

## The Heavens 571

### Chapter 571: Still Won't Cry Out?!

“How could he... have perished?” The young man’s face grew even grimmer. As he looked off into the distance, lightning seemed to dance within his eyes, as if his body was filled with roaring thunder and electricity.

“The Primordial Demon Immortal Plane isn’t very dangerous,” thought the young man. “There may be disputes in the First Plane when it comes to selecting a host body, but who is there that would dare to provoke the Ji Clan?” Based on the look in his eyes, it was clear that he truly didn’t understand. Also visible in his eyes were deep pain and fury.

Ji Mingfeng was the best of the best in the younger generation. Many hopes had been placed in him. Who could ever have possibly imagined that he would die in the Demon Immortal Sect!?

“The Second Plane is an illusory realm. It might seem dangerous, but the chances of truly life-threatening situations are extremely small, and could only come about by chance or coincidence. Hmmm, if my calculations are correct, the Second Plane should have just opened. Considering Mingfeng’s latent talent, he should have been one of the first ones to awaken. How could he have perished?

“Throughout the tens of thousands of years in which the Ji Clan has sent our Cultivators into the Primordial Demon Immortal Plane... no one has ever died!

“Mingfeng... how could you have perished?” The young man sat there silently, his eyes radiating such icy coldness that snowflakes began to fall upon the entirety of South Heaven.

Without speaking a word, he stretched out his right hand, within which appeared a Feng Shui compass. In the center of the Feng Shui compass was black-colored sun, which caused the compass itself to emanate a black glow.

He stared down at the compass as he used his left hand to make various adjustments. The glow of augury appeared in his eyes. Within the space of a few breaths, his expression changed. A cracking sound could be heard from the Feng Shui compass as a huge fissure appeared on its surface.

The young man gasped, and a look of disbelief appeared in his eyes.

“An anomaly! The only thing I can determine is that in this particular instance of the Primordial Demon Immortal Plane... an anomaly has appeared which has never before existed within the last 90,000 years!

“This anomaly could possibly influence the passage of time! It might even affect events that have already occurred, and have flowed past in the great river of time!

“What could be the cause of this?!”

Meanwhile, back in the Demon Immortal Sect, in the Second Plane, on the First Peak....

Because of the death of Ji Mingfeng’s host body, everything was absolutely quiet. All of the First Peak’s Conclave disciples looked on silently, an icy glow rising up in their eyes. The people who had come with Meng Hao, but had not taken action just now, also looked on with expressions of shock, their minds spinning. Everything had happened far too quickly, such that they didn’t even have time to think about what consequences might result because of what happened.

Then, their minds began to reel as they realized that the death of a First Peak Conclave disciple... was nothing other than... a complete disaster.

Meng Hao hovered there in mid-air, looking around at the dozen or so others who had joined him in the attack. They were all silkpants from the various other peaks, and were about the same age as Meng Hao. They were his gang of scoundrels, and after all their ridiculous antics throughout the years, a strong friendship had developed between them.

Meng Hao looked at them, and they looked back. Then they started laughing.

An hour later, bells tolled throughout the Demon Immortal Sect. At the same time, an enormous screen appeared in mid-air upon which could be seen a cage. In that cage were Meng Hao and the dozen or so of his friends who had joined him, all of them bound up tightly.

All of the disciples in the Sect were watching the proceedings. Floating there in mid-air, his eyes closed, was a burly, bare-chested man. After the bells tolled a fifth time, the burly man’s eyes snapped open. They shone with an oppressive glow as he lifted his right hand up into the air and made a grasping motion. A black whip suddenly appeared out of nowhere. It was fully three

thousand meters long, and as it undulated, the air itself was shattered. Lightning danced on its surface, and it emitted astonishing crackling sounds throughout the entirety of the Sect.

“According to Sect rules, the punishment for murdering a fellow disciple is death,” said the burly man, his voice cool. “However, considering the services rendered to the Sect by your various ancestors... you will be spared death, but not punishment!”

“According to the orders of the seven great Paragons, Ke Jiusi will be stripped of his title of Elite Apprentice. Xu Tianhai, Chen Mingyun... all the rest of you sub-Elite Apprentices will be demoted to the Inner Sect. Your positions will not be restored for ten thousand years!”

“You will also receive three lashes from the Purgatory Whip. Each lash could be fatal. This is your punishment! As for Ke Jiusi, he will receive four lashes!”

“If such a crime should be committed again in the future, you will compensate with your lives!” As his words echoed out through the Sect, those who heard were shocked. Such a punishment was incredibly severe. Their titles were stripped for ten thousand years, although that could be considered secondary. Most severe of all was the Purgatory Whip; few people withstand more than two lashes from it!

In the memories of everyone present, a punishment of three lashes had not been doled out for a thousand years. As for Ke Jiusi’s special punishment of four lashes, that type of punishment had not been seen... for at least three thousand years.

As of this moment, all of the disciples within the Sect were completely quiet. They looked up at the scene playing out in mid-air, especially those from the First Peak, within whose eyes hatred flickered.

When Meng Hao and the dozen or so others heard the burly man’s words, their faces immediately fell.

“What the fudge! This is messed up. Three lashes....”

“Hah! I was the one who struck the first blow. Three lashes? Who cares!?!?”

“Sub-Elite Apprentice? Psshhh. If I want some techniques or legacies or even treasures, all I have to do is ask. I don’t give a crap about what level of disciple I am!”

“Jiusi, we’re brothers, so we’ll accept the punishment together! Those old fogies can only hurt our flesh, they can’t really kill us. Although, you still need to tell me, why exactly did we have to kill that First Peak Conclave disciple?”

Meng Hao looked around at his dozen or so friends. He knew that this world was illusory, but he was still moved nonetheless. He could tell that these were the kind of people who would stick with him through thick and thin. It almost made him want to forget that this place wasn’t real, and that he wasn’t really Ke Jiusi.

Except... he wasn’t sure exactly how to respond to the question. After a moment’s thought, he gritted his teeth.

“That punk seduced one of my Junior Sisters!”

Strange looks filled the faces of the others. After a moment passed, they all started laughing.

As their laughter rang out, the burly man coldly said, “First lash.”

With that, he raised his hand, and the whip flew out, causing distortions to ripple out in the air. A piercing crack rang out.

The sound of it was crisp and clear, and echoed back and forth at least ten times, accompanied by shocking rumbling like that of thunder.

One whip blow slashed across Meng Hao and the others.

Meng Hao’s entire body shook, and it felt as if his soul were about to explode out of his body. Indescribable pain surged through him, stabbing into his mind, causing his vision to swim. At the same time, miserable cries could be heard around him.

Meanwhile, off in the distance, seven figures could be seen standing on the Seventh Peak. They looked like seven blazing suns. One of their number was Ke Yunhai. His face was somber, and his fury burned to the Heavens. His gaze was fixed on Meng Hao, who was being whipped to the point that it seemed as if he wanted to die.

Standing near Ke Yunhai was a middle-aged woman. Her body emanated a beautiful glow, and as she stood there, it seemed as if she were fused with Heaven and Earth. She was the Paragon of the Sixth Peak. Her expression cool, she turned to Ke Yunhai and said, “Lord Li is sleeping now, but we are all still subject to his Heavenly will. The Dao Realm is sealed, and cut off from us. However, momentous events will soon occur. If you are too kind, Elder Brother Ke, then in the future, your son will definitely fall into great calamity.”

The Paragon of the Third Peak was an old man with a long face. His entire person radiated ancientness as he shook his head and said, “Elder Brother Ke, your son really is... well, if he wants to break Sect rules, that is his concern, but why does he have to get others in trouble too? I guess that’s just his character....”

The Paragon of the First Peak was a handsome young man with long, narrow eyes. His body emanated a golden light that made it seem as if he were surrounded by countless swords that in turn transformed into a bright sun. His voice itself sounded like sharp, stabbing swords as he calmly said, “This kid is clearly a deviant at heart. For years now he’s bullied his way around. There have been at least ten or more disciples who have died by his hand. The only reason we didn’t go after him for those deaths was for your sake, Elder Brother Ke. For him to brazenly kill someone in the open, though, that is far too excessive!”

After the three other Paragons spoke, Ke Yunhai’s enraged voice could be heard.

“Rebel!! REBEL!!

“The instant I let him go, he goes and does something completely devoid of conscience! I don’t care if he gets whipped to death! At least I wouldn’t have to deal with this only son of mine!

“If he doesn’t die, then he’ll drive me to my death eventually! Because of Lord Li’s Heavenly decree, living creatures all have lifespan limitations. The Dao Realm cannot be tread. My longevity is withering away, and the time of my death approaches. Fellow Daoists, your patience regarding my deviant son has not been forgotten.

“Let him die. Because of the endless slaughtering which occurred in the nine wars of the Mountains and Seas, of my fifteen sons, only he is left. His entire life, he was spoiled, so it’s no wonder he turned out to be a disaster.

“Forget it. Just forget it. Let him die!” Ke Yunhai turned away, and as he did, his entire body seemed to age. The death aura which spread out all around him grew even stronger.

The other six Paragons stood by silently. The Paragon of the Seventh Peak was an ancient, white-haired man with the bearing of a transcendent being. He sighed softly as he looked off into the distance at the burly man with the whip.

The burly raised the whip up into the air and then paused for a moment. Then, he delivered the second lash.

The sound that rang out was intense and shocking to the extreme. However, it was clear that the blow had not been delivered with as much force as the previous one.

By the time the third lash fell, the skin of Meng Hao and the dozen or so others was completely torn and lacerated. Their expressions were haggard, and they could barely lift their heads. They bitterly looked over at Meng Hao, knowing that he was about to receive a fourth lash.

Meng Hao chuckled bitterly as the fourth blow descended. It slammed onto his body and his alone. At the same time, the furious words spoken by Ke Yunhai suddenly echoed into his ears.

“Still won’t cry out?!”

Meng Hao gaped for a moment before letting out a scream that was tragic beyond description. When his companions heard the sound, they were astonished....

The punishment was over, and people came from the various peaks to support Meng Hao and the others as they left. They were quickly taken away to have their wounds treated. Soon, Meng Hao was back at the Fourth Peak, where he heard Ke Yunhai’s voice echoing throughout the mountain.

“Don’t help him. Screw off, you rebel!”

The Fourth Peak disciples who were helping him hesitated for a moment. However, Meng Hao indicated to them that they should release him. He smiled bitterly, but inwardly, felt warm at heart. Sighing, he began walking up toward Ke Yunhai’s Immortal’s cave.

Chapter 572: The Legacy of Lord Li

Meng Hao felt as if this identity he had acquired did come with its advantages, but also a lot of pressure. As a silk-pants, he could act virtually without the slightest scruple. However, this was an enormous Sect, and Sect rules could not be blithely ignored.

“It’s too bad I couldn’t find Patriarch Huyan.... I won’t be able to track down any of the others any time soon either. In that case, there’s no need to work so hard to try to find them. I’ll just focus on acquiring Daoist magic legacies right here.”

When he entered the Immortal’s cave, Ke Yunhai was sitting cross-legged on his stone bed. He looked at Meng Hao and gave a cold harrumph.

“Do you know what your mistake was this time?” asked Ke Yunhai, his voice cold.

Meng Hao looked back at him but didn’t say anything.

“Your mistake was that you shouldn’t have brazenly killed a fellow disciple!” continued Ke Yunhai slowly.

Meng Hao’s eyes glittered.

“Your mistake was that you should have picked some other time to attack!” Ke Yunhai waved his hand dismissively, clearly disappointed that Meng Hao was like iron who had failed to turn into steel, and had completely fallen below his expectations.

“Killing is nothing,” he continued. “I’ve killed countless people in my life. When we Cultivators practice cultivation, we must do so with a clear conscience. You surely had a good reason to kill him, that I know. You normally act with cleverness, but in this situation, were crude and rash. Did you need to get rid of him in fear that he would go into hiding?”

“Well, whatever your enmity with him, considering your status, you can’t simply go killing people in broad daylight in front of a big crowd!”

As Meng Hao looked at Ke Yunhai, his heart trembled. The trembling originated from his very soul, and from the vague image of his own father that existed within his memories. Suddenly, he laughed.

Perhaps he had forgotten for a moment that he wasn't really Ke Jiusi. Perhaps Ke Jiusi wanted to remind him that he wasn't really a member of the Demon Immortal Sect.

After all... I am Meng Hao, and I am also Ke Jiusi.

He suddenly spoke. "I think my real mistake... was attacking with my own hand."

"Eee?" said Ke Yunhai, looking at Meng Hao.

"I shouldn't have killed him myself," said Meng Hao softly. "I should have talked to you about it, sir. A word from you, and he would have been dead. Then things wouldn't have been so problematic."

Ke Yunhai stared at him with wide eyes. After a moment, he started chuckling. His chuckling grew louder and louder until it wasn't clear whether he was furious, or actually laughing uproariously. He suddenly waved his hand, causing a gentle breeze to spring up that healed all of Meng Hao's wounds.

