

The Heavens 601

Chapter 601: Generous Zhixiang!

Zhixiang looked at Meng Hao thoughtfully for a moment, then nodded. It seemed that at that point, she suddenly thought of something else. She hesitated for a moment.

“It’s all legend,” she continued. “No one really knows if it’s true or not. Maybe it is, maybe it isn’t.... Furthermore, true spirit Night’s bizarreness can actually appear during any time.

“In the original Demon Immortal Sect, countless Chosen disciples attempted to research it. In their belief, Night possessed an ability like teleportation. However, it teleported, not through the physical realm, but through time.

“Therefore, many people staunchly believed that Night’s dream was no dream, but an actual teleportation through time. There was even much evidence collected to support that view.”

Meng Hao stood there thoughtfully for a moment, then closed his eyes. A long time passed before he opened them again. No trace could be seen of any change in his thinking.

“Whether it was an illusion or real doesn’t matter,” he murmured inwardly. “As long as I believe it was real, and is still connected to me, then Karma exists in my heart. Regardless of the facts, that is the most important.” Just now, he had felt somewhat confused, but after closing his eyes for a moment, he felt enlightened.

“Let’s go,” he said coolly. “The Demon Immortal Cistern awaits.”

Zhixiang looked at him for a moment and then nodded. They walked onward in single file, following the same path from before as they headed toward the Demon Immortal Cistern.

Before much time passed, they reached the location of the same cistern they had visited within the Second Plane.

The area was damaged and worn. Cracks could be seen everywhere, and many parts had completely fallen apart. Many of the stones had been crushed, quite a few of which hovered about in mid-air.

All of it made it seem as if it would be very difficult to approach the pond waters. Even the waters themselves were not as clear as they had been in the Second Plane; there appeared to be silt built up in some parts.

Most relevant of all, the waters were much shallower....

At first glance, the cistern looked like a huge pit. Before, it had been filled with water, but now, only a bit was left at the bottom, perhaps only ten percent of what had been there in the Second Plane.

When she saw that remaining ten percent of water, though, Zhixiang's eyes filled with excitement, and she let out a huge sigh. What she had feared most was coming here with the proper qualifications only to find that because of the passage of time, the cistern waters were completely gone.

Were that to have been the case, it would have meant she had completely wasted all of her effort. All of the preparations made by her Sect would have been completely for naught.

Everything had been a gamble, in which success could lead to a meteoric rise. However, failure, and the losses thus incurred, would have led to the decline of her Sect.

Zhixiang suppressed her excitement as she looked around the area. When she caught sight of the rock upon which she had left the mark in the Second Plane, she began to quiver and breathe heavily. She had to work hard to try to suppress her excitement.

Everything had worked out perfectly, even more smoothly than she could have possibly imagined. The key to it all was the stone with her mark on it. To enter this area, one needed the qualifications. To enter the Demon Immortal Cistern itself, one needed a second qualification.

That second qualification could only be acquired within the Second Plane, but not used there. Instead, the qualification could be retrieved in the Third Plane, and then cultivated.

If there was no Second Plane, and one went directly to the Third Plane, at first, there wouldn't seem to be much difference. Zhixiang and her Sect, however, had used augury to ascertain with relative certainty that, because of the passage of time, and the great catastrophe, the restrictive spells in the area were thoroughly sealed, and would not approve of any intruder.

The only method of success was to get qualifications in ancient times!

Zhixiang took a deep breath, then turned toward Meng Hao, clasped hands, and bowed deeply.

“Fellow Daoist Meng, many thanks for all your assistance. I would now like to once again ask for your expertise in opening up a path. Please remove the curse power from the area and allow me to... succeed in entering the cistern waters!” She bowed to him once again.

Meng Hao understood that this was the extent of the help she needed from him. The entire area was broken and in ruins. It all seemed quite messy and chaotic, and even quite dangerous. Zhixiang was nervous because of the same thing that had made her nervous back in the Bridge of Immortal Treading; invisible curses.

The further one went along, the more terrifying the curses became. Anything that touched them would receive an intense jolt of backlash.

“Let me try,” he said with a nod. He had given Zhixiang his promise, and would not go back on his word unless he came across something that was truly beyond his control.

Thinking back to his experience in the Bridge of Immortal Treading, he had some speculations as to the reason why he was not affected by the curses; perhaps it had something to do with him being a Demon Sealer. His eyes glittering, he walked forward, waving his right hand to cause some of the stones that were blocking their way to lift up into the air. The stones did not appear to be equipped with any sort of curse; it seemed to take almost no effort to lift them up and move them over.

Meng Hao continued forward, taking care of all the stones, even the ones that floated in mid-air. soon a path emerged, leading directly up to the cistern waters.

“Like that?” he asked, looking back at Zhixiang.

She gaped in astonishment, suddenly uncertain about whether or not the curses actually existed. If there were no curses... then it meant that bringing along Meng Hao for help was actually just giving him good fortune for free.

When this occurred to her, she felt distress in her heart. After all, she had promised Meng Hao that he could immerse himself in the waters with her. And yet, the water was quite low now.....

“There couldn’t possibly be NO curses, could there?” she thought. “Don’t tell me that if I got the proper qualifications, and my identity was acknowledged, then the curses wouldn’t target me?” With that, she ground her teeth and began to walk forward.

However, before she could take three steps, her face suddenly flickered. The color of her skin suddenly turned black; blood sprayed from her mouth and she retreated backward quickly.

She fell back four or five steps and then sat down cross-legged. She waved her right arm, causing a hundred golden needles to appear, which then stabbed into her body from various directions. Vast quantities of black blood oozed out, emanating a foul, rotten stench. Zhixiang’s face was as pale as death as she produced a small clay pellet. Enduring the pain of losing such an item, she crushed it, causing an amber-colored medicinal pill to fly out, which she immediately consumed.

A long moment later, she still felt incredibly weak, but the black color was fading away from her skin. When it finally disappeared, and her injuries were recovered, she looked up with an expression of fear toward Meng Hao. There was only about thirty meters or so between the two of them, but to her, it was a shocking distance.

Just now, she had neared a curse that hadn’t fallen. If she had truly entered into it fully, she would long since have been transforming into pool of black liquid.

Having seen what just happened to Zhixiang, Meng Hao began to think. He felt a little bit bad. He quickly began to inspect the area, but couldn’t see anything particularly strange about it. It was as if the area really was a forbidden zone, except, the effects didn’t apply to him at all.

“What do we do now?” asked Zhixiang. She was more than thirty meters away, her expression anxious, her eyes wide. Success was only a short distance away, and yet that distance seemed like the vast gully between Heaven and Earth, impossible to cross.

In fact, she hadn’t even noticed yet that her clothing had already begun to rot. A wind blew past, causing some of it transform into ash and reveal the skin beneath.

Meng Hao wasn’t any surer than her what to do at this point. He looked at the brackish water in the cistern and then glanced back at Zhixiang. “What if you hold onto me and I try leading you in?” he asked.

Zhixiang was silent for a moment. What had happened just now had left her completely shocked, and without any ideas of what to do. Even asking Meng Hao to bring the water to her would have been useless; to acquire the Demon Immortal Body required that she meditate within the cistern itself.

She clenched her teeth, and determination appeared in her eyes. The Sect had made far too many preparations to reach this point. All hope was placed in her. She would rather die in here than simply give up.

She took a deep breath, then nodded her head with an expression that meant she was ready to go for broke. She looked toward Meng Hao and then clasped hands once again and bowed.

“Many thanks for your assistance, Elder Brother Meng. Zhixiang will remember your kindness for the rest of her life!” The way she bowed caused the previously partially covered skin to be even more revealed to Meng Hao. All of a sudden, he caught sight of a thoroughly soul-stirring sight.

Suddenly becoming aware of this, Zhixiang’s face reddened. She straightened up and then coolly said, “It’s just a little bit of skin. If you like it, Elder Brother Meng, I can offer it to you as a gift.”

The ‘generousness’ of Zhixiang’s words caused Meng Hao to cough dryly a few times, and a strange look appeared on his face. He calmed himself inwardly. From the very moment he had met Zhixiang, he had felt her to have somewhat of a changeable disposition. Every time he ran into her, it was like she had had a different personality.

She was flirty at first, then licentious. Sometimes candid, and now... almost like a man in the way she spoke.

“No, forget about it....” he replied, clearing his throat. He walked toward Zhixiang, and as he neared, she raised her hand and clasped his arm. Then she took a deep breath, and a look of decisiveness filled her eyes.

He glanced at her again, then, without another word, turned and led her forward one step. Then two steps. Three steps....

Her body was trembling, and by the time they reached the place where her expression had changed the last time, she was incredibly nervous. However, this time she could not sense the curse like she could before. Although, her clothes were now rapidly disappearing....

By the time they had taken seven or eight steps, they were completely within the cursed area. Zhixiang's clothes were now totally gone, revealing a beautiful body that would cause any man to begin to pant.

It was curvaceous and beautiful beyond compare.

Meng Hao glanced her over and saw everything. In his recollection, this was his second time to see a woman's body. The first time had been when he saw Chu Yuyan's. Right now, though, the feeling he experienced was completely different.

As he compared the two, he occasionally smiled and nodded, occasionally frowned, and occasionally revealed an expression of wonderment.

Zhixiang looked at him, clenched her teeth, and then said out of the corner of her mouth. "What part do you like? I'll give it to you."

Meng Hao smiled and pointed.

Zhixiang's eyebrows raised up. She suddenly formed her right hand into the shape of a blade which then shot toward the part on her chest that he had pointed to.

Meng Hao's eyes went wide and he quickly stopped her. "Fine, you win. I don't need it, even if you keep chopping."

Zhixiang glared hatefully at him for a moment but didn't say anything else. She held on to him as they proceeded forward toward the cistern waters. Soon they entered the waters themselves, proceeding into the very center.

Although the waters were clearly brackish, something strange happened. A delicate fragrance began to emanate out of Zhixiang. As it spread about, it fused into the waters, causing them to churn. In the blink of an eye, they were no longer brackish, but instead, perfectly clear. In fact they even began to emanate their own delicate fragrance.

If analyzed it carefully, you would realize that the fragrance was the same as Zhixiang's.

Chapter 602: Good Fortune!

Meng Hao's eyes flickered as Zhixiang dragged him into the waters and then sat down cross-legged. There was not much water, only enough to reach Zhixiang's supple waist.

She pulled him to sit down cross-legged in the waters across from her. When his gaze fell onto her body, he cleared his throat.

"While I absorb the power of the Demon Immortal Cistern," she said lightly, "you can also temper your body. As it happens, I have a special type of physique; during the process of transforming my body into a Demon Immortal Body, I will emit a unique fragrance.

"That fragrance can be considered something like a precious material when you fuse it into your fleshly body. Therefore... you can build up a lot of synergy with your best body tempering magics when you use them here.

"It would be much better for you to absorb the fragrance than simply let it go to waste.

"In addition, please do not disturb me during the process. As for the curses, according to the research of the Sect, once I begin the transformation process, they won't affect me.

"If you finish before me, you can wait for me outside. I'm not sure how long the process will take, so I hope you can stand guard over me until I finish." With a final look at Meng Hao, she closed her eyes.

The instant she did, a strong fragrance suddenly emanated out from her. It fused into the waters, causing a white mist to rise up. The mist, too, was quite strong, and in the blink of an eye, had covered the entire cistern, completely concealing both Meng Hao and Zhixiang.

Meng Hao's eyes flickered as he looked around. He quickly realized that while the pulsating coldness in the water had originally been somewhat weak, after the mist rose up, the coldness was increased by more than ten times.

From the look of it, that coldness was only continuing to increase. Meng Hao knew from his time immersing himself in the waters back in the Second Plane that the more intense the coldness, the better the results he would experience. He took a deep breath as he rotated his Cultivation base. A moment later, he realized something else. It seemed as if the mist in the area was adding

nourishment to his fleshly body. As it poured into him, his fleshly body began to experience a shocking transformation, slowly becoming more powerful.

“Zhixiang wasn’t lying,” he thought, his eyes shining with a bright light. Both the mist and the cistern waters were extremely beneficial to his fleshly body. He hadn’t even employed any magical techniques, and yet was already receiving incredible gain.

Although it didn’t seem likely that he would be able to achieve a Seventh Anima fleshly body while only in the First Anima, it did seem possible to reach the Sixth Anima.

According to his speculations, reaching the level of the Seventh Anima would be simply too difficult....

“I wonder if Fleshly Sanctification... can be cultivated in this place. It can only be cultivated once, but when it is, it will cause a one-time increase in fleshly body power that is astonishing to the extreme.... Furthermore, the atmosphere in this place is extremely well-suited to fleshly body tempering. This truly seems the best time to use it!” His eyes flickered with a bright light. After all, when it came to Fleshly Sanctification, the stronger one’s body, the more power would result.

Furthermore, Meng Hao had the feeling that regardless of whether it was a Daoist magic or a secret technique, since it had been acquired in the Demon Immortal Sect, it needed to be cultivated here. Trying to do so in the outside world would be useless.

