

The Heavens 1521

Chapter 1521: The Heavens Inflict Punishment!

A year later, in the dead of night, Little Treasure was in the middle of sculpting the statue that was the ninth sealing mark. Suddenly, the sculpture glimmered with a faint light; it was now half complete.

It was in that very moment that thunder rumbled in the sky outside. It filled the first continent, as if some powerful will were expressing its anger by roaring in rage. The Heavens seemed to transform into an eye which scoured the lands below it, as if it were searching for something. In the end, the eye vanished.

Even as the clouds above seethed, Meng Hao's true self was sitting in his home not too far away from Little Treasure. He slowly looked up into the sky, his eyes cold.

In that moment, Little Treasure couldn't shake the feeling that someone up above in the sky was looking down at him. He looked up, but of course, couldn't see anything.

That night, as the clouds churned, rain began to fall.

It fell, not just on that particular city, but... upon the entire first continent.

Rain was a natural occurrence, so people didn't pay much attention to it. The mortals didn't even care, much less the cultivators. But the rain continued to fall for a total of seven days!

Because of the unending downpour, some low-lying areas began to fill up with water. A disaster was unfolding. Soon, the mortal empire began to get nervous, and started taking measures to control the flood of water.

The rain didn't stop after seven days though. There was a brief respite with a bit of sunny sky, but then thunder boomed, and the rain began to fall again. It seemed to pour down without end. Rain fell for a second week, then a third, then a fourth....

Then a second month, a third, and a fourth....

Normally, a bit of rainfall was nothing anyone would worry about. But when the rain continued to fall for month after month, soaking the lands, completely inundating them, it was a completely different matter.

By now, it was a true disaster, to the point where the cultivators in the first continent attempted to intervene and stop the rain. However, not even the Paragons were capable of doing so.

The best they could do was create canals that led the rainwater to the oceans.

However, that was not a long-term solution. Furthermore, many of the cultivators who attempted to intervene would subsequently make critical errors when practicing cultivation, and then die.

It was almost as if they had offended the will of the Heavens, and were being punished with death.

The mortal world was completely saturated with water. The city Little Treasure lived in was no exception. Certain portions of the city wall were so soaked that they had collapsed, as had many buildings throughout the city. The citizens could do little more than brave the downpours to try to bolster their residences against the rain.

It reached the point where virtually no one was able to prevent the water from flowing into their homes. As the water rose, sickness and disease spread.

Little Treasure's house was one of the few in which it was relatively dry. He had no idea why that was the case, nor did his daughter.

Only his wife knew. She had taken certain measures to protect her family.

"When is this rain going to stop...?" Little Treasure said with a sigh. Because of what had been happening, business had ground to a halt. Thankfully, they had some food saved up, but if the rain kept on the way it was, that food wouldn't last for very long.

Little Treasure sat there quietly, sculpting away. With every stroke of his knife, another sliver of wood would fall, just like the rain outside.

More and more cultivators were mobilized. They began to set up spell formations and hew out canals. However, all that did was alleviate a bit of the pressure, not solve the problem.

It was in this fashion that three years passed.

During that time... the rain never stopped. People began to move to other locations on the continent as one village after another was swallowed up by water. Plains vanished, and eventually, even the city Little Treasure lived in sank beneath the waters.

Little Treasure and his family left with the other refugees, heading to higher ground. Along the way, Little Treasure's parents fell ill.

They were old, and had grown frail, and nearly lost their lives to the illness. However, just when it seemed hopeless, they made a sudden recovery. Little Treasure was delighted, although he couldn't see how ashen his wife's face was in that moment.

The rain fell harder. People died on a daily basis. Among all of the refugees who were traveling to higher ground, only Little Treasure and his family kept their spirits up. Furthermore, Little Treasure never stopped sculpting. Every day he would spend time working on his statue.

The exodus took a full year. Eventually, they reached a tall mountain, which gradually came to be packed with more and more refugees. Suddenly, the rain stopped. Everyone began to cry out in joy, only to feel a frigid wind blow across their faces, a wind which seemed to drain them of all warmth. In that instant, their spirits turned as cold as ice.

The rain had stopped. But the snow had just begun.

The temperature on the first continent dropped rapidly.

Snow began to fall, and Little Treasure shivered. He felt the snow landing on his face, and he could hear everyone around him crying out in alarm.

It was a depressing sound, a sound filled with death and despair....

Before, everything had been wet, but now, everything was freezing cold. This sudden change in the weather took the disaster to a new, unprecedented level.

Snow filled the lands, and the temperature plummeted. The ground froze over, and vile coldness reached its claws everywhere. Not even the canals could escape, and were frozen solid.

More cultivators attempted to interfere with the Heavens, but any who did would eventually drop dead with no warning. There was even an 8-Essences Paragon who, in the midst of attempting to stop the disaster, was suddenly blasted by a wind so cold it froze his soul, and he died instantly. After that, no one dared to do anything.

Because of the rain, and then the snow, the First Sect was uprooted and forced to move. According to their understanding, the Heavens had sent this disaster to destroy the first continent.

There was nothing that could be done. There was no resisting it. Even the Sect Leader could do nothing but shake his head bitterly. Furthermore, he had the feeling that the disaster was far from over.

The First Sect evacuated.

On that night, Little Treasure's wife Yan'er was looking up at the falling snow. She knew that the First Sect was leaving, and finally decided that it was time to take Little Treasure and their daughter away from the first continent. However, just when she was about to unleash some magic, the energy of Heaven and Earth that existed in the first continent vanished.

Just like that, all of the spiritual energy, all of the energy of the Vast Expanse, was suddenly gone, as if it had been cut off. Not a single trace was left behind.

Something shocking resulted because of the disappearance of the energy of Heaven and Earth. In that instant, all of the cultivators on the first continent gaped in shock. It was as if a huge pressure had suddenly descended onto them. All of their years of cultivation, all of their cultivation base power, was gone. No matter how they fought or struggled to keep it... as of this moment, all of them fell back down into the mortal realm. They... were now mortals!

It was as if a huge blanket had been tossed over the lands of the first continent, making it impossible for anyone to leave, and also ensuring that no one dared to enter.

Any cultivator who cross the border into the first continent would instantly become a mortal.

The entire Vast Expanse School was stirred into action. All of the 9-Essences Paragons gathered at the borders of the first continent, which they stared at in shock. All of them were trembling deep in their hearts.

“The wrath of the Heavens!!” the Sect Leader murmured inwardly. He looked up into the Heavens, into the starry sky of Allheaven, and based on the level of his cultivation base, he could tell that, for some reason, the entire starry sky seemed enraged at the first continent.

At the same time, numerous cultivators who were proficient in prophesying and performing auguries began to call upon their skill to investigate. One after another, they were hit with backlashes that left them coughing up blood. And yet, they all came to the same conclusion.

“Punishment from the Heavens!”

“The Heavens are enraged!”

“Something happened which infuriated the Vast Expanse, right here on the first continent!”

“There is a power building up on the first continent, a power that the starry sky of the Vast Expanse views as an enemy!”

“We have to separate ourselves from that power. We have to seal this place off. Otherwise, the power might spread out from the first land mass and affect all of the starry sky!”

Such predictions and explanations only grew more numerous. Eventually, the first continent was completely sealed off.

All of the cultivators there who had lost their cultivation bases could do nothing but shiver as they looked in despair at the falling snow. Yan'er was among them. She smiled bitterly, and yet knew that there was nothing she could do to change the situation.

Little Treasure wasn't aware of how his wife had changed. However, he could feel death approaching. He knew the world had changed. It was unfamiliar now, and filled with rage and murder.

More people died. Violent chaos filled the lands. In the midst of a disaster like this, the worst side of people was what showed. That was how people survived.

The entire continent began to degenerate. As the snow fell and the temperature dropped, more people turned into corpses. The survivors could do nothing more than search for places to try to survive the cold.

Some survivors formed groups, which huddled together in caves in the mountains as they fought to live.

Food grew scarce, making it even more difficult to keep going. In order to get even a bit of food, many young women did things they would never have done before. People fought and killed others, and stories of cannibalism began to circulate.

Pretty women often had it the worst, so Little Treasure's wife, having lost her cultivation base, used a knife to disfigure her own face.

On that night, Little Treasure wrapped his arms around his wife and daughter, and they all wept together.

Chapter 1522: Oh How Cruel

In that moment, Meng Hao was floating in the air far up above. He was the only person on the first continent who didn't seem to have been affected by the sudden disappearance of the energy of Heaven and Earth.

He looked down at the ninth incarnation of his clone, a complex expression twisting his face. He looked down at Yan'er with her disfigured face, and Perfect. He looked at the family down below, and after a long moment passed, he sighed.

At the moment, he still felt that the best thing to do was refrain from interfering.

A few months passed. Little Treasure, despite being blind, was very skilled in carpentry, which was a valuable skill in the frigid world in which they lived. Because of that, he was one of the few people among the refugees who was permitted to live inside the cave on the mountain where they resided.

There was little to eat, so Little Treasure slowly began to lose weight. It was the same with his wife. She was no longer beautiful like she had been, and her hair was plastered onto her like a wilted flower.

The truth was that in these deadly and critical times, Yan'er had the option of living a much better life, if she wanted. Despite having lost her cultivation base, her body still retained its regenerative powers, and as such, despite having disfigured herself, she soon recovered, and was beautiful just like before. A beautiful person like that could easily find ways to have a nice life, despite the disastrous state of the world.

Instead, she chose to disfigure herself again, and continued to do so each time she recovered. She would rather stay with Little Treasure and her daughter. They were her family.

It was just like the year when she had first laid eyes on Little Treasure, and realized that he was the reincarnation of the Master she had been searching for. Just as she had then, she murmured, "I'm here to protect you...."

Time passed, and things only got worse. It was so cold that people who stayed outside of the caves for too long would often freeze to death. Eventually, Little Treasure stopped doing any woodworking at all. He focused only on sculpting the ninth sealing mark. That was his focus, his obsession, his purpose in life. He never stopped.

He had already had a relatively low position among the refugees in the cave. Eventually, the most vicious people among the refugees decided that a carpenter wasn't very useful, and Little Treasure's situation got worse.

Despite her scarred face, Yan'er had a very attractive body, which made things even more difficult considering that they were surrounded by bored and tormented individuals who were losing touch with their humanity.

Worst of all, their daughter was now sixteen years old.

One night, Perfect went missing.

