

## The Heavens 561

### Chapter 561: The Old Friend He Least Wanted to Run Into

Meng Hao knew that all of the others had not awakened the way he had. As of the state they were in now, it was impossible to tell. Without hesitation, Meng Hao sent out his Divine Sense sense to scan the area.

Moments later, his face grew grim. In the outside world, his Divine Sense had a range of 29,999 meters. Here, however, it was only 299 meters. It had been reduced down by a full one hundred times.

“The Primordial Demon Immortal Plane opens once every thousand years. The Chosen from other Sects will no doubt have inside information, and therefore understand the area quite a bit better than me. My understanding, on the other hand, will be significantly less in comparison.

“Right now, I need to do everything possible to understand the situation as it is. Then I can go look for some fortune.” His eyes glittered as he looked up into the air. After a moment of careful consideration, he did not rashly fly up into the air, but rather proceeded forward on foot.

The ground in the area was covered with crack-filled limestone. Ancient bloodstains could be seen that had clearly been there for countless years. There were also corpses lying about, the sight of which left Meng Hao shocked.

There were collapsed buildings, broken pillars, and occasionally, deep craters. At first, it seemed as if this place were relatively close to the second peak, but soon, Meng Hao realized that he was actually quite some distance away.

In a short period of roughly two hours, Meng Hao saw thousands of corpses. Some were large, some were small. Some were complete, some were not. Some were Cultivators, some were Demons.

As far as bags of holding were concerned, he saw several dozen. However, when he scanned them with Divine Sense, they instantly turned into ash. Clearly, they had long since decayed during the years that had passed since primordial times. The items inside those bags of holding became ash as well.

“That these bags of holding turned into ash shows what an incredible amount of time has passed since the ancient Demon Immortal Sect still existed. However, these corpses, although merely broken remains, are still here. I wonder if there is something special about them?” He squatted thoughtfully down next to one particular corpse that was half human, half beast. Although this Cultivator had been dead for ages, Meng Hao was still able to sense incredible power within its fleshly body.

Muttering to himself, he reached out with his right hand to grab the corpse’s arm. He exerted a bit of pressure, then more, until he was using all the power he possessed within in the First Anima. Despite that, he could not move or damage the corpse’s arm in any way.

This left Meng Hao visibly shaken. His eyes flickered as he jumped directly into the Fourth Anima. He twisted on the arm again, and the result was only a tiny crack.

Meng Hao left the Fourth Anima and stood up thoughtfully. Then he quickly headed off. As he proceeded, he would stop to inspect every corpse he came across.

By the time he had inspected roughly a thousand, he finally sighed, and his eyes shone with a strange light.

“For one corpse to possess an incredible fleshly body is one thing. Maybe you could take it to be unique. But all one thousand of these corpses are the same! There wasn’t a single exception.

“The cultivation practiced by this ancient Sect is clearly very different than the cultivation practiced today. They didn’t just practice internal cultivation, but also cultivation of the fleshly body. Even after being dead for such a long time, these corpses can even cause problems for my Fourth Anima. There were even a few that I think could resist my Sixth Anima without being damaged.

“If they were alive... I wouldn’t be a match for them even in the Seventh Anima. Such incredible power! And there are thousands just like this, perhaps even tens of thousands. Or hundreds of thousands...” Meng Hao smiled somewhat bitterly as he finally realized just how fearsome the disciples of this ancient Sect were.

Most relevant of all, these people had died during a vicious attack that had actually caused many of the bodies to be split up into pieces. From the look of them, these were not Inner Sect Disciples. Most of them were... ordinary disciples.

Meng Hao's eyes began to shine brightly, and his interest in the ancient Demon Immortal Sect continued to increase rapidly. Originally, he had chosen to come here because of Zhixiang, and Demon Weapon Lonelytomb.

Now, though, there was something else that drew him to this place. He wanted to know what technique these Demon Immortal Sect disciples cultivated, and whether related legacies still existed.

"If I could acquire a legacy from ancient times...." Meng Hao's heart was palpitating with eagerness. His eyes flashed as he continued onward at top speed. Time passed. When Meng Hao had arrived here, it was around noon. By now, evening was falling.

Looking up, Meng Hao was unable to see any similarities between this sky and the sky of South Heaven. It really seemed as if he were in a different world, a world that belonged solely to the ancient Demon Immortal Sect.

As he walked along, Meng Hao would occasionally look up at the darkening evening sky, or around at his surroundings. "The entire Sect is a world. I wonder how many majestic Sects like this exist in Heaven and Earth, or out in the starry skies...."

Perhaps because the ancient Demon Immortal Sect was so incredibly large, or maybe for other reasons, Meng Hao did not encounter any other South Heaven Cultivators. The only thing he saw was collapsed temples and corpses.

The richly ornamented buildings were long gone. The once luxurious and elegant halls were now nothing more than ruins. There were some locations that clearly were covered by restrictive spells. Although many years had passed, the power of those spells was still shocking enough to give Meng Hao pause.

According to his speculations, even someone as powerful as Patriarch Huyan... would be instantly killed beyond the shadow of a doubt if he touched those spells.

"The Demon Immortal Sect... has the character Immortal in it. Don't tell me that all the members of the Sect... were actually Immortals?!?!!" The mere thought of that possibility shook Meng Hao. His eyes glittered as he proceeded on cautiously. He continued to see more and more restrictive spells. Some were more powerful, some were weaker. However, even the weakest were enough that Meng Hao had no chance against them.

At one point he caught sight of an Immortal's cave that seemed to be completely intact. However, the sense he got from the incredible restrictive spell was similar to that he had sensed from the eight Immortals he had encountered when going to the Realm of the Bridge Ruins.

Evening was fading into the darkness of night when Meng Hao suddenly stopped in place. He looked off into the distance, toward a crumbled palace. Shockingly, on opposite sides of the palace ruins, two women could be seen.

One of them was the exact same blue-robed woman within whose bosom Meng Hao's face had encountered such incredible softness. Even when her eyes were closed, she had seemed cold. Now that her eyes were opened, they flashed with killing intent.

When Meng Hao saw the woman next to her, he frowned. Other than Zhixiang, there was no woman in existence whom he would rather see less.

Fang Yu!

This exceedingly violent young woman had left a deep impression on Meng Hao that year. The quaking and craters left behind by her punch, the intense desire to do battle which shone in her eyes, all caused Meng Hao to feel as if a frigid air was washing over him.

This was not only the most violent woman he had ever met, but also the person he least wanted to run into again in his entire life!

Meng Hao cleared his throat, and subconsciously began to back away. He didn't want to face either of these women. One had blocked his line of sight like some tall mountain, the other was a Cultivator who, without speaking even a single word, could transform into an explosive dragon.

However, in the exact same moment in which Meng Hao caught sight of them, they both turned to look at him.

The icy woman in the blue gown glanced him over. Seeing that he was at the great circle of the Nascent Soul stage, she looked away disdainfully to stare once again at Fang Yu.

In her opinion, the great circle of the Nascent Soul stage was definitely beyond ordinary. However, in the Ji Clan, a Cultivation base like that, although it could get you into the Array, would put you in one of the lowest positions possible. This woman, although she was not truly of the Spirit Severing

stage, had performed half of a Severing. She was one of the nine people in the Ji Clan in the last thousand years who had the most hope of breaking through into the Immortal realm.

Her main competition, other than the other eight members of her own Clan, was the Chosen of the Fang Clan, against whom she faced this moment.

When Fang Yu caught sight of Meng Hao, she gaped in shock. Regardless of anything, she would never have possibly guessed that she would run into Meng Hao in this place.

As soon as she saw that he was backing up, she quickly called out, "Don't go anywhere!"

If she hadn't said anything, he wouldn't have left. However, as soon as she spoke, he turned on his heel and began to flee.

"You really dare to disobey me!?" she cried, her eyes wide with anger. She was just about to offer pursuit, when the icy-cold woman, who had just been watching in shock, gave a cold laugh and then vanished. When she reappeared, she was blocking Fang Yu's way.

"Ji Xiaoxiao, you slut, why don't you go screw off!" Fang Yu pulled her arm back and then slammed a fist down into the ground. A shocking boom rattled out, causing the ground to shatter in successive layers. A shockwave attack proceeded to blast out in all directions.

As Meng Hao fled, he felt the explosive discharge of energy coming from behind him, and he instantly increased his speed. He had no desire whatsoever to exchange blows with this explosive dragon, and it had nothing to do with a question of who was strong and who was weak. There was no enmity between the two of them, and if they started fighting, it would be of no benefit to Meng Hao or his plans in this place.

Roaring echoed about as the attack spread out. The land in the area was destroyed, and as ripples of power spread out in all directions, the cold woman waved her hand to block. As for Fang Yu, she glanced at fleeing Meng Hao for a moment and then got even angrier. Gritting her teeth, she instantly produced a glove from her bag of holding which she slipped onto her hand. She then viciously smashed her fist out toward the other woman.

She shot forward, punching the entire time. The air filled with a red glow, and the cold woman's face instantly fell. She dashed backward, waving her hand to resist the power of seven or eight punches before finally vanishing. She reappeared some distance off, blood oozing from her mouth.

“Fang Yu, are you insane? We might not like each other much and I did steal your jade pendant back in Chang’an. But that doesn’t mean you have to go all out the instant you see me!”

“SCREW OFF!” roared Fang Yu, her anger raging as she shot off to chase Meng Hao. Apparently she didn’t care at all about Ji Xiaoxiao.

Ji Xiaoxiao gaped in astonishment as she looked off in the direction which Meng Hao had fled. Suddenly, she smiled. When she did, her icy prettiness seemed to blossom into shocking beauty.

“Fang Yu has always been proud and arrogant. She has a bad temper, but I don’t think I’ve ever seen her so mad at a man. I wonder what sort of relationship she has with him....

“Hmph. Ever since we were small, it’s been the same. Whatever the two of us see, we end up fighting over it. Well this time, it’s no different!” Ji Xiaoxiao’s eyes were like crescent moons that shone with radiant beauty. Her slender frame flickered as she shot off in pursuit.

Chapter 562: Call Me Big Sis!

Meng Hao fled at top speed, sighing inwardly at his own bad luck. The fact that the cold woman had completely disregarded him was actually somewhat excessive. However, he was used to such things. Under normal circumstances, he would have just dealt with the situation; it wasn’t really that bad.

After all, it wasn’t intentional on her part. Therefore, it could be forgiven.

Meng Hao knew that as a scholarly person, he should be magnanimous and tolerant.

However, how could he have imagined that he would actually run into Fang Yu? When he thought of her violent disposition, he took a deep breath and pushed himself even faster.

Behind him, he heard a whistling sound nearing him. A mighty whirlwind was approaching, and in the middle of it was the furious Fang Yu.

Fundamentally speaking, Fang Yu had a beautiful voice. To Meng Hao, though, she currently sounded more like an evil poltergeist. “Meng Hao, you stop this instant! Do you really dare to disobey me!? I’m gonna beat you to death, do you hear me!”

Boom!

The ground off to the side suddenly exploded, smashed by a fist blow from Fang Yu. The explosion turned into an attack of its own which instantly slammed into Meng Hao. Without hesitation, he entered the Second Anima, increasing his speed dramatically.

He sighed. "Stop chasing me. There is neither gratitude nor grudge between us. Why are you acting like this? Besides, there's no guarantee that you could win out over me."

"What did you just say?!?!" she roared. She suddenly slapped her bag of holding to produce a bottle of medicinal pills. She popped one into her mouth, and her body erupted in flames. At the same time, her speed increased dramatically. Yet again, her fist descended. Although she was furious, this strike was not a deadly one. It slammed through the air in an attempt to get Meng Hao to stop.

However, even as the power of the fist strike descended, Meng Hao entered the Third Anima. As his speed exploded, he transformed into a green smoke and shot off into the distance. Fang Yu's fist attack struck nothing. She stared for a moment, then suddenly chuckled.

"You little bum. In all the years I haven't seen you, it seems you really have developed some skill."

Even as she spoke, she continued to pursue him. They moved with incredible speed. Every time Fang Yu got close, Meng Hao would explode out with even greater speed. It made it impossible for her to actually catch up to him.

However, it also served to allow her temper to cool down. Eventually a happy smile appeared on her face. She would throw out occasional punches, and, seeing Meng Hao increase his speed even more, she finally started laughing.

Fang Yu laughed happily. Meng Hao smiled bitterly.

"Why did I have to end up pissing off a girl like this?" thought Meng Hao. "A hundred years have passed and she's actually... almost in the Spirit Severing stage!" As far as Meng Hao was concerned, it just didn't seem fair. He had spent a hundred difficult years in secluded meditation, had transmigrated into the Violet Sea, had formed seven Nascent Souls, had experienced multiple Heavenly Tribulations, and had slowly achieved Perfection.

Even despite all of that, he was still only halfway to Spirit Severing. And yet, Fang Yu... was the same as him.

“Chosen of the great Clans are all like this,” he sighed. Then he realized that even when he saw her more than a hundred years ago, her level of power had been incredible, and things seemed a bit more balanced.