Considering that, there was no reason to hesitate. Now was the time to use it!

Beams of light were shooting out of Meng Hao’s eyes as he closed them. Within his mind, he unleashed the secret art of Fleshly Sanctification!

RUMBLE!

Meng Hao’s mind thundered as the secret art spread out. His body instantly began to shake, and the mist around him churned. Instantly, an enormous vortex sprung up around Meng Hao, like clouds kicked into motion by the wind.

The cistern waters also surged into a vast whirlpool.

Zhixiang was immersed in her own body transformation, but she could still sense what was happening on the outside, and was shocked. Her mind filled with a similar roaring, and her entire body began to emit vast quantities of Demonic Qi. As the Demonic Qi was unleashed, it caused the mist to grow thicker. Zhixiang felt an indescribable sense of stimulation throughout her body because of the transformation she was about to experience.

Time passed. Meng Hao forgot about everything, as did Zhixiang. They sat cross-legged in the cistern waters, surrounded by mist. Nothing was clearly visible, not even their own bodies. They could only sense themselves growing more powerful.

Meng Hao's fleshly body continued to grow larger. When it reached a pinnacle, it would then rapidly shrink back down. This continued to happen back and forth, creating a cycle. When each revolution of the cycle was completed, his fleshly body would exude terrifying fluctuations.

His fleshly body continued to grow more and more powerful!

Innumerable illusory magical symbols began to wink in and out around him. There were many; all of them apparently born from the void, pulsating with an ancient aura as they circulated around him. The entire scene made Meng Hao look completely strange and bizarre.

In contrast to Meng Hao, Zhixiang's body radiated pulses of Demonic Qi. They were incredibly dense, and as they condensed together, seemed to take the shape of numerous living creatures.

These living creatures all had differing appearances, but each of them had existed for countless years. These Greater Demons of Heaven and Earth had all fallen by now, but they were still remembered by the heavens of the Nine Mountains and Seas.

As they appeared, they shrank down in size, then sat cross-legged around Zhixiang, performing incantations gestures that caused indistinct beams of light to shoot out and fuse into Zhixiang's body.

As for Meng Hao, he was sitting quite close to Zhixiang. As a result, he was also located within the region of light cast by the Greater Demons of Heaven and Earth. Many of the indistinct beams also hit his body.

Even as he trembled, the magical symbols swirled around him rapidly, then shot toward him and fused into his body.

As the light and the magical symbols merged into him, Meng Hao's mind continued to shake. His aura grew stronger, and his fleshly body emanated terrifying fluctuations.

Sometimes, he would grow large and strong to a shocking degree, and sometimes, he would shrink down into something completely unremarkable. His clothes had long since been shredded into pieces during the growth stages. As of this moment, he wore no clothes whatsoever, and like Zhixiang, he sat there completely naked.

The first thing to be strengthened was his skeletal system. It was a special kind of change that made the skeletal system incredibly tough and resilient, to the point where it could be considered something similar to a magical item.

The constant nourishment pouring into his body made Meng Hao's bones increasingly terrifying. However... he was still very close to Zhixiang. The illusory Greater Demons sitting cross-legged around her continued to emanate the indistinct light that was actually in direct opposition to the magical symbols surrounding Meng Hao.

The light was not nourishing, but rather destructive. The essence of the Demon Immortal Body was to stimulate potential by means of destruction, and thus, mold out the most powerful fleshly body.

The secret art of Fleshly Sanctification was based on nourishment. The stimulation of potential was accomplished by nourishing the body, making the strong stronger, until the ultimately powerful fleshly body was consolidated.

They were two completely different methods that, from ancient times until modern, had never been simultaneously cultivated. It is not that no one wanted to try, but rather, had no way to practice such cultivation.

At the moment, though, Meng Hao, by lucky coincidence, had achieved a strange balance. The light from the illusory Greater Demons continued to destroy his skeletal system, causing his bones to be slowly shattered.

However, that did not conform with Fleshly Sanctification. Therefore... the art that normally should only have required a few magical symbols, suddenly began to pour out more magical symbol seals. They shot into Meng Hao to repair and perfect his skeletal system.

This process of destruction and replenishment caused Meng Hao to feel indescribable pain. At the same time, the benefits he received were completely without precedent!

It was hard to say how much time passed. However, because of the constant cycle, Meng Hao's skeletal system became thoroughly stable and firm. Roaring filled his fleshly body as he broke through into the power of the Sixth Anima.

As of this moment, Meng Hao didn't even need a Cultivation base. His body itself was shockingly powerful. He was not tall and thin like before, but rather thick and bulky, and looked almost like a small mountain.

It was at this moment that the tempering of his fleshly body expanded out from his bones into his flesh and blood!

Bones, blood and flesh, veins and arteries. All three of these areas experienced tempering. By combining them together, it led to explosive strength of the Qi and blood!

Meng Hao's entire person shook. The light from the Greater Demons of Heaven and Earth caused his whole body to wither to the extreme, until he seemed like nothing more than a bag of bones. But in the next breath, the incredible power from the magical symbols poured into him, causing his body to be completely restored.

As the cycle continued, the magical symbols around Meng Hao began to lessen. Soon there weren't very many left. However, at the same time, an enormous fissure suddenly appeared in the sky above the Seven Peaks of the Demon Immortal Sect.

As the fissure ripped open, an incredible booming sound could be heard that caused everything in the Demon Immortal Sect to shake. All of the Cultivators from the lands of South Heaven looked up, their expressions that of astonishment.

Each of them could clearly see that within the fissure up above was something enormous. As it neared... they could see a gigantic, indescribably large pagoda!

It was... the Demon Immortal Pagoda!!

All of them had seen the pagoda in the Second Plane, but this time, there was something different about it. The pagoda... was struggling to keep itself whole. There were some areas that were

destroyed and collapsed. There were even some parts where the only thing holding it together was stretches of glowing light.

The entire pagoda was in ruins. Apparently, it had been almost completely destroyed during the ancient war.

However, the pagoda... still continued to exist. As it neared, it let out a boundless, invisible pressure that caused everyone beneath to be shaken inwardly and wonder what was happening.

As the Demon Immortal Pagoda neared, suddenly, a great beam of light appeared from inside that was made up of magical symbols!!

The countless magical symbol seals turned into a river of stars that swept throughout the air, like a shocking bolt of unfurling white silk. It flew toward the Seventh Peak and the Demon Immortal Cistern. It roared through the air, shooting toward the area which none of them could see, surrounding the Demon Immortal Cistern and then pouring into Meng Hao's body!

Fleshly Sanctification was a secret art that came from the Demon Immortal Pagoda. The Demon Immortal Body was a physical body created by Lord Li. As for which of the two was more powerful, it would be difficult to say clearly.

At the moment, an unprecedented battle seemed to be taking place, with Meng Hao's body being the battlefield. The secret art versus the Demon Immortal body; the two fought back and forth.

Would destruction win out over nourishment, or was nourishment incapable of being destroyed? It was like a paradox!

Chapter 603: Eighth Nascent Soul!

Meng Hao's flesh and blood expanded, then withered. The cyclical process gave birth to an indescribable pain that caused Meng Hao to tremble and sweat profusely.

However, his eyes were filled with unprecedented staunchness. He clenched his jaw and persisted on. Refusing to lapse into unconsciousness, he immersed himself in the sensation. His fleshly body constantly withered and then expanded, giving rise to a terrifying power.

Boom!

The indistinct light from the Greater Demons of Heaven and Earth drained his body to the point of collapse and destruction. His hair fell out, and he looked like an oilless lamp, like a withered corpse.

Boom!

The secret art of Fleshly Sanctification and the magical symbols from the Demon Immortal Pagoda swirled into his body, causing it to expand and grow until he looked like a giant.

The paradoxical transformation was something that had never been seen from ancient times until modern times, an unprecedented molding of the fleshly body. As the cycle continued, Meng Hao continued to grow more and more powerful!!

Zhixiang's body was also trembling. She did not have any secret art of Fleshly Sanctification. She only had the pure transformation of the Demon Immortal Body. At the moment, her body was withered, but within the withering was shocking Demonic Qi.

The two of them each practiced their own type of cultivation, constantly growing more powerful. As for the waters of the Demon Immortal Cistern, they were slowly shrinking down.

After some period of time passed, a rumbling sound could be heard, echoing out in all directions. Meng Hao suddenly raised his head, although his eyes were closed. Right now, his body was no longer expanding dramatically, nor was it withering to the point of death. Instead, he was tall and thin.

He currently looked almost like he didn't have any power at all in his body. However, deep inside was hidden a fearsome and indescribable strength that far exceeded the previous limits of his fleshly body.

He was now in possession of an extraordinary, enchanting power. Every single scrap of muscle was filled with shocking, explosive power. His bones were solid to an indescribable degree. As Meng Hao lifted his head, his entire body erupted with an intense aura.

The wind whipped about as the vortex screamed. Shockingly, Meng Hao's aura... had the fleshly body power of the Seventh Anima!!

However he had not entered the Seventh Anima, but rather remained within the First Anima.

The mist around him seethed, and the vortex rotated around and around. In the middle of it all, Meng Hao inhaled deeply and took a moment to sense the power within him. Although his Cultivation base was still the same as ever, his fleshly body power and his battle prowess were now completely different than before.

His eyes glittered as he entered the Second Anima.

Boom!

Third Anima, Fourth Anima.... As he sat there cross-legged, it was without hesitation that he went all the way to the most powerful state in which he could exist, the Seventh Anima!

His body shook as the same power as before surged through him, that of sixty-four great circle Nascent Souls. However... his fleshly body instantly reached an incredible, unprecedented state.

His fleshly body, his skeletal system, his physical frame, were now thick and strong in a way that did not conform to any rules. He was far taller than before, to the point where even sitting cross-legged as he was, he was still taller than previously.

The fearsomeness of his physical body made him seem to be, not a Cultivator, but something Demonic!

His facial features were vicious. Countless veins popped up all over his body, and his hair was even longer than before. When he looked up, his eyes radiated a ferocious will. It looked like a single punch... could shatter the earth.

Meng Hao wasn't sure exactly how to describe the current state of his fleshly body. He clenched his fists as the explosive, terrifying feeling of power exploded out from inside of him. He could tell that his current state of power far, far exceeded that from before.

"However..." he thought, "a fleshly body as powerful as this is still not Spirit Severing...." Although his fleshly body was terrifyingly powerful, he still had the feeling that for some reason, he had reached a bottleneck.

The appearance of the bottleneck did not cause him to be disheartened, but instead filled his eyes with excitement. He knew that the bottleneck could only be one thing....

The bottleneck of... acquiring a Spirit Severing fleshly body!

Once he broke through the bottleneck, he would have a complete Spirit Severing fleshly body, and would truly be able to fight back against First Severing Cultivators. He would truly be within the Spirit Severing stage!

Although his Cultivation base would be different, his fleshly body would definitely have that terrifying power.

“I should be able to break through!” he thought, his eyes glittering. After taking a deep breath, he closed his eyes. The Greater Demons of Heaven and Earth once again unleashed their indistinct light.

One beam of light after another passed into Meng Hao’s body. This time, they did not stir his skeletal system, nor whither his flesh and blood. Instead, they wreaked fatal havoc onto his Qi and blood vessels.

Meng Hao wasn’t Zhixiang, who possessed a special physique and constitution. She could turn the fatal transformations into something not fatal, and thus acquire something like a rebirth in the form of the Demon Immortal Body.

However, Meng Hao had something even more special and shocking than Zhixiang when it came to his physique. He had a secret art that was completely incompatible with the Demon Immortal Body, and was even something like an enemy to it!

That secret art was something that Ke Yunhai had described as being extremely rare in Heaven and Earth, with an origin veiled in mystery.

Even as Meng Hao’s blood and Qi passageways were being destroyed, the inexhaustible supply of magical symbols around him poured into his body. In the blink of an eye, his blood and Qi passageways were thoroughly restored.

The cyclical paradox once again exploded out inside of his body. Meng Hao had gotten used to the destruction of his skeletal system and the rending of his flesh and blood. Therefore, this feeling was something he could handle.

The only thing that happened was that he trembled a bit; his expression didn't change in the least.

Rumbling filled his entire body as his blood and Qi passageways were destroyed and then restored and strengthened. He became stronger, causing his fleshly body to experience yet another meteoric rise.

This rise grew stronger and more stable, transforming into an explosive power that could break through a bottleneck.

Boom!

His body trembled and blood oozed out of his mouth. The bottleneck was like an enormous battlement. As he bashed against it, cracks appeared, but it didn't collapse.

"One more time!" he said, his eyes glittering. He focused all the power he could muster, combining it together. The magical symbols in the area were few, and as Meng Hao gathered his power, the Demon Immortal Pagoda on the outside began to shake and erupt with even more magical symbols. The tower itself was beginning to grow dark and faded.