On that day, Little Treasure trembled. He felt as if his world had collapsed. His wife was also left trembling. The two of them left the cave to search for their daughter.

“Perfect...”

“Perfect, where are you...?” They called out miserably as they searched. Little Treasure couldn’t help but think back to the time he had been alone in the woods, and had wept in fear and anxiety. He was scared now too, but he forced his thoughts under control and reminded himself that he was searching for his daughter.

Eventually, he and Yan’er split up. He kept his hands on a wall, which he followed along, simultaneously calling out for his daughter. Eventually, he could tell that the sun was rising, and yet he hadn’t found a single clue.

No one helped them search. The others in the caves simply looked at them coldly.

“Perfect... My Perfect...” A bitter smile twisted Little Treasure’s lips as he continued to search for his daughter. Yet even his wife couldn’t find her, let alone him, a blind man. He couldn’t see the world, and as of this moment, felt more useless than ever. Completely useless....

Then he heard a miserable cry, a cry filled with despair. It was a cry that seemed to come from the lips of someone who wished to end their own life. It wasn’t Perfect’s voice, but rather, his wife’s.

A tremor ran through Little Treasure. Although his eyes were sightless, they were still bloodshot. He immediately began to walk toward the sound, which wasn’t too far away from where he stood.

He began to run. He fell. He hit his head on rocks. He was soon bleeding all over. But he continued to run. When he reached the voice, he heard a sinister laugh.

“Damned slut. You’re pretty ugly, but I’ve taken a liking to you, hear me? It’s your lucky day! Give me what I want and I’ll give your family a kilo of meat. What do you say?”

Up ahead, Yan’er was holding a dagger up to her own throat. She had been backed up against a cliff face by three burly men. If she had her cultivation base, she could kill them with a mere glance. But now, she was nothing more than a frail mortal woman.

Tears welled up in her eyes as the men inched closer. She bit her lip, and was just on the verge of killing herself, when she saw Little Treasure lurching her way, covered in blood.

She wasn't the only one who noticed. The three burly men turned and started laughing.

"The blind man's here! Great! You two grab him. Alright, listen up, bitch. Be a good girl for daddy, otherwise I'll boil your husband in front of your own eyes and then eat him!"

Yan'er looked over at Little Treasure, and the dagger she held trembled. As two of the men walked forward to grab Little Treasure, the other one grinned viciously and closed in on Yan'er.

It was at this point that Little Treasure suddenly smiled. It was a very vicious-looking smile, considering that his face was spattered in blood. He suddenly rose to his feet, seemingly bursting with strength. It was as if all the potential strength of his life force had erupted. His teeth ripped into the neck of one of the men, who had been completely unprepared to be so viciously attacked by a weak blind person. He screamed, clamping his hands down onto the wound. Off to the side, the second man gasped.

Little Treasure's ear twitched, and then he pounced onto the screaming man, madly ripping one chunk of flesh after another out of him. The burly man who had been advancing on Yan'er let out a bellow of rage, and was about to leap into the fray, when Yan'er lunged and began to stab her dagger into his back over and over again.

The remaining man instantly fled, his face filled with terror.

The maddened Little Treasure had ripped so many bloody chunks out of the man's skin that he was now dead. Little Treasure stumbled forward until he found his wife, whom he wrapped up in his arms. Together, they wept.

They never found their daughter. When they returned to the cave, the other refugees looked at them with fear. In a world which seemed to have reached the end of days, people only feared ferocity and repulsiveness.

The more repulsive, the more terrified they would be.

Later, people told them that during the previous night, a group of young men had kidnapped Perfect and taken her away.

Originally, it had been assumed that Perfect would never be seen again, whereas the young men would. However, after day broke, even the young men didn't return.

As for what exactly had occurred, people had their suspicions, but no one knew for sure.

Of course, nobody in the caves knew that at the bottom of the mountain, in another set of caves, a group of four corpses was already growing cold.

They were four young men, whose faces were plastered with expressions of terror and disbelief.

At first, Meng Hao had decided not to interfere with the life of his clone's ninth reincarnation, not even when it came to his relationship with Yan'er. But as time went on, and the ninth reincarnation's life changed, Meng Hao started to waver.

Then, Perfect was kidnapped by the four young men, and Meng Hao simply couldn't stand idly by. After all, the daughter of the ninth reincarnation was also his own flesh and blood.

He took Perfect away to the ninth continent. Meng Hao was the Ninth Paragon, leader of the Ninth Sect, and with that status, all he had to do was tell the other Paragons of the Ninth Sect that she was his daughter.

That ensured that Perfect would have a respectable status for the rest of her life.

As for the ninth reincarnation, the purpose of his life was to complete the Ninth Hex. And Yan'er was an adult who could make her own decisions. She had her own Karma.

But Perfect was innocent, and didn't deserve to be subject to such bitterness on the first continent.

Meng Hao looked warmly at Perfect, then turned and left the Ninth Sect. He returned to the first continent, and the caves. There, the day was growing brighter.

From that moment on, things changed for Little Treasure and Yan'er. They had shown their vicious side, especially Little Treasure, who despite being blind, had ripped a man to death with his teeth. When people saw the corpses of the men they had killed, they gasped.

The small group which had previously bullied Little Treasure was left completely shaken and afraid.

In the days to follow, Little Treasure and Yan'er eventually learned of the four corpses in the other cave. Other people confirmed that those were the four young men who had kidnapped Perfect.

They had been dead for some time, and yet there was no trace of Perfect. It was as if she had simply vanished.

Although it was a bitter end to the matter, at least Little Treasure had hope. For some reason, he was convinced that Perfect wasn't dead, and was in fact more blessed than she had ever been.

Because Little Treasure was blind, he couldn't see the look on his wife's face as they stood above the corpses of the four young men. At first she looked confused, and then, somewhat dazed. She wasn't sure who had rescued Perfect, but was convinced that whoever it was had been a very powerful person. Despite the fact that the current state of Heaven and Earth made it impossible to unleash one's cultivation base, that person must somehow have been able to leave the first continent.

In that case, it meant that Perfect was most likely safe.

However, the entire matter was still a heavy blow to Little Treasure. He was struck with a deadly illness which rapidly deteriorated his body.

When the end of days struck the world, falling ill was like a sentence of death. Yan'er worked herself to the bone to take care of him. A year later, he actually recovered, but by that time, Yan'er was like skin and bones.

The truth was that without his wife, Little Treasure would definitely have died.

He had never been inclined to words, but after his illness, he spoke even less. Most of the time, he focused on sculpting. He had been working on the sculpture for decades now, to the point where it was as smooth as glass and as dark as night.

Chapter 1523: My Destiny!

He continued to sculpt. One knife stroke at a time. The statue was gradually taking shape. Another decade passed. It was now ninety percent complete, and the world outside was colder than ever.

The wind blew, and food grew even more scarce. Even the caves got colder and colder. It was not uncommon for people to fall asleep and never wake up.

Things got worse until the caves were little warmer than the outside. Things began to freeze over, and soon, there was so much ice that the people left had only one choice. Stay and die, or leave the caves and try to find some other place to live.

The first group of people who left never returned. Then a second group left, and a third....

One morning, Little Treasure woke up to a very strange feeling. He reached out to touch his wife and realized that she was very stiff. He began to massage her, eventually holding her in his arms, until she finally awoke. He knew why she was like this: at night, she would lay next to him in such a way that the wind didn't blow on him.

After a moment of silence, Little Treasure said, "Let's leave this place!"

A few days later, the fourth group of people marched out into the wind and snow. The world was completely white as they searched for another location to hunker down in. Three days later, an avalanche suddenly struck, burying the entire group.

Meng Hao hovered in midair up above, looking down. By this point, he had suppressed the impulse to intervene on too many occasions to count. But now, he really felt as if he had no choice. He was just about to do something when his jaw dropped.

Down in the snow, one area began to shake, and then a woman crawled out. It was Yan'er. She was a cultivator, so despite having lost the use of her cultivation base, her body was a lot tougher than a mortal's.

Despite her weakened state, she was able to drag a person with her out of the snow, which was the unconscious Little Treasure. Within the world of ice and snow, everything was quiet. Yan'er wrapped her arms around Little Treasure to warm him up, then slung him over her shoulder. Looking around blankly for a moment, she then began to trudge onward.

Meng Hao felt deeply and profoundly shaken. Yan'er was very weak by this point, but she used what energy she had to press on with determination.

She walked for three days, during which time Little Treasure lapsed in and out of consciousness. His skin was very hot, although not from fever, but rather, because he was on the verge of freezing to death.

Tears leaked out of Yan'er's eyes. She called out to him, and held him close to keep him warm. Little Treasure's aura was growing weaker and weaker.

By this point, Meng Hao could even see his soul was on the verge of emerging. That told him that his clone's ninth reincarnation was reaching the end of his life. Eyes glittering, he extended his finger toward the clone.

But then he suddenly stopped, and his hand quivered. There was something pushing back against him, making it impossible for him to interfere.

Furthermore, Meng Hao could sense that the eight complete sealing marks had suddenly cracked. Apparently, if he did anything more to interfere, they would be destroyed, and the ninth sealing mark would also completely vanish.

Meng Hao sank into his silence. Although this was his first time attempting to take control of the ninth sealing mark, he had long since anticipated that something like this might happen.

"Is it all a failure...?" he thought, gazing blankly at Little Treasure's soul as it struggled to emerge and fly away.

However, it was at this point that Yan'er did something that completely shocked Meng Hao. She looked at Little Treasure's ashen face, and at his chest, which was barely rising and falling. A tender expression appeared in her eyes.

"Master, I love you," she murmured. "I loved you in my last life, and it's the same in this one..." She lifted her wrist up to her mouth and bit down hard. Then she lowered it down to Little Treasure's mouth, allowing the blood to flow into him.

Her own blood was the warmest part of her.

The wound closed up a moment later, so she ripped open another gash. The pain meant nothing to her. As long as the hot, nourishing blood could help Little Treasure to recover, she was willing to do it. Little Treasure's destiny hadn't been fulfilled, nor was he dead. So she picked him up and

struggled back to the caves where they had lived for so many years. After they arrived, she collapsed into unconsciousness.

A few days later, Little Treasure woke up. He couldn't see his wife, but he knew that she had saved his life yet again.

In his bitterness, Little Treasure began to weep. Eventually, Yan'er wrapped her arms around him, and the two of them sat there in the coldness of the cave, feeling each other's warmth.

After some time passed, Little Treasure suddenly reached up and began to pat his clothing. When he didn't find what he was looking for, he began to tremble.

