao. Back when they were first reunited, its memories had been in chaos. However, despite being unable to see things clearly, it knew that Meng Hao was very important, and had thus chosen to return to him.

It saw everything that happened after that, the result being that the shattered memories in its head seemed to increase constantly. It was as if there were a tiny node inside of its mind, a node which contained the image of Meng Hao. After Meng Hao appeared in the flesh, that node burst open, allowing the parrot's erased mind to appear once again.

Eventually, in this moment of deep crisis, its erased memories were fully fused together, and erupted with great power.

RUUUUUUUUUUMBLE!

Memories exploded out into the parrot's mind. It saw itself meeting Meng Hao for the first time, saw itself facing danger with him in numerous adventures. Everything began to awaken.

Back when its mind had been erased, it had managed to bury that node deep inside of itself, and it was that which eventually gave it the chance to recover!

The parrot was crafty, and although things had ended tragically back then, and it had been filled with grief, it had still managed to devise a backup plan.

“Lord Fifth!” the parrot roared. “Call me Lord Fifth, bitches!!” It remembered. It remembered everything. It looked over at Meng Hao being devoured by the faces, and suddenly let out a powerful squawk. Meng Hao's armor shattered, creating countless black sparks that, under the parrot's control, swirled around him, moving faster and faster until they formed a vortex.

The power of the vortex created numerous streams of gravitational force. However, that force didn't affect the world in general, just the faces latched onto Meng Hao. Gradually, they were dragged away from Meng Hao, whose expression brightened. At the same time, the glow of the bronze lamp grew even more intense.

The faces let out bloodcurdling screams as they were ripped off of him. Then they were sucked into the vortex, where they shattered into pieces. That didn't kill them, though, it just created countless other, tinier faces. More and more of them appeared. There weren't just dozens now, but hundreds, then thousands, then tens of thousands.

Meng Hao was panting, and his body was dangerously withered. However, now that the faces were no longer consuming him, his battle prowess and cultivation base began to recover quickly. At the same time, he unleashed his own power, causing the vortex to spin even more quickly.

Soon it was a raging tempest, whereupon the parrot let out another squawk, sending it shooting off into the distance.

“Fudge!” it shrieked. “How dare you try to fight Lord Fifth! You might not have any fur or feathers, but Lord Fifth is going to go all out to put you down!” Meng Hao looked over at the parrot, his eyes shining with excitement. The fact that the parrot had recovered its memories was a momentous thing. Now, parrot and man both unleashed incredible speed to get as far away from the vortex as possible.

However, the tens of thousands of broken and shattered faces immediately gave chase. Apparently sensing that they wouldn’t be able to catch up, the faces then merged together into one huge swath of skin!

The skin had no bones, no muscle, and no blood. It was simply a patch of human-shaped skin that whistled through the starry sky toward Meng Hao.

Meng Hao and the parrot fled, and the skin chased them from behind. The parrot let out a mighty squawk, as if it were going to hold nothing back.

“What do we do, Meng Hao? Dammit! Lord Fifth’s memories were just restored, only to be pulled into this situation? Whadda we do? Whadda we do??

“We’re outside of the Vast Expanse now. If we delay, the will of Allheaven will fully awaken, and then we’ll be dead for sure. Only a bit of his will is awake now.... We have to get back into the Vast Expanse! The will of Allheaven won’t be able to directly affect us in there.

“Meng Hao, can you create a distraction? Give me the time it takes an incense stick to burn, and I can sacrifice some of the Essence power of the copper mirror to set up a teleportation portal. That will be able to get us back into the starry sky of the Vast Expanse!” Despite the incredible speed with which the parrot and Meng Hao were moving, the patch of skin was moving even faster, and was closing in rapidly.

Meng Hao’s eyes glittered. They were in a deadly trap, a trap set up to target him, and as such, his eyes flickered with killing intent.

“The time it takes an incense stick to burn? I think I can do that....” After a moment of thought, he gritted his teeth. If the parrot hadn’t recovered its memories and taken the initiative to help, he would already have resorted to that one certain magic.



It was his trump card, a magical technique that was not yet complete, and might even spawn some unexpected side-effects. As for whether such transformations would be beneficial or detrimental, it was impossible to tell.

At the moment, though, there were no other options. Meng Hao's eyes glittered coldly as he suddenly spun in place and waved his hand.

"Start setting up the spell formation!" he growled. He and the parrot had worked together for so long that there was no need for deliberation. Instantly, black threads shot out from the parrot and began to spin in place behind Meng Hao in the form of a teleportation portal.

Meng Hao took a deep breath. His eyes shone with a brilliant light as he extended his finger out into the starry sky and murmured, "Ninth Hex!"

What he was about to unleash was none other than... the Ninth Hex! His clone had already completed eight of the sealing marks that would make the final version. Because the final mark wasn't complete, if Meng Hao unleashed the Ninth Hex, it could have some unknown effect on his clone. He wasn't sure what exactly would happen, but now was not the time to contemplate misgivings.

He performed an incantation gesture with his left hand, and then shoved his hand out.

"First sealing mark!" Rumbling sounds filled Heaven and Earth, and everything shook. The starry sky vibrated as an indescribable power began to converge in front of Meng Hao.

As soon as the sealing mark appeared, the patch of skin suddenly lurched to a halt, and a strange gleam appeared deep in its eyes.

Next, Meng Hao performed another incantation gesture, causing the second sealing mark to appear. It merged with the first sealing mark, causing the energy to rocket even higher, reaching a level ten times higher than before. Then came the third sealing mark, and the fourth. One by one, they all appeared and merged together, and the terrifying energy reached an unbelievable level, causing everything in the starry sky to shake violently.

Next were the fifth, sixth, and seventh sealing marks.... A level of power appeared that the Vast Expanse Shrine had been unable to withstand, a power that would cause even peak 9-Essences cultivators to tremble. With seven sealing marks, it already seemed possible to seal the Heavens.

The patch of skin seemed shocked. For the first time... it began to back up instead of chase. However, it was in that very moment that the light in Meng Hao's eyes shone, and he threw his arms up. The seven sealing marks formed a dazzling magical symbol that began to speed forward, emanating a will that could seal the Heavens.

The light that shone out from it was majestic to the extreme, a light that seemed capable of sealing anything and everything, that could cause everything bright to grow dark, that could cause all living beings to bow their heads. Rumbling echoed out as the sea of light swept through the starry sky toward the patch of skin.

"What is that...?" Countless howls began to echo out from within the skin. However, no matter how it tried to evade, there was no avoiding the light, which slammed into the skin.

Behind Meng Hao, the parrot gaped in shock at what was happening.