The magical symbols joined together to form a silver river that shot toward Meng Hao, pouring into his body, causing it to shake. The light from the Greater Demons destroyed his blood and Qi passageways; the secret art and the magical symbols poured into him to reforge them. He surged with more power, and then once again lashed out against the bottleneck.

BOOM!!

The bottleneck trembled violently, and the cracks spread out even thicker. Just when it seemed on the verge of collapsing, more light from the Greater Demons poured into Meng Hao, along with boundless magical symbols.

Roaring filled Meng Hao's body. He lifted his head up and let out a soundless howl. As of this moment, his body was no longer expanding dramatically, but rather, shrinking at high speed. He now seemed completely weak and thin.

At the same time, the blood and Qi vessels within him were completely restored.

The light from the Greater Demons was incapable of any further destruction, and the increasingly scant numbers of magical symbols could offer no further assistance.

His blood and Qi vessels having been completely restored, the bottleneck within him... directly shattered into pieces!

As the bottleneck vanished, Meng Hao's fleshly body experienced an incredible, shocking rise. He grew more and more powerful, to a world-shaking degree!

However, what caused Meng Hao to frown was that after breaking through the bottleneck, he didn't get any sensation that he was in a Spirit Severing state. That caused him to feel a bit confused.

However, even as he frowned, a completely unpredictable sensation suddenly rose up within him. Meng Hao suddenly noticed a transformation occurring that caused the sky to fade, the wind and clouds to seethe, the surrounding mist to shoot up into the air, and the vortex surrounding him to suddenly stop in place.

The transformation was caused by the increase in the three aspects of his fleshly body; his skeletal system, his flesh and blood, and his veins and arteries. He had the special aspects of the Demon Immortal Body, but also Qi and blood of a fleshly body forged from Fleshly Sanctification.

This was a never-before-seen combination that was essentially a paradox. It created... a shocking transformation that had never been seen before Meng Hao, nor would ever be seen again.

This transformation was not one of his fleshly body. Instead, it occurred within his dantian region. Next to his seven Nascent Souls, shockingly... a thick coagulation of Qi and blood appeared, shaped like a person.

Because his fleshly body had reached such an incredible pinnacle of power, he had formed... a Qi and Blood Nascent Soul!!

When the Nascent Soul appeared, Meng Hao's Cultivation base immediately began to emanate ripples. His hair whipped about, and his Cultivation base exploded with power. In this instant, Meng Hao... could sense the fluctuations of an eighth Nascent Soul!!

"Spirit Severing is within... the Eighth Anima!" he thought, panting as he gained enlightenment.

Meanwhile....

An old man sped along beneath the Seventh Peak, nearing the forbidden area where Meng Hao and Zhixiang were.

The old man came to a stop and looked up, his eyes gleaming coldly.

This man was none other than Patriarch Huyan.

"I can sense that little bastard Meng Hao inside there," he thought. "He has my precious treasure.... However, it belongs to the Heavenly Pursuit Tribe, so even though he stole it away, he won't be able to use it.

"When I was in the Second Plane, I was able to acquire the information I sought regarding its secrets...." He smiled coldly as he took a few steps back. Lifting his right hand, he quickly began to set up restrictive spells on the ground around him.

"Meng Hao, I'm going to bury you in this place. I'll wait here for you to come out, and when you do, I'll splatter your blood everywhere!" Smiling coldly, he finished setting up the spells, then took a deep breath and sat down cross-legged.

"Not even of Spirit Severing, yet you dare to fight with me!? In the Third Plane, the Demon Immortal Sect seals all personal items. Your mastiff won't be able to appear, so you won't be able to fuse with it to borrow the power of Spirit Severing.

"Well then, you shall die." Intense killing intent appeared in Patriarch Huyan's eyes.

"I'll kill you, then I'll go back and wipe out that Golden Crow Tribe of yours to join you in burial!"

Chapter 604: Like Splitting Bamboo

Meng Hao closed his eyes, then opened them again moments later. A strange glow could be seen within them as he looked over at Zhixiang, who sat there pale-faced and trembling.

It was clear that she had reached a critical juncture.

Meng Hao looked away and then stood up. He walked out of the pond, through the mists, and to the outside world.

As he left, the pressure bearing down on Zhixiang increased. Earlier, the shapeless light of the Greater Demons had been shared between her and Meng Hao, but now all of it was focusing on her.

Actually, she was incredibly lucky to have encountered Meng Hao. Without him there to share the burden, she might not have been able to handle it alone. Not only would she have failed to acquire the Demon Immortal Body, but she would have faced grave danger to her life.

That hadn't been part of her plan regarding Meng Hao; she could never have predicted that things would turn out the way they did. After all, she came from the Demon Immortal Sect which was started by people who escaped death all those years ago. Their understanding regarding the forbidden areas of the ancient Demon Immortal Sect wasn't absolutely complete. When you added in the passage of time, and all the changes that had occurred, it was impossible to know everything.

Meng Hao left the cistern waters and stood in the outside world. He was tall and slender, and his skin was no longer dark like it had been all those years ago. It was white and clear, causing him to look completely refined and cultured. His scholarly air was even more obvious and intense than ever.

He slapped his bag of holding to produce a long, green robe, which he quickly donned. Now, he looked absolutely different than before.

He was even more handsome, more naturally graceful, more youthful. However, deep within his eyes flickered a dim ancientness.

After a long moment, he closed his eyes and focused on his dantian region, and his eighth Nascent Soul.

Qi and Blood Nascent Soul!

After a moment, his eyes opened, and he slowly merged the eight Nascent Souls together. This was just a test, but even still, his mind shook as if lightning were smashing about inside. An indescribably powerful Cultivation base, and a terrifyingly strong fleshly body appeared.

Furthermore... his Divine Sense also increased, spreading out to cover the entire area.

“Eee?” said Meng Hao. The first thing he noticed was that deep within the forbidden zone was something emanated strange ripples. As soon as his Divine Sense touched the ripples, a backlash spread out that caused his Divine Sense to collapse.

As for everywhere else, they were all areas that had been destroyed during the war.

At the same time, Meng Hao’s Divine Sense noticed a person outside of the forbidden zone.... As soon as he caught sight of him, killing intent flickered in Meng Hao’s eyes.

Sitting there cross-legged and meditating was Patriarch Huyan, wearing a cold smile on his face!

“Laying in wait to ambush me, huh?” thought Meng Hao. His eyes glittered, and a smile appeared on his face. The smile was one of ridicule, and was filled with coldness and killing intent that was impossible to cover over.

The killing intent still flickering, Meng Hao turned to look back at Zhixiang. The area was safe, and Zhixiang was in the midst of transmogrification. No one would be coming around to disturb her. Meng Hao swept the area with his Divine Sense one more time, then turned to head toward Patriarch Huyan. It was time to resolve the Karma between the two of them. However, it was at this point that he suddenly paused in mid stride, and looked back into the depths of the forbidden zone.

He had swept the place twice with Divine Sense, and it was in exactly the same location both times that his Divine Sense had collapsed apart. It made it impossible to even get some clues about what existed in that particular area. The only thing he could see was blurriness, and what appeared to be a corpse.

His eyes flickered, and he temporarily did not continue on toward his battle with Patriarch Huyan. Instead, he turned and headed deeper into the forbidden area. After all, he had promised Zhixiang to stand guard over her; therefore, he needed to ensure that the area really was safe.

It didn't take too long before Meng Hao reached the place that had caused his Divine Sense to collapse. There was a boulder here, and beneath the boulder lay a corpse. Clearly, it was a woman.

In her hands, the woman held a wooden sword.

The sword emanated a faint glow, which was the source of the collapse of his Divine Sense. In fact, it might be less proper to say that it collapsed, but rather, was consumed.

As soon as Meng Hao laid eyes on the wooden sword, a tremor ran through him. It was not one of his Spring and Autumn tree Wooden Time Swords, but rather... one of those other swords, the ones he always found next to a corpse... an Immortal Murdering Sword!!

Currently, he had four Immortal Murdering, and was now looking at a fifth.

His eyes glittered, he stared at the corpse for a very long moment. However, it was decayed beyond recognition, making it impossible to tell who it belonged to.

Meng Hao silently made a grasping motion with his right hand, causing the wooden sword to fly out to hover in front of him. He waved his sleeve to collect it up, then stamped his foot onto the ground, causing a deep pit to appear.

After placing the woman's corpse inside and laying her to rest, Meng Hao clasped hands and bowed deeply toward the tomb. Then he turned, sending his Divine Sense out once more. This time, he didn't notice anything out of the ordinary. His body flashed as he transformed into a beam of light that shot out of the forbidden zone.

"Patriarch Huyan, the time has come to settle matters between us!" he thought, his eyes flickering with killing intent as he shot forward at top speed. "I'm going to use him to prove whether or not my Eighth Anima can exterminate the Spirit Severing stage!"

He shot through the air like a lightning bolt. Even in the First Anima, his fleshly body was even more fearsome than it had been in the Seventh Anima. As he shot forward, the air collapsed, and roaring sounds filled with air.

The roaring grew stronger until it seemed powerful enough to shake Heaven and Earth. When it reached the region outside of the forbidden zone, Patriarch Huyan heard it, and his eyes went wide. It was at this point that he saw Meng Hao appear.

“Meng Hao!” he said, with a vicious smile. Without hesitation, he performed an incantation gesture and then pointed forward.

Meng Hao’s expression was the same as ever as he proceeded forward. He pierced directly into Patriarch Huyan’s spell formation, instantly causing multiple black-colored figures to rise up and pounce toward him.

Within each of these figures could be sensed a faint, shocking power. However, as they neared Meng Hao, his expression didn’t change in the least bit. He continued forward, giving rise to an intense roaring. As soon as the figures touched him, the intense backlash from his fleshly body instantly destroyed them.

Exploding figures surrounded him as he proceeded forward.

The sight of it caused Patriarch Huyan’s eyes to narrow slightly. He was shocked inwardly, but then recalled Meng Hao’s identity in the Second Plane, and suddenly felt at ease. A cold smile appeared on his face.

“You’re stuck in my net now,” he said. “I don’t even need to attack. I can just watch while you slowly march to your death.”

“Oh really,” replied Meng Hao coolly. As he moved forward, the area around him rumbled as countless illusory blades appeared. Their sharp tips whistled through the air as they slashed directly toward Meng Hao.

Up in mid-air, countless bolts of lightning appeared. They looked like silver snakes as they lashed out toward him.

As the rumbling booms filled the air, Meng Hao continued on without even pausing. As he walked forward, all of the restrictive spells within the spell formation collapsed as soon as they touched him, completely incapable of impeding his progress.

This caused Patriarch Huyan's face to flicker. However, before he could do anything in response, Meng Hao's eyes flickered and his speed increased rapidly. He transformed into a beam of light that sped across the ground toward Patriarch Huyan.

Booming sounds rose up into the sky. The restrictive spells and the spell formation seemed to be howling in anguish, as though a blade were slicing through them. They then exploded into pieces, and Meng Hao was standing in front of Patriarch Huyan.

"I thought I was going to have to track you down," said Meng Hao. "I never imagined that you would come to me of your own volition. This battle is going to last for eight finger attacks." With that he lifted his hand and waved a finger.

An illusory mountain appeared on Meng Hao's fingertip. Although this was only the power of a single finger, that power was like the might of a mountain.

BOOM!

Patriarch Huyan's face fell. He waved his left hand to block, and when the attack slammed into him, he was sent flying backward, his face pale. Killing intent flickered in his eyes as he waved his right hand in front of him.

"Area!"

"Second Anima!"

Patriarch Huyan's Area seemed to cause everything in the area to be confined as if with shackles. An intense pressure weighed down, and everything slowed; it almost felt as if everything were underwater. However, it was in that same instant that Meng Hao erupted with the power of the Second Anima. The increase in his Cultivation base was secondary to the intense strength of his fleshly body, which was the most important part.

Meng Hao broke through the confinement of the Area. A crisp sound rang out like the shattering of a mirror as the Area was completely defeated.

This defeat was something Patriarch Huyan almost couldn't believe. He remembered that Meng Hao had been powerless to face up against his Area before, but now, it had simply shattered.

One breath of time later, Meng Hao was directly in front of Patriarch Huyan.

“Here’s the second finger attack,” he said. Backed by the power of the Second Anima, he waved his finger down. Patriarch Huyan’s face flickered, and he performed an incantation with his right hand. Instantly, a black mist appeared on his body, which formed together into a black shield that he used to defend against Meng Hao’s finger attack.

A popping sound rang out as the shield collapsed. Meng Hao’s finger landed directly onto Patriarch Huyan’s chest.

Patriarch Huyan’s face filled with shock as he tumbled backward. His mind reeled, but deep down, he knew that this was not the time for contemplation. He began to perform another incantation, his hair whipping about. He lifted his head up and shouted:

“Seven Emotions and Six Pleasures. Thirteen Transmigrations Dao. Seven Emotions! Seven Daos!” Instantly, a prismatic beam of light shot out from his body up into mid-air. There, it split apart into seven different streams of light, like unfurling bolts of silk. They shot toward Meng Hao, radiating killing intent.