After that, he sighed deeply, and then made a grasping motion toward that oil lamp that had the body of a dragon and the wick of a phoenix. Instantly, two glimmering streams of light shot out. At the same time, the power of Heaven and Earth in the area grew intense to the extreme. It began to converge, forming together in front of Ke Yunhai as if weapons were being constructed. Soon, two large stone statues could be seen.

Each of the two statues were as tall as a person, and pitch black. They held greatswords in hand, and looked like the type of soldiers buried with dead bodies in tombs. Banging sounds could be heard as they dropped down to slam onto the ground.

Their aura was enough to cause Meng Hao to begin to pant. He felt an incredible pressure weighing down on him that exceeded that from any powerful expert he had ever felt.

At the same time, Ke Yunhai pointed at Meng Hao. His forehead suddenly split, and two drops of blood flew out. They swirled through the air toward the two statues, then merged into them.

As soon as that happened, the eyes of the stone soldiers flickered, as if they now possessed consciousness. As Meng Hao looked at them, he got the feeling that with a mere thought on his part, he could control these two terrifying soldiers.



“These two stone soldiers have your soul blood inside of them,” he said, giving Meng Hao a deep look. “No matter how many tens of thousands of years pass, no matter how many difficult situations they go through, no matter how many Masters they have, when you stand in front of them, they will recognize you as their most supreme and ultimate Master!” Ke Yunhai’s face was a bit ruddy, and his hair seemed a bit more gray, even white.

“When the Ke Clan kills people, we don’t ask for help from outsiders. Now, get out of here. Do your best to gain enlightenment regarding the Soul Divergence Incantation. Oh, and... don’t cause any more problems for your old man, okay? You’re not a kid any more, try to act a bit more mature....” He sighed.

Meng Hao coughed dryly and nodded. His eyes were glowing with a strange light as he suddenly looked up at Ke Yunhai, a bashful expression on his face.

“Dad, do you have the Mountain and Sea Scripture?”

Ke Yunhai stared in shock, then slammed his palm down onto the stone bed.

“You little brat! The Mountain and Sea Scripture? Do you think I founded the Demon Immortal Sect?”

“Oh. Well, even just a bit of information about it would do,” Meng Hao replied quickly.

“You can’t even get the Mountain and Sea Scripture from the three great Demon Mountains of the Second Heaven, or the two Holy Lands of the Third Heaven!” he said angrily. “Do you really think that your dad, mere Lord of the Fourth Peak of the First Heaven, could really request the Mountain and Sea Scripture from the slumbering Lord Li in the Fourth Heaven?”

“If you really want the Mountain and Sea Scripture, there’s only one way to get it, and that is to acquire the legacy of Lord Li that he left behind before going into slumber. Whoever can reach the Fourth Heaven and stand directly in front of Lord Li, can get that legacy!” With that he waved his hand dismissively.

“If you don’t have the Mountain and Sea Scripture, that’s okay,” said Meng Hao quickly. He didn’t mind settling for second best. “Dad, you know those 3,000 Daoist magics that you can only get

through meritorious service to the Sect? Do you think you could use your influence... to get them for me?"

Ke Yunhai's eyes widened and he stared in shock at Meng Hao.

"3,000 Daoist magics?" Ke Yunhai spluttered furiously. "Do you really, actually believe that the Demon Immortal Sect was founded by me?"

"2,999 would also be okay, but not any less than that," replied Meng Hao, grinding his teeth.

"Screw off! I don't have them!" roared Ke Yunhai, waving his right hand.

"If you give me enough techniques, then I can focus on calmly practicing cultivation on the Fourth Peak..." said Meng Hao, using his trump card. When he said this, Ke Yunhai's hand suddenly stopped moving. He hesitated for a moment as he looked at Meng Hao. Then he let out a long sigh.

"Considering my status, the best I can do is give you three hundred Daoist magics. If you can fully gain enlightenment of all of them, then I'll see what else I can do." Shaking his head, he made another grasping motion. His hand seemed to disappear into the air, and he closed his eyes for a moment. When he pulled his hand back, it was holding a jade slip. He tossed it toward Meng Hao, and then waved his wide sleeve, causing a raging wind to pick up Meng Hao and the two stone soldiers and send them out of the Immortal's cave.

In the middle section of the Fourth Peak was a luxurious area filled with glittering lights and exotic plants. The large door of the Immortal's cave there was imposing to the extreme. This was none other than Ke Jiusi's Immortal's cave.

Meng Hao's heart was beating with excitement as he carried the jade slip toward the Immortal's cave, as well as the two stone soldiers, which had shrunk down and now fit in his palm. There were about a dozen footmen waiting for him inside. Once they caught sight of him, they all smiled and clasped hands in greeting.

Meng Hao quickly found that no matter what he wanted to do inside his Immortal's cave, there would always be someone to help him.

He couldn't help but sigh emotionally. He had never experienced such luxury, not even when he was a Violet Furnace Lord back in the Violet Fate Sect. It was something he couldn't quite get used to. After a bit of time, he sent the footmen away.

Finally alone in his huge Immortal's cave, he sat down cross-legged to examine the stone soldiers and the jade slip.

Even after trying, he was not able to put any of them into his bag of holding. However, he was able to take items from within his bag of holding and bring them out.

At first he hadn't noticed anything unusual about his bag of holding. However, after he thought about it, he realized that there was something odd about Ji Mingfeng. What was odd was that he had no bag of holding. In fact, Ji Mingfeng had been nothing but a soul.

His soul had fused with the host body, but was still nothing more than that; a soul fusion.

Muttering, Meng Hao thought about what Ke Yunhai had told him about Lord Li, the three great Demon Mountains, and the two Holy Lands.... The information regarding those things contained in Ke Jiusi's memories were rather vague.

"I remember Zhixiang also told me a few things...." Eyes glittering, he committed the new information to memory to think about another time. As for Zhixiang, he was confident that she would come looking for him eventually. After all, Zhixiang... was a true disciple of the Demon Immortal Sect!

"When that time comes, I can get answers to everything!" He didn't consider the matter any more. Currently, there were quite a few strange things going on with his body. His Cultivation base was only of the great circle of the Nascent Soul stage, which was actually quite weak in the Demon Immortal Sect. And yet, neither Ke Yunhai nor anyone else seemed to notice that. When they looked at him, they didn't see anything out of the ordinary.

There were other strange things that Meng Hao could only attribute to the fact that this was the Second Plane of an ancient illusory world. This was all just a dream of the Demon Immortal Sect.

Although the dream seemed incredibly realistic, and was filled with limitless possibilities, a dream... was still just a dream, not reality.

A thought suddenly sprang into being in Meng Hao's mind. "What if it could be real...?"

"What if all of this could be made real...?"

"What if all of it could become true.... What if actual changes could be made to the great river that is the flow of time?" Then he looked at the stone soldiers, which clearly could not be put into his bag of holding, and he sighed. He knew that such an outcome was impossible. After all, this place was just a dreamland.

However, he couldn't help but feel a bit of pity regarding the two stone soldiers. If he could take them out with him after he left the Primordial Demon Immortal Plane, it would make him incredibly happy.

"Daoist magic legacies are the most important part of the Second Plane!" he thought, his eyes glowing with determination. Forgetting about the impractical matters, he took out the jade slip, closed his eyes, and began to attempt to gain enlightenment.

After a moment, his eyes opened, and they were filled with blankness.

"Lightning Spirit Incantation.... Borrow the will of Heavenly lightning, fuse it into the body to create a soul. Use the Soul of Lightning to refine a Spirit of Lightning. Transmogrify the fleshly body to form a bolt of lightning of Heaven and Earth, benefit from an eternally indestructible Divinity...." Muttering to himself, Meng Hao continued to study the jade slip.

His expression grew more and more serious, and he was breathing heavily. Occasionally, he would open his eyes, shocked by what he had learned of the various Daoist magics. He had never imagined that there would be such a variety of divine abilities and magical techniques in the world, and that they could be so unimaginable.

There was one magic that could take the rainbows which appear after the rain and transform them into a Seven-Colored Fish. With that fish, one could leap into the starry sky and swim about the Mountains and Seas as a greater Demon.

There was another that focused on observing the clouds and wind to perform augury within the Earth and the Yellow Springs. By using an Imperial will, one could understand the Will of Heaven. By understanding the Will of Heaven, the natural law of Heaven and Earth could be changed. Planets could be destroyed, and a mere thought could shatter even the most ancient of things.

There was an entire host of divine abilities and magical techniques.

One of them was called the Fish Roc Will. It was entirely based on the use of Divine Will. When the myriad of transformations were cultivated to the very peak, one's body could become that of a roc!

The technique made him think of the strange roc in the Rebirth Cave.

Everything filled Meng Hao with an unimaginably fantastic feeling. As time passed, he gradually came to realize that of the techniques of the Demon Immortal Sect, more than half were actually... Demon magic!

Chapter 573: Her Name is Xu Qing

Cultivators could cultivate this so-called Demon magic. In fact, any living thing could. However, the end result was that one would become a Greater Demon.

Meng Hao was especially shaken after seeing the Mountain Consuming Incantation. It was a technique imbued with a spirit that could conquer mountains and rivers. It was no mere embellishment, but rather, a technique that could actually consume mountains and rivers! Success could lead to one's own path to Immortality, and becoming a Human Immortal!

Many of the techniques relied on Qi of Heaven and Earth that was actually Demonic Qi. There was one technique in which refining Demonic Qi into the body allowed one to create a personal Heavenly Demon Transformation. There were nineteen levels of such transformations, each one resulted in becoming a Greater Demon that could shake Heaven and Earth.

Meng Hao studied the information, and soon, an entire night had passed. Dawn was breaking, but he was not even aware that so much time had passed by. The Daoist magics had left him completely shaken. He suddenly realized that within his world, his life, his everything... a door had suddenly been opened. Beyond that door, was the true Heaven and Earth.

Such good fortune was something that, in the tens of thousands of years that the Primordial Demon Immortal Plan had opened, no one else had acquired. He was the only one... and it was all because of his special identity. In this world of limitless possibilities, he was the first person to ever use such a technique to gain access to three hundred Daoist magics.

From ancient times until now, from now into the future, he was the first and the last!

If the others who had come with him to the Primordial Demon Immortal Plane found out that he had three hundred Daoist magics, they would surely go crazy. That would even be true for people who had come in past times.

Even a single one of these three hundred Daoist magics would be something most Cultivators from the great lands of South Heaven could only dream about. Even with the most incredible luck, most would have trouble acquiring one. And yet... Meng Hao had three hundred. Furthermore, he could tell that these were no ordinary techniques.... These techniques were definitely from the top 1,000 Daoist Magics out of the total of 3,000!

There were some that surely were in the top 500. As for the Mountain Consuming Incantation and the Heavenly Demon Transformation, they were definitely within the top 200.

Such divine abilities and Daoist magics would send anyone mad with jealousy. Legacies and good fortune like this were unheard throughout the past tens of thousands of years.

Others might acquire random techniques in this place, but even after exerting incredible power, they still might not be able to gain enlightenment. If that happened, then when they left, all memory of the technique would be wiped out, much as if it had just been a dream. After awakening, they would only be able to remember that the technique existed, but not the details.

It was the same with Daoist magics. Only by gaining full enlightenment could one truly possess them, and remember them after leaving.

Therefore, if one had no way to gain enlightenment, then any effort spent would be wasted. The only thing to be done would be to work hard to find an additional Daoist magic to study.

Of course, that would be incredibly difficult.

However, Meng Hao... didn't have to worry about any of those problems. He had three hundred Daoist magics. If he couldn't gain enlightenment with one, he could simply move on to the next. Within the three hundred, there were definitely magics that suited him, ones that he could master and gain enlightenment of.

It was afternoon before he finally looked up. Gripping the jade slip tightly, his eyes filled with a strange glow. He took a deep breath and rose to his feet.

“I’m going to try out this Mountain Consuming Incantation. The first step in the incantation is to observe a mountain!” With that, his body flickered and he sped out from within the Immortal’s cave. By this point, he had lost interest in seeking out the other South Heaven Cultivators. As of now, killing them was his last priority. The most important thing was to focus on his own good fortune.

Although, if he could find Patriarch Huyan, well, he wouldn’t violate Sect rules. He would instead seek out Ke Yunhai to have him eliminated.

“By this point, there should be a lot of people who are awake...” he thought. As he made his way through the paths of the Fourth Peak, all of the disciples he encountered smiled and nodded at him. He smiled back as he sped toward his destination. It didn’t take long before he finally just flew up to float in mid-air and look back at the Fourth Peak.

“Observe the mountain.... Observe the shape of the mountain. Feel its will. The mountain exists in the eyes, and is concealed in the heart. Therefore, the body can be incarnated into a mountain.

“That is the only way to reach the second stage, in which I am the mountain, and the mountain is me!”