Meng Hao shivered, and blood sprayed out of his mouth. Using the incomplete Ninth Hex in this way could be done only by paying a great cost.

Roaring sounds spread out in all directions, and at the same time, bloodcurdling screams echoed out from the skin as it was shredded to pieces by the light. Numerous bedraggled faces appeared, which immediately began to fly back toward the column they had come from.

Meng Hao's face was pale, and he was swaying back and forth. The parrot immediately gushed, "Alright, alright, I'm almost ready. We can teleport out in just a moment."

Meng Hao looked up, and in the iciest of voices said, "How could I flee?"

He took a step forward, and his cultivation base surged with power. "How could I run?"

With that, he transformed into a beam of light which shot at incredible speed toward the pillar that the faces were fleeing to.

"Ever since that bitch Han Bei sent me here, this place has tried to kill me over and over again. First was the illusion with Elder Brother Chen Fan, then the will of Allheaven trying to possess me. Then these five pillars showed up, and the Demonic qi faces tried to eat me...."

“After all that, how could I flee? How could I run?” Roaring, he shoved his arms out in front of him, causing boundless light to surge up.

“I’ve been forced into unleashing my incomplete Ninth Hex. Well then... I’m definitely not going to waste the opportunity!

“In the past, there was the underworld Ghost, the white-haired cultivator of the Immortal Gods, and the Transcendent expert from the Devil Realm. They destroyed three columns, and although I might not be ready to do the same thing, I might as well do a dry run!” Rumbling echoed out as Meng Hao shoved the light of the combined sealing marks directly toward the column of Demonic qi.

As he flew along, the starry sky shattered, and the faces screamed. The light picked up speed, and as it neared the column, killing intent flickered in Meng Hao’s eyes. Then, he performing an incantation gesture and roared, “Eight sealing marks!!”

With that, the eighth sealing mark appeared, glittering brightly. As it merged into the brightness, and fused with the other seven sealing marks, the light began to shine a bright violet color!

The violet light caused the starry sky to go quiet. Everything began to vibrate in complete helplessness. The faces faded away, screaming, as the light slashed into the pillar representing the Demon.

The sky shattered, and everything was thrown into chaos as the Demon pillar shuddered.

Meanwhile, back in the starry sky of Allheaven, on Planet Vast Expanse, on the first continent, in one of the cities of the mortal world, the ninth reincarnation of Meng Hao’s clone, Little Treasure, suddenly coughed up a huge mouthful of blood. Then he teetered in place for a moment before collapsing onto the ground.

The entire household was thrown into chaos.

He began to shiver and spasm as numerous sealing marks began to shine brightly on his forehead.

Chapter 1516: The Return!

The fight continued outside the Vast Expanse.

The light formed from the eight sealing marks of Meng Hao's Ninth Hex was so powerful that it surpassed the 9-Essences level. Meng Hao wasn't sure how far away it was from the Transcendent level, but he was sure that not a single 9-Essences cultivator would be able to survive an encounter with it!

Ear-splitting rumbling sounds spread out in all directions. The faces weren't even able to get back into the column before they were incinerated.

Before dying, they let out miserable screams, which faded away almost before they even began. Just before dissipating, their expressions seemed to be those of release and gratitude.

Soon, everything was quiet and still. It happened faster than either Meng Hao or the parrot could ever have imagined.

The parrot looked over at the Demon pillar, which was still trembling, and Meng Hao, who was radiating an air of madness.

The parrot couldn't help but take a deep breath as it gaped at Meng Hao. After all the years that they had been separated, it turned out that Meng Hao was still... the type to seek revenge over the smallest grievance!

"What... what is he planning to do?" the parrot thought, eyes wide with disbelief. "How vicious! That... that pillar can only be destroyed by a Transcendent cultivator. He wants to try to destroy the Demon pillar now?"

The parrot looked around at the destruction and chaos in the starry sky, then back at the pillar. A moment later, after the light faded away, a cracking sound rang out.

At the same time, it was possible to see that a crevice had appeared on the pillar. Although the pillar wasn't crushed, the crevice which had opened up could obviously not be mended.

The parrot shivered and then yelled, "Meng Hao, that's enough. Really, enough is enough. The spell formation is ready. We need to get out of here as soon as possible!" The parrot then turned toward the completed spell formation, which began to rumble to life.

Meng Hao immediately began to back up. Although the battle had been bitter, he had won a stunning victory.

“I can’t destroy this pillar now,” he thought, eyes glittering coldly, “but one of these days, I’ll come back here and wipe it out of existence!”

In almost the same moment that the crack had appeared, the person-shaped outline inside of the pillar had begun to shrink. The fruits on it exploded, and soon, a piercing shriek rang out. The shriek passed out of the column into the world beyond, echoing out in all directions.

Blood sprayed out of Meng Hao’s mouth as he heard the sound of the cry. Without the slightest hesitation, he increased his speed. Simultaneously, the pillar that represented the Immortal began to shrink and wither. That in turn caused the pillar of Demonic qi to begin to recover.

And yet, the crevice which had appeared remained. Shockingly, it was at this point that the will of the Vast Expanse rose up, causing the starry sky to shake. Then, a huge eye abruptly appeared up ahead.

It was enormous, and completely bloodshot. It was a mass of chaos, and seemed to contain the seething mist of the Vast Expanse. This eye was apparently the will of Allheaven, the final gambit to be played in this day’s events. As soon as it appeared, everything went completely still and quiet.

The opening of the eye caused Meng Hao to be filled with a sense of intense crisis. He could tell that the natural laws in the area were being destroyed, and as the eye gazed upon him, he felt a terrifying aura that caused his scalp to go numb. Immediately, the bronze lamp began to shine brighter than ever, transforming Meng Hao into a figure of light.

Almost in the same moment that the eye opened, Meng Hao reached the spell formation put together by the parrot.

The parrot howled as the spell formation began to activate. However, even as the light was still beginning to shine, the seemingly eternal eye caused the starry sky around it to twist and distort as a huge mouth appeared. Then, the mouth lunged toward Meng Hao and the parrot as if to consume them.

The parrot’s eyes were bright red, and it howled again. Cracking sounds could be heard, which came from the cracks spreading out over the copper mirror. By damaging the mirror, it was possible

to negate the effects of the changed natural law caused by the will of Allheaven. A moment later, rumbling sounds echoed out as the parrot and Meng Hao vanished.

That was when the mouth arrived. It took a huge bite, causing the starry sky to shake, and leaving a gigantic, smoking crater in the spot where the teleportation portal had been.

The eye glared off into the distance, and a piercing shriek was just barely audible from the direction of the Demonic qi pillar.