If you looked closely, you would be able to see that within each of the seven beams of light could be seen, shockingly, an evil spirit that looked almost like a Nascent Soul. Each of these figures resembled each other, almost as if they were related in some way.

“Third Anima,” said Meng Hao coolly, shaking his head. Instantly, his Cultivation base exploded up. However, the power of his fleshly body exceeded that of his Cultivation base. It did not expand and grow like in the past; instead, it sent out terrifying ripples of incomparable power.

Meng Hao took another step forward. He watched the incoming seven beams of light, allowing them to slam into his body. In that instant, a roaring sound exploded up into the sky. The seven beams of light collapsed into pieces and the evil spirits inside let out miserable shrieks as they were sent tumbling backward. With another step, Meng Hao... once again appeared directly in front of Patriarch Huyan.

“Third finger attack,” he said, waving a finger.

Patriarch Huyan's eyes went wide. He raised up both hands, causing a glowing shield to appear to resist Meng Hao. A boom could be heard as the shield exploded. Patriarch Huyan tumbled backward like a kite with its string cut, blood oozing out of his mouth. His face was filled with astonishment.

“What... what type of Cultivation base do you have?!?!”

“The type that can kill you,” responded Meng Hao calmly. He took another leisurely step forward.

Chapter 605: Momentum Like a Beam of Light

“Kill me? You overestimate yourself!” despite his words, Patriarch Huyan was actually inwardly shocked. His face was grimmer than ever as he retreated. Then his Cultivation base exploded with full power as he prepared to unleash a divine ability.

“Overestimate myself? Fine, I'll show you what it's like when I overestimate myself!” His voice calm, Meng Hao said, “Fourth Anima!”

A rumbling sound could be heard from his body as he entered the Fourth Anima. His Cultivation base was that of eight great circle Nascent Souls. As for his fleshly body, it had a terrifying power that exceeded that of his original Seventh Anima.

As Meng Hao charged in attack, ghost images sprang up around him. In the blink of an eye, he was in front of Patriarch Huyan. He waved his right index finger, causing it to stab onto Patriarch Huyan's upraised right hand. His left hand reached out to push into Patriarch Huyan's chest.

A boom could be heard. Patriarch Huyan fell backward head over heels, blood overflowing from his mouth. His expression was one of astonishment and complete disbelief. What he feared was not Meng Hao's Cultivation base, but the power of his fleshly body.

Such a frightening fleshly body was something that vastly exceeded his imagination, and was something he had never even heard of before!

Even as the power of the finger attack caused Patriarch Huyan to tumble back, Meng Hao strode forward again.

“Fifth Anima!”

He now had a Cultivation base equivalent to sixteen great Nascent Souls, and an even more shockingly powerful fleshly body. He was surrounded by a rumbling roar, and although there were no physical changes to his appearance, distortions and ripples appeared in the air around him.

This was a fleshly body that could cause anyone to be completely shocked. Combined with his Cultivation base, it made it so that Meng Hao's steps could shatter the air. He appeared again in front of Patriarch Huyan, lifting his right hand up to make a fifth finger attack.

Patriarch Huyan raised his head up and howled as a sense of grave crisis swept over him. He bit violently down onto his tongue, causing blood to spray out of his mouth and then transform into magical symbols that spread out in all directions.

“Seven Emotions and Six Pleasures. Thirteen Transmigrations Dao turns into Thirteen Killing Forms. Consolidate into... Emotion Severing Extermination!” The blood magical symbols in front of Patriarch Huyan shockingly began to form together into the shape of a Heavenly saber. Instantly, it slashed down toward Meng Hao!

In the following moment, Meng Hao's finger slammed into the blood-colored Heavenly saber, and a huge boom rolled out. The blade shook for a moment and then exploded into countless pieces, completely destroyed. As for Meng Hao's finger, it continued to descend until it tapped onto Patriarch Huyan's chest.

Blood sprayed from Patriarch Huyan's mouth, and his chest turned into a bloody mass. Roaring filled his body as he shot backward at top speed. His face was pale white as he gave up all thoughts of fighting and focused completely on fleeing as fast as possible.

He was in absolute fear of Meng Hao's fleshly body. It turned into an intense dread as he realized that such a fleshly body was shocking to the extreme. His own divine abilities and magical techniques were incapable of even causing it to tremble.

In the same instant that Patriarch Huyan decided to flee, Meng Hao's voice once again drifted through the air.

“Sixth Anima!”

Boom!

The instant Meng Hao entered the Sixth Anima, his body trembled. He lifted up his head and roared. To him, Patriarch Huyan could be killed any time he wanted. What he desired to do was to test out the Eighth Anima which he had created.

As he entered the Sixth Anima, the power of thirty-two great circle Nascent Souls counted for almost nothing. What was truly shocking was his fleshly body. In the Sixth Anima, his power was now truly exploding out, as of this moment, a Spirit Severing aura was gradually beginning to seep out of him.

The air around him filled with distortions, and the soil in the area was jumping up and down. A vortex began to form, like a mad tempest. The mad tempest could do nothing to cause even a single of Meng Hao's hair to rise up, though. Within the tempest, he was the only thing that wasn't moving!

As soon as Patriarch Huyan saw this, despite his Cultivation base, his age, and his powers of concentration, he couldn't help but shout out in alarm. "Fleshly body Spirit Severing!!! This is impossible!!!"

As far as he could remember, a Spirit Severing fleshly body was a legendary stage that only existed in ancient times. It was both Spirit Severing and, not Spirit Severing, because it did not have a Domain. And yet, even without a Domain, such a fleshly body could compare to the peak of anyone in the Spirit Severing stage.

Were he to also possess a Spirit Severing Cultivation base, then, any other Spirit Severing Cultivator would surely view him to be nothing less than... a nightmare!

"Body cultivation is not a focus in the current generation. Such a thing has long since become a thing of the past. Don't tell me that this guy... acquired some type of body tempering good fortune in the Demon Immortal Sect!?!?" Patriarch Huyan's scalp was numb, and he was scared out of his mind as he fled at top speed. He was already well aware that Meng Hao's magic had a Seventh Anima.

As of this moment, Meng Hao's Sixth Anima was already shocking enough. If he changed to the Seventh Anima....

Patriarch Huyan wasn't willing to risk his life and go all out here. He had more things to accomplish, so he ignored all matters of face and fled at top speed. However, no matter how fast he went, Meng Hao... was faster!

Boom!

In the blink of an eye, Meng Hao appeared ahead of Patriarch Huyan. In addition to blocking his path, he lifted up his right hand and waved his finger again.

"We're not finished here yet," he said. "What are you getting so anxious for?"

Patriarch Huyan's face fell. Without hesitation, he performed a double-handed incantation, connecting the forefinger of each hand with the thumb of the other, with his palms facing away from each other. He immediately stretched his hands out toward Meng Hao.

A four-sided collection of lines sprang into being, which was in accord with the Domain he cultivated. A power of expulsion rose up, with one side being Heaven and Earth, the other side being a person, to be expelled.

The four-sided lines flickered as they shot forward, shooting against the wind as they expanded out to surround Meng Hao.

At the same time, a shockingly intense power of expulsion seemed to fill the four-sided lines. This power of expulsion was intense enough to crush Meng Hao into pieces.

"BEGONNEEEE...."

The bizarre voice seemed to come from nowhere, and echoed out like thunder within Meng Hao's ears. The sound caused the shocking power of expulsion to seem to grow even stronger.

This was not Meng Hao's first time to encounter this magical technique of Patriarch Huyan's.

Currently, he was in the Sixth Anima, and had terrifying fleshly body power. His eyes suddenly glittered. He opened his mouth and let out a roar toward the incoming four-sided lines.

“Screw off!”

The sound created something like waves that instantly suppressed all of the lightning up above. It rolled out, causing fissures to appear in the air, and rumbling sounds to be heard in all directions. The incoming four-sided line shape directly exploded into fragments.

Its power of expulsion, having faced someone who it couldn't possibly shake, was now nothing more than a joke!

It was like a tiny stream that wanted to become as powerful as a mountain. How could it possibly succeed!?

As the four-sided line shape collapsed, Meng Hao's finger once again tapped onto Patriarch Huyan's chest. A boom could be heard. Blood sprayed from Patriarch Huyan's mouth, and his chest caved in bloodily. Even his back was a bloody mess as he staggered backward. He looked at Meng Hao, his face twisted with savagery.

“I feel like leaving,” he growled. “You won't let me? Seems you actually think I'm scared of you!” With that, Patriarch Huyan performed another incantation with his right hand. He pushed down onto his forehead, then opened his mouth to spit out a small, black-colored blade.

As soon as the blade appeared, everything dimmed. It began to spin faster and faster in his palm, then grow rapidly in size. Shockingly, it transformed into a huge greatsword, upon which was carved the severed head of a dragon!

Patriarch Huyan waved his right arm. His face was covered with a savage expression that seemed to say he was willing to go all out, even risk death, as he shot toward Meng Hao.

“DIE!!” The power of Patriarch Huyan's Cultivation base exploded out. In fact... the level of power he wielded now was multiple times greater than before. The area around him filled with ripples of ancientness that even seemed to contain natural law!!

Natural laws of the Primordial Demon Immortal Plane!

These natural laws contained a power of expulsion that had nothing to do with the four-sided line shape. This was a true power of expulsion from the world of the Primordial Demon Immortal Plane.

The blade descended, shocking Heaven and Earth!

“You will fear me,” said Meng Hao coolly as he entered... the Seventh Anima!!

The power of sixty-four great circle Nascent Souls exploded out within him. His fleshly body unleashed even more Spirit Severing aura. Together, they caused the air around Meng Hao to begin to collapse. Roaring could be heard around him, almost as if this body of his was something that didn't belong in this broken Demon Immortal Sect.

It was as if there were invisible restrictions in this place, and any Cultivation base or battle prowess that exceeded those limitations were not permitted at all.

With the battle prowess he was now displaying, Meng Hao had already touched that world limitation.

“So, I don't actually need to enter the Eighth Anima,” thought Meng Hao. “I've already reached fleshly body Spirit Severing!” As he took a moment to experience the sensation, he came to the realization that he...

Was already in the Spirit Severing stage!

Although he had no Domain, he was still of Spirit Severing!! In fact, he was even stronger than when he had borrowed the power of the mastiff, put on the Blood Immortal mask, and used the power of the Blood Immortal.

He faced up against Patrairch Huyan's descending blade, lifting his right hand without hesitation and pushing out with his finger.

In this moment, everything suddenly seemed to freeze. The roaring sound that filled the air seemed to cease for a moment. And then, everything returned.

Crashing booms echoed out one after another into the silence. They filled the entire Demon Immortal Sect, to be heard by each and every one of the Cultivators from South Heaven.

Patriarch Huyan coughed up blood and tumbled backward. The huge black-colored blade in his hand broke up into fragments. His face was pale, and, ignoring any possible ramification that might give rise to expulsion, he employed the full power of his Cultivation base... to destroy his opponent!

“You’re already at your limit with your Seventh Anima!” he said, his eyes filling with a streak of madness. “This is the strongest you can get!” He was panting now, the killing intent in his eyes strong. “Since that’s the case, let me escort you the rest of the way down your path!”

Patriarch Huyan lifted his right hand up and pushed it down onto his chest. When he lifted it up, a red glow appeared, seemingly pulled out from his body itself.

It was a red-colored whip, completely illusory and capable of lashing the soul. It looked exactly the same as the whip Meng Hao had stolen earlier from Patriarch Huyan, except that its color was different!

As soon as the whip appeared, Patriarch Huyan’s fleshly body began to wither rapidly, as if all of his life force were being collected together in the whip. By now, his killing intent had reached a peak.

Meng Hao stood motionlessly in the same place as before, the wind and dirt whipping around him, his hair flying about.

In the space of a few breaths, the sand and wind around him dissipated....

“DIE!!” howled Patriarch Huyan. His withered frame flickered, and a bizarre sound could be heard coming from the whip. It lashed down toward Meng Hao, filled with a bloodthirsty and terrifying aura.

Meng Hao looked up. Not a tiny bit of sentiment could be seen in his eyes, only calmness as he observed the incoming soul whip and Patriarch Huyan, who emanated terrifying ripples. Meng Hao had tested out his new magical techniques; what he needed to do now was see... exactly how powerful he was!

Closing his eyes, he coolly said, “Eighth Anima!”

Chapter 606: Eighth Anima!

As soon as Meng Hao spoke the words, a roaring filled his head. His body shook, and the air around him twisted and filled with fissures. Everything dimmed, and an invisible whirlpool instantly sprang up around him. As it rotated, it gave rise to an enormous hurricane.

As soon as the illusory whip snapped onto the hurricane vortex, it whipped backward. Down beneath the vortex, all of the sand and dirt floated up into the air and began to sweep around. As for Patriarch Huyan, his face thoroughly fell, and he staggered out of control several paces backward.

His eyes were filled with astonishment and shock, and his mind was reeling.