A strange glow appeared in Meng Hao’s eyes as he looked at the Fourth Peak. The Mountain Consuming Incantation floated within his mind’s eye.

“After the second stage, the third stage can be reached and the mountain... can be consumed. The will of the mountain can shape my spirit, and the mountain can refine my body!

“A spirit that conquers mountains and rivers! When I turn away, the mountain may no longer be within my eye, but whether or not it exists in the eyes of others, has nothing to do with me!

“That much would be just a small achievement!” Meng Hao sat cross-legged in mid-air looking at the Fourth Peak. Several hours passed. He looked at the mountain, and the disciples there looked back at him.

More and more disciples of the Fourth Peak noticed him, this Little Patriarch of their mountain peak.

There were quite a few female disciples who would occasionally look over at him with flirty smiles.

“The Little Patriarch is actually practicing cultivation!”

“Oh, that only happens once every few years....”

“Don’t tell me that the Little Patriarch’s temperament has actually changed?”

All of the disciples found the scene quite odd. In fact, many continued to stop their own cultivation to glance over at him hovering there in mid-air.

It was evening at the moment, and there were currently a dozen or so Fourth Peak Outer Sect disciples making their way up a set of stone stairs that wound up the Fourth Peak. It was an arduous task for them, and they were obviously participating in an examination for promotion into the Inner Sect.

There were nine stages to the examination, and this particular stage, I Shall Climb to Soar in the Heavens, was the last of them all! Whether or not they ended up being promoted to be a Fourth Peak Inner Sect disciples was based on how long it took them to reach the very top of the mountain, as well as their performance in the previous stages.

One of the participants was a young woman wearing the long robe of an Outer Sect disciple. Her face was pale white, but she gritted her teeth, and despite her incredible exhaustion, pushed forward with unswerving determination. Her vision swam and her body trembled, but she continued on, one stone step at a time.

The exam might seem easy, but anyone who participated would understand the incredible pressure and difficulty.

There were Inner Sect Disciples overseeing the situation to ensure safety. If anyone gave up, they would quickly be escorted away.

The young woman with the pale face stepped up onto another stone step and then happened to look up into the air toward Meng Hao, who sat there cross-legged meditating.



Not too far away from her was an Inner Sect disciple charged with the safety of the Outer Sect disciples. Having noticed who she was looking at, he coolly said, "That's the Little Patriarch of our Fourth Peak."

"Little Patriarch...." replied the woman, staring. She hadn't been a member of the Sect for very long, but how could she not have heard of the Little Patriarch? The difference between her status and his was incredible, like that between Heaven and Earth. She glanced at him for only a moment before lowering her head in exhaustion to continue on the path toward promotion.

This was the only path she could tread. To get this chance for promotion, she had pawned a precious family heirloom, a magical item. She had also borrowed a lot of Demon Stones to practice cultivation. If she failed now, it would take many years to pay everything back.

In fact, if she failed, those vicious and greedy Outer Sect disciples who had been pestering her would make her life a living hell. The only option she had was to pass the competition examination and become an Inner Sect disciple.

She took a deep breath and was about to continue climbing when suddenly, Meng Hao's gaze... fell on her.

The young woman didn't notice, and she wasn't even looking up into the sky anymore.

However, Meng Hao's eyes were fixed squarely on her. The instant he had noticed her, his heart had trembled.

He was no longer observing the mountain; his full attention was focused on her.

She wore the robe of an Outer Sect disciple, and had eyes filled with determination. Although she was pretty, she was not unmatchedably beautiful. However, there was something about her that caused Meng Hao to be deeply drawn to her.

It was as if this young woman had a soul on her, a soul from a previous life that hadn't awakened yet.

In that previous life, there were ties of Karma that affected the whole world.

Meng Hao didn't need to examine it closely to know that he was looking... at Xu Qing.

Within Meng Hao's heart was a teardrop. When he was transmigrating into the Violet Sea, that teardrop sank to the seafloor and then into his mouth. Then, Xu Qing's teardrop had fused into his heart.

She was a simple young woman, who had a simple type of love. There was nothing about such love that could shake Heaven and Earth. There was no raging fire. Instead, it was like water, calm and tranquil as it passed through the years.

Meng Hao looked at the young woman there on the mountain, and it felt as if tidewaters were surging up within his heart. It was as if this woman's appearance caused a huge stone to splash onto the surface of a calm lake. Ripples spread out, causing the calmness to be broken. At the moment, there was nothing he could do except to feel incredible shock.

That huge stone was like a catalyst that caused Meng Hao's thoughts and mind to spin. Within his memory, an image appeared. He saw a woman standing on an island above the Violet Sea. As she looked off into the distance, a tear welled up in the corner of her eye and then fell down.

That one tear sent the entire Violet Sea boiling.

The teardrop contained pain, confusion, longing, recollection, as well as an unprecedented, unspoken, profound feeling of attachment.

It was the unforgettable look she gave him on Mount Daqing. It was when she suddenly caught sight of him from within the crowd of Black Sieve Sect disciples. It was the pain felt outside the Rebirth Cave, when they looked at each other and didn't know when they would see each other again.

In the end, all of that transformed into a teardrop, which then turned into massive waves.

It was as if everything between them had been ordinary, and yet that ordinariness had at some point turned into a fundamental part of their lives. It was as if, without even realizing it, both of them had suddenly come to exist permanently as a part of each other's hearts.

"It's Xu Qing," murmured Meng Hao. A smile broke out on his face. It was the smile caused by an imminent reunion after having been parted for more than a hundred years. His body suddenly

flickered, and he disappeared from the sight of all the disciples present. When he reappeared, shockingly, he was standing on the stone step directly in front of the female Outer Sect disciple.

She almost bumped directly into him. His sudden appearance caused her to subconsciously edge backward a few steps.

The nearby Inner Sect disciple's eyes went wide. His voice hoarse, he said, "Little Patriarch... you...."

He was so close to her that Meng Hao could feel his heart thumping. He looked at the yet still sleeping Xu Qing, and softly said, "From now on, you are a Conclave disciple of the Fourth Peak!"

The woman stared in shock, confusion, and panic. She was nervous, disbelieving, and frightened. She glanced at the Inner Sect disciple as if to ask for help.

The Inner Sect disciple took a deep breath and then immediately bowed his head in compliance. He immediately produced a jade slip and asked,

"What's your name?"

Before the woman could respond, Meng Hao's voice could be heard.

"Her name is Xu Qing. She'll be practicing cultivation in my Immortal's cave from now on."

"Huh?" said the girl, her eyes wide. "My... my name is...."

Chapter 574: Our Agreement

In the Fourth Peak, Meng Hao's status made it so that his words were like the will of Heaven. The Inner Sect disciple nodded, made a brand mark onto the jade slip, then clasped hands and left.

Everything happened so quickly that the young woman was left standing there at a loss. She didn't even notice as Meng Hao grabbed her by the arm.

That seemed to wake her up.

“Hey... hey, what are you doing?!” she said, her eyes going wide. A look of terror appeared inside of them as she suddenly recalled who this person was, and the stories she had heard told about him within the Sect. She was about to struggle against him, when he wrapped his arms around her and flew up into the air.

As Meng Hao flew over the Fourth Peak, the disciples who looked up to see him holding the young woman had strange expressions on their faces. Many of them looked at each other in dismay.

“Who is the Little Patriarch holding...?”

“I’ve never seen her before. From her garments she seems to be an Outer Sect disciple.”

“No way! He was so peaceful earlier today. The sky isn’t even dark, and he’s already back to his old self?”

Meanwhile, up in mid-air above the Fourth Peak.

“Put me down!!” said the young woman, her face bright red. A look of rage had appeared in her phoenix-like eyes. She continued to struggle against Meng Hao, but he seemed to have no intention of releasing her. She could only look at his face, inches away from her own, her fury growing more and more intense.

When the two of them finally landed outside of his Immortal’s cave, the woman opened her mouth and bit viciously down onto his arm. He looked at her for a moment, smiled, and released her.

“You’re going to practice cultivation here for a while,” he said with a smile, giving her a deep look. “It will only take a few days for you to realize who I am.”

“You’re the Eldest Brother of the Fourth Peak, Elite Apprentice of the Sect! Don’t tell me that gives you the right to arbitrarily humiliate other disciples!?” The woman backed up, staring at Meng Hao angrily.

“I was an Elite Apprentice yesterday, not today,” he said, laughing. With that, he sat down cross-legged and looked at the young woman.

That got her even angrier. But then, she thought of his status, and the stories she had heard, and she began to tremble. She backed up further, putting herself even more on guard.

She had heard far too many stories about this person. Any one of them was enough to cause an Outer Sect disciple like her to tremble with terror.

Time passed. Soon, it was evening, and then night. Bright stars twinkled into being up above. They were dim at first, but quickly grew clear and bright.

Perhaps it was because of the icy night wind, or the young woman's panic-stricken state. In any case, she shrank into a corner against the stone wall, looking quite helpless.

Meng Hao looked at her and then stood up.

“Don't you move!!” she cried, suddenly growing even more nervous. Ignoring her demands, Meng Hao walked over to her, retrieved a set of clothing from his bag of holding, and gently laid it over her.

The softness of his movement caused her to gape in surprise.

He smiled, returned to where he had been sitting before, and continued to meditate.

The woman looked at him silently, her expression one of confusion and doubt. Even more confused were the surrounding Fourth Peak disciples who had hidden themselves in the area to watch the proceedings.

They were all whispering to each other curiously about his compassionate action just now.

Another person who was completely confused was Ke Yunhai.

“Has the kid really had a change in personality?” he murmured in astonishment.

No words were exchanged through the entire night.

The young woman was incredibly nervous the entire time. She didn't dare to meditate, nor close her eyes. She was too frightened of what she feared might happen if she did.

However, her nervousness, coupled with the exhaustion from climbing the mountain during the test earlier, caused her to unwittingly fall asleep.

When the first rays of dawn light touched her face, her eyelashes flickered and she slowly opened her eyes. Then she began to tremble. She quickly rose to her feet, causing the two robes which had been placed on top of her to tumble to the ground.

The robes were thick, and were obviously quite warm.

One of them had been placed on her by Meng Hao when she was awake. As for the other, he had covered her with it after she fell asleep.

Just in front of her was a small ball of fire that emanated pulses of heat. The heat was filled with the power of Heaven and Earth, and relieved some of the exhaustion that had filled her body.

Seeing this, the woman stared in astonishment. She looked up at Meng Hao.

He was striding down some of the stone steps on the mountain, some fruit in hand. These were Spirit Fruits, something that Outer Sect disciples had no qualification to enjoy. Only Elite Apprentices could have access to them.

Meng Hao put one down in front of the young woman.

Her expression was complex. After having a night of rest, she seemed to have come to terms with her current situation. She still felt apprehensive, though, unsure of how she had attracted the attention of this Chosen of Heaven. She also wasn't sure why he had changed her entire fate with that single sentence.

"Try the Spirit Fruits," he said, popping one into his mouth. "The flavor is incredible." He handed another over to her.

She hesitated for a moment, then accepted and bit down onto one of the fruits. Suddenly, her eyes began to glow, and when she squinted, they looked like two crescent moons.

“Good?” asked Meng Hao with a smile.

The young woman’s face flushed, and she nodded.

“The Outer Sect is pretty chaotic,” he continued, looking up into the sky. “I’ll help you pay back the debts you owe.”

The young woman’s hand stopped in mid-air, clutching at a Spirit Fruit. She bowed her head, saying nothing in response.

“Those Outer Sect disciples who have been treating you poorly have already been taken care of,” he went on softly.

The young woman’s body trembled slightly. After a long moment passed, she looked up at Meng Hao, almost in a daze.

“Why?” she asked. “Why are you treating me like this? I’m just an ordinary Outer Sect Disciple, and you’re.... Why?”

Meng Hao shook his head but didn’t say anything.

“Is it because of Xu Qing? Who is she?” the young woman asked. She rose to her feet and looked at him, her gaze filled with stubbornness. She wanted to know the answer.

Meng Hao was quiet for a moment. Today was the third day, and unless something unforeseen occurred, Xu Qing should be waking up soon. Then this young woman would disappear. After all... she had long since already perished.

Seeing the look in her eyes, Meng Hao’s eyes slowly grew blank, as if he was recalling the past. In his mind’s eye, he saw the events outside the Rebirth Cave, the killing of Ji Hongdong, and Xu Qing’s tears. He saw himself raising his hand to wipe them away. He heard those voices from years ago.

“We’re safe now. No one will know your secret.”

“Meng Hao. Will we... see each other again?”

“Don’t cry. There’s a long road ahead. Who knows when it is that we will meet again.”

Meng Hao still remembered how he had been about to turn around that day, when a warm, supple body embraced him from behind.

“I’ll wait for you.”

Xu Qing’s voice, filled with determination, was strong enough to last through past, present, and future lives.