Even as the two of them proceeded along, one pursuing, one fleeing, they began to near the second peak. Suddenly, a beam of green light appeared in mid-air and shot toward Fang Yu.

The speed with which it moved caused Fang Yu’s face to flicker. She immediately turned and punched out with her right hand.

A bang could be heard, and then Fang Yu retreated backward several paces. The green beam of light was sent spinning backward, during which time it transformed into a whip. Simultaneously, a man appeared out of thin air. He was tall and thin, with long hair and a handsome face. A long mark could be seen on his forehead that glittered brightly. It almost looked like lightning.

He wore a green-colored robe, and upon his shoulder perched a crow. The crow was bizarre in appearance; it had three eyes, all of which were staring coldly at Fang Yu.

In addition to the crow, a white-colored wolf stood next to the man, emanating a piercing aura as it stared around coldly.

The instant the man appeared, eight pillars of light suddenly rose around Fang Yu. They shot up with incredible speed, causing the entire sky to fill with colorful lights.

“Eight Point Illumination!” the green-robed man said, his voice cool. The eight pillars of light immediately transformed into a seal, which firmly locked Fang Yu in place.

“Ji Mingfeng!” said Fang Yu, her face falling. A cold snort could be heard from behind her. It was none other than Ji Xiaoxiao, who approached slowly, her phoenix-like eyes flickering with killing intent.

“Don’t tell me your Fang Clan ancestors neglected to tell you that you can’t simply run around wildly in the Primordial Demon Immortal Plane?” said Ji Xiaoxiao. “Fang Yu, did you really forget that Ji Clan Dao Children are adept at augury arts?”



“The fact that we ran into each other was coincidental. If you had left immediately, then I couldn’t have done anything. Instead, though, you gave me a chance to notify Mingfeng. With his skill in augury, pinpointing your position was no problem!”

Meng Hao had stopped moving already, and was observing coldly from off in the distance. Seeing that Fang Yu had been ambushed and sealed, he frowned.

“Do you really dare to hurt me?” replied Fang Yu calmly. There was no anger visible in her eyes; rather, a fearsome aura emanated out from her which continued to grow more and more intense.

“Hurt you? Why?” said Ji Xiaoxiao with a slight smile. “The Fang Clan might be all alone here in the lands of South Heaven, but on Planet East Victory, they are the most illustrious, number one Clan. We don’t need to hurt you, just trap you for three days. Then your path back into ancient times will be cut off. Preventing you from finding a host body is good enough.”

Off to the side, Ji Mingfeng was also smiling. He said nothing, but even from his position off in the distance, Meng Hao could tell that he was much more dangerous than Ji Xiaoxiao.

In fact, when looking at Ji Mingfeng, Meng Hao felt as if there was a needle poking into his back.

Ji Xiaoxiao looked at Fang Yu for another moment and then turned to look at Meng Hao. She smiled broadly and said, “Many thanks, Fellow Daoist. It seems we were fated to meet this day. Unfortunately, there’s no time to properly entertain you today, but if Karma wills it, we will meet again one day.”

Ji Mingfeng glanced over at Meng Hao, smiled and nodded. However, Meng Hao could clearly see the scorn in his gaze.

Fang Yu also looked over at Meng Hao.

He stood there silently for a moment before turning to leave. He had no desire to participate in what was happening. Fang Yu’s being sealed didn’t put her life in danger. Considering she was neither kith nor kin, it would not be worthwhile for him to take any action.

Besides, he wasn't completely confident in being able to take on two members of the Ji Clan at the same time. That was especially so considering that Ji Mingfeng gave Meng Hao the same sense of danger that Patriarch Huyan had.

As he turned around, the smile on Ji Xiaoxiao's face grew even wider. Her smile right now made her seem vastly different than the cold version from earlier. When she saw the complex emotions in Fang Yu's eyes, the despair and the pain, she grew even happier. She looked at Meng Hao walking away, and admiration could be seen in her eyes.

The thought suddenly popped into her mind that in the future, she could use him to continue to provoke Fang Yu.

Meng Hao took three steps, then suddenly looked back at Fang Yu.

He saw the despair and complex emotions in her eyes, as well as the pain. There was nothing romantic about the pain; actually it seemed to be more the type of pain one might feel when being abandoned by a family member. The look caused Meng Hao's mind to suddenly tremble.

He said nothing, but his eyes suddenly began to shine brightly. For some reason, he couldn't just brush aside the pain he saw in her eyes. He wasn't sure why, but in that instant he made a decision. The killing intent inside of him instantly shot up.

Ji Xiaoxiao frowned. Next to her, Ji Mingfeng's lips turned up in a cold smile.

It was in this moment that Meng Hao entered the Seventh Anima.

**BOOM!!**

His body instantly swelled. His hair grew longer and his aura rocketed up. Two times, eight times, sixteen times... all the way until his battle prowess was equivalent to sixty-four great circle Nascent Souls. A brief instant was all it took for the explosive power to cause a whirlwind to scream into existence, filling the entire area with clouds of dust.

Meng Hao was now several heads taller. He was taller, and his demeanor was thoroughly that of an Devil Immortal.

Ji Xiaoxiao's face fell, and Ji Mingfeng's pupils constricted.

Fang Yu's eyes began to glow brightly.

A roaring sound exploded out from Meng Hao as he shot forward with all the speed he could muster.

He was upon them in the blink of an eye. Ji Xiaoxiao lifted up her hand and pointed forward, causing an enormous bubble to appear in front of her. It instantly shattered in Meng Hao's face.

**BAM!**

The shattering of the bubble caused Meng Hao to tremble, but it didn't cause him to pause even the least bit. As he pressed forward, Ji Mingfeng casually pointed out, causing the white wolf to lift its head up and howl. As it pounced toward Meng Hao, the mastiff turned into a beam of red light that suddenly appeared at Meng Hao's side. It lashed out toward the white wolf, which instantly started quivering. Before the wolf could do anything in reaction, crunching sounds could be heard as the mastiff chomped it up into its mouth.

Everything happened so fast that Ji Mingfeng could only gape in astonishment. Next, intense killing intent appeared in his eyes.

Ji Xiaoxiao was flabbergasted; the mastiff's Spirit Severing aura caused her face to fall immediately.

At the same time, Meng Hao reached the seal which was holding Fang Yu. He glanced at her, and she back at him, and they almost seemed to be communicating. Fang Yu clenched her hand into a fist, and then her aura exploded up as she punched directly toward the seal.

Meng Hao's fist also slammed down. Their fists simultaneously punched down onto the exact same pillar of light, in exactly the same position!

The pillar immediately began to shake. Cracking sounds echoed out, and in the blink of an eye, the pillar exploded.

In response to the explosion of the first pillar, the other seven pillars began to automatically reinforce themselves. Fang Yu, filled with rage, instantly shot out from within.

She charged toward Ji Xiaoxiao, punching her before she could even react. Ji Xiaoxiao fell back, blood spraying from her mouth. Ji Mingfeng gave Meng Hao a deep glance, then smiled and turned, taking Ji Xiaoxiao with him as he headed off into the distance.

Fang Yu was about to give chase when Meng Hao blocked her way.

She turned to look at him and, her tone one of rebuke, said, “What are you holding me back for?! You have no respect for your elders! And don’t you know that showing off your full power so early will lose you any advantage you have!?”

Meng Hao shook his head and smiled wryly. “Fine, Fellow Daoist Fang. If you want to chase after them, I won’t stop you.”

“Don’t take that tone with me!” she said, glaring at him. “And what kind of address is that!? Call me big sis!”

Meng Hao gave another wry smile. He suddenly had the feeling that rescuing her had been a mistake.

“Not gonna call me big sis?” she said. Her hands clenched into fists, and cracking sounds could be heard. A dangerous glow could be seen coming from her face, as if she might turn into an explosive dragon at any moment.

“Big sis!!” he said with a sigh, backing up a few steps. “Happy...?”

“That’s better. Doesn’t hurt, does it?” As she spoke, her eyes slowly began to fill with gentleness, although her tone of voice still seemed angry. Meng Hao had no idea where that anger came from. “Alright,” she continued, “forget about that for now. How did you end up here? Did you decide which host body you’re going to pick?”

Chapter 563: The Extraordinary Ancient Demon Immortal Sect!

“Host body?” said Meng Hao, gaping. It was the second time he had heard such a term, the first being when Ji Xiaoxiao said it. His eyes glittered as he suddenly thought of the Resurrection Lily’s parasitic existence.

Unfortunately, he wasn’t sure if that had anything to do with the term ‘host body’ mentioned by Fang Yu. He intentionally made his expression one of confusion, but inwardly, he was extremely vigilant.

Seeing his expression, Fang Yu frowned for a moment. Then she reached her hand up as if to smack him on the head. The movement seemed incredibly practiced, as if it was something she did all the time. Without even thinking about it, Meng Hao backed up a few steps. Fang Yu glared at him, but eventually lowered her hand.

“You don’t know anything,” she said angrily, “and yet dare to come to the Primordial Demon Immortal Plane? You...” After a moment, she finally started to explain to him what she meant by ‘host body.’

As he listened to her explanation, his eyes slowly began to glow brightly.

According to her description, every time the Primordial Demon Immortal Plane opened, it meant fortune for those who entered. However, the extent of that good fortune depended on how far any given participant was able to get into the various planes.

“When the Primordial Demon Immortal Plane opens,” Fang Yu explained, “there are initially two different planes. The First Plane is where we are now, the ruins of the ancient Demon Immortal Sect. Here, virtually all the locations which contain good fortune are protected by restrictive spells. This plane will only remain open for seventy-two hours!

“In the First Plane, none of the participants will find any techniques or legacies. Nor will they find even the tiniest treasure. Well, that’s not a hard and fast rule, but basically, considering how many times the Primordial Demon Immortal Plane has opened, anything that could have been taken away has long since disappeared into the hands of people in the past.

“The only thing we can do here is related to the fundamental purpose of the First Plane. And that is... we have to find a proper host body. Such host bodies are none other than the corpses you see around you! Each and every one of these corpses could be a host body!

“Seventy-two hours is all the time we Cultivators have to find a proper host body!

“After the seventy-two hours, the Second Plane will automatically open, and we will be able to recall ancient times!” Seeing that Meng Hao seemed to be paying rapt attention to her, Fang Yu couldn’t help but smile. She continued on to explain in further details, not concealing anything at all from Meng Hao.

What she didn’t know was that Meng Hao was actually only half paying attention to her. The other half of his attention was focused on Fang Yu herself, as he tried to determine why exactly she was expending such special effort to help him.

“Uhhh... she couldn’t possibly have fallen in love with me, could she?” he thought. He suddenly felt an icy feeling tingling up his spine. The more he thought about it though, the less likely it seemed. Nonetheless, he couldn’t help but subconsciously rub his right hand as he thought about the first time the two of them had met.

“The Second Plane is sort of like a hallucination that we will all experience at the same time,” Fang Yu continued. “However, it’s incredibly realistic. During that time, we will enter the once flourishing Demon Immortal Sect. As for which specific era we visit, that cannot be determined.

“It will be almost as if we have actually returned to ancient times. Furthermore, when inside the ancient Demon Immortal Sect, we will not be ourselves. Instead, we will assume the identity of whichever body we have chosen as a host. Using that person’s identity, we can search for good fortune in the chimerical version of ancient times.” Fang Yu’s eyes began to gleam with anticipation.

“Therefore, one’s choice of host body is extremely important. If the host body’s status is high, then naturally you will be presented with better opportunities, maybe even Heaven-defying ones! The host body is the key to it all! With the right status, the good fortune you can acquire defies imagination!” By this point, the anticipation in her eyes was incredibly strong.

Having heard the explanation up to this point, Meng Hao’s eyes flickered. “An ancient dreamland?” he said. “If it’s just a dreamland, then can there really be so much good fortune?”

“The fact that it is a dreamland has been confirmed by those who entered in the past,” Fang Yu said earnestly. “Also, once inside... anything is possible!”

“The existence of the Demon Immortal Sect spanned many years,” replied Meng Hao. “Also, there is a vast difference between the ages of the various disciples. Some might have just joined the Sect

at the time of their death, others might have been around for ten thousand years. Since that's the case, how could it be possible for everyone to enter the same era?"

Hearing this question caused Fang Yu's eyes to gleam with admiration. She was obviously quite pleased to hear such a question.

"It all depends on your luck. In past generations, people who got unlucky ended up selecting host bodies of disciples that didn't exist in ancient times. Unfortunately for them, they were unable to enter the Second Plane, and were cast out early.

"Therefore, it doesn't matter whether you are worried about your chances of seizing good fortune, or even just the opportunity to enter the Second Plane, you have to find a corpse that had been around a long time before dying."

Meng Hao thought about this for a moment.

"It's just like I said before," Fang Yu went on, "selecting a host body is incredibly important. You might as well forget about getting a host body of a Sect Elder or Priest, or one of the seven incredible Elite Apprentices. That likelihood is incredibly small.

"It's even rare to find a Conclave disciple; even if you went looking, you wouldn't be able to find one except by chance. The best thing to do is to fight for one of the Inner Sect disciples.