As that happened, the brilliant light of teleportation appeared in a dusty corner of the starry sky of Allheaven. A moment later, Meng Hao and the parrot appeared.

Meng Hao immediately coughed up some blood, and the parrot listed weakly. The light of teleportation faded away, and the copper mirror appeared, covered with cracks. Although it wasn't destroyed, it was clearly in worse condition than before the trip outside the Vast Expanse.

"Dammit!" the parrot said, looking very irritated. "Lord Fifth just woke up and was immediately thrown into grave danger? I quit. I quit, you hear? Meng Hao, you'd better give Lord Fifth a good explanation for all of this!"

Meng Hao's responded with a question: "Was that eye... Allheaven? Is Allheaven the will of the starry sky of the Vast Expanse?"

Fear could be seen in the parrot's eyes as it began to speak. "Legends say that the world Essence of the starry sky of the Vast Expanse has a will, a will who is called Allheaven. The main body of the will exists outside the Vast Expanse. And yet, that will can also fill the Vast Expanse itself. In the beginning, that will blessed all living things, and supposedly, even taught all living beings how to practice cultivation. But as time went on, it began to weaken, and then go mad.

"However, I have a vague memory deep inside that seems to indicate... that this Allheaven actually has a different origin. What exactly that is, nobody knows.... Even I'm not sure. Dammit, how could I not know?" The parrot shook its head in confusion.

A thoughtful look could be seen in Meng Hao's eye as he stared at the parrot and asked another question. "Were you created by Patriarch Vast Expanse?"

“Patriarch Vast Expanse....” the parrot murmured, its eyes gleaming with reminiscence. After awakening, its memories had slowly been revealed. After a long moment, it nodded, but then suddenly seemed to hesitate. Apparently... Patriarch Vast Expanse had created the copper mirror, but not the parrot. Apparently... the parrot came from a time before Patriarch Vast Expanse was even alive!

The parrot didn't want to think about the past, and as such, began to yell at Meng Hao. “Forget about it. Meng Hao, you owe me an explanation. Dammit, Lord Fifth's memories were just restored, and then I got scared nearly to death!!”

Meng Hao's eyes flickered with killing intent as he looked off in the direction of Planet Vast Expanse. “I'm going to go get an explanation, for you and me both!”

It was just as he said; the next thing he was planning to do was to go get an explanation.

From what he could tell, the will of Allheaven could only affect him directly if he was outside of the Vast Expanse. Apparently, it couldn't do anything within the Vast Expanse itself, which meant that Meng Hao was temporarily safe.

The parrot's explanation had confirmed his suspicions. Meng Hao turned, killing intent flickering in his eyes as he made his way off into the distance.

The parrot immediately began to follow.

“Hey,” it asked, “where'd the meat jelly get off to, that old fart?” Its words were met by silence on Meng Hao's part. The parrot suddenly shivered. “What... what happened?”

Sadness filled Meng Hao's face as he opened his bag of holding and carefully pulled out the shattered remnants of the meat jelly armor. The parrot stared in shock for a long, long time before letting out a cry of anguish.

The moment of silence which followed seemed to last an eternity. Eventually, the parrot turned to Meng Hao, and its eyes were completely bloodshot.

“Meng Hao, I'm going to ask one thing, and you're going to answer me. When... do we go slaughter them?!”

“Soon,” Meng Hao murmured in reply, his eyes equally as red. “We’ll slaughter the 33 Heavens, we’ll slaughter the Immortal God Continent, and we’ll slaughter the Devil Realm Continent. Then... we’ll go outside the Vast Expanse and slaughter the will of Allheaven!”

“Soon....” with that, he transformed into a beam of light that shot like lightning through the starry sky.

As he flew along, he rotated his cultivation base, but his withered body wasn’t recovering very quickly. He looked incredibly gaunt, and thus, incredibly fierce. His eyes flickered with red light, making him look almost like he had just climbed up out of the grave.

Shocking rumbles echoed out in Heaven and Earth as he flew toward Planet Vast Expanse with deadly intent. It only took a few months of travel. After all, he hadn’t been very far from Planet Vast Expanse to begin with. Soon, he was looking at the planet from some distance away.

As he neared, the planet’s protective shield sprang up as if to block him. Meng Hao didn’t even look at it. He passed directly through it, whereupon a somber, dignified voice echoed out.

“Respectful greetings, Ninth Paragon! Welcome back!”

Even as the voice rang out, Meng Hao entered the atmosphere of Planet Vast Expanse. As soon as he did, the other Paragons could sense his presence, and the intensely murderous aura caused them all to look up.

Jin Yunshan, the Sect Leader, and all the others had returned from the necropolis. They still hadn’t successfully made it to the ninth land mass. After their successive failures, they had been sitting cross-legged in meditation, but now, looks of shock could be seen on their faces.

Chapter 1517: Hunting Down Han Bei!

Jin Yunshan was shaking more than anyone. Once he realized who that killing intent belonged to, he subconsciously reached down and rubbed his bracelet of holding, whereupon he felt a bit better.

“It’s the Ninth Paragon...”

“This aura. How... how could he have become so strong?!”



“He’s been missing for hundreds of years, I can’t believe he’s finally back!”

Faces flickered as Meng Hao hovered there in the air above Planet Vast Expanse for a moment before speeding toward the first continent.

In the Holy Daughter Palace on the first continent, Vast Expanse Holy Daughter Han Bei was seated cross-legged in meditation. Her face was pale, and she looked exhausted. Suddenly, she sensed the aura emanating from above, and a smile broke out on her face.

But that smile quickly froze, and she shot to her feet, a look of disbelief and shock on her face.

“I can’t believe he woke up! This is impossible!” Trembling, Han Bei began to back up. Suddenly, the glow of teleportation sprang up around her, and she vanished. A moment later, an indescribable pressure descended and slammed into the Holy Daughter Palace.

The entire palace was instantly incinerated, wiped away. In its place was a huge crater, above which Meng Hao hovered, eyes flashing with killing intent as he looked off into the distance.

“You can’t escape!” he said through gritted teeth. “You will die this day. I won’t rest until that happens.”

Outside of the Vast Expanse, he had brushed far too closely with death, causing his hatred for Han Bei to seep into his very bones. He had vowed to slay her, and as far as Chu Yuyan was concerned, he was prepared for how to deal with that situation.

His eyes flashed like lightning, and then a massive boom echoed out as the air was ripped apart. Meng Hao’s vicious, murderous aura spread out to cover the entire planet, joined by his divine sense. All living beings on the planet, including mortals and cultivators, even the 9-Essences experts, were left trembling. It was as if some great disaster had suddenly come to loom over their heads.