“You could think of Xu Qing as your next life,” Meng Hao said softly. “Regarding the two of us... we have an agreement to meet each other in the next life.”

Chapter 575: Long Time No See

The young woman seemed to understand the words themselves, but not their true meaning. She looked at Meng Hao silently, then lowered her gaze to the Spirit Fruit in her hand. After a long moment, she took a few steps back to lean up against the rock wall. She put the fruit in her mouth and ate it. A smile appeared on her face.

“I’m not sure what exactly you mean when you say ‘next life,’” she said with a light smile. “All I do know is that this Xu Qing of whom you speak is truly blessed.” The wind suddenly tousled her hair, which she tucked behind her ear.

Having finished speaking, she sat down and took a deep breath, then closed her eyes. Without any further words, she concealed within her eyes the enlightenment she didn’t wish anyone else to see.

She was an intelligent young woman, more intelligent than most other young women her age.

From the way Meng Hao spoke, she could tell that he was referring to something related to death.



“If you and Xu Qing have an agreement to meet here,” she murmured to herself, “if she is destined to awaken within my body. Well then... I am willing to let that happen. I am willing to let you reunite with her here.”

In this moment, in the Demon Immortal Sect, during that split second in which she, of her own initiative, expressed such willingness, a rare change suddenly occurred.

The Cultivators of South Heaven entered the Second Plane via host bodies. That was something that didn't require the consent of the host bodies themselves. After all, they had long since perished, and were nothing more than corpses on the outside.

However... despite having been dead for so many years, the Primordial Demon Immortal Plane was special. Their spirits existed within the plane, and those spirits... if they were willing, could allow the outside Cultivators to completely take over their identity.

Normally speaking, the techniques cultivated by the host body that they had gained enlightenment regarding, would be available to the South Heaven Cultivators as vague memories. They could use them, but could not take them away.

It was like they were... outsiders.

Except now, something different was happening. A change was underway that would produce something more like... an insider.

The young woman's eyes were closed hard, and did not reopen.

Everything was quiet. Meng Hao did not speak. He sat there cross-legged, looking up into the sky, waiting silently as time slipped by, waiting... for Xu Qing to wake up.

Under his protection, nothing would happen to her, and no one would be able to harm her in any way. Meng Hao did not cultivate any techniques. He simply watched as the sunlight grew brighter in the sky. He looked around at the world of the ancient Demon Immortal Sect. Within his heart, the feeling of being a part of this place only continued to grow stronger.

He suddenly felt very envious of Ke Jiushi.

He envied the family that Ke Jiushi had in this Sect. He envied all of his Brothers and Sisters. He envied the fact that Ke Jiushi had friends who would even kill for him. However, what he most envied was... that Ke Jiushi had such a good father.

Ke Jiushi had a father who would bend over backward for him. He would work hard behind the scenes to erase the scrawlings that were the errors committed by his son. He was a father whose tolerant heart could accept any errors on the part of his son.

And then, there was the white hair that filled his temples, and the death aura that he did his best to hide. Clearly, Ke Jiushi's father, Paragon of the Fourth Peak, was reaching the end of his life.

"This is all just a play... and I'm merely observing it," he thought. "But if that's true, then why do I want so much to become a part of the play, to become one of the people here?"

He thought of Ke Yunhai, and his stern gaze. Deep within that gaze, Meng Hao could sense a deep love that somehow made him lose his way. He thought back to Mount Daqing and Yunjie County. He thought back to his own childhood, and his own father and mother.

Back then, he had been very happy, completely without a care in the world. But then the violet wind swept through Yunjie County, and everything vanished.

"Who is my father...?" he thought. As he gazed off into the sky, his mood sank. "Is he still alive in the world? Does he know that his image still exists in my thoughts, in my memories?"

Submerged as he was in this sea of bitterness, Meng Hao produced a flagon of alcohol from his bag of holding. He lifted it to his lips and took a long drink.

"Dad. Mom. Do you know that I'm already starting to forget what you look like...? It's been too many years. The image of your faces is starting to fade away.

"I don't want it to be that way. It's just what happens when time passes. Sometimes I want to hold on to those images, but I can't.... I really envy Ke Jiushi...." Meng Hao took another long drink of alcohol. It burned as it slid down his throat and into his anxiety.

Meng Hao rarely slipped into a mood such as this. Starting the year his father and mother went missing, he'd had no choice but to learn to be independent and strong. In this moment, though, because of Xu Qing, he had started thinking of the past. The memories of the Southern Domain, of

Mount Daqing, and the relationship between Ke Jiusi and Ke Yunhai, all struck a chord within him. He couldn't help but think of Yunjie County, his happy childhood, and of his parents.

He suddenly felt as if he understood this tyrannical silkpants, Ke Jiusi. If Ke Jiusi really was still alive, then perhaps after all the tens of thousands of years, this dead ancient Demon Immortal Sect was the only place where he truly existed.

He had never left. He was here to protect the Sect, to protect the Fourth Peak. Year after year, for an eternity, he was here to protect that Pure Land which existed in his heart.

Most likely, the people around Meng Hao in the Demon Immortal Sect would never be able to imagine what Ke Jiusi would be like tens of thousands of years later.

“He saw his father die. He watched his Sect become desolate. He looked on as his friends perished. In the end, he bore witness to the absolute destruction of the Sect.

“If I were him, what would I do...?” Thoughtfully, Meng Hao took another long drink. Evening was falling. An entire day had slipped by while Meng Hao wallowed in his emotions.

“Ke Jiusi sent me back here, to the era in which his father was dying. I think I understand... what he wants me to do.” A look of enlightenment filled his eyes. He was just raising the alcohol flagon to take another drink when suddenly, a hand reached out from behind him to grasp his wrist lightly.

As he turned his head, he felt someone embracing him tightly from behind. It felt just like the embrace from back by the Rebirth Cave, that embrace which was filled with the fear of loss.

A smile broke out on Meng Hao's face. He didn't speak, but rather, allowed the beautiful woman behind him to embrace him. She pressed up against his back, as if she were trying to hear his heart beating.

It was as if the only way she could prove that everything that was happening was real... was to hear his heart beating. Perhaps everything around them was a dream, but within that dream, the two of them had each other.

I thought that when I saw you, I would have the world. I didn't know that within your dreams, you already had me.

It was evening, and soft, orange light shone down onto the Fourth Peak, creating dark shadows on the opposite side of the mountain. Within those dark shadows were two people, embracing each other.

They seemed to wish that time could stop forever. Their longing, their promise, were no longer like sand floating in the wind.

A long time passed. Soon, the sky was dark. Meng Hao looked at the woman in front of him. The features he saw were different from Xu Qing's, but the soul was the same ever.

"You're awake," he said.

Because her soul was different, her facial features suddenly seemed to change a bit. She grew colder, less timid and nervous. She grew more simple. Less a stranger.

She was Xu Qing.

She was not intelligent like Han Bei. She was not incredibly beautiful like Chu Yuyan. She was Xu Qing. Simple and cold, like her heart. When she loved someone, she didn't need a reason. She only needed to know that somehow, that person was part of her.

She wore the robe of an Outer Sect disciple and had long, beautiful hair. Her features were delicate, and although they couldn't be described as immaculately beautiful, they caused Meng Hao to think of that one person who was always in his heart... Elder Sister Xu.

Xu Qing looked at Meng Hao, and a smile broke out on her face. A warmth could be seen in her pupils, as well as longing, and over a hundred years of memories. She looked at Meng Hao, and recalled their past.

He carried the look of someone who had experienced great changes, and was no longer young and inexperienced.

She gazed at Meng Hao for a long time. She didn't ask why he was here, nor did she seem surprised to see him here as she woke up.

It was as if to Xu Qing, it didn't matter where she saw Meng Hao, or when. Any time she encountered him, she felt at ease, calm.

Surrounded by bustling crowds, you look at me, I look at you, and we smile at each other.

It was as if such a meeting had happened a million times for her already. It was as if from beginning to end, even that time in the Violet Sea, she had complete and utter faith that the two of them would in fact meet again one day.

“Not surprised?” said Meng Hao, smiling.

“Why would I be surprised?” she said, shaking her head and smiling. “You made a promise, and we had an agreement... to meet again.”

As Meng Hao looked at her, much of the bitterness in his heart faded away. His smile grew wider. This was Xu Qing. Plain and simple Xu Qing.

She believed that they would meet again. Because of their agreement with each other, it didn't matter when or where it was, she wouldn't be surprised. It was all because of her firm belief.

“It's been many years.... Have you been well?” she asked softly. To her, Meng Hao might be a few years younger than her. However, despite the fact that more than a hundred years had passed, his image never left her heart.

She could never forget that time she watched as he leaned out over the edge of the cliff, holding down a rope to Wang Youcai and the others, and at the same time, making fun of them.

She could never forget what he looked like in the ancient Blessed Land, when he stood protectively in front of her during her moment of helplessness.

Even more unforgettable was the time in the Black Sieve Sect when, after merging with Matriarch Phoenix, she had woken up. Meng Hao had been about to leave the Sect when he turned and smiled at her.

Never in her life would she be capable of forgetting what happened outside the Rebirth Cave.

If secrets could count as accumulated emotions between two people, then she and Meng Hao had many. There were many secrets that only the two of them could understand.

“I went to the Black Lands, and the Western Desert,” Meng Hao said with a smile. As the evening wind blew Xu Qing’s hair into disarray, Meng Hao reached up and grasped her wrist.

She lowered her head, a slight smile tugging at her lips.

“So did I,” she said, looking back up at him.

“I know,” he replied, grinning.

The soft moonlight shone down on the two of them, covering them like a layer of silver sand. The beautiful wind lifted up their long hair.

Xu Qing looked at Meng Hao, then suddenly gaped in astonishment as she realized something. Her eyes filled with a strange look.

“Wait.... Why... why do you look the same as before?”

Chapter 576: Limitless Possibilities!

Meng Hao was shocked by Xu Qing’s words. His eyes flickered, and then narrowed. He didn’t respond immediately.

He focused his attention on examining his physical appearance. His facial features really were his own. There was no change whatsoever.

It was at this moment that he realized he had completely overlooked this point!

Xu Qing, Ji Mingfeng, and most assuredly, the rest of the Cultivators from the lands of South Heaven, all looked completely different. In coming here, their souls had fused with another body.

But that was not the case with Meng Hao. He could open his bag of holding and remove items from within. Although he couldn't take things from here and put them inside, he was still clearly in a completely different position than the others.

Earlier, he had hesitated a bit regarding this matter, but hadn't given it too much thought. However, Xu Qing had just hit the nail on the head with her observation. Meng Hao's heart and mind suddenly felt as if it were being struck by lightning.

He began to breathe heavily. Xu Qing looked at him and, seeing that he was lost in thought, did not ask any further questions. He was clearly thinking about some matter that was important enough to cause his countenance to change.

Meng Hao thought back to what had happened in the First Plane. After stepping onto the top of the Fourth Peak, he had found no corpse, only an empty coffin.

"Don't tell me... that I actually came in person to this place?!?!" he thought.

"Others came by means of a host body, which means that their souls entered into a dream. But I have no host body, which means that I am actually here!" Meng Hao almost couldn't believe it, and could think of no possible explanation.

"But that's the only way to explain why I can open my bag of holding, and why my appearance hasn't changed! Although... if my appearance didn't change, then how much Ke Yunhai and the others didn't notice...?" After a long moment of thought, an answer occurred to him.

"Because Ke Yunhai, and this place... are nothing more than an illusory version of ancient times." He sighed lightly and kneaded the bridge of his nose. There were too many contradictions to be had in all the different aspects of the situation. The only thing he could do was come to this much of an understanding. Complete understanding was beyond him currently.

"If all of that is true, then when the others wake up, does that mean they will be able to tell who I am?" Meng Hao's eyes flickered with a cold light. The light faded away quickly, though, and he suddenly chuckled.

"Well, who cares if they do? Considering my status, even if they do recognize me, they'll be the ones hiding from me, not the other way around." Having reached this point in his train of thought, Meng Hao looked at Xu Qing and was about to say something when suddenly, an audacious, almost insane, thought occurred to him.

As the idea began to develop, Meng Hao realized that it was virtually unthinkable, almost delusional. However, he couldn't stop thinking about it. The idea sank deeper and deeper into his mind, and his eyes began to flow with a fearsome glow.

Xu Qing looked at him and hesitated for a moment before softly saying, "You...."

"I'm fine," Meng Hao said with a smile. The glow disappeared from his eyes, to be replaced by a profound expression.

"If you have something you want to do, go take care of it," Xu Qing said. "You don't need to worry about me." She rose to her feet and then pointed toward the door of the Immortal's cave. "I'll need to use your Immortal's cave," she said.

Meng Hao nodded. He retrieved a jade slip from within his robe, the one that contained the three hundred Daoist magics from Ke Yunhai. He handed it to Xu Qing.