"Throughout the years in which the Primordial Demon Immortal Plane has opened, the Ji Clan has come to occupy the best position. They have located the corpses of five Inner Sect disciples, and one Conclave disciple.

"As for the Fang Clan, we have only been able to locate four Inner Sect disciples.

"Most of the rest of the Sects in South Heaven," she said calmly, "only have records of one or two Inner Sect disciples."

Meng Hao took a deep breath. Now he fully understood the importance of the host body. A host body with a high status meant better chances for good fortune in the Second Plane. Some ancient legacies and techniques would only be available to people with special positions.

“Furthermore,” said Fang Yu, “upon entering the Second Plane, all of us will temporarily lose all of our memories. For a short period time, we will believe ourselves to be whoever the host body is. However, based on the skill and ability of each individual, we will awaken within a matter of hours or days.

“That period of time is the most dangerous!” When she reached this point, Fang Yu’s voice was very serious. “The reason is because if you wake up too slowly, you lose out on certain opportunities. Furthermore, your life will be in danger because of others who wake up before you!

“The Second Plane is where the true dangers of the Primordial Demon Immortal Plane begin. However, the benefits to be gained are enormous. According to the legends, the ancient Demon Immortal Sect has one thousand types of Daoist magic, one thousand orthodoxies, and one thousand heterodoxies. In total, there are three thousand great Daos. Each one of these divine abilities and Daoist magics are a legacy.

“Throughout the years, the greatest legacy ever acquired was when a Ji Clan member acquired the identity of a Conclave disciple and thus, the Underworld Seance Magic. By gaining enlightenment, he was able to take the technique out with him. Such a divine ability is well suited to the Ji Clan Dao of Karma.

“In the ranking system of the 3,000 great Daos of the Demon Immortal Sect, the Underworld Seance Magic is listed as number 408. That means there are four hundred even more powerful divine abilities. That is especially true of the top ten, each of which can be described as a great Dao!

“According to the legends, the top ten are powerful enough to rock the Heavens and shake the Earth.”

When Meng Hao heard this, his expression was the same as ever, but his heart pounded wildly. He looked at Fang Yu and asked another question. “You’re talking about the Ji Clan of South Heaven?”

Fang Yu hesitated for a moment and muttered to herself. Finally, she replied, “In the Ninth Mountain and Sea, the Ji Clan has five branches. The branch on South Heaven is not the main branch, but rather, one of the subsidiary branches.”

“Okay,” said Meng Hao. Seeing that Fang Yu apparently didn’t want to talk about the Ji Clan, he decided to ask a question about something else he was curious about. “So, about those top ten divine abilities and Daoist magics. What exactly are they?”



“I’m not sure,” replied Fang Yu, shaking her head. “I just know that the number one position is occupied by... the Mountain and Sea Scripture!” As soon as she spoke the words ‘Mountain and Sea Scripture,’ her eyes began to glow with a brilliant light. “However, even if you had some Heaven-defying good luck, it would be impossible to achieve enlightenment regarding it and then take it out. By the way, if you don’t achieve enlightenment regarding a given Daoist magic, then it’s impossible to brand it, and therefore impossible to remember. Once you leave the dreamland, you would completely forget it.”

When Meng Hao heard her mention the Mountain and Sea Scripture, he recalled what the parrot had spoken of. According to the parrot, the origin of the three classic scriptures was none other than something called the Mountain and Sea Scripture.

At this point, Meng Hao asked yet another question. “You’ve mentioned a First Plane and a Second Plane. Could it be that there is also a Third Plane?”

“Yes. However, according to the Clan records, the most probable likelihood is that we will not be able to meet the requirements to open the Third Plane. At a certain point in the Second Plane, the Primordial Demon Immortal Plane will close, we will all be teleported back to the lands of South Heaven.

“Throughout history, there have only been five occasions in which the requirements were met and the Third Plane appeared!”

Meng Hao watched her closely as she continued her explanation.

“The Third Plane occurs after awakening from the Second Plane. All of the restrictive spells throughout the ancient Demon Immortal Sect will become unstable and even disappear. During that time, anyone can enter those previously sealed areas to acquire treasure left over from the ancient Demon Immortal Sect!

“When entering the Third Plane, the previous identity of the host body will vanish. However, according to the various legacies and techniques learned in the Second Plane, it would be possible to remove some of the restrictive spells from places that still have them, and acquire shocking good fortune.”

Meng Hao took a deep breath. He was now much clearer about the various matters regarding the Primordial Demon Immortal Plane. The First Plane was about preparation. The Second Plane was a place to acquire the good fortune of immaterial techniques and legacies.

The Third Plane was a place to take advantage of the good fortune and preparation from the first two Planes to acquire physical treasures.

Everything was connected!

“So, now you understand what will happen in not so many hours. Right now, time is limited. During the seventy-two hours that the First Plane is open, people will be using information from the secret records of their Sect or Clan to find various corpses.

“You come with me. I’ll take you to one of the Inner Sect Disciples that the Fang Clan knows about. You hide yourself there and wait for the Second Plane to open.” With a final look at Meng Hao, Fang Yu turned and sped off.

Meng Hao stood there thoughtfully for a moment. Based on his analysis, about eighty percent of what Fang Yu had told him was probably true. He was still a cautious person, and was aware that gullibility was a weakness. However, in the end, he chose not to refuse her offer.

The two of them sped off toward the second mountain peak.

Time passed, and the sky grew darker. Meng Hao continued to glance around cautiously, but the ancient Demon Immortal Sect was simply too big. They didn’t run into anyone else. At this point, Meng Hao started to think about who else might have come to the Primordial Demon Immortal Plane from... the Southern Domain.

“Xu Qing. Elder Brother. Fatty. Chu Yuyan. And then there are the Dao Children from the three great Clans, as well as the other Chosen from the Sects. I wonder who I might run into here.” He thought about these things as he and Fang Yu continued to speed along until dawn of the following morning. By this time, they had traversed about thirty percent of the path between the second and third peaks.

Everywhere they passed, they saw wreckage and corpses, as well as areas with restrictive spells that glowed brightly in the darkness. The dangerous, flickering auras of the restrictive spells were things that even Fang Yu would not be immune to.

At one point, Fang Yu said something that caused Meng Hao’s eyes to go wide.

“Ever since we were small, Ji Xiaoxiao was always trying to compete with me. That’s why I yelled out to you earlier, to get her to notice you. If my plan works, she’ll definitely take a liking to you.

“Heh heh. Little bro, you have to help me turn the tables on her and screw her over royally. Of course, if you don’t want to, I won’t force you.”

Chapter 564: Where Good Fortune Lays

Meng Hao felt as if a cold wind had just gusted down his throat. He coughed dryly a few times and looked up ahead at Fang Yu. Inwardly, he felt even more assured that this woman was someone he should not provoke in the future.

She might be overbearing and have a fiery temper, but those things didn’t matter. Just now, she... had set up a huge con for Ji Xiaoxiao to fall into, all without letting out a single hint or clue. It immediately caused Meng Hao’s back to feel ice cold.

Throughout his years of Cultivation, Meng Hao had conned people left and right, starting from the very beginning in the Reliance Sect. Of course, he actually had no idea how many people would gnash their teeth in hatred whenever they thought of him and how he had conned them.

What was even more frightening was that Meng Hao’s lack of awareness regarding this point meant that he didn’t really think of himself as conning people. To him, conning people had become a habit, and then that habit had turned into instinct.

For such an instinct to appear led to a fearsome outcome... as soon as he encountered an opportunity to con someone, he would immediately begin to do so....

“That’s... uh, big sis, that’s probably not a good idea,” he said, clearing his throat.

“No need to be bashful,” she said with an enigmatic smile. “Do you really think your big sis didn’t notice what part of Ji Xiaoxiao you looked at when you saw her for the first time?” Meng Hao almost felt as if he were being stabbed by her words.

He wanted to explain himself, but he knew that the more he tried to explain matters, the more it would make them worse. He finally just gave a wry smile.

“You help me con her,” she said, her eyes shining more brightly than ever, “and you won’t be sorry. Ji Xiaoxiao may be a shameless, narrow-minded, devious, vicious tart, but... she’s still quite pretty and also self-respecting. She would make a good concubine for you. I have to admit that I approve.” She really seemed to think her plan was a good one. Then she noticed Meng Hao’s wry smile, and her eyes went wide. “Fine, it’s settled, we’re doing it!”

“I...” Meng Hao was about to respond when Fang Yu shot off up ahead, leaving Meng Hao behind in the dust. A complacent smile could be seen on her face, and her eyes shone brightly. The more she thought about it, the more she felt that she truly was shrewd and intelligent. She really had set up that damnable Ji Xiaoxiao to be viciously conned....

Meng Hao continued to smile wryly and pretend that he hadn’t heard what she said in the end. He sped along after her, his expression amiable, but inwardly on guard. After all, he had long since learned to hide his true state. Instead, he usually kept a light smile on his face to prevent others from knowing what he was truly thinking.

“She truly isn’t on guard against me at all,” he thought. “Or is that just an act?” A thoughtful look appeared in his eyes as he thought back to the scene from outside the Rebirth Cave that year.

Again, he subconsciously looked down at the back of his right hand. More uncertainties bubbled up in his heart.

“Maybe everything will be made clear once we arrive at this corpse. I can make my final decision then.” An imperceptible gleam flickered within Meng Hao’s eyes.

Dawn had fully broken, and the Primordial Demon Immortal Plane was no longer dark. Rays of sunshine climbed up into the sky as Meng Hao and Fang Yu reached a stretch of ruins that existed in the middle of the second and third peaks.

The damage to the place was considerable. Corpses lay about everywhere, and a pervasive sensation of ancientness filled the air, along with an aura of decay that seemed unwilling to depart.

The limestone that covered the ground had long since been crushed into countless pieces. The richly ornamented buildings looked as if they had been shattered by some giant palm slamming down from up above. The force had completely shattered the buildings, and then turned into a shockwave which caused everything for tens of thousands of meters in all directions to be destroyed.

“Okay, we’re here,” said Fang Yu. “Only three members of the Fang Clan came this time. I’ll notify the other two not to select this place. This is the corpse of an Inner Sect disciple with a relatively high position. Although it’s not a Conclave Disciple, the previous generations of Fang Clan Cultivators who came here said that this person had a lot of friends. If you play your cards right, you should be able to find some good fortune.” With that, she took out a jade slip and handed it over.

“Recorded in this jade slip are seven paths taken by various members of the previous generations of the Fang Clan. Everything they did and said is inside. Because the time period we’re traveling to is not set, the contents will most likely not relate directly to you. However, you might want to study it nonetheless.”

With that, Fang Yu looked around, studying the area before proceeding forward. As they moved, Fang Yu explained everything in detail.

“Pay attention to the path I take. For example, see there? That’s a protective spell formation which is very difficult to penetrate. It should actually keep you safe.

“Oh, don’t touch that! There’s a hidden restrictive spell in there!

“Don’t touch this either.

“You have to wait here for the amount of time it takes an incense stick to burn. Pay attention to the shadows on the ground.”

Meng Hao nodded in response to her explanations. Inwardly, his suspicions continued to increase as he realized that Fang Yu really wasn’t concealing anything from him.

They took a circuitous route into the center of the ruins. A few hours later, when it was afternoon, Meng Hao suddenly stopped in place and looked off into the distance. There, in the middle of some wreckage, was a jade slip that emanated a bright blue light. It was floating above the ground, surrounding by countless streams of magical symbols.

At first glance, it was extremely beautiful.

Surrounding it for dozens of meters in all directions was the glow of a restrictive spell.

“Don’t even think about it,” said Fang Yu. “From the Fang Clan’s very first records of the Primordial Demon Immortal Plane down until now no one has been able to get past that restrictive spell. If you pay attention closely, you can sense that the Daoist magic contained in that jade slip is definitely in the top one thousand legacies and divine abilities.” She sounded as if she viewed this to be quite a pity.

“See all the corpses around the glowing light? Quite a few of those are people from past generations who got greedy and tried to break through the restrictive spell...” When Meng Hao heard this, he nodded calmly. He had long since noticed that some of the corpses in the area looked different than the corpses of the members of the Demon Immortal Sect.

“How many times has the Primordial Demon Immortal Plane opened?” he asked suddenly. “Is it possible that there are still members of the Sect left alive in here?”

“Impossible,” replied Fang Yu, shaking her head. “Everyone is dead. Other than a few people who managed to escape before the calamity struck, everyone died. Although everything happened long, long ago, the ancient records offer clear proof that the entire Sect was wiped out.”

“If it opens every thousand years, isn’t it possible that people returned and then stayed?” he followed up, his eyes flickering.

Fang Yu didn’t seem to be the least bit fazed by Meng Hao’s question. “The only people who can stay behind are the dead. Anyone else who enters gets expelled when the plane closes. It’s no coincidence that I happen to know this. I was curious about the very same thing, and the person who answered my question happened to be the only remaining elderly member of the Clan who had been to this place.”

Meng Hao asked no more questions. He turned back and followed Fang Yu as she proceeded forward. This time, they walked for about two hours before they finally reached one particular house that was only half collapsed. After looking around for a moment, Fang Yu produced a jade slip which she then crushed. Immediately, a blurriness surrounded the house. When the blurriness faded into clarity, the house was gone. In its place was an enormous crater.