“Impossible! This magical technique has Seven Animas. How could... an Eighth Anima appear!?!?”

Even as Patriarch Huyan reeled with shocked, Meng Hao’s body was seemingly filled with distortions. Intense, pulsing pain overwhelmed him. He had never imagined that the Eighth Anima would be... so painful!

His body felt as if it were being ripped apart. Wave after wave of power surged through him at indescribable speed, rapidly increasing in intensity.

His eight Nascent Souls were fully superimposed, and now burst forth with a power that vastly exceeded the terrifying Cultivation base power of the Seventh Anima.

In the Seventh Anima just now, Meng Hao had unleashed the power of 64 great circle Nascent Souls. That had been the previous limit, something that couldn’t be exceeded. But now, even as the combination had just fused, that previous limitation was completely toppled.

65, 66... In the blink of an eye, Meng Hao’s body possessed the power of 70 boundless great circle Nascent Soul Cultivation bases. That power continued to grow. The feeling of intense power, as well as a terrifying aura, spread out through Meng Hao. As his Cultivation base and fleshly body continued to transform, the power exploded out.

Everything around him was twisted and distorted. The wind and clouds were in fluctuation, and the hurricane that surrounded Meng Hao seemed to stretch from the ground up into the sky. Endless booms echoed out, exploding with incredible intensity.

He trembled, and blood began to seep out of his eyes, nose, ears, and mouth. His visage was ferocious to the extreme, and his long hair whipped about madly. He could clearly sense his

Cultivation base climbing upward. In the blink of an eye it had the power of 93 great circle Nascent Souls.

And it was still climbing!

Every level of power which was added caused booming sounds to fill him, and more pressure would weigh down on him. The energy which he could employ was even more shocking. At the same time, the wastage to his longevity increased rapidly.

However, none of that could do anything to supersede the wildly intense rise he was experiencing. It gave him an incredible confidence which caused him to lift his head up and roar.

ROARRR!!

The sound of it seemed to cause all of the pain that wracked him to be diffused out into the Demon Immortal Sect. As his body trembled, his Cultivation base rose up from the previous level of 93 great circle Nascent Souls to... 99.

The color of Meng Hao's hair began to change. It was no longer black, but now gray. His facial features were no longer that of a youth, but rather, ancient. His stature was tall and thin as before, but his aura was now completely different.

99, 100!

The full power of one hundred great circle Nascent Souls Cultivation bases exploded out within him. As Meng Hao roared, his hair grew longer and longer, soon reaching his lower back. The tempest around him grew in intensity, causing Meng Hao to slowly float up within the midst of the hurricane.

Lightning and thunder fell down to circulate around him, causing the hurricane to turn into a lightning storm, shocking to Heaven and Earth.

The sight of it caused Patriarch Huyan to pant rapidly. His eyes went wide and filled with a look of disbelief. His mind filled with roaring.

“How could this be...? He... he....”

In the midst of Patriarch Huyan's astonishment, more roaring exploded out from Meng Hao as his Cultivation base rose again!

101, 102, 103... all the way to 115!

Meng Hao's hair now stretched to his knees as his shocking roar echoed about in all directions. The tempest around him continued to expand until it was three hundred meters wide. It was at this point that the Heavenly expulsion force suddenly appeared.

The air around Meng Hao was continuously shattered. The fearsome aura surrounding him continued to rise up, almost as if some primordial wild beast was awakening.

116, 117.... In the blink of an eye, the power of 128 great circle Nascent Soul Cultivation bases exploded up. His roar was now the roar of Spirit Severing.

His power was that of Spirit Severing!

The aura around him was now an aura of Spirit Severing!!

The tempest was now nearly a thousand meters wide. Lightning had transformed the area into a sea of electricity. His hair was longer and his frame taller. His gray hair floated about, and his visage was one of ancientness. His eyes suddenly focused, and within them seemed to circulate a power to exterminate life.

As soon as Patriarch Huyan saw those eyes, his mind trembled, almost as if he had just been subjected to a powerful attack. His body began to shake, and he fell back several paces, blood spewing from his mouth. Within the astonishment on his face could now be seen a trace of dread.

"You...." he said hoarsely, his body shaking.

"I'm not finished yet," said Meng Hao, whose eyes were still closed as he experienced the shocking Cultivation base power of 128 great circle Nascent Souls. This power far exceeded the absolute pinnacle of the Nascent Soul stage. This was... the power of Spirit Severing!!

It was a situation in which quantity changed into quality. With enough Nascent Soul Cultivation base built up, he was able to leap into a realm that was previously only occupied by true Spirit Severing.

However, even as Meng Hao had said, his Eighth Anima wasn't finished yet. Just now, his growth had been in Cultivation base only. His fleshly body was still growing, rapidly flying toward a true Spirit Severing fleshly body.

Fleshly body Spirit severing was a stage for ancient Cultivators. In modern times, there were few people who could temper their body to the stage of Spirit Severing. In fact, you could say that it was virtually impossible, the difficulty level being just too high.

For Meng Hao, it was only by a series of lucky coincidences that he could reach this legendary stage. As of this moment, his fleshly body appeared to be normal, but in actuality, every strand of muscle was being shredded. Every inch of bone was being crushed. Every vein and artery was collapsing.

However, no matter how they were shredded, crushed, or collapsed, it didn't cause any problems for Meng Hao. In fact, all of that destruction caused his body to reform, making his Qi and blood reach astonishing levels!!

Within the space of time of a few breaths, the thumping of a heartbeat could be heard, like thunder rattling out in all directions. It caused Patriarch Huyan to stop and look at Meng Hao. As of this moment, it appeared as if there were a shocking Qi and blood fighting back against the natural law of Heaven and Earth!

Qi and blood exploded up shockingly!!

As of this moment, every beat of Meng Hao's heart caused the tempest around him to pause, caused the air to vibrate, caused the land in the area to quake.

Along with his Qi and blood, his body broke through some invisible barrier. As he truly entered the Spirit Severing stage, Meng Hao's Spirit Severing aura exploded into the sky!

He took a deep breath as he realized that his view of the world was now completely different.

He could see innumerable dust motes dancing about in the air. He could hear countless sounds around him in the world, like the whisperings of innumerable deceased souls. He could feel all of the indescribable sorrow that filled the Demon Immortal Sect.

Most importantly... he could hear the sound... of breathing.

It was the breathing of something asleep, coming from deep, deep within the ground. It was faint, as if there were some enormous creature far beneath the surface of the earth, sleeping. Every breath it took echoed about.

All of these things take quite a long time to describe. However, it was a very short period of time from the moment in which Meng Hao entered the Eighth Anima until he could sense everything.

128 great circle Nascent Souls pushed Meng Hao's Cultivation base into a state which could be considered the world of Spirit Severing!

Because of the endless good fortune that had tempered his fleshly body, now that he had entered the Eighth Anima, his body truly had reached the legendary... Fleshly Sanctification. Figuratively speaking, that sanctification was none other than the Spirit Severing of his body!

"I am not in the Spirit Severing stage," he murmured. "But I possess the power of Spirit Severing." His power now vastly exceeded that which he had experienced before, when he had merged with the mastiff.

"Now, the time has come to have a little test. Let's see... exactly how powerful I am!" With that, his eyes began to glow with a cold light. He glanced at Patriarch Huyan, whose mind began to tremble. At that point, Meng Hao vanished.

Patriarch Huyan's scalp numbed, and he was scared witless. He retreated rapidly, waving his arm to cause the whip to flail about in all directions. However, it was at this point that a reflection appeared in his pupils as Meng Hao appeared directly in front of him.

Meng Hao's left hand lifted up, forming a claw that snatched ahold of the whip. The whip let out a whimpering sound, but could not extricate itself.

"You... are too weak," said Meng Hao, his voice cool. He lifted his right hand up and tapped down lightly on Patriarch Huyan's forehead.

Patriarch Huyan's body trembled as he was suddenly lifted up into the air and soared in the direction of the forbidden zone. Before he even began to fall to the ground, his head directly exploded. Blood and gore formed a haze that spread to his chest, and then his limbs, and finally his entire torso.

All of that was accomplished by a mere tap from Meng Hao in his Eighth Anima. Patriarch Huyan was ripped into shreds before he could even scream, and his fleshly body was completely destroyed.

His half-transparent Nascent Divinity fled out, a large hole visible on its forehead. Life force and aura trickled out of the hole, beyond its control. It was incredibly weak as it retreated backward. Its death was only a matter of time; within the space of ten breaths, it would certainly perish!

It was with astonishment and indescribable fear and despair that the Nascent Divinity let out a miserable scream. Although it knew fleeing was useless, it still attempted to run away.

However, it was in this moment that, from within the forbidden zone, what appeared to be a consummately beautiful jade-like hand suddenly reached out with incredible dexterity. The delicate hand stretched out through the air...

To grab ahold of Patriarch Huyan's Nascent Divinity.

"My Cultivation base suffered damage. With this Nascent Divinity, I can concoct some pills to help with that. Do you mind?" A woman walked out from within the forbidden zone. She had Zhixiang's voice, but her appearance was nothing like the woman Meng Hao remembered from before.

She was as pretty as a flower, bewitchingly charming, matchlessly beautiful, unrivaled in elegance and demeanor. She... was the new Demoness Zhixiang!

Chapter 607: You're All Here, Huh?

To use the expression "indescribably beautiful and striking" to describe Zhixiang would only be enough to portray part of her. Meng Hao had no choice but to admit that in his entire life... he had never seen a more beautiful woman.

This was not a situation of her being "one of the most" beautiful women. Any other woman placed next to her would pale in comparison, and could do no more than play a supporting role.

She wore a light red gown, along with a wide smile. Her each and every move was dazzling, and her body let off a unique aura, resembling both the air of a Demon and a spirit.

The feeling Meng Hao got was that her body had become something like a precious material. It was something that completely stood out from the masses, and the aura she emitted seemed to fill the entire area.

Her current body did not belong to anyone except herself.... This was the true Zhixiang.

Because of her earlier fall in Cultivation base and the various plans to be carried out by her on behalf of the Demon Immortal Sect, her Immortal Realm Cultivation base had been degenerated back to the edge of Spirit Severing. In fact, most of the time, she only revealed the power of the Nascent Soul stage. Right now, though, it was obvious that she had succeeded with the Demon Immortal Body.

Because of her success, her Cultivation base had now begun to restore itself. In a very short period of time, she would once again have... the power of an Immortal!

When the time came, the others would return to the lands of South Heaven, but she... would leave by a different route. She would return to the Demon Immortal Sect of the Ninth Mountain and Sea.

There was even a high likelihood that the Cultivators of the Demon Immortal Sect were already gathering at some unknown location to prepare to receive her.

Upon hearing Zhixiang's request, Meng Hao's expression did not change at all. He nodded slowly.

She gently bit her lip and smiled, then took Patriarch Huyan's rapidly fading Nascent Divinity and crushed it. A popping sound could be heard. Patriarch Huyan, a Spirit Severing Patriarch in his generation, had his Nascent Divinity crushed into tiny pieces. They transformed into dots of shining light that Zhixiang then slowly absorbed in through her forehead.

Zhixiang's countenance became a bit more beautiful, enough to cause anyone who looked at her to be shocked and feel their heart palpitating with eagerness.

“Thank you,” she said. She lifted her hand up to place a veil over her face, covering over the features that would cause anyone to be infatuated with her at first sight. Her eyes flickered with a bizarre light as she looked at Meng Hao.

“Allow me to introduce myself. I’m Zhou Zhixiang. The ‘zhi’ character is from the expression ‘that which is noble and lofty.’ The ‘xiang’ character is from the expression ‘a woman of ethereal color and celestial fragrance.’ I am Zhixiang, Holy Daughter of the Demon Immortal Sect. However, I prefer it when people call me Demoness.” With a smile, she gave a curtsied bow to Meng Hao.

Her words were simple, as were the movements she made. However, an indescribable energy wafted off of her, forming together into an incredible pressure, which weighed down on the entire area.

“You owe me,” said Meng Hao coolly. “And not just a simple favor.”

“Don’t worry, Fellow Daoist Meng. I acknowledge it, as does the New Demon Immortal Sect of the Ninth Mountain and Sea. We will absolutely never forget it.” She cocked her beautiful head as she looked at him. Then her beautiful hand waved, causing a jade slip to fly out.

The jade slip was ancient and crude; on one side could be seen the character ‘Demon,’ and on the other side the character ‘Immortal.’

“This is the command medallion of a Demon Immortal Sect Elder. Whoever holds this medallion is a vassal Elder. Fellow Daoist Meng, if you need assistance in the future, you may come to the Demon Immortal Sect at any time.”

Meng Hao accepted the command medallion, looked it over, and then put it into his bag of holding. He nodded toward Zhixiang, then, without another word, turned to leave.

“I would like to thank you in a more personal way, Fellow Daoist Meng,” said Zhixiang with a smile. “Therefore, I’ll give you a bit of information. The pit located between the Third and Fourth Peaks is critical to entering the Fourth Plane.”