"Take a look at these Daoist magics and see which ones you can gain enlightenment regarding," he said.

Xu Qing took the jade slip and scanned it with Divine Sense. Her eyes instantly went wide with disbelief. She stared blankly at Meng Hao, her mind spinning. She was well informed about the ancient Demon Immortal Sect, but that caused her to be even more shocked by the jade slip.

"These... these...."

"They are all Daoist magics of the Demon Immortal Sect," said Meng Hao, chuckling.

Xu Qing looked at him for a long moment, then nodded. A strange expression could be seen on her face as she began to search through the fused memories of her host body. Finally, she found information regarding Meng Hao's identity.

After becoming aware of who she was, Xu Qing realized that as far as Meng Hao was concerned, it wasn't necessarily impossible for him to eventually acquire all three thousand Daoist magics....



As Xu Qing entered the Immortal's cave, Meng Hao stood there staring out at the lands. A bizarre glow could be seen in his eyes as he rubbed his bag of holding.

“To everyone else, this is an ancient, illusory world, like a dream.... But I am actually here. Does that mean that it's possible to make changes that could affect history?” Meng Hao knew that such a prospect was outrageous, and also paradoxical.

However, he couldn't stop himself from thinking about the possibility.

“Although there is a 99% chance that I'm wrong, even that slight possibility....” He began to breathe heavily, and his eyes glowed.

“Even that slight possibility means that a gamble would be worth it!” With that, he left the area of his Immortal's cave to search around the Fourth Peak for what he was looking for.

It didn't take long before he ran into an Inner Sect disciple, floating through the air like a ghost as he patrolled the mountain. When he saw Meng Hao, he instantly stopped in place and clasped hands.

“Greetings, Little Patriarch,” he said.

Meng Hao may have been stripped of his status as Elite Apprentice, but in the Fourth Peak, being an Elite Apprentice was secondary to his eternal status as Little Patriarch.

“Do you have any medicinal pills?” asked Meng Hao, his eyes gleaming. The disciple seemed a bit confused, but immediately nodded his head and produced a medicinal pill bottle from his bag of holding, which he then handed over to Meng Hao.

Meng Hao nodded and departed, leaving the Inner Sect disciple behind, confused.

After returning to his Immortal's cave, he sat down cross-legged and took a deep breath. He opened the medicinal pill bottle, within which were seven medicinal pills the size of longan fruits, that pulsed with a medicinal fragrance. After smelling them, Meng Hao realized that most of the ingredients were unfamiliar to him. However, he could still reach the general conclusion that these were pills which could increase Cultivation base.

The quality of the medicinal pills was incredible; they had at least eighty percent medicinal strength. Most importantly, these pills were no ordinary product. They were medicinal pills belonging to an Inner Sect disciple of the ancient Demon Immortal Sect. To Cultivators from the lands of South Heaven, they could be described as Immortal Pills.

In fact, if this pill bottle surfaced somewhere within the lands of South Heaven, it would cause a huge commotion even among the various great Sects.

Meng Hao hesitated for a moment, gritting his teeth before finally taking one of the pills and putting it into his mouth. Even before the pill could dissolve, a roaring sound filled Meng Hao's mind. At the same time, and indescribable, boundless power completely inundated him. It was like an endless, furious sea, and he was a tiny, leaf-like boat, weak enough to be destroyed with a single blow.

Meng Hao immediately spit the pill out of his mouth. A few hours passed, and it was light outside, before he finally opened his eyes.

After opening his eyes, he checked his Cultivation base, and quickly frowned. It hadn't increased even in the slightest. It was as if everything truly was illusory.

"Useless..." he said, sighing. Although he had assumed this would happen, he still couldn't help but feel some regret. He stood and looked out at the rising sun, and suddenly, his heart trembled.

"Medicinal pills don't work, and I can't increase my Cultivation base. However, what about the various techniques and regions of the Demon Immortal Sect focused on cultivating the fleshly body?" It was not very likely that techniques existed that could quickly be learned and used to increase the power of the fleshly body. However, there were areas in the Sect specifically set aside for fleshly body cultivation. Meng Hao knew this from Ke Jiusi's memories.

One of them was none other than the Underworld Cave of the Fourth Peak.

Within the Underworld Cave was an inexhaustible supply of Underworld Death Sand, which came from the Underworld River. Any Cultivator who entered the Underworld Cave without a powerful body would have their skin shredded off, their blood and muscles ground into a paste, and their bones crushed.

At the same time, because the Underworld Death Sand was filled with the pinnacle of death, that meant it was also filled with the pinnacle of life. It contained the power to cause one's Qi and blood

to develop with vigor. By practicing cultivation inside the Underworld Cave, it was possible to cause one's fleshly body to grow stronger and stronger.

Meng Hao's eyes glittered as he headed toward the cave. As soon as he arrived, the guards, two Fourth Peak Conclave Disciples, instantly stared in shock. In all the years they had stood guard here, they had never once seen the Little Patriarch step foot inside.

They immediately greeted him with clasped hands. After hearing his demands, the Conclave Disciples' foreheads began to drip with cold sweat. They immediately tried to advise him against such a course of action, but seeing that he was determined, could only brace themselves and begin to open the cave.

"Little Patriarch, it's very dangerous in there. You... you could always find some other places to temper your fleshly body, you know? You really shouldn't go inside...."

Meng Hao nodded in response. As the Conclave disciples opened the cave, a glowing light appeared in the stone wall. Meng Hao strode forward into the light.

As soon as he entered, everything went pitch black. Before he could see anything clearly, stabbing pain covered his entire body. It seemed as if an innumerable amount of gritty sand covered everything, surrounding his body. In the blink of an eye, Meng Hao's body was on the verge of collapse.

Enduring the pain, he instantly entered the Seventh Anima.

Boom!

His body grew larger as the battle prowess of sixty-four great circle Nascent Souls filled him. His fleshly body exploded with intense power. However, the pain that he felt only continued to grow stronger.

After ten breaths of time passed, blood spouted from his mouth and he tumbled backward. He shot out of the exit at top speed, leaving the terrifying world of flying sand.

As soon as he emerged, he sat down cross-legged to meditate. His entire body was a bloody mess, and looked shocking to the extreme. The Conclave disciples responsible for the Underworld Cave felt their hearts pounding with fear that he might unexpectedly pass away.

Four hours passed. Meng Hao's fleshly body was now completely recovered. He opened his eyes, and although he looked exhausted, he quickly checked his body. An intense light gleamed within his eyes, a look filled with excitement.

"My fleshly body... can be cultivated!" Although he wasn't sure he would be able to keep such a powerful fleshly body after he left this place, he did know that the feeling of power he was experiencing in his fleshly body seemed completely real.

"If I can combine some body refining techniques like the Mountain Consuming Incantation or the Demon Animas Nine Transformations... then my efficiency would be incredible!" His eyes shining with anticipation, he turned and headed back toward the Immortal's cave. The instant he stepped foot inside, Xu Qing opened her eyes and looked with excitement at Meng Hao. A warm smile appeared on her face.

Chapter 577: Silkpants Demon Entente

Time passed by. In the blink of an eye, more than ten days had gone by. The Fourth Peak disciples gradually came to notice that their Little Patriarch, the number one silkpants bully, had experienced a change of temperament recently. Unexpectedly, he hadn't stepped foot out of the Fourth Peak at all recently.

He would spend all day gaining enlightenment of Daoist magic, or would temper his fleshly body in the Underworld Cave. It was actually so unusual that the Fourth Peak disciples were alarmed. Even Ke Yunhai could scarcely believe it. After observing Ke Jiushi a few times, a contented smile could be seen on Ke Yunhai's face.

Meng Hao was thoroughly immersed in practicing cultivation. He completely ignored all outside matters, even the awakening of all the other South Heaven Cultivators.

The fleshly body tempering caused him to grow much stronger with each passing day. At the moment, he maintained his place in the First Anima, and yet, the strength of his fleshly body was equivalent to that when he entered the Second Anima.

Such an increase caused Meng Hao to realize which direction his path lay!

"If I could reach the point where my fleshly body in the First Anima was as strong as it normally is in the Seventh Anima, then even if I have no change in Cultivation base, my fleshly body might be

able to reach the point of... Spirit Severing!” His heart beat rapidly. As of this point, he truly felt that the fleshly body cultivation of the Second Plane was just as important as mastering techniques.

It was an incredible opportunity available only to him. In the past, there had never been a Cultivator who could acquire such good fortune in the Second Plane.

Meng Hao took a deep breath, and a bright glow appeared in his eyes.

Recently, he and Xu Qing had been spending time gaining enlightenment of the three hundred Daoist magics. Of course, they each focused on different specific types of Daoist magic. When Meng Hao came to the conclusion that he couldn't gain enlightenment with one, then he would immediately switch to another.

During the ten days, he managed to look through all three hundred. In the end, there were three that he chose to initially focus his attention on. One was the Mountain Consuming Incantation, the second was the Heavenly Demon Transformation, and the last was...

None other than Ke Jiushi's Soul Divergence Incantation!

“The Mountain Consuming Incantation is both an internal and external cultivation technique. However, the main focus is cultivation of the fleshly body. By practicing such cultivation to the pinnacle, one could become a Human Immortal!

“As for the Heavenly Demon Transformation, it is ranked 96.... It's terrifying, a magical technique that requires a Demon Soul. By fusing the Demon Soul into one's body, one can incarnate into a Greater Demon. There are nineteen levels, each of which can incarnate a different Greater Demon of Heaven and Earth!

“Regarding the Soul Divergence Incantation... it is an undying Dao!” Meng Hao's eyes glowed with a strange light. Of these three Daoist magics, the Soul Divergence Incantation was the most mysterious. It was actually not one of the Demon Immortal Sect's three thousand Daoist magics, but rather, something Ke Yunhai had acquired on his own by chance. Based on his own Cultivation base and knowledge, he knew that it could be considered a precious treasure. However, it was not suitable for him in terms of cultivation, which was why he had recommended it to Ke Jiushi.

The Soul Divergence Incantation enabled one to cultivate an undying soul. The reincarnation of Heaven and Earth could do nothing to destroy such a soul. Even when one died, in a matter of years, a flesh and blood body would be reborn.

This art... defied Heaven!

The more Meng Hao understood these various techniques, the more he realized how magnificently shocking the Demon Immortal Sect was. During the ten days that passed, he took time to observe some of the other disciples of the Demon Immortal Sect as they practiced their cultivation. During that time, he was actually able to sense a totemic aura.

In fact, there were some of the three hundred Daoist magics that, when he examined them more closely, obviously required totem tattoos once a certain level of cultivation was reached.

This discovery validated some of Meng Hao speculations from years ago. It seemed that the totemic neo-demons of the Western Desert likely originated somehow from the Immortal Demon Sect.

Meng Hao's shock only continued to grow as he learned more about the Demon Immortal Sect. He focused on cultivating the Mountain Consuming Incantation and the Heavenly Demon Transformation, although he placed the most emphasis on the former. As for the Heavenly Demon Transformation, he didn't intend to thoroughly gain enlightenment of it, although he had noticed some similarities between it and his Seven Animas Soul Transformation.

As far as the Soul Divergence Incantation went, it was a shocking art, but something that he would be incapable of success when it came to enlightenment.

Time passed quickly. Soon, Meng Hao had been in the Second Plane for a whole month. During that time, Xu Qing did not leave the Immortal's cave. She was fully immersed in gaining enlightenment of Daoist magic. Eventually, Meng Hao completely gave up on the Soul Divergence Incantation and the Heavenly Demon Transformation, and instead focused complete attention on cultivating the Mountain Consuming Incantation.

He would also take time to visit the Underworld Cave, where he continued to temper his fleshly body. By now, he could stay inside the Underworld Cave for a full thirty breaths of time. The strength of his fleshly body was now quite obvious.

In fact, when the other silk-pants who had been punished with Meng Hao came to visit him on the Fourth Peak, they were astonished by the huge change that had occurred in the past month.

“After getting punished, I thought of something,” said Meng Hao. “If my fleshly body was strong enough, then maybe that punishment wouldn’t have hurt so much.” When he saw the strange expressions of the faces of the other silkpants, he cleared his throat and then continued on honestly, “I have the feeling that one of these days, I might experience five lashes, maybe even six or more. If I don’t temper my fleshly body enough before that happens, I’ll have no choice but to be lashed into a pulp.” Hearing this, the other silkpants seemed lost in thought. Apparently, what Meng Hao was saying made sense to them.

A while after that, Meng Hao called Xu Qing. Together with the other silkpants, they left the Fourth Peak for the first time in a month. As soon as they appeared outside, a rumbling sound could be heard, and a white lotus appeared up in the air.

When other disciples on the various peaks saw the lotus, they lowered their heads vigilantly. They all knew that the Sect ruffians who had been quiet for the past month, were now going to make another appearance.