This didn’t surprise Meng Hao at all. During the course of their journey, he had watched Fang Yu do this same thing about seven or eight times. She had also done other things to ensure that they weren’t being followed.

In the middle of the crater was a corpse. Upon nearing, it became clear that the muscles and blood had long since faded away. What remained was essentially a mummified corpse, with its head turned to look up into the air. It seemed that before it died, it had been looking up into the sky. Despite the long passage of time, the look of fear and aloneness on its face was still clear to Meng Hao.

“His name was Xu Long, and he was a member of the Demon Immortal Sect for a long time. He started in the Outer Sect to eventually be promoted to the Inner Sect. He ended up sacrificing his life during the calamity.

“Were it not for the calamity, he may have eventually become a Conclave disciple.” Fang Yu held out her hand, in which could be seen eight jade slips, all of which contained information regarding the Primordial Demon Immortal Plane. One by one, she handed them over to Meng Hao.

“It won’t be much longer now,” she said. “You should be safe here. I’m going to go find a corpse in a different location.” Fang Yu gave Meng Hao a deep look, making no attempt to hide the thoughtfulness in her eyes.

Meng Hao looked at the jade slips and then watched as Fang Yu turned and made her way off.

After a long moment, he took some time to examine his surroundings. Clearly... there were no real dangers in the immediate vicinity. Obviously, this was a place that few people came to in search of a host body.

“Don’t tell me that she really didn’t have any ill intentions,” he murmured softly. He turned to look at the corpse, then walked over thoughtfully and squatted down to examine it closely.

Gradually, his expression changed, and it was clear that he was moved inwardly. This corpse was actually far, far more powerful than any of the ones he had seen before. Even after entering the Seventh Anima, he couldn’t even put the tiniest crack in its skull.

This caused his mind to reel. He was even able to sense a slight pressure emanating off of the corpse, which caused his hair to stand on end. His entire body felt as if it were filled with coldness, and an indescribable weight pushed down onto his heart.

After a long moment, he awoke from his reverie and stepped back a few paces, cold sweat dripping down his face. He looked down at the corpse, his face grim.

“So this is an Inner Sect disciple of the ancient Demon Immortal Sect.... It’s completely different than the other corpses I inspected. It’s far, far more powerful! That must mean that all the corpses I saw on the way here were nothing more than Outer Sect disciples.” He took a deep breath as he sat down cross-legged.

“Fang Yu really didn’t have any evil designs. Interesting. Well, as of now, there are only about forty hours left. If I stay here, then there is a high likelihood that I will be able to get into the Second Plane. However....” His eyes glittered as he looked in the direction of the third and fourth peaks.

There was no way that he could forget everything he had seen after awaking in the river of stars as it made its way here to the Primordial Demon Immortal Plane, especially the man he had seen on the peak of the fourth mountain.

He wasn’t sure how many times the Primordial Demon Immortal Plane had opened in the past, nor how many Cultivators had entered it through the generations. Among those people, had anyone ever woken up in the manner that he had? If there were, it would certainly have been an incredibly rare occurrence. After all, he was very much convinced that he had only awoken because of the help of Han Shan.

Furthermore, even if there really were people who had awoken in the past, it didn’t necessarily mean that they would have seen the same man that he had.

It was entirely possible that Meng Hao himself was the only person to have ever stayed awake and then seen the man.

“That is my advantage, the place where my unique opportunity lies. If I wait here, I might be out of danger, but that means I’ll be giving up my chance to seize a unique chance.” He felt hesitant.

“That person on the fourth peak... Who was he...?” After a long moment’s thought, Meng Hao’s eyes filled with the glow of determination.

Chapter 565: Meeting an Old Friend

Meng Hao stood up and looked at the corpse of Inner Sect Disciple Xu Long for a moment. Then, he didn’t hesitate any longer. He turned and, following the same path he had to get to this location, sped away.



He just could not resign himself to ignoring that strange person.

The Primordial Demon Immortal Plane might be a dangerous place, but he was here. Picking a path of danger was well in line with the expression, 'rewards come only with risk.' The only way to continue to maintain an advantage in the Second Plane was to make a difficult choice such as this right now.

If he was more concerned with safety, and unwilling to take risks, why had he come to this place to begin with? To stare at a mountain of treasure while wringing one's hands would cause even mortals to sigh in regret, let alone Cultivators!

Meng Hao would much rather go all out in risk than worry about safety, especially when he had a chance to fight for good fortune!

Who could possibly settle for mediocrity? Members of the Fang Clan had long since experimented with the identity of Inner Sect Disciple Xu Long, and of course acquired good fortune, although they had not done so perfectly.

Regarding the potential different time periods, and the seven paths taken with Xu Long as a host body, all of that information was recorded in the jade slip. After glancing it over, Meng Hao wasn't certain that he could do any better than the others had. Therefore, if he chose to go with this Inner Sect disciple's identity, all he might acquire was Daoist magic that the Fang Clan had long since already acquired.

Anything else would be very difficult. Many times, one's starting point will determine one's final destination.

The successive generations of the Fang Clan were clearly intelligent, and had already done all that could be done. Any further gain would come only from good luck. As far as that was concerned, Meng Hao would rather rely on his own luck to gain his own opportunity.

Therefore, he chose to abandon the path of Inner Sect Disciple Xu Long. There wasn't a single scrap of hesitation as he used Fang Yu's method to safely leave the area. It took him about four hours before he was finally clear. Without even looking back, he headed toward the fourth peak.

After calculating the time, he thought to himself. "I still have thirty-four hours left." Employing all the speed that was possible, he cautiously made his way through the various ruins and corpses.

Time passed. Ten hours later, he was at the third peak. He didn't see anyone the entire time, which didn't cause him any pause for thought. More than half of the seventy-two hour period had passed, and presumably, most of the other had already found the host bodies they were looking for, and were waiting there.

"Twenty-four hours left," he thought, looking toward the fourth peak far off in the distance. He pushed himself faster.

Ten more hours went by, and he had already passed the halfway point between the third peak and the fourth peak. Suddenly, a rumbling broke the silence. Based on how faint it was, it was obviously coming from quite some distance away. However, Meng Hao could feel it instantly.

Mixed in with the sound were pulsating ripples of divine abilities and magical techniques. By the time they reached Meng Hao, they were very weak, but he was still able to sense a familiar aura within them.

He stopped in his tracks for a moment and then frowned. After examining the aura further, his frown deepened. He knew who this aura belonged to.

"Zhao Fang of the great Cloud Sky Tribe." He looked off in the distance, a thoughtful look in his eye. Currently there were only fourteen hours left until the First Plane closed.

He could tell that he needed ten hours just to get from his current location to the fourth mountain. That meant he only would only have four hours to get to the top of peak. Time was tight, and he couldn't afford to waste it.

He proceeded forward. However, after going about three hundred meters, he suddenly turned and headed in the direction of Zhao Fang's aura, his expression extremely cold. He had made a promise to Patriarch Cloud Sky, and they had a deal. The extent to which he followed up on his promise was the extent to which the other party would respect the agreement.

There was no one around to police the arrangement, but it existed in his heart.

Conducting oneself properly often amounts to maintaining a clear conscience.

He shot through the air at top speed for the amount of time it takes half an incense stick to burn. Soon he caught sight of two Cultivators locked in battle in the ruins up ahead.

One of them was Zhao Fang. He was clearly in a very poor position. His expression was one of fury. His clothes were stained with blood and his face was pale. Clearly, he had been injured.

He was fighting a man who wore a white robe and had long, voluminous hair. He was slender and handsome, and was clearly the type of man whom any woman would cast glances at. Three flying spikes circulated around him, leaving behind trails of colorful lights as they flew through the air. They also emanated a penetrating aura that made the white-robed man seem even more elegant.

Actually there weren't just two people up ahead. About thirty meters or so behind the white-robed man was a woman in a violet garment. She was beautiful, with a shrewd smile and an intelligent air to her. Anyone who looked at her would instantly be able to tell that she was cunning and resourceful.

She watched the magical combat with a smile on her face. She made no move to attack, but when she looked at the white-robed man, a profound look occasionally flickered within her eyes. It was not romantic admiration, but... something else.

“This host body belongs to the great Cloud Sky Tribe!” Cried Zhao Fang. “You want to steal it from me? Despotic!”

Another boom could be heard; Zhao Fang coughed up a mouthful of blood and staggered backward. He glared at the man in the white robe, killing intent flickering in his eyes. As he had said, the great Cloud Sky Tribe had discovered this location. However, almost as soon as he had arrived, this man and woman appeared and attacked him.

Obviously, they wanted to take control of the location. If it weren't for the fact that the woman had ceased hostilities after her initial sneak attack, he would surely have been dead already.

“Nobody owns anything in the Demon Immortal Sect,” said the white-robed man coolly, looking at Zhao Fang with a look of coldness and disdain. “If you insist that I, Wang, am stealing it, then so be it. Why don't you just screw off? If you attack me one more time, I'll kill you.”

Zhao Fang had the most latent talent of anyone in the great Cloud Sky Tribe. Although luck was important in the ancient Demon Immortal Sect, so was latent talent. The greater the latent talent, the easier it would be to gain enlightenment regarding various techniques and legacies.

Before being sent here, Zhao Fang was in the mid Nascent Soul stage. Just before leaving, though, the Patriarch had personally used various magical techniques to temporarily raise him to the peak of the late Nascent Soul stage, a state which would last for three months.

The corpse that he was defending was no ordinary Inner Sect disciple. It was much rarer, a disciple who was half way into the Conclave status. The reason was that this particular disciple had a relative of the elder generation who was already a Conclave disciple.

The information regarding that relationship was something the great Cloud Sky Tribe had expended much effort to acquire.

Zhao Fang's eyes were bloodshot. Unfortunately, the man he faced up against currently really was of the late Nascent Soul stage, whereas he himself had reached that level only by the use of force. He could fight back, but his opponent had too many magical items, and he knew that he wasn't a match.

That was not even to mention the woman. Although she was only at the early Nascent Soul stage, Zhao Fang sensed something even more threatening about her than the man. It was a strange feeling that filled him with shock.

Just as Zhao Fang was gritting his teeth and angrily resigning himself to the fact that he would have to leave, a popping sound could suddenly be heard. Dust was kicked up in all directions, followed by a pulsating pressure that caused the white-robed man's face to fall and his eyes to widen.

The violet-robed woman's beautiful face was also filled with a look of shock. She cocked her head to look of into the distance.

Zhao Fang gaped as a green smoke shot through the air, within which was a black moon. It moved with incredible speed as it approached.

As soon as he caught sight of the black moon, Zhao Fang nearly went wild with joy. In the last moments before leaving for the Primordial Demon Immortal Plane, Patriarch Cloud Sky had transmitted information to him regarding Meng Hao's agreement to help.

"Elder Brother Meng, please help me!"

Almost in the same moment that his words rang out, the green smoke and black moon arrived. The moon vanished and the smoke dissipated to reveal Meng Hao, wearing a green robe. He stood there looking around coldly at the three people present.

When the violet-robed woman saw Meng Hao, her eyes went as wide as saucers. A look of astonishment and disbelief appeared on her face, as well as something that rarely could be seen on her features; intense emotion and confusion.

“Meng... Meng Hao?” she said, her voice hoarse. Her mind filled with great waves of roaring.

When the white-robed man saw Meng Hao, he also stared blankly. Apparently he found Meng Hao’s features to be familiar, but couldn’t place where he had seen him before. However, when he heard what the woman said, he suddenly realized who Meng Hao was.

Zhao Fang’s heart was pounding, not having expected these two to be familiar with Meng Hao.

Meng Hao’s expression was one of indifference as he looked over at the violet-robed woman. After a moment, he smiled.

“Long time no see, Fellow Daoist Han Bei. You look as graceful as ever.”

This violet-robed woman was none other than the bizarre Han Bei of the Black Sieve Sect. She stood there breathing heavily, a look of disbelief on her face when she heard Meng Hao’s words.

“Is it really you?” she said. She had been left with a profound impression of Meng Hao all those years ago. In her memory, he had brought about one miracle after the next. First, there were the events inside the square cauldron in the Black Sieve Sect’s Blessed Land, then his activities within the Black Sieve Sect itself as Grandmaster Pill Cauldron, and finally what happened outside the Rebirth Cave when he killed the Li Clan Dao Child and the Quasi-Array member of the Ji Clan. All of these things caused great waves of change to sweep across the Southern Domain.

Each one of those events had left Han Bei completely in shock. Although many years had passed, the impression left was still deep and intense. Of course, much of that had to do with the warnings and analysis of the soul of the Han Clan Patriarch.

“Your... your Cultivation base!!” she said, her mind spinning. The shock she felt after sensing the level of his Cultivation base was even more intense than before. Meng Hao was actually of the great circle of the Nascent Soul stage!

She well knew that of the current generation of Dao Children in the Sects and Clans of the Southern Domain, most were of in the early Nascent Soul stage. A few were in the mid Nascent Soul Stage, and only Wang Clan Dao Child Wang Lihai was of the late Nascent Soul stage, although he concealed that fact most of the time, and had revealed it only in the Primordial Demon Immortal Plane.