“What happened!?” Jin Yunshan gasped. He could sense the raging, murderous aura coming off of Meng Hao, and it was obvious that it was exponentially more powerful than the last time the two of them had tangled.

Jin Yunshan, just like the Sect Leader and the others, had made progress in recent years thanks to the multiple forays into the necropolis. The entire group had experienced increases in their cultivation bases. By this point, Jin Yunshan believed himself to be at the utter peak of the 9-Essences level. And yet, now that he sensed Meng Hao's energy, his face fell, and he had to admit that as of this moment, Meng Hao's aura was completely and utterly terrifying.

“Why is he trying to kill a disciple from the First Sect?” Although Han Bei was a Holy Daughter of the Vast Expanse School, in comparison to a 9-Essences expert, she was nothing more than a disciple. “That's not any ordinary disciple. Whoever it was managed to escape before he landed his blow on the First Sect!”

Jin Yunshan's eyes flickered as he emerged out in the open. He wasn't going to interfere with Meng Hao; he merely wanted to see exactly what was happening.

It wasn't just him. Sha Jiudong emerged from a sandstorm that raged in Planet Vast Expanse's huge desert, looking extremely frightened. He took a deep breath, and his eyes flashed because of the uneasy feeling he was experiencing. He could tell that something bad was about to happen, and immediately sped off to observe.

Immortal Bai Wuchen hesitated for a moment. At the moment, she didn't dare to show herself to Meng Hao, not in his current state, so she simply sat there quietly, pretending that she hadn't noticed his aura.

She was the only one who didn't show herself. The Sect Leader and the other 9-Essences Paragons were all flying through the air of Planet Vast Expanse to see what was happening.

Their hearts were pounding from the sheer awe-inspiring nature of Meng Hao's aura, which left them completely shaken.

That was especially true of the Sect Leader, whose cultivation base was so high that he had assumed he must be at the absolute pinnacle. He was even sure that he would prevail against the combined forces of Jin Yunshan and the other 9-Essences Paragons.

But as of this moment, Meng Hao's aura left him terrified. The intense level of pressure was almost impossible to accept.

“How... did he become so powerful!?” the Sect Leader thought. “It’s understandable that our cultivation bases rose, thanks to the altars in the necropolis. But he simply vanished for a few hundred years, and now that he’s back, he’s suddenly unimaginably stronger!”

The Sect Leader’s eyes flickered, and he pushed forward with greater speed. After all, disciple Han Bei of the First Sect was actually his apprentice.

He had accepted her as his only apprentice, and now Meng Hao was trying to chase her down and kill her.... Clearly, there were secrets at play.

As everyone was speeding toward the first continent, Meng Hao suddenly appeared in a different location, a place where the aura of teleportation was strong. This was none other than the location Han Bei had teleported to.

It was a small-scale sect that was not directly subordinate to the Vast Expanse School. As soon as Meng Hao appeared, everything was thrown into a commotion. The sect itself was built upon nine different mountains, all of which began to shine with bright light. Clearly it was a spell formation. In addition to that, a moment later, nine blasts of sword qi suddenly shoot out toward Meng Hao.

The lands in the area shook as the nine mountains themselves then rose up into the air. There were also hosts of cultivators, whose eyes shone red, and who didn’t even seem in control of their own minds as they charged madly toward Meng Hao.

Han Bei had been on Planet Vast Expanse for many years, and had always been on guard against Meng Hao. Although she had grown a bit lax recently, her preparations were all still in place.

This was one of the locations she had set aside especially to deal with Meng Hao.

“Kill him!” roared the tens of thousands of cultivators. In combination with the spell formation, the nine mountains, and the nine beams of sword qi, they shot aggressively toward Meng Hao.

Meng Hao’s eyes flashed, and his killing intent surged stronger than ever. Since these people were trying to stop him, that meant they were allied with Han Bei, and thus, were his enemies!

“Die!” he said impatiently, shoving his hand out violently. Everything went dim, and a gale force wind blew as a huge hand materialized.

The hand slammed into the nine streams of sword qi, which were powerful enough to cause problems for an ordinary 9-Essences cultivator for at least a short time. But when they slammed into the magical hand sent out by Meng Hao, they shattered instantly. They weren't even powerful enough to stand up to a single blow.

Rumbling sounds echoed out as the sword qi was destroyed. Next, the hand slammed into the mountains. The mountains shook as cracks spread out across them. Then, they exploded into countless fragments. The entire matter happened almost in the blink of an eye.

The hand didn't seem to have been slowed down in the slightest. It smashed into the cultivators and the spell formation, causing a deafening boom to spread out.

A huge handprint was smashed into the ground, surrounded by cracks which snaked out in every direction. The spell formation was completely destroyed, and the cultivators who had been charging in attack were reduced to a bloody pulp.

Everything went quiet. If Meng Hao had been an ordinary 9-Essences cultivator, this little trap might not have resulted in his death, but would have at least delayed him a bit. And what Han Bei needed right now was time.

However, to the current Meng Hao, destroying this place was as easy as taking a breath.

His eyes flickered as he waved his hand through the air to locate Han Bei's aura. After some examination, he snorted coldly, then sent his divine sense out in all directions. However, he could find no trace of Han Bei.

"Parrot!" he said anxiously.

The parrot flew out from his bag of holding, radiating dazzling light, its eyes shining brightly. Meng Hao sent his divine sense out again, and this time, the parrot let out a squawk as it bolstered his divine sense.

Everything began to tremble violently. RUUUUUUUUUUMBLE!

A huge wind whipped up, with Meng Hao in the middle of it all. As his divine sense surged out exponentially, it filled Planet Vast Expanse, until finally, he caught sight of Han Bei in another small-scale sect.

As soon as he locked down onto her position, he stepped forward, ripping the air apart and stepping through the rift. It took only a moment for him to appear in the exact location he had just identified.

The instant he appeared, Han Bei was stepping onto a teleportation portal in the sect. She suddenly looked around to find Meng Hao speeding through the air toward her.

Her face went pale, and she suddenly slapped down at the spell formation with her hand. A boom echoed out as the spell formation began to activate. At the same time, she declined to wait for Meng Hao to destroy the preparations she had made in the sect. She destroyed the entire sect herself, then borrowed that power to fuel the teleportation formation. Radiant light glittered, surrounding her. She began to fade away, as if she would be teleported away at any moment.

But how could Meng Hao let that happen? He extended his right hand and pointed his finger directly at Han Bei.

“Eighth Hex!”

Chapter 1518: Nearing the Ninth Reincarnation!

Rumbling sounds echoed out as the Essence of space of the Eighth Hex descended and locked everything in place. Space was sealed, the air was sealed, everything was sealed!