The wooden statue was gone.

It was more than ninety percent complete, and had been with him for years upon years. But now, it was buried somewhere in the snow.

A moment passed. Little Treasure felt as if he had lost his soul. He sighed bitterly.

When his wife realized what had happened, she didn't say anything. However, later that night, after Little Treasure had fallen asleep, she rose to her feet, straightened her clothes, and then walked to the mouth of the cave. After turning to look back at Little Treasure for a moment, she gritted her teeth and walked out into the snow.

She knew what her husband's destiny was.

She followed the same path they had taken when they left. Because of the blood loss, she was now very weak, like a flame that could be snuffed out at any moment by the freezing wind.

After walking for a few days she reached the place where the avalanche had struck. Then she began to dig. She dug and dug until her hands were stiff.

She dug up one corpse after another, corpses belonging to the group they had been traveling with. Her vision was swimming by the time she found the little wooden statue.

She smiled, put the statue into her garment, and then, fighting the urge to pass out, turned and walked back. A day later, she was getting hot, but was in much better spirits.

She began to walk faster, and continued to get hotter. Two days later, she reached the cave, and smiled. She wasn't even sure how she had returned. She entered, and as soon as she saw Little Treasure, she stumbled and fell into his arms.

"Little Treasure," she said softly, "I managed... to get your statue back...."

"I should stay to protect you, but I don't think I can...."

"Master, I... I love you."

Little Treasure trembled as Yan'er's aura faded away.

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A few days earlier, Little Treasure had awoken to find his wife gone. He wasn't sure where she had left to, and considering he was blind, it wasn't really possible to track her down.

He could only sit there in the cave, shivering, paying close attention to the sounds he heard. However, all he heard was the whistling of the wind, and not his wife's footsteps.

He waited a whole day. Then another, and another. Soon he began to lose hope. Eventually, he began to chuckle bitterly, and recall that time in the forest when he was a child.

"Why did I have to be born blind!?" He had always deceived himself into believing that it didn't matter that he couldn't see the world. But as of this moment, he hated the fact that he was blind.

"Everyone's gone. Dad and mom are gone. Perfect is gone. And now you're gone.... I'm the only one left...." Tears flowed down his face. His hair had long since turned gray. There he sat, an old man in a cave, crying alone.

He wasn't sure how much time passed. First it was hours, then days. Eventually, he heard footsteps in the wind, very familiar footsteps. He began to tremble as he rose to his feet, and suddenly, she fell into his arms.

She was cold. Freezing cold.

"Little Treasure," she said softly, "I managed... to get your statue back...."

"I should stay to protect you, but I don't think I can...."

"Master, I... I love you."

Those three sentences struck Little Treasure like lightning. Trembling, he held her body, unsure of what to say. His throat seemed stuck shut, unable of emitting sound. His heart felt as if it had just been stabbed through.

He suddenly coughed up some blood, which splattered onto his wife's body like crimson flower petals.

He thought back to the young woman he had met in the forest as a boy. He thought about the night they were married. He thought about how he had lifted her veil and touched her face.

He thought about the day Perfect was born, and how everyone had been so happy. He thought about how, when it started to rain, his wife stuck with him the entire time, even when he was sculpting. He thought about how sad he had been when his parents died, and how she had comforted him.

He thought about how she had cared for him when he was sick, and how she blocked the wind with her own body. Finally, he thought about how she had nourished him with her own blood after the avalanche. That taste still seemed to linger in his mouth.

He held her in his arms for a long, long time. Eventually, her aura was gone, and yet Little Treasure didn't want to believe it. More tears flowed.

"It's fine, it's fine," he murmured. "I'm here. You rest for a bit. You're so cold, let me try to warm you up." Little Treasure carried his wife's corpse deep into the cave, where he tried to warm her with his own body.

Chapter 1524: Nine Reincarnations Together!

Unfortunately, no matter how he tried to warm her, he couldn't prevent her from becoming colder and colder. His anxiety grew, and his mind began to race. Eventually, he bit at his wrist and tried to pour his blood into her mouth. He smiled.

"It's fine. Everything's going to be fine," he murmured. Eventually, he passed out.

He was now alone in the cave. Everyone else had left. The only ones who stayed behind were the corpses.

After some time passed, he woke up again. He reached out to touch his wife, and she was as cold as ice. Little Treasure went mad. He ripped open his other wrist with his teeth to pour more blood into her mouth, but her mouth had frozen shut.

"Drink it," he murmured. "Drink my blood and you'll be fine! It's warm... Don't get any colder, please...." Tears streamed down his face as he babbled on. Eventually, he wrapped his arms around her corpse and wept.

The sound of his wailing echoed out in the cave until the wind rose up and drowned it out.

He was soon overwhelmed with a feeling of complete and utter loneliness. But then, strangely, he wasn't afraid any more.

He stroked his wife's face, feeling how cold it was, and softly said, "You know, back when we got married, I knew something that my dad and mom never knew. You're not a mortal. You're an Immortal."

His eyes had no pupils, and yet, they seemed to radiate warmth.

"How could I not know that the person who saved me in the forest was you?" He continued to stroke her face, wiping away the frost that was forming. From his expression, it was clear that he was thinking about the past.

"Back then," he murmured, "I knew that you had to be one of those legendary Immortals, and yet, I couldn't figure out why you would choose me...."

“Sometimes when you were looking at me, though, I could sense that the person you saw wasn’t me....

“The person you truly loved wasn’t me, was it? It was your Master.

“I’m blind, unable to see the world that the rest of you live in. But the world that exists in my heart, is a world that none of you can see. And there is something about that world that no one could possibly know....” Little Treasure smiled as he talked to his wife.

“I’ll tell you, okay? I’ve never told anyone before, not even my parents....

“I’ve seen people before, in my world. They lived on different continents, and they lived different lives than mine. One was very happy, one was a businessman, one was a hunter. One of them wielded incredible power. Another was a coroner, and there was even an assassin....

“There was another person, an Immortal, and he had an apprentice named Yan’er. She looked a lot like you.” He smiled faintly.

“Do you know why I’ve been working on this little sculpture? It’s because all of those other people. All of them have been insisting that I have to finish sculpting it. I have to finish making this wooden statue. I have to force the Heavens open their eyes, or to close their eyes.

“Having the power to force them to close their eyes isn’t enough. What those other people want... is the power of absolute control over the eyes of the Heavens. To FORCE them to open their eyes. If I want the Heavens to close their eyes, they will have no choice but to comply!” Little Treasure chuckled. Stroking his wife’s freezing face one more, he turned his head and said, “Am I right?”

Although Little Treasure was blind, when he spoke those words, he was looking directly at a person. A person who was standing right behind him.

It was none other than Meng Hao.

Meng Hao looked down at Little Treasure, his eyes shining with bright, piercing light.

As of this moment, his heart was pounding.

The development he had most feared... had occurred.

Something had occurred which made it so that Meng Hao was incapable of controlling the ninth reincarnation of his clone. Perhaps there was something unique about the ninth reincarnation's body, or perhaps it was a result of using the incomplete eight sealing marks of the Ninth Hex when he was outside the Vast Expanse.

For whatever reason, Meng Hao had been very reluctant to interfere. Eventually, when he finally gave in and tried to do something, he met with resistance. And now, he found that something completely unexpected had occurred.

The ninth reincarnation was him, but obviously, had developed an independent mind. He was different from the previous reincarnations. He could not be controlled.

Although Little Treasure couldn't see the world around him, he somehow seemed to be looking directly at Meng Hao as he said, "I could sense a thread connecting me to all eight of those people who appeared in my world. And that thread connected to someone else, too.

"That person is you.

"My guess is that I am your clone. Yan'er's Master was also your clone. Am I right?"

After a moment of silence, Meng Hao said, "Yes. Both you and the other reincarnations you saw were created for a single purpose. To complete my Ninth Hex."

Little Treasure nodded thoughtfully. "So that's how it is. And what about her? Was she really your apprentice?"

Meng Hao looked down at Yan'er. Without her, this ninth reincarnation would have long since died. "She was the apprentice of my clone. In her previous life, I came to owe her a huge debt."

By this point, Little Treasure looked very, very old. "What about my daughter? Well, I guess she's your daughter too, right?"

“She’s safe,” Meng Hao replied softly. “In the Ninth Sect on the ninth continent.”

“I guess we’ve reached the end of it all. I... have no last words to say, I suppose.” Little Treasure sat there quietly. After enough time had passed for an incense stick to burn, he reached down and pulled the wooden statue out from his wife’s garment. He rubbed the wood, and sighed.

“I really hate the idea of other people controlling my destiny. Even when that person is my true self. I still hate it.

“You know, I could sever the thread that connects the two of us at any time.” Little Treasure picked up his sculpting knife, and in that moment, he somehow seemed to possess the power to sever Karma.

If he did, then it wouldn’t matter if the Ninth Hex were completed, Meng Hao would not be able to even touch it.

Meng Hao stood there silently.

Little Treasure looked over at his wife, grief playing across his face. After a long moment, his knife moved. He didn’t sever the thread, but instead, began to sculpt the wood.

He cut with incredible speed, as if he were pouring all the power of his life into his work. Gradually, the eighth reincarnation appeared behind him, then the seventh, the sixth, the fifth... all the way to the first.

Nine reincarnations were all contained in one body. Together, they controlled the knife, causing the final sealing mark of the Ninth Hex to gradually take shape. Outside, thunder boomed. It seemed enraged, and its roars filled the world. Wind screamed, and snow battered the lands.

It was in that moment that Little Treasure’s knife stopped moving. The wooden statue was ninety-nine percent complete. It only required one more knife stroke.

“It’s difficult to perfect something I’ve never touched...” he murmured. Instantly, his soul, as well as the images of the other eight reincarnations, suddenly flew out of the cave. As the will of

Allheaven roared up above, they shot high into the sky, touching the Heavens, feeling the will of Allheaven.

For the first time ever, the will of Allheaven trembled. For the first time, it felt fear. For the first time... it retreated.

That was Little Treasure's aura, in the form of the eight incarnations. It was also a Heaven-Sealing aura!

That aura was the result of the nine perfected sealing marks. After combining, they formed the true... Seal the Heavens Hex!

As soon as it appeared, it spread out to fill Heaven and Earth. In the starry sky of Allheaven, the will of Allheaven which existed everywhere was now shaking, and the fear it felt continued to mount. Thunder boomed, and the clouds churned. It appeared as if the will of Allheaven were truly being forced to flee!