Meng Hao stopped in place and turned to look back at her.

“Most likely, the other Sects and Clans have this information already. In fact, the Fourth Plane will never close. Anyone in the Third Plane who has the requisite skill can enter it.

“Without the skill, one can only gaze at the figurative ocean and lament one’s inadequacy.” Zhixiang chuckled, once again bowing to Meng Hao. Then she turned and disappeared.

Meng Hao’s eyes flickered. He could sense Zhixiang’s power, and he knew that she was completely different than before. A thoughtful look appeared as he looked down at his bag of holding, and thought back to all his previous contact with Zhixiang.

In his heart, he was eighty percent certain that the small bit of assistance he had provided here would later result in receiving help from Zhixiang and the Demon Immortal Sect, although it was impossible to predict whether that help would be of great use or not.

A relaxed smile appeared on his face. He had long since come to realize that in the Cultivation world, one must rely on oneself. One could not expect too much help from outsiders. Therefore, whether the New Demon Immortal Sect provided him with a lot of help, or just a little, it didn’t really matter to him.

His greatest acquisition in this affair was not the promise of Zhixiang and the New Demon Immortal Sect. Instead, it was his Eighth Nascent Soul, and his incredibly powerful fleshly body.

He took a deep breath as he examined his body, as well as the fearsome damage done to his longevity while in the Eighth Anima

As for the power of worldly expulsion that he had felt, he wasn’t sure when, but it had vanished. That caused his eyes to glitter brightly as he looked over at the Fourth Peak.

After a moment, he looked away, and his body flickered as he left the Eighth Anima state and returned to the First Anima.

Then he took a step forward. Before speeding off into the distance, he collected up the soul whip. From what Meng Hao could tell, it looked as if it was meant to be part of Patriarch Huyan’s other whip.

At the moment, though, he would not allow them to fuse together. Instead, after he left this place, he would take some time to thoroughly study both of them.

Right now, he wanted to see if he could find any more of good fortune within the Third Plane. He whistled through the air as he passed the Seventh Peak and then the Sixth Peak.

As he neared the Fifth Peak, his eyes suddenly glittered, and the corners of his mouth turned up into a smile. He changed directions to speed directly toward the Fifth Peak. Not much time passed before, shockingly, the light of a restrictive spell appeared up ahead of him.

The restrictive spell had three layers. The outer layer was dim, the light of the mid layer was flowing smoothly, and the inner layer was completely solid.

The three-layer restrictive spell covered an area of about three hundred meters. Clearly visible underneath it was a house, leaning up against the wall of which was a corpse.

The corpse was different than most of the corpses on the outside. It was not completely dried up, but rather, retained some life-like qualities.

It was an old man, who had been looking regretfully off into the distance when he died. As for what he was thinking, it was impossible to tell, but in his hand he held a bamboo flute. The flute was no magical item, but rather, completely ordinary. It even seemed to be a bit shriveled.

In front of the old man was another object, a drum about the size of a person's head. It was completely violet-colored, and emanated a faint glow. Just barely audible was a pulsating thrum from the drum that echoed about the entire area.

Outside of the restrictive spell were eight or so frowning Cultivators from the lands of South Heaven. A few of their number were currently trying to break through the restrictive spell.

Among their number were four members of the Ji Clan, including Ji Xiaoxiao. Also present was Liu Zichuan from the Imperial Bloodline Clan of the Northern Reaches, who Meng Hao had frightened earlier.

The others were from the Eastern Lands or Northern Reaches, and all were frowning as they looked at the violet drum inside of the restrictive spells. Their expressions were that of desire.

Meng Hao's arrival in a beam of multicolored light instantly disturbed the quiet in the area. The group of people immediately went on guard and began to look around. However, once they saw that it was Meng Hao, their faces filled with unsightly expressions.

The way Meng Hao had extorted them in the Second Plane had caused all of them to gnash their teeth. Liu Zichuan was the only one who immediately backed up a few steps, trembling.

“You’re all here, huh?” said Meng Hao, laughing heartily as he approached. “I haven’t seen you in quite a few days, but I missed you! I hope you’ve all acquired a lot of items here in the Third Plane!” Meng Hao’s expression was sincere; in fact, he really did sincerely want for everyone to acquire a lot.

However, the more he expressed himself in such a way, the more unsightly were the expressions on the faces of the others. They stared at Meng Hao, faces filled with displeasure. Some even seemed to be contemplating trying to attack and kill him, to solve all troubles in one fell swoop.

Meng Hao didn’t seem to notice this. He was all smiles as he sighed and then said, “Eee? How come you’re all ignoring me? Well, it doesn’t matter. Fellow Daoists, I, Meng Hao, truly desire for all of you to make great acquisitions here. In that way, I will also benefit a bit more.”

By now, killing intent was flickering in the eyes of the others, and a few people stepped forward, their tempers seemingly on the verge of exploding.

Meng Hao still didn’t seem to notice this point. He had a bashful smile on his face, and even looked a bit emotional. However, from the point of view of the others, he was clearly showing off, and was in the need of a bit of punishment. His expression might even be one of courting death.

Only Liu Zichuan felt his heart pounding nervously, and was crying out inwardly:

“Contemptible! Far too brazen! This bastard... this bastard is somebody I absolutely cannot afford to provoke. He has obviously grown powerful to the point of Spirit Severing, and yet he only shows off this level of power....

“He’s obviously... obviously provoking the others into attacking him!! How shameless!!” At this point, Liu Zichuan couldn’t help but think back to his own grievous situation earlier. He could only imagine that if some of these people attacked Meng Hao right now, they would quickly find themselves in exactly such a miserable state.

As he looked at Meng Hao’s smile, he only found it more and more horrifying. Yet, at the same time, he somehow was looking forward to seeing these other people meet a similar fate as he had....

“Brothers,” continued Meng Hao, “I know that I displeased you in the Second Realm. Please, don’t take it to heart. Now that we’re in the Third Plane, I hope that we can all work together toward a common purpose. Brothers, whether or not I can find sufficient good fortune here, depends all on you.”

After he finished speaking, Meng Hao, looking incredibly appreciative, and even clasped hands to bowed to them.

The bow caused everyone including Ji Xiaoxiao to clench their teeth. As for Liu Zichuan, his face merely twitched, but everyone else seemed to be on the verge of exploding into a rage.

“Oh, there’s also....” Meng Hao had straightened up and was about to smilingly continue when one of the Cultivators from the Northern Reaches couldn’t hold back any longer. His temper flared and, with a howl, he shot forward.

“Shut up, bastard! So, you admit that you displeased us in the Second Plane?”

As soon as the Northern Reaches Cultivator went on the attack, Liu Zichuan’s eyes went wide and filled with a look of anticipation.

“Take him out! Drop him dead!” he thought excitedly.

The Northern Reaches Cultivator closed in on Meng Hao, his face twisted viciously. His right hand lifted up to perform an incantation gesture and then pushed out toward Meng Hao.

At the same time, another of the Northern Reaches Cultivators shot forward, as well as a member of the Ji Clan. Eyes flashing, they fell upon Meng Hao.

Another bashful look appeared on Meng Hao’s face.

Chapter 608: You Hurt Me

Even as the bashful expression appeared on his face, his right palm flew up into the air. It moved with such incredible speed that the burly man from the Northern Reaches had no time to react before it slapped him across the face.

A boom could be heard, and the burly man felt as if an entire mountain had collided with the side of his head. His mind was reeling.

Originally, the blow should have sent him flying, but at the last moment, Meng Hao caused his hand to move back down. He grabbed the man's head and directly slammed it into the ground.

The burly man first shot up into the air and then struck the ground, causing a rumbling sound to echo out. The bashful expression still on his face, Meng Hao lifted his right foot up into the air and then began to trample on the burly man.

Even as the sound of the beating echoed out, the burly man began to struggle furiously. His Cultivation base exploded with power as he attempted to fight back. However, in the blink of an eye, the fearsome power of Meng Hao's fleshly body caused him to begin to scream miserably. He shrank back down, shrieking in shocking fashion.

Meng Hao grabbed the man's head and bashed it into the ground, causing blood to spray from the man's mouth.

"Ready to be reasonable!?" said Meng Hao angrily. He bashed the man's head into the ground again.

"I was congratulating the lot of you. Congratulating you! And in return, you want to kill me!?" Meng Hao slammed his head into the ground again. The burly man's shrieks were sad and shrill, and his body was trembling. An expression of shock covered his face, and his heart was in turmoil as he was beaten senseless.

"That's wrong!" said Meng Hao. "That's immoral!" He jumped up into the air and then began to stamp down onto the burly man, leaving footprints with each stamp of his foot.

The burly man covered his head with both hands, screaming beneath Meng Hao's anger.

"You don't even know what's good for you! Is that the right way to act? I congratulate you and then you repay my kindness with enmity!?" The scene of Meng Hao viciously trampling the man caused Liu Zichuan's eyes to gleam with excitement. His heart was trembling, but with excitement. After all, it felt a lot better to be unlucky with a group of people than to be unlucky alone.

Most afraid out of everyone was the other Northern Reaches Cultivator who had also stepped forward just now, as well as the Ji Clan member. Although they had both charged in attack, watching the scene playing out in front of them caused their scalps to go numb.

They were just about to back up when Meng hao looked up at them, an expression of pain on his face.

“Do people really hate me that much?” he said. “I was clearly wishing you all well! If this guy was the only one to be ungrateful, it wouldn’t matter. But it seems... you two also don’t appreciate my kindness!” He appeared to be more and more torn by grief. The two Cultivators’ scalps became even more numb as they backed up. However, it was in that moment that Meng Hao lifted up his right hand and made a grasping motion.

“You need to explain yourself clearly, otherwise, you’re not going anywhere.” The two were shocked to find that Meng Hao’s grasping motion immediately caused their bodies to go out of control. They were pulled up to Meng Hao, where upon he slapped them with full strength. After they slammed down into the ground, he continued to rain blows down onto them.

“WHY?!?!” howled Meng Hao, sounding grieved. He grabbed the Ji Clan member and slammed him seven or eight times down into the ground. The Ji Clan Cultivator was furious, but it didn’t matter how much Cultivation base power or how many magical items he tried to use, a few slaps from Meng Hao would cause everything to collapse. The Ji Clan member was now panting from astonishment.

Even in the midst of his astonishment, Meng Hao grabbed his head and slammed his face into the ground again.

The other Northern Reaches Cultivator shrieked. He watched wide-eyed as the Ji Clan member and the other Northern Reaches Cultivator were like nothing more than baby chickens in Meng Hao’s hands, completely powerless to strike back at all. The man was so scared that he began to beg for mercy.

However, he could not escape Meng Hao’s punishment. Every time Meng Hao leaped up, the three men would let out miserable screams, and blood would spatter about the area....

“You hurt me and then just smiled it off!!” cried Meng Hao. “That’s unforgivable! I was being sincere!!” The sight of Meng Hao punching and kicking caused those looking on to be thoroughly shaken. The other Ji Clan members, as well as the other two Northern Reaches Cultivators, were all panting. Expressions of extreme shock could be seen on their faces.

They were also rejoicing at their luck in having not made a move earlier. That was especially true of the ones who had almost stepped forward just now. They felt as if they had just evaded a huge disaster.

Their eyes were filled with unprecedented levels of fear as they looked at Meng Hao. It was a fear that made them feel even more grievous than they had in the Second Plane. That was because they had suddenly discovered that... they could be bullied here in the Third Plane too!

Ji Xiaoxiao's eyes were wide and she was panting with shock. As she stared at Meng Hao, she suddenly had the sensation that she was looking at a madman.

As the sensation appeared, it was coupled with fear. It was as if the Meng Hao that she remembered from the Second Plane had been perfectly extended down here into the Third Plane.

Liu Zichuan stood in the group, his expression one of excitement. Inwardly, he shouted, "Take him out! Drop him dead!"

His face filled with grief and indignation, Meng Hao continued to mop up the three. The two Ji Clan members other than Ji Xiaoxiao, hesitated. One of them was an older man who gritted his teeth and said, "Elder Brother Meng... they were definitely in the wrong, but... considering it was their first offense...."

"Yeah," said one of the other Northern Reaches Cultivators. "Elder Brother Meng, if you keep beating them, they're going to die...."

It was just as the man said. The three offenders lay next to Meng Hao, soaked in blood, gasping as more breath came out than went in. Despite being Cultivators, they had just been literally beaten to the verge of death.

"Do you also wish to repay kindness with enmity?" asked Meng Hao, looking up at the Ji Clan Cultivator who had spoken first.

That look caused the old Ji Clan member to begin to tremble. He quickly backed up a few steps, then angrily cried, "These people went way too far! What I hate most in life is people who repay kindness with enmity! Elder Brother Meng, feel free to continue, just ignore me."

As for the other Northern Reaches Cultivator, the one who had spoken up second, he was now even more nervous. He began to fill with panic as he watched Meng Hao slowly look over toward him. Immediately, the man yelled, "Elder Brother Meng! Get rid of the rascals and protect the good folk! I couldn't be more pleased. I truly wish I could be more like you, with such incredibly lofty sentiments!"