Once word spread into the Southern Domain, Wang Lihai’s status would be propelled to the number one person of his generation.

And yet, here stood Meng Hao. Han Bei was shaken and could scarcely believe her eyes.

Meng Hao looked over at the white-robed man, who looked just as shocked as Han Bei. Considering how much this man’s face resembled that of Wang Tengfei, Meng Hao instantly knew who he was.

This was Wang Tengfei’s older brother, Wang Clan Dao Child, the person who had feigned death in the Blood Immortal Legacy tournament!

Wang Lihai!

Chapter 566: That is Xu Qing!

Meng Hao was no longer a novice in the Cultivation world. He now understood a lot more about the Dao Children and Chosen of the Sects and Clans. Although his understanding wasn’t absolutely correct in terms of every single detail, he now had a general understanding of what a Dao Child was and what a Chosen was.

Actually, ‘Dao Child’ and ‘Chosen’ were merely titles, an indication of approval and status. Such approval was evidence of that person’s ability to maintain their strength within the Sect. It was also proof to the outside world as to the future good prospects of the Sect itself.

If a Sect had many Chosen, it would be possible to predict that it would experience incredible growth in the future.

Regarding Dao Children, that was a title given to the most illustrious of any given stage of Cultivation within a Sect or Clan. They would represent the Sect or Clan when it came to dealing with most affairs on the outside.

Every Sect and Clan would have three Dao Children and no more; a Foundation Establishment Dao Child, a Core Formation Dao Child, and a Nascent Soul Dao Child.

There could only be one Dao Child in any given stage, and because of their special status, Sects and Clans would usually dispatch powerful Dao Protectors along with such individuals when they ventured outside.

In the outside world, Dao Children were incredibly impressive, even famous. They had a status that would cause all other Cultivators to be endlessly envious.

However, when a Dao Child entered a new stage, then it meant two Dao Children existed, which would result in brutal competition. Generally speaking, unless the original Dao Child of that particular stage ceded their position, it would be difficult for the newcomer to maintain their status. Because of this reality, Dao Children were proud and arrogant when in the outside world. However, within the Sect or Clan, they had to tread as carefully as if they were walking on thin ice.

If a Dao Child wanted to maintain their status, they would constantly be forced to take advantage of Cultivation resources from other Cultivators. They might even need to rely on the power and influence of other experts within the Sect to improve their Cultivation base and become more powerful. That was the only way to maintain their position above other members of their generation, and perhaps even exceed their predecessors.

Regarding Chosen, the competition was even more ruthless. The grandeur of their status in the outside world was second only to that of Dao Children, and they received more and better resources from their Clan or Sect. At the same time, they had to deal with the possibility of being stripped of their title due to falling behind in the rankings or not advancing fast enough in their Cultivation. Also, they had to compete with other experts of the same stage for resources.

Because of all of that, Chosen also found themselves treading on thin ice, and had no other choice but to work as hard as possible to grow more powerful.

Naturally, all Sects and Clans had different rules. However, the general situation was always one of competition. Of course, killing was strictly prohibited.

Wang Lihai was, of course, a Dao Child of one of the three great Clans of the Southern Domain, the Wang Clan. He was a patient person, and didn't make a practice of showing off in his cultivation. Back when rumors of his demise were circulating in the Southern Domain, he was the Foundation Establishment Dao Child of the Wang Clan. Upon reaching Core Formation, he actually lost his status. However, after patiently waiting for many years, he suddenly made his comeback, defeating the Wang Clan's Nascent Soul Dao Child in a single blow. When he reclaimed the position of Dao Child, it caused quite a commotion in the Southern Domain.

Currently, Meng Hao held a jade slip in his hand. The moment he had decided to intervene in the situation, he had pulled out this very jade slip to make a record of everything that was happening. He looked over Wang Lihai and thought back to the events outside the ancient Dao Geysers, when he had challenged this very same Wang Clan Dao Child. He actually looked much the same as he had back then, except that the feeling of time on his body was much stronger.

When Meng Hao looked at him, Wang Lihai's mind trembled, and he felt jittery with fear. Were it not for his iron will, he would have already lost control of himself.

His pupils constricted as he stared at Meng Hao. His heart felt anything but calm. He now recognized who Meng Hao was, and he also thought back to their battle all those years ago. A battle he had lost.

Of the three times in his life that he had lost a fight, that was the first. It was also one of the reasons he had been so persistent in his practice of cultivation over the years. Before, he had viewed himself as powerful enough to sweep over anyone in the same stage as him. He thought that he was at the pinnacle, above even the other Dao Children in the Southern Domain, the number one person.

But now that he saw Meng Hao, and felt the power of his Cultivation base, Wang Lihai's mind began to spin.

His pride crumbled. His self-confidence felt as if it were being crushed. He took a deep breath, then clasped hands and bowed to Meng Hao.

"It's been years, Elder Brother Meng. You look as dignified as ever."

Off to the side, Han Bei, although she had regained some of her composure, was still breathing heavily. Images of past encounters with Meng Hao floated in her mind. Their initial encounter, their meeting in the Song Clan when they had almost touched faces. There were other things too, all of which made it impossible for her to stay completely calm.



Meng Hao stood there, his long, green robes rippling like water. His expression was one of indifference as he looked at Wang Lihai, and then nodded.

“Since we’re old friends, I’ll allow you to take your leave,” he said calmly.

Han Bei breathed in deeply. She clasped hands, bowed, and then looked Meng Hao deep in the eyes. Her expression was one of shrewdness, and her eyes flickered with beauty.

“Elder Brother Meng, we’ve just met and you’re already sending us away?” she placed her hand over her mouth as she chuckled. “You really don’t want to chat about old times with me? Very well, then. I’ll take my leave.” Completely ignoring Zhao Fang and Wang Lihai, she turned and flew up into the air like a beautiful swallow.

“Elder Brother Meng, the news about Fellow Daoist Zhao’s Tribe finding the location of this corpse had already spread far and wide. Even if the two of us leave, it’s hard to say whether or not others will come.” The softness of her voice seemed to indicate that she had completely recovered from her shock from earlier. As she began to fly off into the distance, she added another thought.

“One more thing, Elder Brother Meng,” she said, her voice filled with a strange tone. “I have a final gift I’d like to give you. I’m not too sure who else came here from the Southern Domain. However, there was one person who came with me. That is... Xu Qing.” Chuckling, she disappeared off into the distance.

Meng Hao seemed surprised, but didn’t say anything. He looked back at Wang Lihai.

Wang Lihai stared at Meng Hao, and as their gazes met, Wang Lihai’s eyes suddenly flickered with the desire to do battle.

He took a step forward, and his aura exploded up. He looked at Meng Hao, clasped hands and bowed. “Elder Brother Meng, considering your words, I naturally rescind any claim on this place. However, multiple sixty-year cycles have passed since our match that year. Since we happen to have run into each other again here, Elder Brother Meng, I hope you can give me some pointers!” With that, his aura shot up with even more intensity.

Meng Hao frowned. Time was limited, and he didn’t have much to spare. Almost the same moment in which Wang Lihai expressed himself, Meng Hao flicked his wide sleeve and took a step forward.

The incredible pressure of the great cycle of the Nascent Soul stage instantly shoved down onto Wang Lihai.

Boom!

Wang Lihai instantly fell back seven or eight steps, his face pale. With a final deep look at Meng Hao, he turned and left.

Meng Hao watched Wang Lihai leave. The man had left quite an impression on him, this Wang Clan Dao Child.

“My First Anima puts me an entire phase above someone in the late Nascent Soul stage,” mused Meng Hao thoughtfully. “His face paled, that was it. No blood. It seems Wang Lihai’s battle prowess is actually equivalent to someone of the great circle.” Finally he turned to look at Zhao Fang.

Zhao Fang immediately began to get nervous. He knew how fearsome Meng Hao was; after all, he could hold his own against Patriarch Huyan. Could it be possible that the tiger, having driven away the wolf, would now eat the man?

Stepping back a few paces, Zhao Fang began to speak, choosing his words carefully. “Senior Meng, many thanks for your kindness in saving me. I of the younger generation will definitely report this matter to the Patriarch. He will assuredly reward you handsomely, senior.” Of course he didn’t dare to refer to Meng Hao as ‘Elder Brother,’ and thus chose a more respectful form of address.

Meng Hao understood the meaning behind Zhao Fang’s words. However, considering that Meng Hao had abandoned the Inner Sect disciple provided to him by Fang Yu, he certainly wouldn’t be interested in the corpse here, even if it was slightly higher in status. “I promised Patriarch Cloud Sky to take care of you as best I could. It seems I’ve already accomplished that task. This place isn’t safe. If you chose to stay here, you need to prepare to defend your own life.”

Zhao Fang hesitated for a moment, and then steeled himself. “Many thanks for your concern, senior. I know my limits, and the Patriarch also helped me to make some special preparations....”

Meng Hao look at Zhao Fang for a moment, which made Zhao Fang feel even more nervous.

Meng Hao finally nodded. "I can't stay here. If that's your decision, then do your best to take care of yourself." With that, he put away the jade slip. Within was a complete record of everything that had happened, which he would provide later to Patriarch Cloud Sky as proof of what had occurred.

Paying no more attention to Zhao Fang, Meng Hao turned and made his way off.

Seeing that Meng Hao had truly left, Zhao Fang breathed a sigh of relief. He looked around the area cautiously, and a bit hesitantly. Finally, he clenched his jaw and decided not to leave. He would stick to his original plan and methods to conceal himself near the corpse and wait nervously for time to pass.

Meng Hao continued on without pause toward the fourth peak. Han Bei's words continued to echo out in his head. A warm light suddenly appeared in his eyes.

"Is Xu Qing really here too...?" Meng Hao looked around thoughtfully at the Demon Immortal Sect and then increased his speed.

Several hours later, the third day was almost gone. There were now only four hours left until the First Plane closed. It was at this point that Meng Hao reached the foot of the fourth mountain.

He looked up toward the towering mountain in front of him. It was huge, so big that he couldn't see the top. He was like a tiny insect, completely insignificant. However a brilliant light glowed in his eyes. He took a deep breath and then began to ascend the mountain.

Most of the locations within the First Plane of the Primordial Demon Immortal Plane contained restrictive spells. Simply touching one would give birth to deadly danger. As he ascended the mountain, Meng Hao encountered many such an area, forcing him to take a meandering route. More than two hours later, he finally caught sight of the peak of the mountain.

"I still have one hour left..." he said. He was currently standing on a crag that jut out from the side of the mountain, looking up at the peak. He suddenly felt a bit of hesitation. Time was almost up, and as of now, he wasn't sure if he had made the right choice.

If it was the wrong choice, everything was for naught. Before leaving the corpse of Xu Long, he had attempted to physically bring the corpse with him. However, he had quickly discovered that the corpse was apparently locked in place permanently. Nothing he did could move it even a bit.

“What’s mine is mine completely. I won’t accept things from others even if begged. At the very least, I won’t have any regrets.” He let out a casual laugh, and then stopped worrying about matters of gain or loss. He used his last hour to continue on toward the top of the mountain. As he moved, he looked around at the ruins, taking in all the former grandeur of the Demon Immortal Sect.

Because he wasn’t worried about winning or losing, he no longer felt nervous, and took his time. By the time he reached the top of the fourth peak, there were only one hundred breaths of time left!

Chapter 567: Ke Jiusi

He stepped onto the stone dais located at the top of the fourth peak. From a distance, this part of the mountain looked sharp and pointed, but in actuality, it was flat.

It was like a large square, surrounded by nine huge cauldrons, all covered with fissures. In the direct center of it all was a wooden coffin. The coffin was lidless, and was carved, not with magical symbols, but with ancient depictions of auspicious clouds and beasts. There were also mountains and rivers, even a vast starry sky.

At first glance, the carvings seemed very complicated, but after closer inspection one could find simplicity within the complexity.

It gave one an indescribable feeling of both contradiction and harmony.

Meng Hao approached the coffin and, nearing the side of, looked down inside. It was empty. There was no corpse. No remains. Nothing.

There was no host body here.

As of this moment, only eighty breaths of time remained until the opening of the Second Plane. Meng Hao stood next to the coffin and looked down silently at the emptiness. Then he sighed.

It would be impossible for him to say that he wasn’t disappointed. He had abandoned the Inner Sect disciple host body provided by Fang Yu. He had stuck with his own ideas, and the brutal reality made it so that he could only sigh and stand there with complex emotions filling his heart.

Silently, he turned his gaze to the scene below the mountain. There were now only seventy breaths of time left. There was no way he would be able to find another suitable corpse now. On his way here, he found that about halfway up the mountain, there were absolutely no corpses to be seen.

From his vantage point atop the mountain, he could now see that the entire mountain was covered with dense restrictive spells. They were so tightly packed that it almost seemed as if the entire mountain were covered with one gigantic restrictive spell that would prevent anyone from reaching the top.

Any one of the various restrictive spells would have completely destroyed Meng Hao had he even touched them. The sight of the densely packed spells caused Meng Hao to feel somewhat confused.