It was pushed out of the first continent, pushed out of the lands. The Seal the Heavens Hex might have seemed weak initially, but it actually existed on a completely different level than the other Hexes. In fact... it existed on a higher level than the will of Allheaven. It was a power that caused even that will to be completely shocked!

This was Meng Hao's Ninth Hex, the Seal the Heavens Hex!

"I felt it," Little Treasure said, smiling. He opened his eyes. All of the other reincarnations also smiled. Then, they merged together, transforming into a beam of light that shot back down to the lands below, back into the cave, to Little Treasure's body. Then he lifted his knife to make the final cut on the wooden statue.

Boom!

The knife cut the wood, and the statue was complete!

The nine sealing marks of the Ninth Hex, the Seal the Heavens Hex, were, as of this moment... complete. The entire starry sky of Allheaven began to shake and tremble. A tempest sprang up with Planet Vast Expanse at the center. It spread out, wider and wider, covering everything.

In that moment, the barrier which had surrounded the first continent began to fragment and crack. A moment later, it exploded, sending a huge shockwave out in all directions!

All of the snow on the first continent melted instantly, transforming into a mist that rose up into the air. The mist was then caught by the wind, and vanished!

The lands were restored. The plains appeared again. Mountains stood tall. Cities reappeared. Even the First Sect could be seen again.

At the same time, an indescribable power filled the lands, causing grass to sprout on the plains. The withered trees in the forests suddenly began to grow again, and all of the mountains became lush with vegetation.

Chapter 1525: Goodbye, Yaner

Everything in the past which had died, regardless of whether they had frozen to death or drowned, regardless of whether they were cultivators or mortals, regardless of whether they were animals or plants, were all resurrected!

Even if the corpses had vanished, they returned to life from nothing!

The shattered buildings and collapsed mountains were restored in the blink of an eye. All of the lands... were like they were before!

According to the ancient saying, when one man achieves the Dao, all those beneath him will also ascend. That was exactly what was happening with the Seal the Heavens Hex. From within death, life appeared!

Rumbling sounds filled the first continent as everything was restored. As that happened, Planet Vast Expanse was shaken, as were all of the lands that filled the starry sky of Allheaven. All worlds, all realms, all the dust, everything was vibrating.

All cultivators, all species, all forms of life, everything that existed trembled in shock and astonishment.

Jin Yunshan gasped, and Sha Jiudong was left shivering. Bai Wuchen's eyes went wide with amazement.

The Sect Leader's jaw dropped, and all of the other 9-Essences cultivators were battered by waves of shock. Each of them felt compelled to drop to their knees and kowtow to the first continent. It was almost as if something were being born there... that surpassed the Vast Expanse itself!

In the first location where Meng Hao had acquired a copper mirror shard, the enormous basilisk lizard with the peak 9-Essences battle prowess was currently sleeping. Suddenly, it trembled and looked up, astonishment shining in its eyes.

In the Ice-Fire Realm, the Icemountain Giant and the Flamephoenix could feel the fluctuations rolling out through the starry sky of Allheaven, and were suddenly struck with fear.

On the flourishing Immortal God Continent was a certain sect that held the most prominent position among all of the other sects. It was a powerful sect, and within that sect was a disciple by the name of Dao-Heaven, a new Chosen within the sect.

He was currently sitting there cross-legged in meditation. For years, he his heart had been filled with various questions and speculations. And yet, he had never been able to prove whether or not they were right. In fact, the ideas in his head seemed almost too fantastic to believe.

However, as of this moment, the entire Immortal God Continent suddenly trembled. Every entity in those lands stopped what they were doing and looked up. Mortals, cultivators, and even the animals, all suddenly seemed to lack the energy to even move. The entire world went completely still and quiet.

Except for Dao-Heaven. He could move. A tremor ran through him as he suddenly sensed a familiar aura. A smile broke out on his face, and tears began to stream down his cheeks. Finally, he threw his head back and laughed uproariously.

Dao-Heaven, of course, was the former Echelon cultivator of the First Mountain and Sea!

A similar scene played out on the Devil Realm Continent. It was the same in the 33 Heavens above the Mountain and Sea Butterfly. Outside the 33 Heavens, sitting there on guard, was the monkey Dao Fang, whose heart suddenly trembled.

In all of the starry sky of Allheaven, things were shaking, and rumbling like thunder could be heard.

At the same time, the will of Allheaven seemed to cause everything to shake with its rage. It roared in fury, as well as... terror!

It was terrified, because it could sense that a new aura had appeared within the starry sky. It was a new power, a Dao... that superseded the Heavenly Dao!

That Dao could be called... the Seal the Heavens Dao!

The Seal the Heavens Dao was boundlessly domineering. It refused to allow anyone to offend it. It refused to allow any other will to change it.

It... could make the Heavens open their eyes, and could make the Heavens close their eyes. If I want the Heavens' eyes closed, they won't dare to refuse!

What I want, the Heavens shall NOT lack! What I don't want, had BETTER not exist in the Heavens!

Back on Planet Vast Expanse, on the first continent, everyone was resurrected. However... Yan'er remained frozen.

After making the final knife cut, Little Treasure flicked his sleeve, and the statue and knife flew over toward Meng Hao.

As of this moment, his eyes were different. Before, they had no pupils, but now they did. He looked around at the world, and saw light. Of course, he didn't care about the world. He slowly looked down at his wife, and smiled. This was the first time he had ever seen her appearance.

She was ugly, her face covered with scars and wounds. But to Little Treasure, she was the most beautiful thing in existence.

He knelt down and wrapped his arms around her, smiling contentedly. Eventually, he closed his eyes, and his aura vanished.

His soul flew out. It, along with the souls of all the other reincarnations, became a beam of light that shot toward the statue in Meng Hao's hand. The light entered the statue, which then glowed brightly. It was now truly complete.

That wooden statue was Meng Hao's Ninth Hex. Once he absorbed it, he could... combine the Nine Hexes!

And yet, he felt no joy. It was hard to pinpoint exactly what emotions he felt as he looked down at Little Treasure's corpse, which was gradually transforming into motes of light that floated through the air and merged into Meng Hao. After all, he had been part of Meng Hao to begin with.

Meng Hao knew that Little Treasure could have refused to cooperate. Meng Hao was the true self, and he was the clone, a part that had essentially been cut out from Meng Hao.

He didn't like being controlled, didn't like others being in charge of his destiny. And yet, in the end, he chose to complete the Ninth Hex, and to help Meng Hao.

Of course, Meng Hao knew that he did it, not for him, but... for Yan'er.

This ninth reincarnation of his clone loved Yan'er much more than Meng Hao's true self did.

Meng Hao stood there in the cave for a long, long time. Eventually, the motes of light that were Little Treasure merged fully into Meng Hao. All traces of the clone's existence had been wiped out, except for the sculpting knife and the wooden statue.

Meng Hao sighed. Yan'er's body was also transforming into motes of light that gradually began to fade away. Her soul hovered there, complete and whole, just in front of Meng Hao.

She was looking at her fading corpse, and the empty spot next to it, where another person had been laying moments ago. Some time passed, after which she turned and looked at Meng Hao.

"Should I call you the Ninth Paragon?" she asked softly. "Or Master. Or... Little Treasure."

Meng Hao extended his right hand, within which were two soul strands. One was the strand which had been fused with Han Bei. The other contained memories of a previous life.

The two soul strands merged together into one, becoming a beautiful stream of light that flowed over to Yan'er.

“That is a part of your soul,” Meng Hao said quietly. “If you absorb it, your soul will be complete, and you’ll remember everything from the past. You will remember... who exactly I am.”

Yan'er looked quietly at the beautiful light, a calm smile slowly growing on her face. “What happened to Perfect?”

“She’s in the Ninth Sect.”

Yan'er nodded and looked off into the distance. Some more time passed before she spoke again.

“This ninth reincarnation was enough for me. What need is there of past memories? Now that I think about it, I’m sure that there are many regrets within those memories.

“All I know is that you are my Master, and that I lived a good life.” She closed her eyes for a moment, and when she opened them again, they were bright and clear. She waved her finger at the soul light, the light which contained the memories of her past life. The light faded away.

With that, she clasped hands and bowed to Meng Hao.

“This life is over. Master, I won’t interfere in your world any more. Thank you for caring for me throughout the years.” She looked at Meng Hao one last time, then turned away. In front of her, a reincarnation vortex appeared. Just as she was about to step in, she stopped in place.

“You promised to tell me the rest of the story of Chu Yuyan. But, I already know what happens.” She smiled and took a deep breath. She had long since come to the conclusion that she herself was the second half of Chu Yuyan’s story. Apparently, she had finally chosen to free herself from all burdens. What she had just said was no lie; she was content. Looking free and at ease, she waved at Meng Hao and then stepped into reincarnation.

To her, spending an eternity with the one she loved wasn’t necessary. She was happy with one lifetime.

Meng Hao stood quietly in the cave, eyes somewhat blank. The Ninth Hex was complete, but he didn't feel happy at all. In fact, melancholy gripped at his heart.

After some time passed, he shook his head and buried his feelings deep inside. He walked out of the cave and felt the soft breeze on his face. It lifted his hair and rustled his garments, almost as if it were taking away the bad memories with it.

A look of determination appeared on his face, and his eyes began to shine. His cultivation over the past thousand years, and all of the things he had experienced, had forged him into something even harder than before.

His face looked young, but if you looked closely, there was something about him that could only be seen on someone who had existed for many years, and seen many things. There were even some faint wrinkles visible around the corners of his eyes. He did nothing to conceal the changes.

"It's time to go back...." He thought, looking up at the blue sky and the white clouds. Off in the distance was a red beam of light flying toward him. It was the mastiff, who landed in front of him and looked up quietly.

He stroked the mastiff's fur, and the light in his eyes grew more incisive than ever.

"After I absorb the Ninth Hex and ensure that it's complete, I can combine the Nine Hexes and extinguish the bronze lamp. Then I will Transcend. And after that... we can go home!" Although he didn't speak very loudly, it was as if his voice merged with Heaven and Earth and spread out through the starry sky.

Back in the world of the Mountain and Sea Butterfly, a faint voice could suddenly be heard.

"I'm coming back!"

Chapter 1526: A Place to Transcend!

As his voice echoed out, countless people were left shaken. Xu Qing was sitting cross-legged in meditation. Her eyes slowly opened, and tears of joy rolled down her face.