Even the beam of light lurched to a halt. Meng Hao strode forward, completely ignoring the light and the destructive power that filled it, as he stepped inside.

The light washed over him, distorting a moment before being blasted away. Meng Hao stepped onto the spell formation, reached out, and grabbed the half-transparent Han Bei.

Almost as soon as his hand latched onto her, she laughed bitterly.

“If you kill me, Chu Yuyan dies!” she shrieked. Even as her words echoed out, and before she could speak another sentence, Meng Hao’s face turned icy cold. Without the slightest hesitation, he snapped her neck.

Han Bei couldn't believe what was happening as a boom rang out and she exploded into a haze of blood and gore. She had been destroyed in body and mind.

"This isn't your true self," Meng Hao said coolly, "only a tool to be discarded, or perhaps a clone to be used as a seed for rebirth.

"Now that I've killed this body, I'm curious to see what other means you will use to try to evade my wrath." He closed his eyes as he followed the aura of Han Bei's flesh and blood to try to track her down yet again.

Han Bei was crafty to the extreme, and had prepared many life-saving backup plans. Strangely, even Meng Hao was having trouble detecting the signs of where exactly she had teleported away to.

He had followed various clues to this place, and found her clone. Han Bei was certainly clever. Clearly, her true self and her clone had fled in different directions. If Meng Hao ended up following her clone, then that would suit her plans nicely. If he followed her true self, then the clone could make its escape and be the seed for rebirth if he ended up killing her true self.

"Gotcha," he said, eyes flickering as he looked off into the distance. There, his divine sense had spotted a figure who hadn't been there moments ago.

It was the fleeing figure of... Han Bei's true self!

Her hair was in disarray, and her face was ashen. She seemed shocked, in disbelief, as if she could never have imagined that Meng Hao would have the mental fortitude to survive and track her down from outside the Vast Expanse.

It really seemed impossible to her. No one could survive the experience of going outside the Vast Expanse, especially not... Immortals who had transformed into Demons!

"He wasn't assimilated and wasn't consumed. He's still himself. He didn't become the Emissary of Allheaven! How did he do it? Dammit!!" A tremor ran through Han Bei as she thought about Meng Hao's raging, murderous aura. She could well imagine that Meng Hao's heart was completely fixed on the notion of slaughtering her.

Furthermore, she had no desire to test out whether Meng Hao had slipped into a state where he didn't care about Chu Yuyan's soul. If he had, Han Bei knew that he could kill her as easily as flipping over his hand.

"There's no way he doesn't care about her!" she thought, gritting her teeth. As she flew along, suddenly, one of the cities of the mortal world appeared in front of her!

When Meng Hao realized what direction she was flying in, his pupils constricted. Beyond the mountains on the horizon was the city where his clone's ninth reincarnation was living. There, on the sprawling plains, was the enormous capital city of the mortal empire.

Meng Hao had very little connection to this ninth reincarnation. He could sense him, but that was all. And yet, that sensation allowed him to pinpoint exactly where the clone was located.

That didn't help him to check the clone's current situation though. Not even divine sense revealed anything more than a blurry haze. However, he could sense a familiar aura brewing within his clone's ninth reincarnation.

It was the complete aura of the Ninth Hex, an aura which could change all lives in unpredictable ways. It was an aura that could cover over all life, that twisted the air, making divine sense impossible to penetrate the area.

"How does Han Bei know where my clone's ninth reincarnation is? Could it be just random chance?" His eyes glittered brightly.

Of course, he had no idea that Yan'er had become a part of his clone's ninth life. It was only because Han Bei was connected to Chu Yuyan's soul that she was going in that direction. She had no idea of knowing that his clone's reincarnation was obscuring the divine sense in Chu Yuyan's area. However, she was able to determine the general location.

And therefore, she was speeding there to try to track Chu Yuyan down!

Even as Han Bei sped along, Meng Hao let out a cold harrumph, and blurred into motion as he gave chase.

Rumbling sounds filled Heaven and Earth. Han Bei was moving so quickly that she was soon in the air above the capital city where the clone's reincarnation lived.

“This must be the place!” she thought, face gleaming with delight. This was her final life-saving backup plan. She knew that even if she fled to the farthest corners of the Vast Expanse, Meng Hao would still be able to track her down. Furthermore, because of the injuries she had sustained, it was impossible for her to safely summon the will of Allheaven upon her. Therefore, her final chance at survival lay with Chu Yuyan.

She hoped that, in the case that Meng Hao had lost himself in his hatred, suddenly seeing Chu Yuyan in the flesh would awaken him.

Unfortunately, even though she knew Chu Yuyan’s general location, she couldn’t pinpoint exactly where she was. She only knew that she was in this city, which was somehow covered with a blanket of obscurity.

However, she had no way of knowing that the closer she got to her target, the stronger Meng Hao’s killing intent grew. After all, how could he possibly allow anything bad to happen to his clone?

Even as Han Bei arrived outside the mortal city, sounds like muffled thunder filled the air. Suddenly, the air seemed to rip apart, and Meng Hao emerged to hover in front of Han Bei.

His eyes were icy cold, and his killing intent swirled madly. Han Bei suddenly shivered and began to pant.

Apparently, Meng Hao’s appearance provoked a reaction from the clouds up above. More thunder crackled, breaking the clouds open and causing rain to begin to fall. Moments later, the lands were soaked in rain.

Countless mortal citizens in the city scurried about to get out of the rain; it was currently evening, and as the sky darkened, the rain began to fall even harder.

In a narrow alley in one particular corner of the city was a carpenter’s shop. Little Treasure sat there, carving a piece of wood, relying on his memory to sculpt the shape he remembered. Outside, thunder rumbled, and the sound of rainfall could be heard. Normally speaking, those sounds would stir his imagination, and make him think about what it might look like outside.

But today, he felt uneasy, as though something important were about to happen.



Soon, he heard footfalls behind him. It was his wife, who sat down next to him and leaned on his shoulder. A smile broke out on his face, and suddenly, the uneasy feeling in his heart gave way to calmness.

His wife looked at him warmly and also smiled. Her belly appeared to be slightly swollen; a tiny little life was there inside, slowly growing....

Because of the blanket of obscurity, Meng Hao's true self was unaware of what had occurred in his clone's ninth life. At the same time, the person who had accompanied that reincarnation through life had no way to detect the familiar aura which existed beyond that obscurity.

"If you kill me, Chu Yuyan's DEAD!" Han Bei said shrilly. She was nervous, and very afraid.

Thunder crashed, and the rain fell. Meng Hao didn't use his cultivation base to prevent the rain from touching him. He hovered there in the air, eyes swirling with killing intent, and as the rain landed on him, it turned into ice which fell down toward the ground.