Off to the side, Liu Zichuan's heart filled with disdain. He still felt himself to be far more powerful than these other people.

The bashful look appeared on Meng Hao's face once more. His right foot was up in the air, just about to descend again. Down below, the Ji Clan member, who was covering his head with his hands, suddenly felt as if his moment of good fortune had arrived.

"Fellow Daoist Meng, listen, my... my acquisitions, you can have sixty percent!"

As soon as Meng Hao heard this, his foot stopped moving. Apparently convinced by the man's words, he bent over at the waist and shyly patted the man's shoulder.

"Brother, oh, good Brother," he said. "I really hate to say this but, you know, I have my principles. How about eighty percent? No? Well never mind...."

"Huh?" The Ji Clan member's face was covered with both blood and a look of shock. He was just about to say something when one of the Northern Reaches Cultivators shouted out.

"Eighty percent! Elder Brother Meng, eighty percent of my acquisitions are yours!"

Hearing this, Meng Hao instantly shoved the Ji Clan member back to the ground and then helped the Northern Reaches Cultivator to his feet. His now looked even more bashful, and somewhat apologetic.

"I feel a bit guilty for such kindness, Brother," said Meng Hao. "Very well, since you trust me so much, then I truly wish you well. Please acquire many many things here in the Third Plane...."

The Northern Reaches cultivator wanted to cry, but had no tears to shed. He looked at Meng Hao and nodded vigorously.

The Ji Clan member who had just been shoved back down suddenly yelled out: “Eighty percent! I’ll give eighty percent, too!”

The other of the three also gritted his teeth and yelled out similarly.

Meng Hao looked visibly moved as he helped them all to their feet.

“Fellow Daoists, I am truly indebted to your kindness,” he said with an emotional sigh. “I feel a bit guilty. However, since all of you insist, then, fine, fine, I accept.” From the look in his eye, it seemed Meng Hao felt that good people truly did exist everywhere under Heaven.

The three Cultivators stood there unsteadily, looking at Meng Hao. Although inwardly they might be cursing him to the pinnacle, they did not dare to allow it to show on their faces. As of this moment, they were in complete dread of Meng Hao.

Everyone else had merely watched the proceedings, but these three had experienced it personally. Every blow from Meng Hao contained not the slightest ripple of a magical technique. All of it was completely from the power of his fleshly body.

He had used only the power of his fleshly body to put them in a position where they didn’t even have a single chance to fight back. Even stranger, his fists and feet were actually capable of completely scattering their magical techniques.

Such a fearsome fleshly body was enough to cause anyone to feel hopelessness. The bashful look that they saw on Meng Hao’s face right now would become the source of their most profound nightmares in the future.

The three had no choice but to clasp hands in respect to Meng Hao. Then, supported by the various members of their groups, hobbled their way back to their original position. Meng Hao glanced at Ji Xiaoxiao with a profound expression. A tremor ran through her, and she suddenly grew even more nervous. No one else would understand, but Ji Xiaoxiao was well aware that Meng Hao had just reminded her of her promise to take him to Ji Mingfeng’s corpse.

Everything was silent. Everyone stood there quietly, having completely lost interest in the restrictive spell off to the side. All of them looked nervously at Meng Hao.

As for Meng Hao, he looked at the restrictive spell for a while. Then he examined the house, and the well preserved corpse. All of a sudden, he realized that the corpse looked familiar.

He was silent for a moment as he looked at it. Then he recognized who it was, and his face grew a bit melancholy. This old man existed in Meng Hao's memory as a youth. Back in the Second Plane, he was one of Meng Hao's silkpants friends, a Demon Immortal Sect disciple with two wings on his back.

Meng Hao remembered that his name was Yi Xuanzi.

After a moment of silent thought, Meng Hao clasped hands and bowed deeply toward the corpse. "Fellow Daoist Yi Xuanxi," he said, "perhaps you don't recognize me, but in my memories, we are friends.... If your spirit is in the underworld, please open the restrictive spell. I would like to bury you so that you can rest in peace."

As of this moment, he wasn't thinking about any magical items. He spoke the truth. He wanted to bury his friend from the Second Plane, so that he could rest peacefully.

After a long moment, Meng Hao rose to his feet. He didn't check to see if the restrictive spell had changed in any way. Without a word, he turned to leave. However, it was in this moment that behind him, the restrictive spell suddenly began to glitter and shine. A riot of colors could be seen as a rift appeared, which opened up soundlessly!

It opened for Meng Hao!

A tremor ran through his body as he looked back.

Everyone watched on, eyes wide and minds filled with unprecedented shock and disbelief.

Chapter 609: Three-eyed Concubine

"The restrictive spell... is actually opening on its own!!"

"Could it be that Meng Hao was right about the spirit in the underworld?"

"If that's what's really happening, then wouldn't it mean that we could use the personal relationships we forged in the Second Plane to open other restrictive spells!?"

Everyone was shocked and almost couldn't believe what was happening.

This matter exceeded their imaginations, and in fact, their comprehension. The whole matter didn't seem complicated, and yet, if you analyzed it deeply, there was clearly some incredibly complex cycle of Karma at work.

After all, the Second Plane... was illusory!

And yet, things that had occurred in the Second Plane, and people met there, had apparently created a resonance with reality. It was bizarre to the extreme!

Even as everyone stood there in their fear and shock, Meng Hao looked back at the rift in the restrictive spell. After a moment of thought, a look of decisiveness appeared in his eyes. As everyone watched, panting, he strode forward toward the restrictive spell. His body almost flickered as he... entered inside of it.

The instant he entered, the rift twisted and then rapidly closed up. As for Meng Hao, he now stood there inside of the restrictive spell.

He was now fully separated from the outside world, and the onlookers.

Completely ignoring how shocked everyone was, he looked at Yi Xuanzi's corpse, then silently approached it. He stood there for a moment, then clasped hands and bowed deeply. Then he began to dig a hole next to the house.

He carefully placed Yi Xuanzi's corpse into the deep hole. As for the flute and the drum, he did not take them for himself, but instead, placed them in the pit next to the body.

"Yi Xuanzi, whether or not you recognize me, in my memories, we are friends.... I hope that you can rest in peace. If there is a reincarnation... I hope that we can meet again." He looked at the corpse in the deep hole, and his eyes filled with a look of reminiscence. He thought back to the Second Plane, his silkpants friends from the other mountain peaks, and how they had all been whipped together.

After a long moment, he let out a soft sigh. Just as he was about to begin filling the hole up with dirt, the violet-colored drum suddenly let out a thump. The sound was like that of a heartbeat, clear and distinct as it echoed around.

Meng Hao's brows furrowed in concentration. He watched as the violet drum, which was emanating a slight violet-colored glow, slowly floated up out of the hole to hover in front of him.

The drum was about the size of a head. The drum head itself was black, and the sides were violet. Just barely visible were countless faint magical symbols rising up from the drum head. Also visible on the the drum head was a totem.

The totem was that of a black toad with a vicious appearance. Its long tongue was sticking out of its mouth to wrap around a black dragon!

The black dragon was struggling, but apparently it was powerless to fight back against the toad.

It was obviously a totem, but when he looked at it, Meng Hao felt almost as if it were moving. On the other side of the drum head was another totem.

This totem was an enormous crocodile with vicious looking scales. Its appearance was ferocious to the extreme, and its mouth was open to emit a soundless roar....

This drum was extremely extraordinary!

Meng Hao was silent for a long moment before reaching out his hand. The violet drum flickered a few times, then slowly landed onto his palm.

As soon as it touched him, he heard a buzzing sound in his mind. It was like the call of a toad, the shriek of a black dragon, and the coldness of the crocodile.

A moment passed, and then everything went back to normal. However, as everything faded away, Meng Hao realized that the method of how to use the drum now existed in his mind.

When everyone on the outside saw what was happening, their eyes went wide with astonishment. Although they were completely envious and jealous, they didn't allow it to show on their faces.

The fearsomeness Meng Hao had just displayed was now indelibly branded onto their minds. The impression he had left was something that was deeply imprinted within them, and could never be wiped away.

Meng Hao quietly put away the violet-colored drum. Then he looked at the corpse, and once more clasped hands and bowed.

“Many thanks for your help, Fellow Daoist,” he said. “I will not allow anything unworthy to occur to this object.” As he spoke, a warm wind seemed to blow through the area. Meng Hao’s hair lifted up, and it almost seemed like a murmuring voice could be heard within the wind.

Finally, he buried the corpse. He piled together a small grave mound, then waved his hand, causing a wooden plank to fly over. He used his finger to carve the wood, instantly transforming it into a grave marker which he pushed down deeply into the grave mound.

Here lies Yi Xuanzi.

“Fellow Daoist, I wish you a safe journey,” he said quietly. Then he turned and began to walk toward the restrictive spell. He did not disturb anything else in the area, nor did he search it. He had entered this place because of Yi Xuanzi, and because of the memories. He had no other purpose than to bury his friend.

As Meng Hao neared, the restrictive spell flickered and the rift appeared again. After he walked out, the rift disappeared again. Everyone looked at Meng Hao with odd expressions.

Deep in their hearts, they couldn’t help but feel that Meng Hao was truly enigmatic.

Ignoring everyone else, Meng Hao continued to walk along. Suddenly, he stopped and looked back at Ji Xiaoxiao.

As soon as he looked at her, her heart trembled. Silently, she gritted her beautiful teeth, then turned to speak to the other Ji Clan members in hushed tones. Then, to the shock of all them, her body flashed as she moved to join Meng Hao.

Meng Hao laughed as he flew up into the air. Ji Xiaoxiao followed, and in the blink of an eye, the two of them disappeared off in the distance. Everyone left behind exchanged speechless glances. The intense impression left upon them by Meng Hao was deep and profound.

Meng Hao flew in the lead position and Ji Xiaoxiao followed. After disappearing off into the distance, where no one would be watching them, Meng Hao looked back and gave Ji Xiaoxiao an enigmatic smile.

He still remembered the scene from the river of stars, before coming to the Primordial Demon Immortal Plane, when he had been stuck up against her body.

Seeing his smile caused Ji Xiaoxiao to feel goosebumps. She quickly began to explain. “Ji Mingfeng’s host body was a Conclave disciple from the First Peak. However, his body is not located at the First Peak, but rather, beneath the Third Peak.”

“Lead the way,” replied Meng Hao coolly. Actually, he didn’t really care at all about Ji Mingfeng’s corpse. He was merely using this method to thoroughly bind Ji Xiaoxiao to him.

In this way, he was essentially inserting a mole into the Ji Clan. If any mishaps occurred, Ji Xiaoxiao would not be able to escape unharmed. Because she was an actual member of the Clan, if she betrayed the Clan, the results would be even more miserable.

As for Ji Xiaoxiao, how could she not understand this? However, she had little room to maneuver. Originally, she took her actions in the Second Plane to be a temporary stopgap that she could adjust in the Third Plane. But when she discovered how fearsomely powerful Meng Hao’s Cultivation base was, she truly understood that... she had no way to fight back against him.

Therefore, since she couldn’t fight back, there was no need to struggle.

They sped along together, Ji Xiaoxiao compliant, Meng Hao using his Divine Sense to avoid anyone else. Soon, they neared the Third Peak.

Although Ji Xiaoxiao didn’t detect what Meng Hao was doing, she did notice that they didn’t run into anybody whatsoever. As such, she could only assume it had something to do with Meng Hao, which of course filled her with even more dread.

As for Meng Hao, his brow was furrowed. As they moved along, he had actually sensed a total of six or seven others. All were alone, and all of them seemed to be moving in the same direction; they were headed toward a place somewhere between the Third and Fourth Peaks.

Meng Hao thought back to what Zhixiang had told him, about true spirit Night, and the pit between the Third and Fourth Peaks. That pit led to the entrance of the Fourth Plane.

His eyes glittered, and a cold smile appeared on his face.

“Considering that they aren’t looking for any more good fortune in the Third Realm,” he thought, “but are instead hurrying toward the Fourth Realm, it shows that they must have acquired quite a bit already.

“In that case, it’s just about time for me to go make them live up to their agreement.”

Up ahead, Ji Xiaoxiao stopped. “We’re here,” she said, looking back at Meng Hao. “This is the place. There are restrictive spells in place, so follow me.”

Meng Hao suddenly lifted his right hand and flicked his finger. A red medicinal pill flew out at top speed to appear in front of Ji Xiaoxiao. Her face flickered.

There was still time for her to dodge out of the way, but when she saw the cold streak in Meng Hao’s eyes, her heart seized. She did nothing to evade, instead allowing the medicinal pill to enter her mouth. As it dissolved, an acrid liquid spread out through her body.

“Let’s go,” said Meng Hao with a smile and a nod. He looked around at the ruins and the countless flickering restrictive spells.

Ji Xiaoxiao’s face was extremely unsightly. She said nothing, but merely turned and proceeded forward. As she did, the curves of her body made a scene of soul-stirring beauty.