Everyone had been waiting for hundreds of years, and at long last... the Demon Sovereign was going to return!

In the world of the Mountain and Sea Butterfly, Fatty, who was now the lord of an important sect, was in the middle of reprimanding some people, when suddenly a tremor ran through him. He then began to laugh until tears streamed down his face, to the bafflement of everyone else.

Somewhere deep within the world of the Mountain and Sea Butterfly was an area of extreme coldness. There, a middle-aged cultivator was sitting cross-legged, surrounded by freezing air. He looked very sinister, and his eyes were closed, although that was because he was blind.

Suddenly, a tremor ran through him, and his eyelids opened to reveal black pits. As he opened his eyes, a tempest sprang up around him, and a smile broke out on his face.

In another location in the Mountain and Sea Butterfly world was Li Ling'er, who continued to carry out Paragon Sea Dream's final wishes. After accepting Sea Dream's legacy, she had founded the Sea Dream Association, which had grown large over the past several hundred years.

As she sat cross-legged in the sect's secluded meditation facilities, she suddenly shivered, and her eyes opened. She looked up into the sky and smiled. Despite the fact that her hair was white with age, her smile was just as beautiful as always.

In another area was a house on top of a mountain, where Meng Hao's sister lived with Sun Hai. They had long since married, and had a son and a daughter. Their children were grown, and had borne grandchildren, making them their own little clan.

"Little brother is coming back," Fang Yu said, her eyes shining with reminiscence.

Everywhere in the Mountain and Sea Butterfly, people were shaken, including one woman by the name of Zhixiang, who was smiling with anticipation.

There was another young man who happened to be seated cross-legged on the back of a huge whale, which was flying through the air. The young man was leaning up against a coffin, and he held an alcohol flagon in his hand, from which he sipped. A smile broke out on his face.

"He's coming back, Night," said the young man. He was Ke Jiusi, and the whale was true spirit Night.

There was a sect in the world of the Mountain and Sea Butterfly called the Kunlun Society. Back when the Mountain and Sea Realm was destroyed, the Kunlun Society had been preserved. They even managed to save many of their most important objects from within the sect, which they took with them into the Mountain and Sea Butterfly.

One of those objects... was a coffin, made from Immortal jade and filled with Meng Hao's divine sense!

The highest mountain in the Kunlun Society didn't have a sharp, jagged peak. Instead, it had a hollow depression at the top. Within that basin were countless spell formations, as well as piles of Immortal jade. In the middle of it, was that very coffin.

Inside the coffin was a very beautiful woman. Her eyes were closed, as if she were sleeping. It was none other than Chu Yuyan's true self. Because of the power of Meng Hao's divine sense, and the protective measures set up by the Kunlun Society, she had been preserved down to this day.

Even as everyone in the Mountain and Sea Butterfly who was familiar with Meng Hao sensed that he was coming, a white-haired old man was standing next to that coffin, looking at the woman inside. He was Pill Demon, Meng Hao's Master, and also Master to Chu Yuyan.

Pill Demon gazed at Chu Yuyan for a while, then sighed. He was just about to turn and leave, when a tremor ran through him. He looked back at Chu Yuyan, and for some reason, was convinced... that he had seen her eyelashes flutter.

Pill Demon gasped. "This...."

He looked closer, and although Chu Yuyan clearly wasn't awake, he could definitely see... faint signs of life!

As everyone was shaken in the Mountain and Sea Butterfly, back on the first continent of Planet Vast Expanse, Meng Hao strode forth, his eyes gleaming with profound light.

The mastiff tagged along at his side, and moments later, the parrot flew out. As soon as it saw the mastiff, it whooped in delight.

"Woooo! Your fur is so luxuriant! It's making me horny! Dammit, why do I feel like crying...?"

Meng Hao didn't say anything in response. He returned to the ninth continent, and then the half-planet under the surface of the ground. Once he was back in Ninth Paragon City, he entered his secluded meditation facilities.

Unfortunately, he simply couldn't shake the melancholy that had come to grip him after everything with Chu Yuyan. Some time passed, after which he subconsciously lifted his right hand and performed an incantation gesture, sending divine sense spreading out. After confirming that Perfect was doing well, he began to search for the signs of Chu Yuyan in reincarnation.

"She... didn't reincarnate?" he thought, looking off into the distance. He wasn't a completely heartless person, and although his heart was fully occupied with his desire for revenge, there were some emotions he couldn't simply ignore. In his mind, the only person he actually owed anything to in this life... was Chu Yuyan.

For some reason, he thought back to the coffin which existed in the vortex, which the Mountain and Sea Butterfly rested upon. That coffin had a line of text written on it.

"The entire starry sky owes me a debt, and likewise... I owe you a debt. You could awaken from slumber if you wished, but you do not ..."

Those words, and that concept, formed a resonance with Meng Hao. He sat there quietly in his bitterness for a long time. Eventually, he waved his hand, and the statue of the Ninth Hex appeared. After examining it for a bit, determination appeared in his eyes, and he sent his divine sense out in an attempt to absorb it.

However, in the instant he did that, the will of Allheaven which had just been expelled descended upon him in full madness.

His eyes flickered, and a vicious smile appeared on his face as he continued to absorb the Ninth Hex, and simultaneously resist the will of Allheaven.

A few days later, his eyes were bright red as he reached out and pushed his hand down onto the ground. A wind blasted out, and although nothing in the area was damaged or destroyed, it fought back against the will of Allheaven even more strongly. Eventually, Meng Hao's eyes were completely bloodshot.

By now, he realized that if he wanted to absorb the Ninth Hex in peace, he simply couldn't do it here. He might be able to force it to happen, but it was also possible that along the way, he could ruin everything.

Absorbing the Ninth Hex was too important to him, and he couldn't allow room for mistakes. After some thought, his eyes gleamed brightly.

"I need a place where the will of Allheaven cannot go. Only in a place like that will I be able to smoothly absorb the Ninth Hex.... The only place I know of like that is the necropolis!"

"It seems a little trip to the necropolis is in order. If the will of Allheaven wants to get in there, it will have to fight against the necropolis and everything in it. And that includes...." Meng Hao thought about the first time he had visited the necropolis. He had heard a voice speak out from the ninth land mass, which cowed the will of Allheaven with a single word.

As he sat there, he examined the bronze lamp inside of him. Yet again, he could sense the feeling of worship directed at him from the ghosts. The determination in his eyes grew stronger.

"To the necropolis!" he said, rising to his feet. He put the wooden statue away and flickered into motion, heading toward the half-planet's teleportation portal.

Once he was there, he reached out and activated the portal, causing the power of teleportation to begin to build up.

Before the spell formation could fully activate, several beams of light shot through the air toward it. It was Jin Yunshan, Sha Jiudong, Bai Wuchen, the Sect Leader, and the other 9-Essences Paragons. Not a single one was missing.

These people were all as crafty as foxes, and had long since begun paying close attention to Meng Hao. As soon as they detected him activating the teleportation portal, it became obvious that he was planning to go into the necropolis, and thus they appeared.

They looked at Meng Hao with mixed emotions, looking shaken. The Sect Leader took a deep breath, then clasped hands and bowed.

“Fellow Daoist Meng, would you please permit the rest of us to come along with you? We’ve tried on multiple occasions to enter the ninth land mass, but have never succeeded. If you can open it, Fellow Daoist Meng, we hope you’ll give us a chance to go in too.”

He wasn’t lying. During the past several hundred years, they had never been able to get past the eighth land mass. They had tried every method they could think of, and had met with failure every time. They had finally reached the conclusion that the barrier separating them from the ninth land mass was something they would never be able to pass.

Although they weren’t sure why Meng Hao wanted to go into the necropolis, he was obviously completely determined to do so. After all the years they had practiced cultivation, and after everything they had experienced within the necropolis, they had developed certain speculations regarding how Meng Hao was connected to the terrifying aura they had sensed that one time on the first land mass.

The opportunity they had now was not something they would abandon lightly. Not only did the Sect Leader clasp hands and bow, all of the other 9-Essences Paragons, including Sha Jiudong and Bai Wuchen, all did the same.

Bai Wuchen was filled with bitterness because of it, but the prospect of Transcendence prompted her to acquiesce.

Only Jin Yunshan stood there, unabashed and arrogant. He waved his hand, causing a total of thirty bracelets of holding to appear, which represented virtually all of the wealth he had accumulated in recent years. Heart filled with pain, he gritted his teeth and waved his sleeve, sending the bracelets of holding flying toward Meng Hao.

“That’s my entrance fee!” he said coolly, sticking his chin out. He was completely confident in this action, and was even a bit derisive of how, even after all these years, nobody else understood Meng Hao like he did. As long as some money was thrown his way, he could accept anything.

Meng Hao’s face twitched as he watched the thirty bracelets of holding flying through the air toward him. He was inclined to reject such an insulting offer, but then he waved his arm, sucking the bracelets of holding into his sleeve and clearing his throat. He had to admit that, despite how much he had grown, and how cold he had become, insults like this were something he was happy to accept.

When the other Paragons saw what was happening, they were instantly enlivened. Without any hesitation, they began to produce various precious holding items, which they handed over. Most people offered ten or so, a few offered several dozen.

Meng Hao looked them over and even scanned them with divine sense. Despite his current level of battle prowess, he was still profoundly shocked by what he saw.

Both in terms of spirit stones and other precious materials, the contents were virtually impossible to count. Meng Hao couldn't prevent his heart from leaping.

"I'm already at the peak of 9-Essences," he murmured to himself. "The most powerful under Transcendence. How could these people... be so insulting!?" After looking over the hundreds of precious holding items, he took a deep breath and smiled. Waving his sleeve, he collected them up, then coughed dryly.

"Fellow Daoists," he said somberly, "considering how well you've cared for me in my time in the Vast Expanse School, I am duty-bound to take you into the necropolis with me!

"However, this incursion will involve great danger. If you still want to go in, though, and I'm able to open the way to the ninth land mass, then I'll do everything I can to take you with me."

Everyone else smiled and nodded. They weren't worried at all about any dangers. After all the times they had been in the necropolis, they were used to that.

After a final look around, Meng Hao continued to power up the spell formation with the aid of everyone else present. The speed of activation immediately increased.

After a few breaths of time, the spell formation rumbled, and teleportation light shot up into the air. Even as that happened, everything on Planet Vast Expanse shook. The lands quaked and the seas churned as a powerful will descended.

Chapter 1527: Vast Expanse Leads the Defense!