Meng Hao looked over at Han Bei, then said, "The first time we met was when we went into the Black Sieve Sect's ancient Blessed Land."

His eyes flickered with memories. In the past, he would never intentionally take the time to indulge in nostalgia. But as the years went by, he grew more lonely, and then experienced the destruction of the Mountain and Sea Realm. Eventually, he reached the point where he would reminisce.

If it were possible, he would prefer that all of the people who had once been his friends not perish. That was especially true... of those he killed himself.

He felt that way about Chen Fan, and also felt that way about Han Bei.

Han Bei looked back at him quickly, eyes flickering with mixed emotions as she thought back to the past.

Then, Meng Hao's eyes shone with bright light. What he had said just now had been seventy percent sincere and thirty percent duplicitous. He truly had been sighing, but the intention had been to cause Han Bei to think about the past!

In the blink of an eye, Meng Hao's right hand flashed with an incantation gesture. Karmic Hexing appeared, and the wave of a finger caused Han Bei to begin to tremble. All of her Karma Threads appeared above her head, from which Meng Hao extracted a single thread.

It was none other than the Karma Thread which connected her to Chu Yuyan!

At the same time, Meng Hao's hand slashed through the air. The pieces of ice which had fallen off of him moments ago suddenly flew through the air, transforming into countless sharp blades that flashed through the air toward Han Bei. More precisely, they shot toward the Karma Thread which connected her to Chu Yuyan.

Han Bei's eyes widened, and she gasped. She immediately fell back, hands flashing in a double-handed incantation gesture. Then she shoved her hands out, unleashing the power of her cultivation base. However, she was not even close to being a match for Meng Hao. In the blink of an eye, the chunks of ice were directly in front of her and on the verge of slashing through her body.

In that moment, she shrieked. Her black pupils rapidly extended outward until they had overtaken the whites of her eyes. A boundless will then began to emanate out from her.

It was the will of Allheaven, and as it exploded out, blood oozed out of the corners of her mouth. She began to shake violently, and the sounds of breaking bones echoed out from inside of her.

Chapter 1519: Han Bei Perishes!

In order to send Meng Hao outside the Vast Expanse, Han Bei had paid the heaviest of prices. She had harmed herself on a fundamental level in order to summon the will of Allheaven. As such, when she did so again, she could barely prevent herself from collapsing into pieces.

However, even as her body began to fall apart, she was able to wield astonishing power. Blood oozed out of the corners of her mouth as her internal organs were destroyed. And yet, she raised her right hand toward the incoming ice fragments and pushed out.

Rumbling could be heard as the ice lurched to a halt. Then, each and every one exploded, forming a mist. That mist then congealed into the form of an arrow. Han Bei's eyes glinted with a cruel light as she prepared to send the arrow flying back at Meng Hao. But then her face fell as she realized that Meng Hao had vanished.

Before she could even spin around, Meng Hao had appeared behind her. She had no time to unleash any divine abilities or set up any defenses. Meng Hao's eyes flickered as he waved his right hand, summoning the copper mirror. It had a huge crack running down the middle, but it was still the same precious treasure it had always been.

The parrot materialized, letting out a fierce squawk. At the same time, the surface of the mirror floated out, and of the nine pieces which comprised it, one shot out and stabbed into the middle of Han Bei's back.

Even still, Han Bei's energy continued to rise, and the boundless will continued to pour into her. She performed an incantation gesture with her right hand, then pointed behind her, causing the air around Meng Hao to shatter. A blast of energy then separated them, whereupon Meng Hao vanished again. When he reappeared, he was in a different location, where he waved his hand, sending a second mirror shard stabbing into Han Bei's forehead.

Blood oozed out of the corners of her mouth as she performed another incantation gesture. The lands below began to quake, and crevices snaked out. However, that was when the third mirror shard stabbed into her, and then the fourth.

Han Bei's pupils constricted. She could already sense that the connection between her own soul and Chu Yuyan's was being destroyed. Backing up, she performed yet another incantation gesture. Blood sprayed out of her mouth, transforming into a blood-colored palm print that shot toward Meng Hao.

She was now in full retreat, drawing upon all the speed she could muster to flee. She was filled with the intense premonition that these copper mirror shards had the capacity to completely end her life!

However, even as she tried to escape, Meng Hao's eyes flickered with scorn. His right hand flashed with an incantation gesture, causing numerous mountains to appear, which fell down and completely blocked off her path of retreat. From a distance, it almost appeared as if those mountains were descending from the Heavens!

Han Bei let out a miserable shriek and then slammed into the mountains. The mountains shattered, and just when she appeared to be on the verge of making her escape, Meng Hao appeared next to her. He waved his right hand, and the fifth, sixth, and seventh mirror shards stabbed into Han Bei.

Han Bei's face was pale, and within her, the power of the will of Allheaven had exploded out in full force. She even went so far as to use the same magical technique that Chen Fan had used, causing numerous battles to fill Meng Hao's memories.

However, Meng Hao was prepared for that. His right hand flashed with an incantation gesture, and massive power erupted out within him. It was Karmic Hexing, which instantly severed her Karma.

Then, the eighth mirror shard stabbed into her chest.

She chuckled bitterly. By this point, her connection to Chu Yuyan's soul was almost completely gone. Glaring at Meng Hao, she gritted her teeth and, unexpectedly, chose to detonate her own soul!

"Maybe I'll vanish forever," she said, her eyes burning with madness, "but at least I can leave your heart in agony!" A boom echoed out as the power of the detonation began to explode out.

"Too late," Meng Hao said coolly. He waved his hand, and the ninth mirror shard whistled through the air at an impossible speed. Han Bei couldn't have blocked it even if she had tried. It stabbed directly into her dantian region.

"Soul Severing!" Meng Hao said quietly. The parrot squawked, shooting toward Han Bei at top speed. Simultaneously, the mirror shards exploded.

Meng Hao had set out completely intent on killing Han Bei. Even though her soul was linked with Chu Yuyan's, after acquiring the copper mirror, he knew that he could separate the two of them. The main danger would be if Han Bei chose to self-detonate, which was something he couldn't prevent.

Therefore, he didn't immediately attack Han Bei with full force. Instead, he had intentionally talked about past times, all to provoke the flow of memories within Han Bei's eyes. In that moment when she recalled the past, he unleashed Karmic Hexing as a tactic to sever her soul!

Severing Karma wouldn't be enough to undo her fusion with Chu Yuyan's soul. Everything he had done before had been a feint. His true goal was to use the copper mirror and the parrot to completely separate their souls!

The parrot's squawk echoed out at the same time that the nine mirror shards began to explode. The parrot then pierced through Han Bei's body, which was a simple thing considering it wasn't using its corporeal form.