Meng Hao stood in the crowd, exchanging greetings with the various friends who approached. It didn’t take long before he was surrounded by over a hundred people. Together, they flew wildly through the Demon Immortal Sect, the sound of their talking and laughing drifting out with the wind. When the others saw that Xu Qing was with Meng Hao, they exchanged understanding smiles, and did their best to pay special attention to her.

Soon, the group neared a squat mountain that was part of the Seventh Peak of the Demon Immortal Sect. This mountain was an unofficial restricted area within the Sect.

It was not officially a restricted area; it was actually a location that the Sect silkpants had taken over to serve as their headquarters. Afterwards, it became a restricted area as far as other disciples of the Demon Immortal Sect were concerned.

On top of the squat mountain was a luxurious temple. Meng Hao sat in the seat of honor, surrounded by a crowd of people. Some arranged themselves in places according to the ranking of their various Clan ancestors. Soon, there were roughly seventy or eighty people seated about. They laugh and chatted about gossip from within the Sect, or their interesting experiences on the outside.

Next to Meng Hao sat a handsome young man with black wings who was embracing a smiling female disciple. “Jiusi,” he said, “my kid brother knows a few Inner Sect disciples who want to join our Demon Entente. I told him to bring them here today for us to have a look at. If there aren’t any problems, we might as well let them in.”

Meng Hao was not unfamiliar with the Demon Entente. He knew from Ke Jiusi's memories that it was nothing more than an alliance formed by the silkpants. All members who joined would enjoy the protection offered by other silkpants.

Of course, a price needed to be paid, considering that the operation was privately run by the silkpants.

The Demon Immortal Sect turned a blind eye to the matter, and would ignore them, unless they caused too much of a ruckus. After all, the Elders of this Demon Entente were all silkpants who had deep roots within the Sect. Although they might do a lot of absurd things, when it came to loyalty, theirs was far greater than that of the ordinary disciples.

Meng Hao nodded his head in response to the young man's word. He lifted up a glass of alcohol and took a drink. Sitting next to him was Xu Qing, who was looking around curiously at the crowds. She still almost couldn't believe the identity Meng Hao had acquired.

Not too much time passed before the disciples who wished to join the Demon Entente arrived. They entered the temple trembling, looking nervously at the silkpants around them. After quickly handing over the gifts of entry they had brought, they clasped hands and bowed to everyone.

One group after another entered. After a bit of time past, Meng Hao caught sight of a group of three Cultivators, two men and a woman, all of whom seemed very nervous. However, from what Meng Hao could tell, the nervousness was an act. Deep in their eyes, it was possible to sense that they actually despised everyone they were looking at, and Meng Hao could see that.

As soon as he saw them, Meng Hao started laughing. It was at this point that the three people saw that sitting in the seat of highest authority among the silkpants was none other than Meng Hao.

When they saw him, the three Inner Sect disciples began to shake, and their eyes filled with disbelief.

They recognized Meng Hao, and Meng Hao recognized the aura of their souls.

The woman in the group of three was none other than Ji Xiaoxiao. One of them was a stranger to Meng Hao, but he gave of a similar feeling as Ji Mingfeng had. Meng Hao was certain that he was a member of the Ji Clan.



Meng Hao was a bit surprised to see the last person. He had to think for a moment before he realized who it was. Song Yunshu!

He was none other than the Dao Child of the Song Clan of the Southern Domain. During the Song Clan search for a son-in-law, Meng Hao had come in first place, and had actually become the husband of the beloved daughter of the Song Clan, Song Jia. Although he had never thought about the matter much, after seeing Song Yunshu here today, he recalled who the man was.

“Interesting,” said Meng Hao, his eyes shining coldly. “Who would have thought that I would meet the three of you here?!”

Next to Meng Hao, Xu Qing smiled as she looked at the group of three.

These three could never have imagined that they would run into Meng Hao in this place. Their faces instantly fell. Meng Hao’s identity also caused them to be thoroughly astonished. They were well aware of what it meant that Meng Hao was sitting in such a position as he was.

However, the more shocked they were, the more difficult they found it to believe. They also were completely astonished when they realized that Meng Hao’s appearance hadn’t changed.

“He... he actually acquired the identity of an Elite Apprentice!” thought Ji Xiaoxiao, her eyes widening. “Ke Jiusi! To get Ke Jiusi as a host body, that’s... that’s impossible! Elite Apprentice! That’s the kind of host body that exists only in legend!” She began to pant as her mind reeled.

Next to her was the other member of the Ji Clan. He didn’t know Meng Hao, but he knew that the person sitting in that position could only be the legendary number one bully of the Sect, Ke Jiusi. His heart trembled as he realized that Meng Hao was just like him, an outsider.

That in itself was enough to leave him flabbergasted. However, even more shocking was that he suddenly recalled that Ke Jiusi had killed a Conclave disciple of the First Peak nearly a month ago.

Instantly, he began to put the pieces of the puzzle together....

“He killed Ji Mingfeng!” he cried inwardly. “This is bad! If he knows that I know, he’ll kill me to shut me up!!” The Ji Clan member’s face fell. In actuality, he had wanted Ji Mingfeng dead more than anybody else, but nobody knew that.

Song Yunshu stood there in a daze. Although Meng Hao's appearance hadn't changed, he instantly began to suspect if what he was seeing was true. But then Meng Hao laughed. That expression caused Song Yunshu to recall the image from that year of the person who had become his brother-in-law, Meng Hao.

"Elite Apprentice.... He's actually... an Elite Apprentice!!"

Chapter 578: Dad....

The young man with the black wings was named Yu Xinglong. He looked thoughtfully at the group of three for a moment, then turned to Meng Hao. "Jiushi, do you know them?"

The other surrounding silkpants naturally looked over at the strange scene, their eyes glittering. They were now no longer chatting.

Instantly, the entire temple hall grew silent. Within the silence, Ji Xiaoxiao and the other two felt an intense pressure, causing an unprecedented sense of deadly crisis to fill them.

"Cheater!" thought Ji Xiaoxiao. "He's a cheater! Otherwise he could never become an Elite Apprentice!? How... how are other people supposed to acquire legacies here? How are other people supposed to survive!?!?" Her eyes were wide and sweat poured down her forehead. She looked like she was about to cry as she edged backward. However, the looks being given to her by the surrounding silkpants, who in her view were already dead, caused the sense of deadly crisis within her to climb to the pinnacle.

The male member of the Ji Clan was proud to the extreme, but at the moment... he couldn't summon a scrap of pride. "This isn't fair!" he thought. "How did he get his hands on such an identity...? How are the rest of us supposed to acquire any good fortune? Just from the look on his face you can tell that if he gets pissed off, he can say a word and... we'll all be dead!! If our souls die in here, then we're truly dead!"

"Of course I know them," said Meng Hao, smiling and standing up. "Close the doors!"

As soon as the words left his mouth, the main doors of the temple hall slammed shut. Glowing lights enveloped the doors, and at the same time, virtually all of the silkpants in the hall rose to their feet.

This was the Demon Entente. This was their headquarters. If they killed people here... it wouldn't be without repercussion, and there would certainly be punishments doled out. But they had plenty of measures to evade such punishment. If they wanted to, they could crush these three where they stood.

Meng Hao smiled and said, "I remember that the Third Peak has a Soul Scorching Cave. I can tell the three of us are bound by destiny. That doesn't happen very often. Therefore, I'll send you to the Soul Scorching Cave to train for a month.

"If you succeed, you're into the Demon Entente. If you fail, then your death has nothing to do with us." As his voice echoed out throughout the hall, the other silkpants burst out laughing.

The faces of the three South Heaven Cultivators instantly went pale. Song Yunshu reluctantly said, "Can we... think about it?"

"Think about it? Entering the Demon Entente temple clearly shows your intentions. If you back out now, then you're directly humiliating the Demon Entente. Do you dare to humiliate the Demon Entente? Do you dare to humiliate US?!" Meng Hao's voice grew louder and louder as he spoke, causing dark looks to appear in the eyes of all the other silkpants.

"Brothers from the Third Peak, please take them away. As for this one...." His eyes fell onto Song Yunshu, and it almost seemed as if he were looking at a dead person. "Forget about him."

Song Yunshu heaved a sigh of relief. Only a short moment had passed, but his entire body was already soaked with sweat.

Laughter filled the air as a dozen or so Third Peak silkpants flew out. They grabbed Ji Xiaoxiao and the other person, and then started to fly off. In this moment of crisis, Ji Xiaoxiao gritted her teeth and then anxiously called out, "I know where Ji Mingfeng's corpse is! He has a bag of holding with treasures in it. I can take you there!"

The other Ji Clan Cultivator's face fell, and he also called out, "Ji Mingfeng was unlucky! He picked the wrong time and then died before he came here! Nobody killed him! He died naturally!! I witnessed it myself! Since I was there, I couldn't possibly be mistaken!"

The words spoken by the two of them essentially meant the same thing; they were giving their dark vow to join this shady organization.

Meng Hao's eyes glittered as he pointed at the male Ji Clan Cultivator and said, "Take him away."

The face of the Ji Clan member flickered, and he was about to offer more explanations when the dozen or so Third Peak silkpants, having already been roused into action, whisked the man off before he could do anything further.

Song Yunshu's face was pale, and his mind was reeling.

Breathing raggedly, Ji Xiaoxiao pushed her hand down onto her forehead, causing a soul strand to fly toward Meng Hao. Meng Hao looked at her with an enigmatic smile and then accepted the soul strand.

"Welcome to the Demon Entente," said Meng Hao with a smile. The doors of the temple slowly opened. The observing silkpants knew that not all was as it seemed. However, everything was a matter of perspective, and to them, Ke Jiushi was part of their group, whereas everyone else was an outsider.

Ji Xiaoxiao forced a smile, then clasped hands and bowed. Inwardly, she sighed. She understood that from now on, she would have to try to convince other members of the Ji Clan that Ji Mingfeng had died because of an error in selecting the time period. That was why he had been killed the instant he appeared.

If anyone didn't believe her, then as soon as Meng Hao faced any trouble, she too would be in a bad situation. Having reached this conclusion, killing intent flickered in her eyes. Some of it was for Meng Hao, the other was for her fellow Clan members.

Outside, the sun was beginning to set. As everyone began to depart, Meng Hao noticed Song Yunshu's absentminded expression, and suddenly realized that, considering Ji Xiaoxiao's ruthlessness, this Song Clan Dao Child was surely heading for a catastrophe.

Meng Hao shook his head, then paid the matter no more heed as he headed back toward the Fourth Peak with Xu Qing.

More time passed.

Everything was peaceful. Each morning at dawn, Meng Hao would go to observe and study the Fourth Peak to gain enlightenment of the Mountain Consuming Incantation. Other times, he would go to the Underworld Cave to practice fleshly body tempering.

Another month passed. Meng Hao wasn't sure how the passage of time in the Primordial Demon Immortal Plane compared to that in the outside world. In any case, he had acquired quite a bit during these two months.

The Mountain Consuming Incantation was now in an embryonic form within him. He had succeeded in branding it into his mind. Furthermore, his fleshly body tempering had also succeeded to quite a degree. By now, his normal body was as tough as it had been in the Third Anima.

"It's too bad the Soul Divergence Incantation... seems like a normal technique, but actually requires a very special environment." Meng Hao felt it to be somewhat of a pity. He was starting to get the feeling that if he could master the technique, he would be able to make shocking gains within the Demon Immortal Sect.

In fact, he was now beginning to suspect that the Soul Divergence Incantation was the reason Ke Jiushi was still alive within the First Plane.

"The cultivation of this art is filled with profound mysteries. An undying soul..."

As for Xu Qing, she was completely submerged in the three hundred Daoist magics. Meng Hao did not disturb her. After all, gaining enlightenment of such Daoist magic was the most important thing for her and the others.

Meng Hao could tell that Xu Qing was extraordinarily qualified to seek enlightenment of the Daoist magic. Some of it had to do with the latent talent of her own soul, and some of it had to do with her host body.

Several days later, Meng Hao was floating cross-legged in mid-air, studying the Fourth Peak. All of a sudden, Ke Yunhai's voice could be heard in his ears.

"Come see me," said the low voice. Meng Hao's eyes instantly snapped open.

Without hesitation, his body flashed as he headed toward Ke Yunhai's Immortal's cave. It didn't take him long to arrive, and when he entered and saw Ke Yunhai, his face fell.

Ke Yunhai now looked nothing like the middle-aged man he had been two months ago. He was much older, thoroughly ancient, his head full of white hair.

He sat cross-legged on the stone bed, just like he had before. However, the oil lamp next to him was much dimmer than before.

When he saw the look on Meng Hao's face, Ke Yunhai said, "Don't worry, your dad isn't dead yet." He smiled, his eyes filled with kindness and expectation, and even more so, a reluctance to part.

Meng Hao wasn't sure why he felt the emotions that he did. He had known all along that something like this would happen; but to see Ke Yunhai change into a white-haired old man in front of his own eyes, to see the aura of death around him grow stronger and stronger... it filled his heart with emptiness.