The entire planet was shaking. All natural and magical laws, all space and time, all Daos, were utterly and thoroughly suppressed.

The descending will became the only thing that existed in Planet Vast Expanse. An endless mist spread out, such that if you looked at the planet from a distance, it looked like it was composed of nothing but mist. The entire planet was covered by it.

The will pervaded everything, like a Heavenly Dao. In the blink of an eye, it appeared above the half-planet, where it attacked the teleportation portal, blocking the teleportation power.

Everyone present was shocked, and couldn't help but feel that an incredible disaster was imminent.

Everyone began to cry out.

“What’s happening?!”

“Who’s attacking the spell formation?!?!”

“Is an army invading the Vast Expanse School? Impossible!”

Meng Hao’s eyes flickered with killing intent. Obviously, the will of Allheaven had arrived to try to prevent him from entering the necropolis.

It was in that exact same moment that something like a voice echoed out within the minds of Meng Hao and the other 9-Essences Paragons.

“Any and all teleportations are prohibited!”

The voice was cold, emotionless, and stern. Other than Meng Hao and the Sect Leader, the entire group was left trembling. Sha Jiudong, Jin Yunshan, and Bai Wuchen all coughed up blood. Everyone else seemed to be on the verge of exploding. Their bodies were being shredded to pieces, gravely injured by a single sentence.

Blood oozed out of the corners of the Sect Leader’s mouth, and Meng Hao’s eyes were shot with blood, although that was the extent of his injuries.

“Fellow Daoists, if we don’t fight back, the danger will only escalate!” Meng Hao grinned viciously, waving his hand. The copper mirror appeared, instantly transforming into countless black

threads. His suit of armor formed, and the Battle Weapon appeared in his hand, which he used to slash up at the sky.

A boom echoed out as Allheaven's descending will trembled. At the same time, an immense pressure began to weigh down. The teleportation portal itself even began to crumble apart.

Everyone, regardless of whether they were inclined to or not, had no choice but to unleash the full power of their cultivation bases. An explosion of energy occurred as all of them began to fight back against the will of Allheaven.

Boundless Essence power erupted out. Although they were being crushed by the pressure, these people were all 9-Essences cultivators, with some being at the peak of 9-Essences. Furthermore, all of them had benefited from eight chances to meditate on a Transcendence Dais. All of them had traces of Transcendence aura, which made it possible for them to resist the will which was arrayed against them.

Rumbling echoed out, and the spell formation trembled. The light twisted, and the lands shattered. The half-planet was shaking, and more cracks were spreading out across the surface of the teleportation portal. If it broke, then it would make it very difficult for the Vast Expanse School forces to enter the necropolis. The entrance would be sealed tight.

It was at this point that the descending will manifested in the blurry shape of a hand. The hand filled the sky as it bore down on the spell formation.

Everyone, even Jin Yunshan, looked up at it in despair. It was something they simply couldn't fight against, the will of the entire starry sky of Allheaven!

The hand blotted out everything else, but as Meng Hao looked up at it, his eyes glittered. He considered taking out the wooden statue. He didn't want to, and in fact, the last time he had been in secluded meditation trying to absorb the Ninth Hex, and the will of Allheaven interfered, he had only relied on his own power to fight back.

As far as Meng Hao could tell, using the Ninth Hex before it was complete would result in irreversible losses, and would make it less effective in the future!

But now, it seemed he had no choice but to unleash it. However, in the very moment when he was about to do so, the Sect Leader threw his head back and let out an enraged roar.

“This is the Vast Expanse School, a branch of the Vast Expanse Society! This is the legacy of Patriarch Vast Expanse, and no will has the right to interfere with us!” His hands flashed in a double-handed incantation gesture, and he pointed up into the sky. Immediately, the ground off in the distance began to quake, and an ancient aura erupted out.

The instant it appeared, the hand up above trembled to a stop.

Then, a voice could be heard, murmuring and indistinct. And yet, Meng Hao was able to make out the word being spoken.

“Ghost...”

The hand suddenly surged back into motion, moving with even greater speed than before. At the same time, a crevice opened up in the ground, from within which brilliant red light spilled out. Then, a pillar of lava exploded up, at the top of which was, unexpectedly, a turtle shell!

The turtle shell radiated an ancient power which caused everything to shake violently. It was almost as if something profoundly old were underneath it, trying to escape. The turtle shell began to spin, giving rise to a tempest which spread out in all directions. As soon as the hand touched it, the tempest collapsed, and blood oozed out of the corners of the Sect Leader’s mouth. His eyes were bright red; he was aware of the critical danger they were in, so he gritted his teeth and then roared, “Vast Expanse Precious Treasure, come forth!”

As soon as the words left his mouth, the spinning turtle shell stopped in place, and something stretched out from within it... A skeletal hand!

It was completely gold, and appeared to be the hand of a cultivator!

An intense and pure Immortal qi emanated off of it, something which exceeded the imaginations of everyone. None of them had ever seen anything so pure and powerful, except for Meng Hao, who had made contact with a similar Immortal qi when he visited the column of the Immortal outside the Vast Expanse.

As soon as the skeletal hand appeared, the bronze lamp inside of Meng Hao began to flicker wildly.

Meng Hao immediately thought back to the first time he had visited Planet Vast Expanse, and what he had felt from the bronze lamp. Most others would not be able to discern whose hand that was, unless they were familiar with certain legends or stories. But Meng Hao was sure, based on his feelings, that this skeletal hand... actually belonged to...

Patriarch Vast Expanse!

He had been transformed from the Immortal into the Ghost, and was the first person in the starry sky of Allheaven to Transcend. He was also the first person to destroy one of Allheaven's fingers.

Clearly, although he had transformed into the Ghost, one of his hands ended up becoming that of the Immortal. He left it behind as a legacy, which became the guardian treasure of the Vast Expanse School.

As soon as the skeletal hand appeared, the descending will of Allheaven began to tremble, and let out an enraged roar. The skeletal hand flew up, growing larger and larger until it was enormous, and actually looked like a hand. Then, it slammed into the descending hand which was the will of Allheaven.

It was like two giants crossing time and space to slam into each other directly above the teleportation portal!

Rumbling sounds echoed out through Planet Vast Expanse, causing crevices to open up throughout the lands. The hand of the will of Allheaven instantly shattered into pieces, and another furious roar echoed out into the world.

Everything trembled, and the half-planet seemed to be on the verge of collapsing. But then, golden light spread out from the skeletal hand, covering everything, protecting everything, ensuring that the will of Allheaven could do nothing against it!

In the moment that the hand formed by the will of Allheaven collapsed, the teleportation portal surged into action. Rumbling echoed out, and a brilliant light shot up into the air. Meng Hao and everyone else vanished.

As they did, cracking sounds emanated out from the teleportation portal. However, because of the golden light covering everything, it did not shatter. Much of it crumbled, but the main form stayed intact.

The will of Allheaven fell silent, and then slowly faded away. At the same time, the golden light gradually receded. The golden hand shrank back down, turning skeletal once again. Then it settled back down underneath the turtle shell, which sank back down into the ground with the lava.

The crevice in the ground slowly closed back up, and everything went back to normal....

When Meng Hao and the others reappeared, they were inside the necropolis.

Blood was oozing out of Meng Hao's mouth, and the others were in worse shape. Expressions of lingering fear could be seen on their faces. As they thought back to the danger they had been in, their hearts quivered.

If that descending hand had managed to land, not only would the teleportation portal have been destroyed, but the entire group would have been killed in body and mind.

Everyone began to look over at Meng Hao. All of them could tell that the sudden developments which had occurred had something to do with him.

That was especially true of the Sect Leader, who looked at Meng Hao with a deep and profound gaze.

After a moment of silence, Meng Hao clasped hands and bowed deeply to the others.

"What I have promised," he said, "I will absolutely live up to." In response, the Sect Leader's expression softened a bit. Another moment passed, and the others nodded.

"Thank you for your trouble, Fellow Daoist Meng," the Sect Leader said.

Meng Hao didn't say anything more. He took a step forward and looked out at the ruins that filled the necropolis. Casting his senses out, he confirmed that this place was almost completely devoid of the will of Allheaven. Although there were faint traces, they were incredibly weak.

Furthermore, the deeper one got into the nine land masses that made up the necropolis, the more faint those traces became. In fact, the ninth land mass seemed to have no trace of the will of Allheaven at all.

“This is definitely the place for me to Transcend,” he thought. He opened his third eye, and the world changed. Far off on the ninth land mass, he could see the huge throne, and the figure sitting upon it. That figure’s eyes opened, and looked directly at Meng Hao.

Chapter 1528: The Necropolis Again

“Over the past several hundred years, we’ve come here on numerous occasions,” said the Sect Leader, his brow furrowed. “We know exactly how to avoid the catastrophe which strikes this place, and have the perfect place to weather the storm.

“However, we were never able to get past the eighth land mass. We always end up stuck at the threshold of the ninth.” After all of their visits, they had never been able to come up with a method to get into the ninth land mass.

Bai Wuchen stood a bit off to the side. “The entryway to the ninth land mass is a door,” she said. “Only by opening that door can you enter.”

Meng Hao nodded in response, then began to move forward. By this point, the countless ghosts which inhabited the outer region of the necropolis began to swarm excitedly toward Meng Hao as he flew along.

This was not the first time that the Sect Leader and the others had seen Meng Hao’s power within the necropolis, but they were still shaken. That was especially true of Immortal Bai Wuchen, who couldn’t help but think back to the time she had been defeated by Meng Hao all those hundreds of years ago.

Sighing inwardly, the group unleashed all of their power to follow Meng Hao as he flew along.

Whenever they had come here on their own, they had to act with extreme prudence and caution, even in the outer area.

But with Meng Hao leading them... it was exactly the opposite. With him, the monarch of the ghosts, nothing in the place could harm them at all.

Everywhere they passed, rumbling could be sensed as the surrounding ghosts clustered around Meng Hao, their eyes radiating ardor and worship.

It almost seemed as if Meng Hao could simply tell them to destroy themselves, and they wouldn't hesitate to comply.

He looked around at the ghosts, his eyes shining with a strange light. Back when he first came here and experienced the strangeness of the ghosts, an idea had begun to form. At that time, though, even though he could control the ghosts, he felt that it was a bit unrealistic.

But now, with the Ninth Hex on the verge of being completed, he starting thinking about that same old idea. This time, he didn't think that it was unrealistic. In fact...

He was sure that he could do it!