As it passed through her, it latched its beak down onto a strand of soul, which was none other than the piece of Chu Yuyan's soul which was nestled inside of Han Bei's soul. The blurry soul fragment began to stretch out as it was pulled inexorably away from Han Bei's soul.

It was in that moment that the full power of the detonation of the mirror shards surged out. Nine separate explosions ripped through Han Bei, slashing at the point where the two souls connected. Han Bei let out a bloodcurdling scream as her soul was severed from Chu Yuyan's.

A massive boom echoed out as the parrot soared through the air, circling back around to Meng Hao with Chu Yuyan's soul fragment. As for the mirror shards, they reformed and floated back to the copper mirror, where they once again became an intact mirror face.

As of this moment, Meng Hao's desire to kill Han Bei had not lessened at all. He shot forward to appear directly in front of her, whereupon he unleashed a fist strike.

A boom rang out as Han Bei's body exploded into a cloud of gore. Her soul flew out into the air, where she stared at Meng Hao, smiling bitterly.

"Meng Hao, you've really surprised me.... You truly deserve to be the Son of Allheaven. The blood of the Allheaven Clans runs strong in you.... However, your fate is sealed! The fate of all the starry sky of Allheaven is sealed! It can't be changed. Nobody can alter it!" She began to laugh bitterly. Her soul was so damaged because of calling upon the will of Allheaven that Meng Hao didn't need to do anything to it now. She was like an oil lamp on the verge of sputtering out. Her soul trembled as cracks began to spread out across its surface.

Soon, she was completely fragmented, and was apparently on the very brink of falling apart.

"Tell me, what are the Allheaven Clans?" Meng Hao suddenly asked.

"You know. You already know. What need have you of further proof...? Well, I guess it doesn't matter now. Allheaven Clans are forged from the bloodline of the will of Allheaven. They were scattered among the starry sky with the sole purpose... of helping the will of Allheaven to climb back to the pinnacle!

"In this life, I am the Daughter of Allheaven, and you are the Son of Allheaven. Things between us aren't over yet!" Her laughter grew louder and louder until her soul couldn't sustain itself any longer. A boom like thunder echoed out as she exploded into ash!

Meng Hao hovered there quietly. After returning from outside of the Vast Expanse, he had already come to many conclusions about certain matters. Sighing, he looked up into the Heavens, his eyes glittering.

Eventually, Jin Yunshan, the Sect Leader, and the others appeared. They hovered there quietly, hearts battered by waves of shock. The bizarre performance put on by Han Bei, the unexpected appearance of the will of Allheaven, and Meng Hao's incredible power left them all panting.

Eventually, they clasped hands and bowed to Meng Hao, then began to depart in beams of colorful light.

The last to leave was the Sect Leader. He looked at Meng Hao with mixed emotions, then glanced thoughtfully at the spot where Han Bei had vanished. Finally, he clasped hands and left.

After they were gone, Meng Hao looked down at Chu Yuyan's soul strand. The parrot was perched on his shoulder.

After a long moment, Meng Hao murmured, "Han Bei was right. I've known the truth for some time now.

"There is a will outside the Vast Expanse called Allheaven.... In the past, Allheaven created the world, created life, and created cultivation. He is like the lord of all things.

"But he grew weak, and eventually reached the point of death. His body began to vanish, and in the end, all that remained were five fingers.

"Those fingers represent the Immortal, the Ghost, the God, the Devil, and the Demon...

"Every time one of them appears, it pushes Allheaven closer to death. Those fingers represent his life, an entity which exists above the Heavenly Dao, and is the will of all things.

"As for why Allheaven fears the Immortal, perhaps there are many answers, but regardless... if the Immortal appears, it will take the power of his life, and become strong to an unimaginable degree. In fact, if the Immortal appears, Allheaven will die instantly!

“When the Immortal is about to appear, worlds are destroyed!

“When Patriarch Vast Expanse was about to become the Immortal, the will of Allheaven intervened, and destroyed the Vast Expanse land masses. From then on, Patriarch Vast Expanse was not the Immortal, but instead, the Ghost. Back when I was fleeing with the Mountain and Sea Butterfly, I encountered that old man, and he told me all of this. Way back then.

“In Patriarch Vast Expanse’s grief, he transformed the land masses into his necropolis, then went outside the Vast Expanse to destroy Allheaven’s finger. That was all he could do, as he was not strong enough to kill Allheaven himself.”

Chapter 1520: Sculpt the Heavens!

“After that came the Devil and the God. They also destroyed one of the Allheaven’s fingers each. I wonder if the three of them were working together to completely destroy Allheaven, but just weren’t able to pull it off.

“In any case, they were waiting. Waiting... for the Demon to appear. I wonder where they got the idea that the Demon could put an end to Allheaven.

“Allheaven was waiting too, though, fearful of each person who approached the status of the Immortal, waiting for Demonic qi to appear inside of them. Then, just before they completed the process and became the true Demon... he absorbed those quasi-Demons, consumed them, used the multifariousness of the Demon, and their Nirvanic rebirth, to give himself new life!

“Perhaps the Allheaven Clans really were created by the blood of Allheaven, and yet, they were also clans which could give birth to the Demon!

“My fate is like that of a Demon, and I am the true Demon.” Meng Hao sighed. Perhaps his understanding wasn’t complete, but after everything he had experienced, he was sure that it was seventy to eighty percent true.

“That is the origin of Song Daozi and the other ninety-seven faces. They were from different worlds of the past, and they all became quasi-Demons.

“And I am the ninety-ninth. I was prepared by Allheaven to be the last of the group.” He shook his head and hovered there silently for a long moment. The rain ceased to fall, and the moon was now

visible, hanging in the sky. As it cast its light down onto the lands below, the reflection cast within the puddles was the picture of beauty.

Meng Hao eventually made his way through the night into the city of mortals down below. Following the tuggings of his senses, he walked through the streets until he found himself at a certain street corner, leading into a small alley.

Deep within the alley was a small shop.

The door was closed, but based on the sign, and the woodpile outside, it was obvious that it was the shop of a carpenter.

This was the home of his clone's ninth reincarnation. Meng Hao stood there for a long time. The obscuring mist which seemed to cover the area was strong here, as was the sensation that something was brewing that could shake the Heavens.

After a long moment passed, Meng Hao sent his divine sense out in an attempt to see what was in the shop. However, that was as effective as throwing a stone ox into the ocean. He could see nothing.

A moment later, he vanished. When he reappeared, he was inside the carpenter's shop, looking around at the neatly arranged carpentry tools. There were also rows up on rows of little wooden sculptures, which left Meng Hao a bit taken aback.