“How did I actually make it up here?” It was the first time he had considered the question. During the journey up the mountain he hadn’t really paid attention. The four hour trip up from the foot of the mountain had seemed relatively easy.

Now that he looked back down, though, the entire mountain seemed like a forbidden zone that no one could even enter.

He could see that it would take astonishing luck to be able to traverse a path successfully and not trigger even a single restrictive spell.

“Unless there was someone that allowed me to come here....” he thought, his eyes glittering. As of this moment, only thirty breaths of time remained. Meng Hao looked away from the fourth peak toward the temple on top of the distant first peak.

According to what he remembered after waking up, he was now standing in the same position as the man he had seen. He looked off in the distance, his hair and robes fluttering gently in the wind.

When only ten breaths of time remained, determination appeared in Meng Hao’s eyes.

“You let me see you,” he said, “and you... allowed me to successfully reach the top of this mountain. Perhaps your identity isn’t even important at this point.” Five breaths of time remained. He turned and strode over to the coffin. After taking a deep breath, he crawled in calmly, laid down, and closed his eyes.

Three breaths. Two breaths. One breath....

RUMBLE!!!

A massive rumbling sound suddenly filled the air of the ancient Demon Immortal Sect. It far exceeded the sound of thunder as it rolled about the entire world. Ripples suddenly spread out from the sky, covering everything as far as the eye could see.

With the exception of Meng Hao, everyone else who had come to this world sat closed-eyed and cross-legged next to the various host bodies they had selected. When the ripples reached them, the corpses began to glow. Ghost images of both the host bodies and the Cultivators sprang up and then began to superimpose and merge together.

As for Meng Hao, he lay there with his eyes closed. As the rumbling filled the sky, he lost consciousness. The ripples that spread out throughout the Primordial Demon Immortal Plane did not seem to affect him at all.

However, it was at this moment that a white-robed man appeared, standing in exactly the same spot Meng Hao had just been standing, which was also the same spot Meng Hao had noticed when he awoke in the river of stars.

The man's hair was disheveled, and his long white robe was spattered with bloodstains. His hair covered his face, making it was impossible to see his facial features. The only thing that was possible to distinguish was that he was not a woman.

As the wind blew, his hair lifted up a bit, revealing two ancient eyes filled with both perplexity and regret.

The aura of decay that rose up from him seemed to fuse with that of the entire Primordial Demon Immortal Plane, making it impossible to distinguish between the two.

The man looked over in the direction of the fifth peak. His eyes awash with memories of the past, he softly said, "Night... let him in, okay?"

As the words left his mouth, the entire ancient Demon Immortal Sect trembled.

A droning voice suddenly echoed out. It sounded almost as if it weren't awake, like the words were spoken by someone who was dreaming. "That does not conform with the rules."

"He is the only person to see me after all these years. Perhaps it is some destined Karma. Allow him... to represent me in the past. Allow him to speak those words to the old man... the words that I didn't understand how to say back then." The white-robed man's voice was hoarse, and his eyes were warm. However, within that warmth was an ancient thoughtfulness, a yearning and deep regret that he clearly could not free himself from.

"I've been keeping those words buried in my heart for ninety thousand years already," the old man said softly.

The entire world was quiet for a very long moment. Finally, the droning voice could be heard once again. The sound of the voice rose and fell like the waves of the ocean. "He has no identity."

"Give him my identity," replied the white-robed man.

The world once again went silent.

"Make time pass back into that year..." The white-robed man closed his eyes, covering over the pain that lay inside. Unfortunately, he was not able to cover the sorrow and longing within in his heart.

**RUMBLE!!!**

Each bit of light in the world suddenly came from all directions to pour into Meng Hao. He gradually grew transparent, and then disappeared. In that instant, a huge sound, like endless thunder, echoed about.

At the same time, a warm glow spread out to fill the entire ancient Demon Immortal Sect. Suddenly, a new world became visible within the glow, a world that was a memory of ancient times!

The manner in which Meng Hao vanished was entirely different from that of the other Cultivators from the lands of South Heaven. All of them fused with host bodies whereas Meng Hao... actually entered the Second Plane with his own body!

The others were merely borrowing the identity of someone else. As for Meng Hao... he was not borrowing another identity. He was acquiring it!

Borrowing and acquiring are two very different things.

As the light spread out to fill the ancient Demon Immortal Sect, the white-haired man stood in place, back toward the first peak, just like before. What he saw in his mind's eye was an old man, looking at him with a smile on his face.

I can see in your eyes that you will forgive me of anything, forgive for any mistakes I make. It's as if you are always watching over me, waiting to silently correct all of my blunders.

Back then, if I made a mistake, one word of criticism from you would send me into a rage.

Back then, I ran amok with the silkpants and acted tyrannically. I never saw the wrinkles in the corners of your eyes, nor the look of disappointment in your gaze.

Back then, I unhesitatingly gave a precious Sect treasure to a woman, but didn't notice that your once proud head was now bowed in shame toward the rest of the Sect.

Back then, I would polish my sword to flaunt my identity. I never noticed that you had suddenly grown old.

Finally one day, you passed away in meditation. Your body turned into ash. I cried. My heart broke. My world was gone. Heaven and Earth were no more. Father... you were gone.

I can see your aged face, and I can see how you doted upon me. I can see that throughout all the years, it didn't matter what mistakes I made, you always forgave me. I realize now that... I have always owed you a certain commitment. I have always owed you... some special words.

Those words, have been waiting with me for ninety thousand years.

....

The sky in ancient times was blue.



When Meng Hao opened his eyes, the first thing he saw was that blue sky. Then he saw white cranes flying about. Auspicious beasts circled about in the air. A din of conversation and activity could be heard everywhere, echoing about.

He saw countless enormous pillars of light rising up into the sky. Everything was bright and colorful.

Beams of light shot through the air in all directions.

Off in the distance was a mountain. It was green and full of life and vigor. It was at this point that Meng Hao suddenly heard an ancient voice ringing out to fill the world.

“I give a sermon regarding the Dao every ten thousand years. This time, I will speak to you of a legend. The legend tells of a true spirit whose name is Night. When he closes his eyes to sleep, the world is his dream. When he opens his eyes, he awakens from the dream. Heaven and Earth are boundless....”

The ancient voice slowly grew softer. It seemed as if it was only a murmuring in the ear, but at the same time, echoing throughout the world.

“Time is like a dream. It’s impossible to tell what is true and what is false. When you dream, you see others. Perhaps in the world of others, the dream version of you appears.

“Or perhaps our lives are like an invisible bubble that could pop at any time, and cause us to awaken. Who dreams of you, and who you dream of... this is truly a difficult riddle to explain....”

The voice of a young woman could suddenly be heard in Meng Hao’s ears. “Eldest Brother?”

The voice sounded both astonished and anxious. “Eldest Brother!”

A tremor ran through Meng Hao’s body, as if his soul were suddenly returning from outside. When it slammed into him, he felt as if he were being torn apart. Pain pulsed through him, and ghost images sprang up everywhere.

He panted as the sensation went on for the space of several breaths. When it vanished, the sky was blue again, and the world... once again appeared.

“Eldest Brother, what are you doing?!” In front of Meng Hao stood a young woman wearing a long, pink garment. Her eyes were wide and filled with confusion. She appeared to be both puzzled and also furious as she looked at Meng Hao.

He looked down at himself. He was wearing a white robe and had long hair, and was seated cross-legged on top of an altar that was located at the peak of a mountain. He was surrounded by nine cauldrons, from which green smoke slowly ascended.

This was the very top of the Fourth Peak!

Meng Hao’s mind trembled. Although his head was filled with splitting pain, his eyes shone brightly. As of this moment he knew that he... had entered the Second Plane. What caused him the most shock, however, was that he actually... had not lost his memories the way Fang Yu said would happen.

Furthermore, a voice suddenly rang out in his mind, announcing his identity as clear as day.

“Ke Jiushi... of the Fourth Peak... one of the seven Elite Apprentices of the Demon Immortal Sect!”

Chapter 568: Think Three Times Before You Act....

Meng Hao sat cross-legged at the top of the Fourth Peak, wearing a long white robe. He rubbed the bridge of his nose for a moment. It felt as if extra memories were suddenly available inside his head. The memories were not his, and were rather obscure. The addition of these new memories caused Meng Hao’s head to ache and be filled with an intense muddle-headedness.

A gentle breeze pulled at his hair and caused his robes to ripple. However, he was unable to dispel the incredible shock that filled him, nor the absent-mindedness he felt because of this new identity.

One of the seven great Elite Apprentices!

He remembered from what Fang Yu had told him that acquiring an identity like this was virtually impossible. In the Demon Immortal Sect, a person with a status like this could summon wind and

rain, so to speak, and stir up a lot of trouble. They were above other disciples in all ways, and even wielded the power over life and death!

From the very beginning of the Primordial Demon Immortal Plane until now, no one had ever acquired such a fearsome identity. Regardless of who it was in the past, the very highest identity ever acquired was that of a Conclave disciple.

However, in the face of the identity Meng Hao currently possessed, Conclave disciples... were like insects!

Such an identity only existed in legend, and really was impossible to acquire. The Demon Immortal Sect had Legacy Apprentices, which were also referred to as Elite Apprentices, seven of them in total.

Elite Apprentices actually outranked Sect Elders, and were second only to eminently respected Grand Elders and Sect Priest Paragons of the various peaks!

Meng Hao's heart trembled. He truly had never imagined that he would be able to acquire fortune such as this. He now possessed an identity that was fearsome to the extreme, had never been acquired before in the past, and most likely never would be again in the future. It was absolutely one-of-a-kind!

Elite Apprentice of the Fourth Peak, Ke Jiusi!

“Apparently, that person I saw before was none other than... Ke Jiusi!

“Even after the Demon Immortal Sect was destroyed, he didn't die. He gave me his identity, but for what purpose I wonder...?” Meng Hao's eyes glittered and his throat felt tight.

“Elldesstt Broootherrrrr!!!!!!!!!!” Based on her tone of voice, the woman seemed extremely irritated. She was almost screaming by the time she finally interrupted Meng Hao's train of thought. He raised his head to look at her.

Seemingly completely dissatisfied with his reaction, the woman stamped her foot and then turned to leave.

Her leaving didn't faze Meng Hao at all. He was still in shock regarding his identity. After a long moment passed, he sighed and looked around.

The mountain peak was beautiful, covered with lush vegetation. The blue sky up above looked almost like lakewater. The air was filled with thick spiritual energy, and countless disciples could be seen, meditating, dueling, and chatting. The entire place was buzzing with activity.

Up in the sky, an enormous, resplendent Flying Rain-Dragon flew back and forth. Everywhere it passed, wind gusted. There were all sorts of Immortal Beasts that soared about. It truly looked like a place of Immortals.

Far off in the distance an old man was visible, floating cross-legged in the air above the Third Peak. He was giving a sermon regarding the Dao, and speaking of truths of various scriptures.

It all looked exactly like the blurry scene he had witnessed earlier when entered the Primordial Demon Immortal Plane. The only difference was... Meng Hao's pupils suddenly constricted.

He had just noticed that high up in the sky, shockingly... three inverted mountains could be seen!

Each of these three mountains almost seemed bigger than all the lands beneath. Unless you looked at them from a distance, you wouldn't be able to take in the entire sight. Green vines hung down from them, and each of them seemed like three worlds unto themselves.

"This is...." He had seen nothing similar to them in the First Plane. Upon first glance, all he could do was gape in astonishment.

Of the three mountains, one appeared to be an ice mountain covered with frost. Another looked like a lava-filled volcano. The third mountain... was crimson, almost as if it were a mountain of blood!

Meng Hao once again kneaded the bridge of his nose. The three mountains were bizarre, and his memories were fuzzy and mixed. He couldn't quite get himself to think straight at the moment. Muttering to himself, he looked away.

"The Demon Immortal Sect.... I wonder what unforeseen things might happen because of my status as a Demon Sealer...? Also, I wonder if Demon Weapon Lonelytomb exists in this era." A mysterious glow flickered deep within Meng Hao's eyes.

“Eldest Brother, what’s wrong? Have you thought back to what you did?” Apparently, the young woman who had left earlier had returned. She stood in front of him, seeming to be a bit unwilling to be there.

Meng Hao took a deep breath to collect his thoughts. With a smile, he said, “Thought back to what I did? Uh, I’m not really sure. I think I was dreaming just now.”

“Dreaming? Of what?” she responded, sounding even more curious.

“Now that I’ve woken up, I can’t remember,” he said. Seeing that the woman was about to ask more questions, Meng Hao looked at her with a solemn expression and said, “You are about to reach a critical point in your cultivation. I think you need to go meditate.”

Hearing his words caused the woman’s eyes to go wide. “You dare to lecture me?! Humph! You’ve got yourself into a lot of trouble this time. The Sect Priest sent me here to ask you if you’ll admit your mistake!”

With that, the woman gave him a wink, then turned to leave.

Seeing the woman making her way off, Meng Hao frowned. He actually understood her deeper meaning.

“Fang Yu said that when people enter the Second Plane, they don’t awaken for a few hours at the soonest, and sometimes even a few days.