He would take all of the ghosts in the necropolis with him as his subordinates. With them and the Ninth Sect, he would have a huge army that he could use to go back and destroy the 33 Heavens!

Of course, he wasn't underestimating the Immortal God Continent and the Devil Realm Continent either. Even if he Transcended, he still would never underestimate his enemies. He had some speculations about the true nature of those two enemies, but even still, he wanted to be completely prepared to face them.

He was also aware that if he successfully absorbed the Ninth Hex and Transcended, then once he left the necropolis, the will of Allheaven would go mad to an unprecedented degree.

His eyes flashed coldly as he proceeded along. The ghosts which surrounded them joined him as he headed toward the first land mass. When they reached the bridge, Meng Hao didn't hesitate at all. He flew across it without the slightest pause, surrounded by a sea of ghosts.

Behind him, the Sect Leader and the others saw how different things were from their previous trips over the past several hundred years, and they smiled wryly. In all of their past trips after the first one with Meng Hao, they had always been forced to tackle that bridge with extreme caution.

But now, Meng Hao simply barged across it. They couldn't help but be a bit envious.

“It’s like this place is his home...” Jin Yunshan murmured as he followed along.

Even as Meng Hao was flying across the bridge, and just when he was about to step onto the first land mass, a roar echoed out from down below the bridge. It appeared as if some dark and sinister being from down below was about to leap out and block their path.

Upon closer examination, they saw that it was a huge tiger, fully 300 meters long, and so black in color that it seemed to merge with the void around it. Last time Meng Hao had been here, and had fallen down into the abyss beneath the bridge, he hadn’t seen anything like this tiger.

He looked down, and their gazes met. Then, the tiger shivered. Apparently, it wasn’t frightened of the ghosts, but Meng Hao’s gaze caused its heart to tremble. It shrank back, tail between its legs, and then vanished.

Meng Hao looked away and proceeded onward to step onto the first land mass. In the past, that tiger had been a big headache for the Sect Leader and the others, so to see it flee like that caused them to smile wryly yet again.

It was powerful, with incredible battle prowess, and the way it could merge with the void around it made all of its divine abilities and magical techniques even more effective. It was also particularly brutal in its attacks. When angered, it could unleash a storm of vengeful spirits that were incredibly fierce. Over the past hundreds of years, the Sect Leader and the others had been forced to expend a lot of effort to get past it across the bridge.

But now....

“This place really is like his home....” thought the Sect Leader, sighing inwardly. However, he was also filled with hope that this time, they really might be able to make it to the ninth land mass.

In fact, he had the feeling that if Meng Hao couldn’t get to the ninth land mass, then no one could.

After stepping back onto the first land mass, Meng Hao took a deep breath. This was his third time in the place, the first being on the initial foray into the necropolis, and the second being when he came for the copper mirror shard.

“This is my third time, and perhaps my last. When I leave, I will have Transcended!” A strange light appeared in Meng Hao’s eyes as he flickered into motion. He shot forward at top speed, throwing

his head back and letting loose a long cry. As he sped across the first land mass, the ghosts there all trembled and began to fly over.

“It’s the Emperor...”

“The aura of the Emperor... for the third time!”

“The Emperor is summoning us....”

Countless ghosts appeared in all directions. The sky trembled, and the lands shook as they swirled around Meng Hao.

The Sect Leader and the others had seen similar things happen before, and were prepared, but still couldn’t help but be shaken and also slightly envious.

As more and more ghosts gathered around him, he picked up speed. Anyone who could see the ghosts would have seen a vast, seemingly endless sea around him.

Compared to that vast sea, the cultivators were tiny and insignificant. As for Meng Hao, he actually didn’t need to fly on his own power, he simply stood there as the scintillating sea carried him along.

Everything trembled as the sea of ghosts completely disregarded the passageway between the first land mass and the second. It couldn’t be stopped at all, and a moment later, Meng Hao was on the second land mass.

The ghosts there were equally shaken, and began to swarm toward him, joining the enormous sea.

The sky darkened, and everything in the world shook violently. Meng Hao waved his sleeve, and the ghosts shot toward the third land mass with indescribable speed.

The Sect Leader and the others gasped. Although they couldn’t see the ghosts, they could sense the incredible coldness, and were already all starting to wonder the same thing.

“If things keep going on like this... then how many ghosts will he have accumulated by the time we reach the eighth land mass?” The entire group exchanged shocked glances.

Rumbling sounds could be heard in all Heaven and Earth as the boundless sea of ghosts swept Meng Hao on toward the fourth land mass.

The entrance to the fourth land mass was a huge abyss filled with countless vicious eyes that seemed intent on devouring all life forms that entered.

In addition to the eyes were hulking figures in crude clothing whose bodies were covered in rotting flesh. They looked like giants who had been stitched together with the skins of numerous corpses.

As Meng Hao neared with the sea of ghosts, the giants roared and flew out. The eyes began to shine with red light as they too shot out of the abyss to block the path.

But then they saw Meng Hao and the sea of ghosts. The giants gaped in shock, and the vicious expressions on their faces disappeared, to be replaced by fear. Screaming, they retreated into the abyss at top speed.

As for the eyes, they seemed even more shaken and terrified, and immediately fell back.

In the blink of an eye, the sea of ghosts was sailing over the abyss onto the fourth land mass.

Meng Hao didn't even look at the abyss. As for the Sect Leader and the others, they smiled wryly as they thought about how much effort it had taken them to get past this obstacle in the past. The same figures which had been so terrifying in the past had fled in fear this time.

Chapter 1529: Flying Over the Land Masses!

The fourth land mass was covered in ruins, and looked even more wild and abandoned than the first three land masses. In fact, Meng Hao even spotted corpses!

They were withered after all the years which had passed, and none of them were whole. They were so broken apart that it was impossible to tell which were male or female, or to determine the level of their cultivation base when they were alive. But they were a shocking sight nonetheless. As Meng Hao flew through the air over all of them, he couldn't help but recall the scene in which the finger of Allheaven destroyed this world.

“The previous three land masses contain nothing but ruins,” explained the Sect Leader, mixed emotions flickering in his eyes. “There are no corpses there. The corpses show up starting in the fourth land mass. What you see here counts for almost nothing. The further in we go, the more corpses we will see. By the time we reach the eighth land mass, we will see them... everywhere, some of them even completely intact.” Considering their previous visits to this place, plus further information gleaned from the ancient records, the Sect Leader had a much deeper understanding of the necropolis now.

“You’ll even see some magical items, some of which are excellently preserved. However, you mustn’t allow yourself to get greedy, Fellow Daoist Meng. You can’t touch any of the things you see...”

At this point, Jin Yunshan broke in: “The first time we saw such treasures, there was one individual who greedily attempted to lay hands on them. That gave rise to a powerful backlash, and a terrifying force of expulsion from the entire necropolis itself. The offending person was transformed into a pool of blood in front of our very eyes.” Although the fear in his eyes was clear, it was also obvious that he felt it was a pity that they couldn’t take any of the treasures away with them.

Meng Hao nodded. He sent his divine sense out, and could feel all of the countless ghosts in the fourth land mass. This was his first time here, and almost as soon as his divine sense began to spread out, the corpses littering the ground began to tremble, and then ghosts flew out from inside of them, as well as from within the various ruins that dotted the landscape. Soon, the entire fourth land mass was teeming with activity.

The scene playing out in front of them caused the Sect Leader and the others too look on with wide eyes. Although this wasn’t anything unexpected, the intense coldness they were experiencing increased by several fold.

Rumbling sounds filled Heaven and Earth as countless ghosts sensed Meng Hao’s presence on the fourth land mass, and woke up, eyes shining with madness.

“The aura of the Emperor...”

“It’s the Emperor...”

All of the ghosts on the fourth land mass took to the air and sped toward Meng Hao. As the intense, shocking coldness spread out, Meng Hao’s eyes shone, and he flicked his sleeve. Without pausing for a moment, he flew into motion.

As he proceeded along, more ghosts from the fourth land mass streamed toward him. As soon as they caught sight of him from a distance, they would bow in worship. The sea of ghosts around him continued to grow larger and larger as he swept across the land mass. Eventually, he reached a cliff face that led to the fifth land mass.

A huge statue was visible there, fully 30,000 meters tall. It was a stunning sight, like an enormous mountain that blocked the way into the fifth land mass.

“There is no fighting against this mountain,” the Sect Leader said. “We spent a lot of time trying to figure out how to get into the fifth land mass. Eventually, we found that you have to wait approximately half a year.

“Around that time, the mountain will gradually shrink until it’s only 300 meters tall. Then, at its smallest state, it can be passed with relative safety.

“If you try to barge past the mountain now, it will become enraged. Even considering the level of our cultivation bases, it can still pose a danger to us. After all, this statue was built back when these lands were alive and thriving, making it boundlessly powerful.... Fellow Daoist Meng, I suggest we just wait here for a bit.” Even though the Sect Leader had seen this mountain before, every time he looked at its majestic height, he was left shaken.

“Half a year?” Meng Hao said. “I can’t wait that long,” Before the Sect Leader could say anything else, Meng Hao’s eyes flashed, and he pointed at the huge mountain.

“Move this mountain for me!” he said coolly, bolstering his words with divine sense. The ghosts in the vast sea around him immediately began to howl and surge with energy. The aura which began to spread out left the Sect Leader and the others with tingling scalps.

Vast quantities of ghosts surged forward toward the enormous mountain. Rumbling echoed out as it began to shake, and even rock back and forth.

The Sect Leader and the others gasped as they noticed that as the mountain shook back and forth, it unexpectedly... began to rise slowly into the air.

The lands quaked as the mountain was ripped away from them.

Meng Hao could see the ghosts themselves, surrounding the mountain. Howling, they unleashed shocking power to do exactly as Meng Hao had asked, to move the mountain!

Rumbling sounds filled the air as the enormous mountain continued to rise. Soon, to the shock of the Sect Leader and the others, it had been lifted up thirty meters above the surface of the ground!

At the same time, a howl echoed out from the peak of the mountain. Countless rocks and rubble tumbled down as the mountain opened its enormous eyes. A nose appeared, and then a mouth. Shockingly, the entire face became visible.

It was an ancient face whose eyes radiated fury.

“Who... disturbs my slumb-- huh?” The voice contained incredible pressure and dignity, and even the power of natural law, as if it could alter Heaven and Earth. Before it could finish speaking, though, it suddenly fell silent.