There were birds, dogs, cats, all of them remarkably lifelike. They were so lifelike, in fact, that it seemed as if they might start walking around at any moment. They even seemed to glow with a faint light that no mortal would be able to detect.

It was the light of life... and it was very strong. It was like a life force that wasn't present in the wood itself, but which had been imparted unto it by means of the act of sculpting.

Meng Hao simply couldn't imagine what hands would be capable of sculpting such lifelike statues.

It was at this point that his eyes came to rest on one particular little sculpture, which depicted a woman. A tremor ran through him, and his eyes went wide. He almost couldn't believe what he was seeing; it felt as if lightning bolts were crashing in his mind.



From the look in his eyes, it was as if he were looking at something so outlandishly preposterous that it defied imagination.

“That’s.... How is this possible? Why would my clone’s ninth reincarnation have sculpted her...?” His heart began to thump as he realized that certain shocking and irreversible developments must have occurred during this ninth life.

It was in that very moment that he heard footsteps behind him. A middle-aged man emerged from the room in the back of the shop. He was blind, and yet was able to walk as confidently as if he still possessed his eyes. He seemed very familiar with the little shop, as if had been carved into his mind. He walked over to the middle of the shop and took a sculpting knife off of the shelf, then sat down and began to work on an unfinished sculpture.

The sculpture wasn’t even half complete, and although no one else would be able to see what it was, Meng Hao could tell at a glance that it was the ninth sealing mark of the Ninth Hex.

Little Treasure couldn’t see Meng Hao, and didn’t know that he was there with him. If a picture could be painted of the scene, it would depict Meng Hao standing there in front of his clone’s ninth reincarnation, looking down at him slowly carving away at the block of wood.

A very strange feeling filled Meng Hao’s heart as he watched his ninth reincarnation. This reincarnation was different from the others. From the second life to the eighth, Meng Hao had been able to observe what was happening, and even felt a sense of familiarity with the various reincarnations.

He could sense that this was definitely his clone; his soul and his blood had both come from Meng Hao. But this ninth reincarnation felt very unfamiliar.

Time passed in which Meng Hao simply watched the clone working with the sculpture. He had never seen the ninth sealing mark take shape in such a way, in such a clear and corporeal fashion.

It had always appeared as an outline in his mind and heart, but this time, in the hands of Little Treasure, it was taking physical shape in the world, one knife stroke at a time.

“So this is my final, ninth life...?” Meng Hao murmured. He stood there for a long time... until a woman walked out of the room. She couldn't see Meng Hao any more than Little Treasure could, but as soon as Meng Hao saw her, he understood why Han Bei had been coming to this location.

“Yan'er...” he murmured to himself with a sigh. After seeing Yan'er depicted in the wooden sculpture, he had begun to suspect the truth. But to see her here in the flesh caused complicated emotions to rise up within him. Now he understood that in this ninth life, an unexpected twist had occurred. His clone... had ended up marrying Chu Yuyan.

Her belly was swollen with child, and her expression was warm as she placed a thick coat onto her husband's shoulders. Then she sat next to him, watching him sculpt. From the way she watched him, it seemed she would never tire of sitting there like that, not for her entire life.

Eventually she looked down at the sculpture, and when she couldn't tell exactly what it was, she quietly asked, “Is it almost finished?”

“Not yet,” Little Treasure replied, rubbing the wood gently. “It's about a third done.”

She looked at it a bit closer, and then asked, “What exactly is it? I can't tell.”

Little Treasure smiled and replied, “These are... the Heavens, as I see them.”

“The Heavens?” The woman looked a bit surprised.

“Yeah. These are the Heavens, with their eyes closed. Like me, unable to see.” Little Treasure sighed. Yan'er sat there quietly.

Suddenly, Little Treasure looked up, and although he couldn't see Meng Hao, it was almost as if he were looking at him. “Yan'er, sometimes I have the feeling that this is my purpose in life.

“It was foreordained that I be blind, to live in a world of darkness.

“But I want the Heavens to open their eyes. It's too bad that I can't reach up and touch them.”

Meng Hao looked at Little Treasure and Yan'er for a long moment. Finally, he sighed and turned to leave. Before walking out of the shop, he looked back at Yan'er, and the little bump on her belly.

He could sense the life inside, and although it was true that the child inside was the offspring of his clone's ninth reincarnation, it was also true that it was his own flesh and blood.

This ninth reincarnation was unlike any of the other lives, and this child was also different.

Meng Hao stood at the threshold of the door, his expression one of many mixed emotions.

He did nothing to interfere with the lives of Yan'er and Little Treasure. There was no need.

He had chosen to let both of them go, and therefore, he would not break them apart now.

Because of the matter of the Ninth Hex, this ninth reincarnation apparently had keen intuition, to the point where Meng Hao was left shocked. Not only was he actually carving out the ninth seal of the Ninth Hex, he had uttered words which were thought-provoking even to Meng Hao.

"How can you seal the Heavens without being able to see them?" he murmured, shaking his head.

"No. There's more to it than that. People think that he can't see the Heavens, but the truth is that in his world of blindness, he can see them.

"He is sculpting those Heavens, one knife stroke at a time. The ninth seal represents those Heavens!

"When that sculpture of his is complete, my clone's ninth reincarnation will close his eyes and pass away. The purpose of his life has been to sculpt that ninth sealing mark." Meng Hao walked quietly off into the distance.

He didn't leave the city of mortals. He bought a house some distance away from Little Treasure and Yan'er's, where he waited for his clone's ninth reincarnation to finish his work.

Eight months passed in the blink of an eye, and Little Treasure became father to a baby girl. She wasn't blind. She could see the world in all its multitudinous colors. Her bright, cheerful laughter often filled the house.

Her mother picked her name, a single character which meant 'Perfection.'

From the time she was born, her parents called her Perfect.

It was a bit of a strange-sounding name, but Little Treasure liked it, and so did Yan'er.

Little Treasure was extremely excited from the moment she was born. He often held his tiny daughter in his arms and laughed with joy. Later, he carved his daughter's likeness into wood, which he placed on the headboard of her bed.

A few years later, Little Treasure's daughter was eight years old, and the ninth sealing mark was about half finished. On that day, a white hair appeared on Little Treasure's head. Soon after, young Perfect snuck up behind him, then pounced on him, laughing with joy. Chuckling, Little Treasure scooped her up into his arms, and suddenly, Perfect spotted the white hair on her father's head.

"Daddy, you have a white hair! Don't move, I'll pluck it out for you." She reached out with her little hand, found the white hair, and plucked it out.

Little Treasure stroked his daughter's cheek and gave her a loving smile. He was happy, blessed even. The years continued to pass.