Not much time had passed, but the fatherly love from Ke Yunhai that Meng Hao felt made him think of his own father. At the moment, all he could do was stand there silently.

"You've done well recently," said Ke Yunhai. "You haven't brought about any more disasters for me to deal with. Since you've decided to focus on body tempering, then let me tell you about one of the three thousand Daoist magics that should be especially useful to you. It's called the Nine Heavens Treasured Body Seal. It's a Daoist magic that fuses magical items into your fleshly body, turning it into a treasure. By combining it with the Mountain Consuming Incantation, you can make your body into something like a mountain.

"In the rankings of the three thousand Daoist magics, it is number 9!" His voice was very dignified by the time he finished speaking.

"There is another art called Fleshly Sanctification! It is extremely extraordinary. It would be better to call it a technique than a secret art. If you can master it, then your fleshly body can grow exponentially powerful in the blink of an eye, and stay that way forever.

"Such a mysterious art is extremely rare. In my entire life, I've only heard of two such arts. As far as the specific details of how much it can strengthen your body, father doesn't know. What I do know is that among the three thousand Daoist magics, it is ranked... number 7!

“Regarding the top ten Daoist magics among the three thousand, even I have no way to acquire them, not even with further service to the Sect. Lord Li has set rules regarding the top ten. All of them, with the exception of the legacy of the Mountain and Sea Scripture, can only be acquired by entering the Demon Immortal Pagoda.

“It is not easy to open the pagoda. The seven great Sect Priests must all join hands to do so. The pagoda has 99 levels. Every ten levels, there is a chance to acquire a Daoist magic.

“I’ve paid a heavy price to convince the other six Sect Priests to agree to open the pagoda for you two times. You need to seize these two chances, and fight to acquire the Daoist magic that you need!” Ke Yunhai spoke all these words casually. However, from the fluctuations on his ancient face, Meng Hao could guess that despite his light tone, he really had paid an incredible price.

If he hadn’t, the other six Sect Priests would never have agreed to open the Demon Immortal Pagoda.

“Furthermore,” continued Ke Yunhai, “although both instances of the Demon Immortal Pagoda opening have been arranged specifically for you, in order to cut down on gossip, others will also be allowed to enter.

“You don’t need to worry. Although the difficulty level within the pagoda is extreme, father has prepared quite a few magical items for you. I spared no cost to give you your chance to get the special body tempering Daoist magics.” As he spoke, a reddish glow appeared in Ke Yunhai’s face. The glow was not ordinary, and almost looked like the last glow of light before sunset. He waved his hand, and a beastskin bag flew out in front of Meng Hao.

“Inside you will find 5,000 magical items, 30,000 Demon Weapons, 150,000 talismanic seals, and 1,000,000 Demon Stones. Take them. Even if you have to force your way through, then do it! Get to the top for me! Get those Daoist magics that you need!” From the way he looked at Meng Hao as he spoke, it was clear how much he doted upon him. Meng Hao’s heart began to tremble as he looked at the beastskin bag. He took it in his hand and then scanned it with Divine Sense. His entire body shook.

It was clear that virtually all of the items inside emanated a fresh, new aura. Within that aura could be sensed a bit of Ke Yunhai.

Shockingly, all of these items... had been personally forged by Ke Yunhai during the past two months.

Even as his allocated lifespan reached its end, he had spared no effort to refine all of these objects for his son. Embodied here was the love of a father for his child; after all, of the items had been refined with his own life force.

When Meng Hao spoke, his voice was not carefully controlled like it had been before. As of this moment, he had forgotten about Ke Jiusi. This time... the words came up from the depths of his heart. He was so moved by Ke Yunhai, so envious of this life, felt so many complex thoughts and emotions, that all he could do was look up and softly murmur, “Dad....”

Chapter 579: To Get the Mountain and Sea Scripture, You Must Have a Demon Immortal Body!

“Stop acting like a little kid,” said Ke Yunhai, the love in his eyes growing even deeper. “Concentrate wholeheartedly on your cultivation. It’s a good thing! I just wish... that you had started acting like this a bit sooner.

“Alright, go. The Demon Immortal Pagoda opens in three days. If you can get some of what you want, then it won’t have been in vain that I got them to open it for you.” He gave Meng Hao a deep look.

Meng Hao bowed his head, then clasped his hands. Clutching the beastskin bag in his hand, he left, taking his melancholy and other complex emotions with him.

As he watched Meng Hao leave, Ke Yunhai’s face was no longer ruddy, but pale white. More wrinkles appeared, and the death aura surrounding him grew stronger. It seemed as if his flame of life could be snuffed out at any moment.

“Jiusi, your father can’t be with you forever. Soon... you’ll have only yourself to rely on.... I hope that you can learn to be a bit more sensible....” Ke Yunhai only continued to grow older. Originally, his Cultivation base had nearly limitless longevity. However, Lord Li had returned the Heavenly life to the masses. In the end, all life would wither and die. As for Ke Yunhai, he had existed for a very, very long time. Currently, he was running out of energy to continue existing.

Actually, he should have withered up and died many years ago. However, because of his concern for Ke Jiusi, he continued to endure. Eventually, though he found that, no matter how much he wanted to continue on, he wouldn’t be able to do so for much longer.

“Lord Li, I will respect your decision. However... are you sure it is the correct one? If we powerful experts do not have limitless life, then what we are cultivating is not longevity. In that case, what is



the end purpose of it all?” Ke Yunhai sighed and closed his eyes. However, only a moment passed before they opened again. Exhaustion could be seen within, but also, a bright glow, like the last flickering of a bright fire before it went out.

“Now is not the time for me to close my eyes. Before returning to the dust, I need to finish refining that true lifesaving treasure for Jiusi. I’ve been working on it for years, and only have a bit more work left.... Once it’s complete, then even if he hasn’t successfully refined the Soul Divergence Incantation, even nine Tribulations couldn’t kill him. In fact, it might even help him to finish cultivating the Soul Divergence Incantation!”

After returning to his own Immortal’s cave, Meng Hao saw that Xu Qing was still sitting there meditating, silently focusing on cultivating enlightenment. Meng Hao sat down and glanced around at the extravagant decorations on the walls of the Immortal’s cave.

After a long time passed, he looked down at the beastskin bag. It actually wasn’t very heavy, but for some reason, in Meng Hao’s hands, it felt very heavy indeed. What truly filled the bag wasn’t actually magical items, but rather, a father’s love for his son.

It contained his very life, and the truest of his feelings.

Finally, Meng Hao sighed. He closed his eyes and thought once again about his own father and mother, and the vague images of them that still existed within his memories.

Time passed. Three days were gone in the blink of an eye.

The echoing of bell tolls could be heard throughout the entire Demon Immortal Sect. Countless disciples, awoken from their sleep, flew out of their residences. All of them were astonished, and wanted to know what was going on. What they found was that in mid-air above the Demon Immortal Sect, pulsating, multicolored lights had suddenly appeared.

Rays of light spread out in all directions, covering the sky. The light made the three inverted mountains which hung up above to be even clearer.

As the light grew more intense, innumerable Cultivators appeared on the seven peaks of the Demon Immortal Sect. All of them were shaken inwardly. Some were old veterans of the Sect, whose expressions slowly began to change, as if they had suddenly recalled something. Their eyes filled with disbelief.

The bright glow lasted for a full quarter of an hour. Then, in the very center of the glow appeared an enormous fissure. It looked like a huge mouth with no beginning or end. The instant it appeared, a shocking rumbling sound echoed out as a glowing, bronze pagoda slowly emerged from within the fissure.

Each level of the pagoda had four iron chains stretching out into the air. There were a total of 99 levels, and therefore, nearly four hundred iron chains. Anyone who laid eyes on such a shocking scene would definitely be left astonished.

In the blink of an eye, the enormous pagoda had emerged. Rumbling echoed out in all directions and the ground quaked. The bronze pagoda slowly lowered down from the sky, growing larger and larger, until it seemed to blot out the sky above. Even though it was early morning, it almost seemed like the dead of night.

Finally, the enormous pagoda descended toward a spot between the Fourth and Third Peaks, directly above... the deep pit, which according to legend, housed the great Demon Divinity that protected the entire Sect.

It did not touch down onto the land, but rather, hovered up above. A huge shadow filled the sky above the Demon Immortal Sect. The pagoda appeared to be above the deep pit, but that was actually only the center location. In reality... if you looked at it from a distance, the pagoda seemed to cover the entire Demon Immortal Sect.

Beneath the darkness of the pagoda was not just the deep pit, but all seven peaks and the lands around them!

All of the Demon Immortal Sect disciples were panting and staring numbly.

Shockingly, on the 1st level of the pagoda was a huge bronze door covered with carvings of countless auspicious beasts, which emanated an archaic and primordial will.

The gigantic pagoda was shocking to the extreme. Compared to its huge size, the Cultivators below were nothing more than ants. Even the seven peaks looked like children in comparison.

It was at this point that seven suns, each one a different color, flew out from the seven peaks. As they slowly flew up into the air, the disciples in the Demon Immortal Sect all dropped to their knees to kowtow.

Within these seven suns sat seven cross-legged figures. They... were the seven Paragons of the seven peaks!

Within the fourth sun was none other than Ke Yunhai.

As the seven Paragons flew up into the sky, each one raised a hand and pointed toward the bronze pagoda. Instantly, a roaring sound could be heard as the huge bronze door on the 1st level suddenly... opened slightly!

Although the door only opened a crack, this pagoda was enormous. What appeared to be only a tiny sliver was actually three hundred meters wide!

The deep voice of the Seventh Peak Paragon suddenly rang out, “The Demon Immortal Pagoda has opened. In total, there are 99 levels. There is a chance on every level to acquire one of the 3,000 Daoist magics. Every ten levels, there is a chance to get one of the top 100. In the higher levels, there is even a chance to acquire Daoist magics from the top 10! The 70th, 80th, and 90th levels all provide that chance!

“If you pass the 99th level... you may select any of the top 10 Daoist magics, with the exception of the Mountain and Sea Scripture!

“Every time the pagoda is opened, it requires a vast consumption of Sect resources. Today, all of you will have a chance. Whichever of you has good luck, will be able to acquire good fortune.” The voice echoed throughout the entire Demon Immortal Sect. As it faded away, a deathly silence spread out among the million disciples of the Demon Immortal Sect.

It only took a moment, though, before an incredible commotion exploded out.

“The Demon Immortal Pagoda.... Is that the Demon Immortal Pagoda? Heavens! It’s... it’s huge!”

“That’s the most important pagoda in the First Heaven of the Demon Immortal Sect. It’s a precious treasure of the same level as the Mountain and Sea Scripture!”

Amidst the rise and fall of conversation, there was a female Cultivator who stood on the Fifth Peak, her fists clenched tightly. It was none other than Fang Yu, her eyes shining with determination and wild joy.

“I never thought that there would be such good fortune this time!” she thought. “The Demon Immortal Pagoda has actually appeared in this period of time!” Her eyes glowed with stubbornness.

At the same time, a middle-aged man stood at the foot of the Seventh Peak. He was an Inner Sect disciple honor guard in charge of Outer Sect disciples. He stood, looking up at the enormous Demon Immortal Pagoda up in the sky, his hands clasped behind his back and a strange light gleaming in his eyes.

“I thought my good fortune would be restricted to the gains in the Seventh Peak, and that it would be difficult to acquire at that. But now that the Demon Immortal Pagoda has appeared, my chances have improved quite a bit!” This middle-aged man was the same person Meng Hao had been looking for: Patriarch Huyan.

Throughout the Demon Immortal Sect, Wang Lihai, Han Bei, and the other South Heaven Cultivators were all shaken. It didn't matter if they were from the Eastern Lands, the Northern Reaches, the Southern Domain, or the Black Lands. All of them were astonished.

Amongst their number was an Inner Sect disciple from the Third Peak. He was a young man who up until this moment had spent his time bowing obsequiously to everyone around him. However, in the blink of an eye, he suddenly stood ramrod straight. Within his eyes flickered a bright glow, and an aura that almost seemed to contain the will of a monarch flickered out from his body.

This young man was from the Northern Reaches, and was of the Imperial Bloodline Clan!

He was not the only such blazing sun within the Demon Immortal Sect. There were others, all of whom suddenly rose up with lofty wills.

One of them was on the Sixth Peak. It was a young woman who shockingly wore the robes of a Conclave disciple. Other than Meng Hao, she had a higher position than anyone else from the Southern Domain.

She blinked a few times as she looked over toward the Fourth Peak and the Demon Immortal Pagoda. Then she smiled.

“Meng Hao really does have some pretty good luck. He found the corpse of one of the Elite Disciples, and in the few months before Ke Yunhai passed away in meditation at that.