The face stared at the countless ghosts, and the boundless hostility they radiated, which was like an explosive will that shouted a single sentence!

“Shut up!”

Lands, mountains, sky, everything was trembling.

“Dammit, where did all these ghosts come from!?” the face blurted. Then its mouth snapped shut.

It looked at Meng Hao, its expression flickering with fear. After a moment, it closed its eyes and sank back down into the surface of the mountain, doing nothing to prevent the ghosts from moving the mountain.

The Sect Leader’s eyes were wide. The other 9-Essences Paragons who stood around him exchanged shocked glances. When they had come here by themselves, everything along the way required extreme caution and hard work. However, Meng Hao could disregard everything in his path. At the most... he simply had to speak a few words to resolve any situation he faced.

Jin Yunshan's face twitched, and then he looked contemptuously over at the mountain. He couldn't forget what had occurred the first time they had reached this point and tried to force their way past the mountain. To their shock, it had contained power like Heavenly might.

Jin Yunshan's contempt grew as... the mountain, apparently fearful for its safety, shrank down, making it easier for the ghosts to move it. Jin Yunshan was left completely speechless.

Sha Jiudong took a deep breath, and Bai Wuchen completely abandoned any sort of unyielding attitude from years past.

Soon, the mountain was completely moved out of the way and then placed down off to the side. The ghosts swept about, completely clearing the path to the fifth land mass.

Meng Hao's expression was the same as ever as he flew forward. A moment later, he was on the fifth land mass. After taking a deep breath, he continued onward.

From the time they had entered the necropolis until this moment, not even ten days had passed.

They sped along through the fifth land mass for a few more days. This place was even bleaker than the other land masses. Meng Hao eyed the corpses down below as he flew along toward the end of the fifth land mass, where a huge wave of water existed, completely separating the two land masses.

This time, the Sect Leader didn't say anything. Considering that Meng Hao had his ghosts, he decided that the best thing for him to do was simply followed Meng Hao's lead.

He was right. Meng Hao waved his sleeve, and the sea of ghosts shot forward. Now that the ghosts from the fifth land mass had joined in, the sea was even more majestic than before. It slammed into the huge wave, which was powerless to resist. It shattered, and Meng Hao led the ghosts flying over into the next land mass.

Within ten days, they had passed from the sixth land mass into the seventh, and after that, the eighth!

Meng Hao's sea of ghosts continued to grow larger. By the time they reached the eighth land mass, it was like a massive vortex swirling around him. It was so powerful that the Sect Leader and the others could only look on with wide eyes.

There were so many ghosts swirling around in the vortex, that they formed together... into something that looked like an enormous, illusory ghost head, which everyone could see!

If that were all there were to it, it might not be a big deal. However, even more shocking was that the countless corpses on the eighth land mass rose to their feet, and their previously empty eyes seemed to burn with flame.

All of them sped onward toward the border of the eighth land mass.

Chapter 1530: The Ninth Land Mass!

The barrier between the eighth and ninth land masses was an enormous door, surrounded by a wall that seemed to stretch off into infinity.

The Sect Leader and the others had never made it past this point. They had tried skirting the door by going to the left or right, but not even by traveling to the very border of the eighth land mass were they able to find a point where they could get through.

The only way to proceed was to do so through this door. That was the only way to get to the ninth land mass.

No matter what ideas they came up with to push open the door, no matter how much power they drew upon, it did no good.

The Sect Leader was now looking up at it, explaining everything he knew about it to Meng Hao, including all of the ways they had failed to open it.

Meng Hao stood there, surrounded by a boundless sea of ghosts, who maintained complete silence, waiting there with bowed heads as he thought about the situation. A single word from him, and they would spring into action and become the fiercest of spirits, completely oblivious to their own safety.

Seeing Meng Hao lost in thought, Jin Yunshan and the others didn't dare to disturb him. They had learned hundreds of years ago that in the necropolis, Meng Hao was both the monarch and the Emperor.

After a moment, Meng Hao burst into action. In the blink of an eye, he was directly in front of the door. In terms of size, he was like nothing compared to it, and yet, the power radiating out of him caused everything shake, and sent the entire surroundings into chaos.

He took a deep breath as he reached out and pushed on the door.

Heaven-shaking, Earth-shattering power erupted out. It quickly reached the peak of the 9-Essences level, which exceeded the power of the Second Paragon and the others like him.

However, it didn't stop there. It continued to rise with explosive force, surpassing Jin Yunshan, Sha Jiudong, and Bai Wuchen, and causing their eyes to widen.

Although they were completely aware of how terrifying Meng Hao was, it was only now that they could sense the true astonishing level of his cultivation base.

Things weren't over yet. Increasingly boundless cultivation base power exploded out. As Meng Hao's power continued to climb, he eventually exceeded even the level of the Sect Leader. It reached the point where he was above any and all 9-Essences cultivators. And yet, the door didn't so much as budge.

Meng Hao frowned at the lack of reaction. Throwing all of the power he could manage at it was as good as throwing a stone ox into the ocean. Eyes flashing, he waved his right hand, and the copper mirror appeared. Black threads spread out, covering his entire body in the form of a suit of armor.

With the black armor, his energy rose even higher, and a tempest sprang up around him. The Sect Leader and the other 9-Essences experts all gasped and began to back away.

They didn't come to a stop until they were several hundred meters away, where they looked at Meng Hao with fear and shock.

Meng Hao was so terrifyingly powerful that they weren't sure they could fight him even if they all joined forces.

With the suit of armor, his cultivation base was at its very pinnacle. He reached out and once again shoved against the door. As far as the Sect Leader could remember, they had never seen the door move at all during the past several hundred years. However, as of this moment, it shuddered.

Although it only lasted for a moment, it left the Sect Leader's mind spinning, and he began to pant in anticipation. It wasn't that he lacked willpower. Rather, after stepping into the 9-Essences level, all of his dreams had become wrapped up with the hope that lay in this necropolis.

Blue veins bulged on Meng Hao's face as he unleashed incredible power through his hand. The result was that the door vibrated slightly, and yet, didn't move.

A vicious expression appeared in Meng Hao's eyes as he raised his left hand to also push against the door.

Energy blasted out in all directions, and a booming sound like that of a bell echoed out through the eighth land mass, then to the seventh, the sixth... and all the way to the first land mass.

The door vibrated again, and a cloud of dust rose up, but the door still didn't open. Meng Hao frowned.

He was at the peak level of power, and yet even then, couldn't open the door. That seemed to indicate that only someone who had Transcended could open it.

"But someone who had Transcended wouldn't need the altar on the ninth land mass. Therefore, the method to open the door can't relate to Transcendence. There must be some other way." After some thought, Meng Hao sent his divine sense out to fill the eighth land mass. It took some time, but he managed to lock down on some of the scant will of Allheaven that existed in the area.

Although it was only a scrap, it was enough that it could cause problems if he tried to absorb the Ninth Hex.

"Starting from the first land mass, the will of Allheaven grows weaker and weaker. Here on the eighth, there's only a tiny bit. Therefore, the ninth... is likely to have none of the will of Allheaven at all!

"That is the only place suitable to absorb the Ninth Hex, all the while avoiding interference from Allheaven, and potentially Transcend!" Meng Hao's eyes shone with determination, and he took a deep breath. Then, he backed up a few paces and reached out to the ghosts with his will!

“Break open this door!”

The instant Meng Hao’s will transmitted those orders, the masses of ghosts raised their heads. Eyes glowing, they surged into motion, howling and roaring as they battered against the huge door!

BOOOOOOOOMMM!

Waves of ghosts smashed into it, causing it to shake. Some of the ghosts who were especially gigantic and fierce slammed head-first into the door.

Rumbling echoed out, causing all Heaven and Earth to shake violently in the necropolis as the ghosts battered the door.

It was a shocking scene. Endless streams of ghosts unleashed incredible power, causing the door to rumble and vibrate even more intensely than when Meng Hao had pushed against it.

The combined power of the ghosts of all eight of the land masses was something that even Meng Hao with his battle prowess would be fearful of. Now, it was causing the door to tremble, making it seem like opening it wasn’t an impossibility after all.

The Sect Leader and the others were completely shaken. Beyond this door was the hope they sought. It had blocked their way for hundreds of years, but now seemed like the most likely moment in which it could be opened!

Jin Yunshan was the first to take action. Roaring, he unleashed his cultivation base and his Essence power, reaching out with both hands to push against the door.

The Sect Leader followed a moment later, unleashing divine abilities and Essence power to create a huge hand that shoved against the door.

Next was Sha Jiudong, who transformed into a sandstorm that swept out with incredible power. Then was Immortal Bai Wuchen, who summoned powerful mists. All of the other 9-Essences Paragons unleashed their cultivation base power. They kept nothing hidden, utilizing everything at their disposal to slam against the door.

Under their combined assault, the door leading to the ninth land mass, which had blocked their path for so long, began to rumble loudly, and shake visibly. It seemed as if the door might open at any moment.

Meng Hao's eyes were bright red as he transformed into a huge roc which, in the blink of an eye, shot forward to slam into the door.

Mountains shook and the lands quaked. The door trembled, as if it might open by a sliver.

However, that tiny sliver was like the difference between Heaven and Earth. Despite the combined assault of the entire group of cultivators, plus the endless army of ghosts, the door still didn't open. The Sect Leader and the others were beginning to despair.

"We can't open the door in this way...?"

"How do we do it? Could it really be true that only a Transcendent cultivator can open it?!"

"Impossible. Why would a Transcendent cultivator ever try to get to the ninth altar!?" In their despair, everyone was pushing as hard as they could, even coughing up blood.

The ghosts emitted soundless screams. Everyone was pushing out with all the power they could muster. Meng Hao began to pant. Finally, he sent out his will via divine sense, filling the entire eighth land mass.

It was like a bolt of lightning that landed upon the various corpses on the land mass, within whose eyes burned white, burning light. They began to run, faster and faster, until soon they became visible off in the distance.

More and more corpses appeared, running toward the door itself, which they then began to push against. They seemed endless, and as they pushed against the door, at long last, it opened up by a sliver.

That completely enlivened the Sect Leader and the others. Meng Hao's eyes gleamed with anticipation, and he pushed forward even harder. Finally, the door opened!

Meng Hao in azure roc-form shot forward through the opening, followed closely by the Sect Leader and the others. It was with complete and utter excitement that they flew through the air at top speed.

Finally, they were able to enter... the ninth land mass!

This was the final land mass in the necropolis, and also the location of that huge throne.