She proceeded on through a specific route for about the time it takes an incense stick to burn. Soon, a well appeared up ahead of Meng Hao. Shockingly, two corpses could be seen together at the bottom of the well.

One was Ji Mingfeng, the other was the host body.

A three-eyed crow was perched atop Ji Mingfeng's body. In almost the same instant in which Meng Hao looked down at the crow, the crow turned to look at him.

Ji Mingfeng also had two bags of holding. One was white, the other was black. Even as Meng Hao looked at the black bag of holding, Ji Xiaoxiao spoke up.

“The black bag of holding has Ji Mingfeng's collection of Demon beasts. As for that three-eyed crow, it long since gained sentience. When Ji Mingfeng was only three years old, it flew in from the outside, and accompanied him ever since.

“You got lucky in killing Ji Mingfeng. If we were in the outside world, even if you were of the Spirit Severing stage, it would still be very difficult. He... is actually the Nascent Soul stage Dao Child of the Ji Clan.

“He even had a Patriarch's brand on him, although sadly, it's faded since he died.”

Meng Hao's eyes glittered. Suddenly, the crow flew up into the air, transforming into a black beam of light that shot toward Meng Hao.

Before Meng Hao could react, an excited voice could be heard coming from the copper mirror inside his bag of holding.

“Bitches! Lord Fifth is awake, little bitches! Hey, I see a lovely three-eyed concubine here!”

Chapter 610: Injured Lord Fifth

Apparently, the three-eyed crow knew the parrot....

Otherwise, it wouldn't have flown out in such an overbearing fashion, only to, upon hearing the voice of the parrot, begin shaking, the feathers on its body standing on end. Apparently something had gotten it quite worked up. It let out a miserable shriek, then suddenly turned around in mid-air and then fled in the opposite direction.

At the same time, the parrot flew out from inside of Meng Hao's bag of holding. It seemed to be in high spirits, as arrogant as ever to once again be on the scene.

Its eyes glittered with an excited glow as it raised its head up and squawked a few times. Then it shot forward toward the three-eyed crow.

“Long time no see! What are you running away for? If you keep running, Lord Fifth is going to screw you!!

“Beloved concubine, don’t run away!” it continued excitedly, “Husband and wife for a day means mutual benefactors for endless days to come! Although we couldn’t remain as husband and wife for a long time back then, that doesn’t mean you need to flee! Every time I think of you, I can’t help but wallow in my memories!”

The parrot seemed to be on the verge of overtaking the crow. Suddenly, though, tears appeared in the crow’s eyes. It seemed ready to die rather than be violated. In this instant, it used some unknown magical technique to cause all of its black feathers to suddenly fall off of its body...

In the blink of an eye, there was no longer a black crow in front of Lord Fifth and Meng Hao. Instead, it was a... flesh-colored, completely bald bird.

The sight of the completely featherless bird was appalling and almost too horrible to look at.

However, the miserable shriek which rang through the air next did not come from the three-eyed crow, but rather the parrot. The bloodcurdling scream seemed to emanate from a deep, deep pain. The parrot stopped in mid air, staring at the feathers that were fluttering down to the ground, and then let out another miserable cry.

“Wh-wh-wh... why did you do that!?!?” The parrot didn’t seem to be able to accept it. One breath of time before, the crow had been its true love, completely in line with his sense of beauty. The next breath, everything was turned completely around in a completely upsetting fashion.

Its entire body was shaking, even its nerves. What had happened just now was something too intensely upsetting.

Taking advantage of the parrot’s sudden loss of spirit, the three-eyed crow used some other method to disappear into mid-air. It vanished without a trace.

The parrot seemed on the verge of going insane. It raised its head up to the sky and let out a roar.

“DAMNATION! Lord Fifth will not let you off the hook!”

Meng Hao suddenly felt a bit of sympathy for the parrot, especially considering how it had just changed its use of bad words. Clearly, the parrot was not just a little bit upset at the moment.

A face suddenly appeared on the bell attached to the parrot’s foot. The meat jelly’s voice could be heard, filled with a bit of a wicked tone. “Happy? According to Lord Third, that crow is actually quite honest and sincere. For example, what if it had used that move just now when you were in the middle of screwing it? What would you do then?”

Upon hearing this, Meng Hao could only stare blankly. The parrot trembled a few more times before a look of intense alarm appeared on its face.

Meng Hao had long since gotten used to the antics of the meat jelly and parrot. He had also put some thought into the matter of why the two of them hadn’t made an appearance in the First or Second Planes. He had assumed that there was something special about the Demon Immortal Sect that made it impossible for them to reveal themselves.

Based on the voice of the parrot just now, it seemed to Meng Hao that it had just woken up. However, even after trying, he couldn’t cause the mastiff to appear. Then he thought back to what Patriarch Huyan had said before, and realized that the origin of the meat jelly and the parrot really was unfathomable.

As for Ji Xiaoxiao, this was her first time seeing the parrot. Her eyes were wide, especially after she heard what the meat jelly said. Although she had always been a brazen person, she was still a young woman, and couldn’t help but flush a bit and make a reprimanding “pei” sound.

Yet, she continued to look down on Lord Fifth....

The instant she made the “pei” sound, the parrot turned its head to stare at Ji Xiaoxiao. A deadly gleam appeared in its eyes, as if it desired to vent its frustration and pain on her.

Panting, it looked her over.

“No fur or feathers! Dammit! Absolutely no fur or feathers! Dear Heavens, why do you punish me this way!!” The parrot howled and then clenched its jaw. Even the mere thought of the crow shedding its feathers caused it to feel profound pain.

Although Ji Xiaoxiao didn't have the fur or feathers that the parrot liked, as far as she was concerned, the damnable things gaze was far too penetrating.

Meng Hao ignored the parrot. His right hand made a grasping motion, causing Ji Mingfeng's two bags of holding to fly up out from within the well and into his hands. He glanced them over, opting not to open them at the moment. Instead, he put them away.

Then, eyes glittering, he snatched the wailing parrot and ignoring whether it wanted to or not, shoved it back into his bag of holding. Then he looked at Ji Xiaoxiao.

“It's time for me to go collect some treasures,” he said. “If you have nothing else to do, you can come with me. My destination just so happens to be the entrance to the Fourth Plane.”

Ji Xiaoxiao hesitated for a moment, then nodded. She didn't seem to be surprised at all to hear about the Fourth Plane, as if she had known about it all along.

As he gazed at her, Meng Hao thought about the resources of her Clan, and how information about the Fourth Plane wouldn't be hard to come by. The two of them left, Meng Hao taking the lead as they shot toward the pit, which lay between the Third and Fourth Peaks. It wasn't very far away. About two hours later, they arrived.

There were quite a few people already gathered together. There were a handful from the Ji Clan, one of whom was Ji Mingkong, who looked at Meng Hao with a strange glow in his eyes. Li Shiqi and Han Bei sat cross-legged not too far off, as did Wang Lihai. As soon as Meng Hao neared, their expressions flickered.

Meng Hao was all smiles as he waved to everyone in greeting.

“Hahaha! What a small world, huh! We meet again, Fellow Daoists. So, tell me, how did things go for you in the Third Plane? What did you acquire?” Behind him, Ji Xiaoxiao's cheek twitched a little as she realized that Meng Hao... was about to con some more people.

“Meng Hao offers his most sincere well wishes to all of you Fellow Daoists,” he continued. “I hope that you can really profit well in the Third Plane. That way, I can also bask a bit in your glory, right? Thank you, Fellow Daoists. You are all truly good people.” Meng Hao seemed a bit emotional and even somewhat embarrassed. A bashful expression appeared as he looked over the increasingly grim-faced crowd, then clasped hands and bowed.

As for the group from the Southern Domain, their eyes flickered. That was especially true of Han Bei. When she saw Meng Hao’s smile, a tremor ran through her body and she quickly lowered her head.

She knew all too well what Meng Hao’s smile meant. It must be stated that it was quite well known in the Southern Domain that Meng Hao had conned many people with that bashful grin....

Although Wang Lihai had never seen Meng Hao’s bashful side, he had heard of his conman’s personality. When he saw the smile, and Han Bei’s reaction, he instantly went on guard.

Li Shiqi put on a forced smile. She looked at Meng Hao but didn’t say anything.

Song Jia was also there. She looked at Meng Hao with a complex expression. It didn’t matter how Meng Hao smiled, to her, it was all the same.

As for the Dao Child from the Li Clan, Li Tiandao, he was the only Southern Domain Cultivator who didn’t notice anything special about Meng Hao’s smile. He frowned, and killing intent suddenly sprang up in his eyes.

In contrast, the members of the Ji Clan seemed to have received news about what happened earlier. Although all of them wore completely ordinary expressions, deep in their eyes, vigilance could be seen.

Meng Hao looked around at everyone, then suddenly seemed a bit discouraged. He was just thinking that it seemed his extortion attempt had failed when he noticed the look in the eye of the Li Clan Dao Child, Li Tiandao. Suddenly, he seemed a bit livened.

“Fellow Daoist,” he said, “I don’t think I recognize you.” He quickly walked toward Li Tiandao, a smile on his face. “Tell me, did you acquire much in the Third Plane? Come, come, open your bag of holding so that Brother can select his share.”

“Screw off!” said Li Tiandao coldly.

A moment ago, Meng Hao had worn a sincere smile and a bashful expression. A moment later, his face completely changed. The instant Li Tiandao spoke, a ruthless expression appeared on Meng Hao’s face. His right palm instantly shot out toward Li Tiandao.

A cold light of derision flickered in Li Tiandao’s eyes. His Cultivation base was extraordinary. If you looked at the Southern Domain as a whole, it didn’t matter if you were talking about members of his current generation, or even Li Daoyi who had already passed away, Li Tiandao’s Cultivation base was extraordinary. He gave a cold snort and then made a grasping motion with his right hand. Instantly, a blade of white light appeared in his hand.

However, before he could even unleash the power of the blade, Meng Hao’s palm, moving with indescribable speed, slapped onto his face, letting out a huge bang.

One slap sent Li Tiandao completely senseless. He was furious, and wanted to struggle back. However, his fate was the same as the Cultivator earlier from the Northern Reaches. Meng Hao directly slammed him down onto the ground.

Punches and kicks rained down onto him, the sound of which echoed out in every direction. Li Tiandao let out miserable shrieks. He tried to fight back, and even tried to wield his blade against Meng Hao. However, all it took was a slap from Meng Hao to cause the Heavenly blade to shatter into pieces.

The sudden violence caused the eyes of all the spectators to grow wide.

“You actually dare to cuss at me!” cried Meng Hao, emphasizing his words with kicks. “I was sincerely wishing you well, and you respond with curses!? Ridiculous!” His expression grew more vicious and intense, causing all the onlookers to grow increasingly shaky with fear.

Li Tiandao was livid, but gradually, that lividity was replaced by terror. Soon, it turned into despair. Blood spouted from his mouth as the shadow of death loomed over him.

Finally, Han Bei blinked, cleared her throat and offered up a quick reminder. That finally provoked a reaction from Li Tiandao who, despite feeling wronged to the extreme, shouted out that he would pay a higher price.

After the matter was resolved, Meng Hao once again smiled sincerely and then took two of the total of three magical items that Li Tiandao had acquired.

Furthermore... those two items were the very best of all of them. Even as Li Tiandao felt pain in his heart, Meng Hao clasped his shoulder, then sighed and bashfully expressed his deep thanks.

After that, Meng Hao looked around at everyone else. Considering what had just happened to Li Tiandao, everyone else had no choice but to suppress their curses inwardly, open their bags of holding and produce the items that they had acquired. With their oaths in place, there was no way to go back on their words, and no way to hide things in violation of the agreement.

Despite their pain, they could only watch on in fear as Meng Hao carefully selected one incredible magic item after another.

“Wow, this looks amazing!

“Eee? It’s actually a scale shield! Excellent, excellent!

“This flower vase is incredible! With one glance you can tell it’s a precious treasure!

“Ooh, look at this clay figure! It’s missing an arm and a head, but I’ll just have to suck it up and take it. Yep.”

Meng Hao circled around, making acquisitions that would cause anyone to be shocked. Every person from whom he took treasures had faces filled with unsightly looks. If it weren’t for the fact that none of them felt capable of taking him on, they would surely attempt to attack him. The hatred they felt rose up to the Heavens, and their hearts dripped with blood.

To them, Meng Hao wasn’t just taking away magical items, but their most prized possessions....

Eventually he came to stand in front of Song Jia. He looked at the jade pendant she held out, as well as the complicated, cold look in her eyes. He stood there thoughtfully for a moment, then took out one of the magical items he had acquired and put it in her hand.

Song Jia frowned, and was about to say something when, all of a sudden, three prismatic beams of light whistled through the air toward them from off in the distance. The person in the lead position was none other than Fang Yu. Behind her were the two other men from the Fang Clan.

The two men wore excited expressions; clearly, whatever objects they had just acquired left them very happy.