“In the time before everyone else wakes up, my advantage is virtually limitless!” He rubbed the bridge of his nose as he thought no more regarding what the woman had said just now, and instead thought about this ancient, illusory world.

“Considering my status, none of the others are even close to being a match for me. If I find any of them, I could see them dead with a mere thought!” A cold glow appeared in his eyes. Regarding the exact rights enjoyed by an Elite Apprentice, the chaos of his memories made it impossible for him to recall all the details clearly. However, he had a general sense.

“Unfortunately, I’m not sure what host bodies were selected by the others. Although, I do know that the best one would be that of the Ji Clan, the Conclave disciple. In that case... I’ll go find that one, and bring that person to ruin!” With that Meng Hao stood up. However, in the instant he rose to his feet, thunderclaps filled the sky as eight lightning bolts shot down toward him. Instantly, they slammed into him.

The lightning fell too quickly, causing his entire body to tremble as he coughed up a mouthful of blood. He instantly fell down onto the ground, a look of shock on his face. The intense power of the lightning was fearsome. Despite the fact that this world was illusory, he still felt a sense of deadly crisis that caused him to gasp.

“What’s going on?!” he thought. He quickly looked up into the sky. It was as blue as ever, except... the area surrounding him was filled with various disciples of the Demon Immortal Sect. Some were human, other had the bodies of Demons. All of them wore strange expressions.

Some of them even appeared to be gloating in his misfortune. Those ones also appeared to be stifling rage, although they apparently hoped that he wouldn’t notice. They quickly put looks of indifference on their faces and then departed.

Meng Hao gaped. Something didn’t seem to be right. After hesitating for a moment, he gritted his teeth and then quickly rose to his feet. Instantly, the surrounding nine cauldrons began to emit a buzzing sound. Nine chains of lightning appeared, quickly binding Meng Hao and then raising him up into the air.

Meng Hao’s scalp went numb. Up in mid-air, eight lightning bolts boomed down to slam onto him. Blood sprayed from his mouth and his face went pale. It was at this point that he noticed all of the Demon Immortal Disciples in the area staring at him.

Each one wore a strange expression. Some seemed to be enjoying themselves. Others appeared to be venting their anger. All of them seemed quite happy to watch him be struck with lightning. Some even looked like they were on the verge of bursting into applause.

“Dammit! What the hell is going on?!?! Aren’t I an Elite Apprentice? What’s happening?!” By this point Meng Hao was really starting to get scared. The power of the second round of lightning was such that his body felt as if it were on the verge of exploding.

Suddenly, he recalled what the woman had said earlier about thinking back to something he did. She had also mentioned he’d gotten himself in a lot of trouble. At the moment, he really did seem to be in a lot of trouble. In fact, it seemed quite apparent that he was being punished!

At the moment, quite a few Cultivators were now approaching the Fourth Peak at top speed.

Hundreds of people arrived, all of them looking quite nervous, even pained. When they saw Meng Hao, they all began to talk.

“Eldest Brother, don’t fight back. You’re really in a lot of trouble this time. You... you still won’t admit it, huh...?”

“Yeah, Eldest Brother. The Sect Priest is really furious this time. Ai, you really should not have gone through with it. I can’t believe you dared to steal the precious treasure of the Sixth Peak to give to that Demoness of the Zhao Clan!”

“Nonsense! Eldest Brother was obviously seduced into wrongdoing by that Demoness. The person in the wrong isn’t Eldest Brother, it’s the damned Demoness!”

As their voices drifted out, Meng Hao’s mind spun. All of a sudden, memories began to awaken in his mind. Now that the memories were clear, Meng Hao understood that originally, Ke Jiusi of the Fourth Peak didn’t always have that name.

Some people think three times before they act

However, Ke Jiusi’s father, in his fury, had changed his son’s name to Jiusi, which meant ‘think nine times.’ He had hoped that changing the name would remind his son to thoroughly consider all matters before taking action.

Clearly, though... a change of name did not have any effect whatsoever on Ke Jiusi. In the Demon Immortal Sect he was an arrogant silkpants who ran amok at will. Even if you changed his name to Ke Jiubaisi, ‘think nine hundred times,’ it still wouldn’t do any good.

Yes, he was an Elite Apprentice. However, he had the lowest Cultivation base of all the Elite Apprentices. Furthermore, of all the Elite Apprentices, he was the one who embraced his silkpants lifestyle the most. There wasn’t a single person in the entire Demon Immortal Sect who didn’t know that he had a violent temper, got into fights easily, acted tyrannically, and was known as the number one Demon Immortal Sect bully.

He had earned such a reputation that his name alone was enough to cause any Outer Sect disciple to drop to the ground and kowtow. Even Inner Sect disciples became terror-stricken when hearing of

him, and Conclave disciples would tremble. The other Elite Apprentices frowned because of him, and all the Elders in the Sects, as well as the seven great Sect Priests, all felt headaches coming on whenever they heard his name mentioned.

His life up to now had been filled with countless preposterous events. The things he did forced his father, Ke Yunhai, Sect Priest and Paragon of the Fourth Peak, to constantly be remedying his blunders. All of the disputes caused by him ended up being mediated by his father.

A few days ago, he had stolen a precious treasure from the Sixth Peak, and given it to an outsider. The matter could be considering poking the Heavens in the eye. Even his father had been unable to do anything but let go of his pride to smooth the matter over.

Meng Hao could only smile bitterly as the lightning chains once again pulled him back down to the center of the platform. After a moment, the chains vanished. However, Meng Hao knew that if he dared to stand up again, the movement would cause more lightning to fall.

“Little Patriarch, Eldest Brother, just admit your fault. Don’t butt heads with the Sect Priest...” The other disciples neared, looking at Meng Hao with expressions of pain on their faces. Although Ke Jiusi ran wild on the outside as a silkpants, in the Fourth Peak, he was viewed almost like a child. Everyone held deep feelings for him.

Chapter 569: Ke Yunhai

More and more disciples were rushing toward the Fourth Peak to try to convince Meng Hao of what to do.

His face was pale, and he suddenly felt deeply depressed. How could he ever have imagined that things would end up in this way?

“You think you can convince me to say I’m wrong? Forget about it!” But then, Meng Hao’s eyes filled with determination. He quickly took a deep breath, and then hurriedly continued, “Jiusi was wrong! This time, Jiusi really was wrong!”

The words instantly caused everything to go quiet. Everyone’s eyes went wide as they stared in disbelief at Meng Hao. Although they had all been trying to convince him to admit his fault, they were well aware of the Little Patriarch’s temperament. He would rather die before admitting he was wrong.



And yet, he just had.

It wasn't just them who were staring in shock. Suddenly, a violent wind whipped down from mid-air in the shape of a gigantic illusory hand. The hand reached down to grab the shocked Meng Hao, wrenching him up toward an Immortal's cave on the Fourth Mountain.

At the same time, an ancient voice, filled with wrath and even pain, echoed out throughout the Demon Immortal Sect.

“Old Sixth, my son admitted his fault. From now on, if anyone breathes even half a word of this matter, don't blame me for flipping out!”

The voice was filled with an intensely domineering air as it rumbled out in all directions. The gigantic wind hand dragged Meng Hao into a spacious Immortal's cave, then slammed him violently onto the ground. When he landed, however, the power dissipated so that, although he tumbled a bit, he wasn't hurt at all.

His eyes rolled around, and his brain spun in circles. Inwardly, he was worried that his cover might be blown. However, after reminding himself that this was an illusory world, he felt a bit more at ease. Dusting himself off, he stood up and looked around.

The Immortal's cave was so simple that it couldn't possibly be any more simple. It was large, but only contained a single stone bed. Sitting cross-legged on top of the bed was a middle-aged man.

This was the Lord of the Fourth Peak of the Demon Immortal Sect. He was one of the Paragons of the First Heaven, a person famous in all the Ninth Mountain. Ke Yunhai.

Next to him was an oil lamp that flickered brightly, completely illuminating the entire Immortal's cave. If you looked closely, you would be able to see that the wick of the lamp was, shockingly, a phoenix, shrunken down so small that it was roughly the size of a finger!

The oil lamp was not crafted from bronze, but rather, was made of a shrunken down golden dragon. This appeared to be a real golden dragon, its mouth open, its whiskers undulating, as if the entire dragon had been transformed into an oil lamp!

With a dragon as the lamp and a phoenix as the wick, were an object like this to be revealed in Meng Hao's era, it would cause a huge commotion throughout all the lands of South Heaven. It might even cause shock among the starry skies.

The man sitting on the stone bed had handsome features. It was obvious that when he was young, he had been even more dashing. Right now, his expression was dignified, and he wore a long gray robe. Currently, he was frowning a bit helplessly at Meng Hao.

"Did it hurt?" he asked softly.

Meng Hao hesitated for a moment and then, with great caution, nodded his head.

Seeing Meng Hao's response caused Ke Yunhe to give an exasperated chortle. "Do you know anything about fear? Isn't there anyone you're afraid of? Quit pulling this kind of crap with me!

"Fine. For the time being, don't go near the Sixth Peak. And keep a low profile, too. Jiusi, stop fooling around so much! You're not a kid any more. Soon, it will be time to find you a beloved and pass on the Daoist magic of mine that you've mastered. Got it?!?!!" The more he spoke, the more angry he seemed. However, when he looked at his son, he couldn't help but sigh. His gaze softened, and his anger passed.

"Very well," he said, his tone warm. "I want you to demonstrate some of the Daoist magic I've passed on to you. Go ahead, show it off."

Meng Hao swallowed hard. He was actually very nervous at the moment, so nervous that he couldn't control himself. As far back as he could remember, he had never felt such nervousness. As he looked at the middle-aged man in front of him, he couldn't help but think of his own father.

The memories were blurry, but still there.

"What's wrong?" asked Ke Yunhe, frowning.

"I... I forgot," replied Meng Hao, bracing himself. There was really nothing he could do. Ke Jiusi's memories really did not contain any Daoist magic.

Ke Yunhai stared at Meng Hao for a very long time before sighing again. His eyes flickered with disappointment. However, seemingly worried that his expression would hurt Ke Jiusi, he caused a warm look to cover his face.

“Jiusi, you can’t be like this....” As he spoke, he waved his finger through the air, causing the spiritual energy in the area to condense together. It formed into countless magical symbols in front of him, which then transformed into a jade slip that came to hover in front of Meng Hao.

“This is the Soul Divergence Incantation. Go gain enlightenment regarding it. Go.” As Ke Yunhai stared at him, Meng Hao’s heart began to beat rapidly. He thought about his identity, and all the good fortune that was available within this ancient Demon Immortal Sect. How could he ever have imagined that he would receive some so quickly?

He took the jade slip, then bowed his head and clasped hands. When he turned to leave, Ke Yunhai’s voice could suddenly be heard again, filled with exhaustion and an indescribable feeling of age.

“Lord Li’s Heavenly decree dictates a limit on the longevity of living things. Your father... will not be able to accompany you for your whole life. You need start acting a bit more sensibly....” The love in his words was palpable. Clearly, he carried deep longing that his son succeed in life.

Meng Hao stopped in place. For some reason, he felt moved inwardly. He looked back at Ke Yunhai and suddenly noticed that just in this short period of time, some of the man’s hair had turned white.

“Go,” said Ke Yunhai with a smile. “I’m fine. Go find those friends of yours and have some fun.” He waved his hand dismissively. Meng Hao’s heart trembled, and he left silently.

After emerging from the Immortal’s cave, he looked off into the sky toward the temple of the First Peak. He suddenly had the feeling he understood why the man he had seen on the Fourth Peak of the ancient Demon Immortal Sect had allowed him to come here.

“Was it because of regret...?” he murmured. Moments later, a grim light flickered in his eyes that had nothing to do with Ke Yunhai or Ke Jiusi, but rather, the other South Heaven Cultivators.

“The world of the ancient Demon Immortal Sect is all about competition. Since I’ve acquired this identity, then I should do everything I can to anyone who might be a menace to me. Smother them before they have a chance to sprout.

“The only sad thing is that each one of the peaks has tens of thousands of Inner Sect disciples. It would be impossible to search all of them. However... the Ji Clan has a Conclave disciple, so I should be able to pick up on some clues.” Meng Hao’s eyes flickered as he recalled the brief scuffle involving Ji Mingfeng. Before leaving, he had smiled. However, apparently because Meng Hao had ruined his plans, a bit of killing intent had shone through in that smile.

“You want to kill me? Then you’d better hope I don’t find you first,” smiled Meng Hao. As he continued on his way, quite a few people came to ask about his well-being. Eventually, he was surrounded by a group of more than thirty.

Meng Hao was unable to see the Cultivation base of any of these people. However, what he could sense was unbelievable power. Some of them even had strong killing intent.

Many of them had Demonic Qi which swirled around them freely. Some of them appeared to be ordinary Cultivators, while others were Demonic Cultivators. Those ones had bodies covered with scales or fur, and looked extremely fierce.

“Let’s go around to all the peaks,” he said suddenly. “There’s a Conclave disciple who offended me, and then got away. We’re gonna find him!” The surrounded crowd smiled, as if they didn’t find this strange at all. Obviously, they were used to such things. Rumbling filled the air as Meng Hao and his Junior Brothers and Sisters grouped together and shot up into the air toward the Third Peak.