“For the Demon Immortal Pagoda to appear in this Second Plane of limitless possibilities is nothing strange. It’s just like the real world. After all, with the Night Demon in existence, Heaven and Earth can create something from nothing. Even the traitorous Lord Ji was rather frightened.”

Naturally, this woman was Zhixiang.

“The Demon Immortal Pagoda has been opened!” As the archaic voice of the Seventh Peak Paragon sounded out, thousands of figures instantly flew up into the air toward the pagoda.

Meng Hao and Xu Qing walked out of the Immortal Cave and looked up at the towering pagoda. Xu Qing’s eyes filled with a glow of determination. She looked down at the jade slip in her hand and chuckled silently.

“I won’t be going,” she said. “These three hundred Daoist magics are good enough.”

Meng Hao nodded. He knew Xu Qing’s disposition, so he did nothing to try to persuade her to change her mind. He took a deep breath and looked up toward Ke Yunhai’s sun up in the sky. He could see the silhouette of the ancient man he had spoken with only three days before. After a moment of silent contemplation, his eyes flickered with decisiveness.

“Whether it’s for me or for Ke Yunhai, I’m going to go absolutely all out!” His body flickered as he flew up into the air toward the Demon Immortal Pagoda that had been opened especially for him. Up above, the figures in the seven suns, the seven Paragons, all looked at Meng Hao.

Within Ke Yunhai’s eyes could be seen hope as he watched Meng Hao disappear into the pagoda.

At the same time, more and more figures flew up and entered. In a very short period of time, more than 100,000 people had entered the 1st level of the Demon Immortal Pagoda.

Down below were even more people who chose just to watch. Since they only had this one chance, they decided to first observe for a while to see if they could derive any benefits.

“Back in the Sect, there’s a detailed description of the Demon Immortal Pagoda,” thought Zhixiang. “The pagoda doesn’t test the level of one’s Cultivation base, nor the quality of one’s latent talent. What it tests is a person’s overall battle prowess.

“The level of difficulty is the same for every person, regardless of the level of their Cultivation base. A Cultivator in the Qi Condensation stage and an Immortal would both have the same chance. Each participant will face different opponents, based on their own strength.

“I’m curious how far that brat Meng Hao will get. What level will he reach?” Zhixiang didn’t immediately enter the pagoda. As far as she was concerned, while it was shocking enough to shake Heaven and Earth, at the same time, it wasn’t something very important to her.

Her main purpose here was not to seek out Daoist magic. No, she was here... for the number one battle body of the Demon Immortal Sect, that which could shake the Ninth Mountain and Sea... the Demon Immortal Body!

Regardless of past times or present, the Demon Immortal Body was incredible and illustrious. In fact, Lord Li possessed such a body in the past. According to hearsay, if one wished to acquire the Mountain and Sea Scripture, one had to possess the Demon Immortal Body!

Zhixiang made her decision. “When the matter with the pagoda is over, I’ll go find that brat!”

Chapter 580: The Path of Good Fortune

Outside the Demon Immortal Pagoda, a million Cultivators scattered to the area outside of the various mountain peaks. That was the only place where they could view its exterior.

A million disciples formed a ring around the pagoda, which they all stared at fixedly.

What they saw was nearly a 100,000 bright dots of light appear on the 1st level of the pagoda. They were densely packed together, and each one represented a disciple of the Demon Immortal Sect.

“I wonder what it’s like inside?” murmured a Conclave disciple from the First Peak as he looked at the dots of light.

Similar questions were going through the minds of all the disciples who were watching the Demon Immortal Pagoda.

However, before they could put much thought to it, roughly half of the 100,000 dots of light suddenly vanished. A moment later, tens of thousands of Cultivators were ejected out into the air, blood spraying from their mouths as they tumbled backward.

There were even some who were knocked completely unconscious.

The sight immediately caused everyone to gasp. However, at the same time, a dot of light appeared on the previously dark 2nd level!

“Someone made it past the 1st level!”

“How much time has passed? Someone already made it past the 1st level!” The buzz of conversation filled the air.

Fang Yu’s pupils constricted as she watched on silently.

Wang Lihai was also in the crowds of people, frowning.

The young man from the Northern Reaches stood there, his eyes glittering brightly. Generally speaking, South Heaven Cultivators would not be the first ones to rush into the Demon Immortal Pagoda. Most would wait on the outside to observe.

After the first person made it to the 2nd level, gradually, more lights began to appear. All of the observers settled their Qi and calmed their minds as they focused completely on the proceedings.

Some, feeling confident in their ability and experience, decided to enter the pagoda.

When Meng Hao entered the 1st level of the pagoda, the first thing he saw was a land covered in blackness. The reek of blood wafted through the air, as if he were standing on some ancient battlefield.

Looking around, he suddenly noticed that the air up ahead was rippling. Ten figures appeared, all of them blurry and unclear. However, their Cultivation bases were all at the great circle of the Nascent Soul stage.

The ten figures emanated a raging killing intent as they charged toward Meng Hao.

Meng Hao's eyes flickered, and suddenly he laughed as he realized what was being tested in the Demon Immortal Pagoda. As the ten figures neared, he did not retreat, but instead shot forward to meet them.

Rumbling echoed out as Meng Hao transformed into a green smoke. All it took was a fist or a finger attack. The ten great circle Nascent Soul figures were incapable of fighting back. In the blink of an eye, they were destroyed.

All of it lasted only the space of five breaths, and ten opponents were slaughtered.

Next, however, black smoke began to rise up from their bodies. It seethed and churned, forming together into one single pitch-black figure. He wore a long black robe, and a black mask. His black hair floated up into the air, and an aura emanated out from him that caused Meng Hao's pupils to constrict.

Even more shocking was that although this man also had a Cultivation base at the great circle of the Nascent Soul stage, it was completely different than those of the figures from before. If you likened those figures to fierce dogs, this man was a lone wolf.

He eyed Meng Hao coldly, then suddenly raised his hand up. Shockingly, a mountain appeared above his hand.

The instant the mountain appeared, Meng Hao recognized it. This was the Mountain Consuming Incantation!

Next, the mountain vanished, and the man appeared directly in front Meng Hao. A palm strike descended. Meng Hao's eyes flickered; it was as if he saw a mountain rushing directly toward him.

"A great circle Nascent Soul expert from ancient times!" Meng Hao's eyes shone with the desire to do battle. Any of the items inside the beastring bag he carried could instantly wipe out this expert.



However, Meng Hao just couldn't make himself use the items given to him by Ke Yunhai on the 1st level.

Without even entering the Second Anima, he struck out with his fist. He wanted to use this opportunity to test out exactly how strong or weak he was compared to a person of the same stage as himself, except from ancient times.

A booming rang out as the two of them fought back and forth. Divine abilities and magical techniques caused multicolored light to explode out shockingly in all directions!

A moment later, the black-robed figure turned and then made a strange writhing movement to appear directly in front of Meng Hao. Meng Hao laughed, not retreating, but rather, punching out with full force.

The two of them fought back and forth within the 1st level of the Demon Immortal Pagoda. After enough time had passed for an incense stick to burn, an explosion could be heard. The black-robed figure shook and then collapsed into pieces. It transformed into a stream of magical symbols that quickly surrounded Meng Hao.

Meng Hao panted a bit, and his eyes glinted as if they contained lightning. The battle hadn't lasted for too long, only the time it takes an incense stick to burn. However, during that short time in which he had battled with the illusory figure, he had gone all out with his magical techniques before finally shaking his opponent and eventually destroying him.

Most importantly, Meng Hao's body was currently as strong as it normally would be in the Third Anima. Were it not for that, he would never have been able to achieve victory while only in the First Anima.

"A powerful Nascent Soul expert from ancient times. Incredible!" Meng Hao took a deep breath as he looked at the magical symbols floating around him.

There were thousand of them, flickering between lightness and darkness, emanating fearsome pressure. In the blink of an eye, one of the magical symbols rushed toward Meng Hao.

It was as if the symbol had chosen him; eyes flickering, Meng Hao did nothing to evade the incoming symbol, but rather, allowed it to fuse into his body. Gradually, it transformed into a Daoist magic.

“Demonfire?” Meng Hao took some time to feel it out. This art was not one of the three thousand Daoist magics, but rather, a simple, miscellaneous technique.

Well, it could be called simple as far as the Demon Immortal Sect was concerned. However, if you revealed such a magical technique to the Sects of the lands of South Heaven, even this simple Demonfire would be incredible and extraordinary.

A strange glow appeared in Meng Hao’s eyes. He closed them thoughtfully for a moment, and when they opened, they shone with enlightenment. It was an enlightenment that had nothing to do with the Demonfire technique, but rather, this examination as a whole.

“This examination is different for every person, based on the level of their Cultivation base. The difficulty will be the same for everybody!”

“If I were in the Dao Seeking stage, then I would have faced ten Dao Seeking experts.... Actually, my true prize from the 1st level is not the Demonfire technique, but rather... a look into how the Mountain Consuming Incantation is used!

“I never realized that the incantation could be utilized in such a way.” With that, his body flashed as he headed toward the 2nd level.

Even as Meng Hao stepped into the 2nd level, the disciples surrounding the Demon Immortal Pagoda were all observing with rapt attention. All of them had looks of determination in their eyes.

In order to acquire the good fortune that lay within the Demon Immortal Pagoda, what was required had nothing to do with Cultivation base, but actually, destiny!

By now, everyone could see that more than half of the remaining dots of light from the 1st level had already vanished and reappeared on the 2nd level. There were even few that had reached the 3rd level.

The greatest cause for envy among the Demon Immortal Sect disciples, however, was that there were more than ten dots of light on the 5th level.

The scene caused the hearts of the observers to seethe with excitement. Quite a few finally decided to enter the pagoda themselves.

The young man from the Imperial Clan of the Northern Reaches watched on, a flicker of disdain in his eyes.

“All these illusory people are actually dead. They don’t even know that they don’t exist. Yet even in an illusory world, their greed can be aroused. How amusing!

“Unfortunately, even if somebody does manage to reach the 99th level, only those of us with living souls can actually acquire good fortune for ourselves!” A bright light glittered in his eyes as he flew up into the air. An air of scorn emanated off of him as he shot toward the Demon Immortal Pagoda.

Wang Lihai, Han Bei, and Fang Yu all watched with flickering eyes. They didn’t fly out toward the pagoda. As for the rest of the Cultivators from South Heaven, some hesitated, some had looks of decisiveness on their faces.

Zhao Fang’s face was pale, and his eyes glowed with an intense light. The identity he had acquired was not that of the Inner Sect disciple he had originally been watching over, but rather, an Outer Sect disciple.

Even the corpse of this Outer Sect disciple had been difficult to come by when the critical moment arrived. Although Meng Hao had scared off Wang Lihai, in the end, a Cultivator from the Northern Reaches had come to snatch it away.

“The hope of my Tribe rests on me! I WILL acquire some Daoist magic!” Gritting his teeth, Zhao Fang flew up into the air toward the Demon Immortal Pagoda.

At almost every moment, more disciples flew up from the Demon Immortal Sect to charge toward the pagoda. As everyone else watched the dots of light on the various levels, Meng Hao finally ascended to the 2nd.

As soon as he entered the 2nd level, he instantly found himself surrounded by a huge sea. Massive waves rolled across its surface. Crashing sounds could be heard as ten statues rose up from within the waters.

Shockingly, each statue seemed as powerful as the black-robed expert he had just faced up against. Apparently, the difficulty level had just increased by a factor of ten!

Meng Hao's eyes flickered, exploding with an overflowing will to fight. What he needed right now was an unrestrained, massive battle. He would refine his Cultivation base with fire, temper his fleshly body, making it so that the two worked together in perfect harmony.

As soon as the statues appeared, their eyes opened. An incredible aura blasted out as they shot toward Meng Hao.

“Second Anima!”

BANG!

Meng Hao's body expanded and his Cultivation base exploded out. His battle prowess rocketed up, revealing the power of two great circle Nascent Souls. As for his fleshly body, it also exploded up in power. Now that he was in the Second Anima, its strength was comparable to that of the Fourth Anima. He directly shot toward the incoming statues.

The ten statues were incredibly realistic; Demonic Qi roiled out from them, just barely discernible on their foreheads were totem tattoos.

Roaring sounds exploded out across the sea as the battle raged. It lasted for a little less than an hour. One statue after another was crushed by Meng Hao's Second Anima attacks. Their magical techniques landed onto a body that was comparable to the Fourth Anima, and were completely blocked.

When the last statue exploded into pieces, the seawater which had formed them rose up into the air and formed together into a shocking, enormous mountain peak!

The mountain was the color of the sea. This was a sea mountain, and when it appeared, it shone with brilliant, colorful light as it smashed down toward Meng Hao.

The mountain neared and the wind raged. A crater-like depression appeared in the seawater below. Meng Hao's hair whipped about, along with his robes. He looked at the descending sea mountain, and his eyes filled with a strange light.

“The Mountain Consuming Incantation again?”