En route, quite a few people flew out from the Third Peak, all of whom had arrogant and despotic bearings. Clearly very familiar with Meng Hao, they looked toward him and offered greetings, then joined the group. Meng Hao then thought back to what Ke Yuhai had said about finding his friends and having some fun. It seemed these friends of his... were other silkpants from the Demon Immortal Sect.

A young man with a fish scale on his forehead seemed eager to get into action. “Jiushi, should we call some others? I heard there’s a Conclave disciple who offended you. Who the hell does that moronic fool think he is to dare to provoke you?”

Meng Hao immediately nodded in agreement. “Call everyone! Just now when I was getting struck by lightning, he was laughing the hardest!”

The Cultivator from the Third Peak instantly smiled and waved his hands. Immediately, an enormous white lotus appeared up above in the sky, radiating light.

As soon as the white lotus appeared, all of the disciples in the Demon Immortal Sect who saw it felt their hearts trembling. They immediately ducked their heads down as if they had important matters to attend to, and then headed back to their residences.

They understood that when the white lotus appeared, the silkpants fiends were about to appear....

Simultaneously, seven or eight beams of light appeared coming from each of the mountain peaks of the Demon Immortal Sect. There were men and women, all of whom wore luxurious garments. They were people with incredible status, each one of different appearance. Some had wings on their backs, others had enormous swishing tails, and some were incredibly beautiful or handsome Demons. Each and every one of them had ancestors who were powerful experts within the Sect.

When they saw the white lotus, smiles appeared on their faces and they headed in its direction.

Back on the Fourth Peak, Ke Yunhai sat cross-legged on his stone bed. He looked up, saw the white lotus, and shook his head. His expression grew a bit more weary, and his hair, a bit more white.

Not too much time passed before seventy or eighty people neared Meng Hao. He was shocked by this, but it didn't last long. His eyes glistened as he looked over the people who were under the sway of his power. As of this point, he knew that he really did have the qualifications to sweep over the other South Heaven Cultivators who had come to this place.

"Here, with Ke Jiushi's identity," he thought, "even getting the Mountain and Sea Scripture... does not count as an impossibility!" He instantly started to breathe heavily, and his eyes glowed.

"However, the Demon Immortal Sect has three thousand Daoist magics. With the exception of the top 100, the rest can be acquired by performing meritorious service to the Sect. Deeds such as that... are not easy to accomplish." All of this information resided within the memories of Ke Jiushi that existed within his head. He had quite a good understanding of the Demon Immortal Sect.

The Daoist magics he referred to were not weak, and thus required deeds of merit to acquire. Unfortunately, unless a war was going on, even a Conclave disciple who accumulated merit for years would perhaps be able to acquire two or three at the most.

As far as Inner Sect disciples, it didn't matter how many meritorious deeds they accumulated, they would never be able to acquire anything other than fundamental techniques.

“If it’s difficult for me, then others will find it even harder,” he thought. “It seems the Second Plane of the Demon Immortal Sect all depends on meritorious service in order to get techniques and legacies.” He continued to think about the matter as he led the group closer to the Third Peak.

#### Chapter 570: Killing a Son of Ji

In the vast stretch of land between the Fourth and Third Peaks, there was an enormous pit in the ground that emanated pulsing coldness up into the air.

As he flew through mid-air, Meng Hao noticed it immediately. Even more eye-catching were the numerous green vines that could be seen near the pit. They glowed almost like treasures, each one as wide as a person and bursting with incredible power.

“What’s in that pit, I wonder...?” he thought. Meng Hao wasn’t sure why, but when he looked in the direction of the deep pit, he suddenly felt a sensation that made it seem like the entire world was blurry and overlapping on itself. Although his mind quickly returned to normal, he was still left completely shocked.

Gradually, because of his identity as a Demon Sealer, and his sensitivity to Demonic Qi, he came to realize that the entire Demon Immortal Sect was filled with shocking Demonic Qi. Furthermore, the Demonic Qi in the giant pit was even more astonishing.

“Back in the First Plane, when I went from the Third Peak to the Fourth, I didn’t see any bizarre pit like that.” Meng Hao’s eyes glittered when he realized that Ke Jiusi’s memories also did not contain any information regarding the pit.

Flying next to Meng Hao was a young girl as pretty as silk, with pointed ears. Her eyes glittered with a charm that seemed capable of seducing any soul into wrongdoing. When she saw Meng Hao looking at the pit, she said, “Jiusi, don’t attract the attention of the Demon Chasm....”

Next to the young woman was a handsome young man with two black wings that flapped silently as he flew. Sighing, he said, “Last time we went to the Demon Chasm, we wasted a lot of treasures, but only managed to get the vines to extend a few thousand meters. Who knows how deep it actually is.”

On the other side of Meng Hao was a young man whose fingers intermittently sprouted sharp claws. He shook his head and said, “According to legend, that pit is the dwelling place of the Demon Divinity who protects the First Heaven of the Demon Immortal Sect.

Meng Hao nodded thoughtfully. Everyone put thoughts of the Demon Chasm aside as they proceeded onward toward the Third Peak.

As they neared, the Third Peak silkpants immediately began to call out to the Conclave disciples. Regardless of whether or not they were willing, when the Sect's number one bully showed up, they had to come out.

Meng Hao glanced over the several thousand people in front of him, frowning slightly. He didn't recognize any of them as being the Ji Clan host body. Muttering to himself, he moved a bit closer. After looking them over one more time, he led his group on to the Second Peak.

Eventually, he reached the First Peak, but despite looking at thousands of Conclave disciples, he still had met no success, causing him to sigh inwardly. By this time, several hours had passed, and no doubt, many of the others were beginning to wake up.

Just in the moment when Meng Hao was about to make his way to the Fifth Peak, as he flew over the congregated Conclave disciples, suddenly, a weak rippling sensation appeared in Meng Hao's mind. He was instantly shaken to the core, and stopped in his tracks. He looked down toward all of the Conclave disciples.

He inched closer to them, and his gaze fell onto the body of one particular young man. His features were handsome, and he stood there, expressionless. When Meng Hao looked at him, he gaped back, seemingly apprehensive.

"That's the one!" cried Meng Hao. As he neared the young man, the faint feeling grew more noticeable. Although Meng Hao couldn't be sure of the details, he was sure the feeling had something to do with host bodies.

The young man's face was pale as he stammered, "Fourth Little Patriarch, I..."

Killing intent flickered in Meng Hao's eyes. However, the shadow of his punishment earlier still loomed heavy around him. He didn't want to kill anyone out in the open; after all, Sect rules strictly prohibited such an act. It would lead to a lot of problems.

The young man suddenly started trembling, and a look of confusion appeared in his eyes. At the same time, a unique aura that no one else could sense suddenly seemed to awaken within him.

Meng Hao could instantly see a vague, shadowy image appear behind the young man. The image was that of a handsome man with a crow perched on his shoulder. The unique aura of the Ji Clan emanated off of him.

Meng Hao instantly recognized him. “Ji Mingfeng!” he thought. The killing intent suddenly flickered in his eyes as he realized that the man was about to wake up.

“There’s no time,” thought Meng Hao, looking at the man. “Once he wakes up, too many unforeseen circumstances could unfold.

“When it comes to the Ji Clan, killing two is no different than killing one. Ji Clan Dao Child, huh? Ji Mingfeng, you will have no chance to awaken!” Meng Hao acted with complete decisiveness. His body flickered, and in the blink of an eye, he was directly in front of Ji Mingfeng. To the shock of everyone watching, he instantly slammed his palm into the young man’s chest.

Considering the level of Meng Hao’s Cultivation base, a palm strike like this was fundamentally not capable of harming the host body. However, the image of Ji Mingfeng, which only Meng Hao could see, was trembling, and visibly struggling to open his eyes.

This was the Demon Immortal Sect!

Sect rules were strict and rigid. In the past, Ke Jiusi, despite being a silkpants, would never go beyond fighting someone in public. Although he had killed people, it was always in secret. If he had conflicts with people, he would use his status to get them outside of the Sect, where he would then kill them.

Therefore, Meng Hao’s actions now led only to some cries of alarm. In fact, the over one hundred people who had followed him here were chatting and laughing, and did nothing to stop the goings-on. Even the other Conclave disciples of the First Peak simply frowned. They knew of Ke Jiusi’s dark reputation within the Sect, and that he was someone who should never be provoked.

After all, any large Sect like this would have people like Ke Jiusi. It was something unavoidable. All Sects were the same.

However, when Meng Hao’s palm landed on the Ji Mingfeng’s host body, the young man trembled violently and tumbled backward. The faces of all the surrounding Cultivators instantly flickered.



They could tell that the soul of this First Peak Conclave disciple was on the verge of being destroyed. Such a thing left everyone completely astonished.

Destruction of the soul is different than the death of the fleshly body. When the soul is destroyed, the only thing left behind is a living corpse. In many ways, it is more terrifying than true death.

Meng Hao's eyes flashed with killing intent. He could see that Ji Mingfeng's soul was trembling violently, and that he was on the verge of opening his eyes. Meng Hao gave a cold snort, approached him again, and then struck out with another palm.

Booming rose up as Ji Mingfeng's host body once again shook violently. At first, it didn't seem to cause him any cause for concern. However, the illusory image of Ji Mingfeng's soul was now even more unstable. It trembled violently and let out soundless howls. It was apparently sparing no effort whatsoever in the attempt to wake up.

Meng Hao was about to strike out again when the other First Peak Conclave disciples moved to block his way. Even some of his own followers moved to hold him back.

"Jiushi, you can't do this."

"Jiushi, don't attack again. We can find a chance another time to pin this guy down for good. Why kill him in front of all these people...?"

Meng Hao looked at the people trying to obstruct his way. The aura of Ji Mingfeng's awakening soul was growing stronger and stronger. In fact, his eyes were beginning to glow with light.

Meng Hao's eyes narrowed, and his voice grew cold. "This guy colluded with that Demoness to bewitch me! He tried to get me punished on purpose! I swear that I will not stop until he is dead. Today!"

The silkpants disciples behind him hesitated. After a moment, though, they ground their teeth and once again blocked his way.

As Meng Hao frowned at them, the dozen or so that were blocking his way transmitted messages via Divine Will.

“Are you sure he has to die?”

“He must die!” was Meng Hao’s resolute response.

“Fine. You just received punishment, but, regardless of why you need this guy dead, we’ll do it together!”

“It doesn’t matter if we get punished too. We’ll share the responsibility! That will be better than you taking all the blame yourself!” These dozen or so rogues were Meng Hao’s closest friends in the Sect. As soon as they made their decision, they turned and shot toward Ji Mingfeng.

Meng Hao gaped in astonishment for a moment and then moved to follow. They easily swept over the First Peak disciples who were blocking the way, and then appeared around Ji Mingfeng. The instant in which his soul’s eyes finally snapped open, booming sounds echoed out.

Both Ji Mingfeng and his host body instantly were inundating with roaring sounds. As for Ji Mingfeng, the moment in which he opened his eyes, he let out a piercing cry that only Meng Hao could hear.

His soul grew blurry, and his expression was one of confusion and fear. He stared around wide-eyed for a moment until his eyes came to rest on Meng Hao. In that instant, his pupils constricted.

“It’s you!!”

In that instant, roaring once again filled the air. The attacks slammed down like storm winds. Ji Mingfeng’s host body exploded, transformed into nothing but ash by the astonishing divine abilities levied against it.

Ji Mingfeng’s soul was being torn into shreds. The bloodcurdling scream which only Meng Hao could hear echoed about. Meng Hao’s right hand snatched the soul and then crushed into into dust.

A popping sound could be heard as this Dao Child of the Ji Clan, a blazing sun of his generation, an Array member upon whom many hopes of the Clan rested, was thoroughly destroyed in this illusory ancient world, the Second Plane of the Primordial Demon Immortal Planes.

Death in this place, was true death of the soul!

In the moment in which Ji Mingfeng died, outside of the Demon Immortal Sect, back in the lands of South Heaven, in the ancestral mansion of the Ji Clan, was a tall altar. Sitting cross-legged on the altar was the First Patriarch of the South Heaven Ji Clan, the same youthful-looking Cultivator who had seen the Ji Clan members off to the Primordial Demon Immortal Plane. His closed eyes suddenly snapped open.

In that instant, bizarre clouds began to churn in the sky above the lands of all of South Heaven. Everything dimmed and changed color.

The young man slowly lifted his head up to look at the nine jade slips in front of him. He stretched his left hand out to grab the first one up, but before he could even touch it, cracking sounds could be heard, and the jade slip shattered.

The young man's hand stopped moving.

His face instantly grew incredibly dark. At the same time, lightning crackled in the air above the Eastern Lands, the Southern Domain, and the Northern Reaches. It was as if the changes to the young man's expression caused endless black clouds to roil up.

"Perished..." he murmured. His voice was hoarse, and his face slowly filled with disbelief. Considering his Cultivation base and position, such a change in facial expression was something that hadn't happened for a very long time.