

The Heavens 611

Chapter 611: Fellow Daoists, Allow Me to Say Something

Meng Hao's eyes gleamed and he turned. With a smile, he clasped hands and bowed to the three incoming members of the Fang Clan. "Well, if it isn't the three Fellow Daoists from the Fang Clan. It seems these two Brothers can't quite cover up the joy in their faces. They definitely must have acquired quite a bit in the Third Plane...."

Fang Yu's face was a bit unsightly as she stared angrily at Meng Hao. The way he looked right now caused her fury to flare up.

"No, we didn't!" she said, glaring at him.

"Oh, that's not good," replied Meng Hao with a wink.

"It doesn't even count as not good!" said Fang Yu, clenching her teeth, an uncompromising expression appearing on her face. "Look at you, you acquired all kinds of things, but big sis put everything on the line and only got two items! You still want to take advantage of me?"

"Okay, how about this...." said Meng Hao, looking a bit embarrassed. However, before he could finish speaking, one of the two men from the Fang Clan who stood behind Fang Yu suddenly let out a cold laugh.

"We try to give you face, but you insist on acting shamelessly, huh? You think this is still the Second Plane? Screw off posthaste, you little bastard! Otherwise, you won't be leaving the Third Plane alive!"

The other Fang Clan member stepped forward, an expression of scorn and disdain on his face as he said, "You really don't know your own limitations. Don't you know that even the Ji Clan would think twice before trying to steal away the things acquired here by the Fang Clan? As for you... well, take out half of everything on your person and hand it over. Otherwise...."

As the two men spoke, Meng Hao's gaze came to be fixed upon them.

However, before he could even get angry, Fang Yu's face filled with fury. She spun to face the two fellow Clan members.

"You want him to screw off?" she said. Clenching her teeth, she vanished, to reappear directly next to one of the Fang Clan members. Suddenly, her fist descended.

Before the Fang Clan member could even say anything, a boom could be heard, and he tumbled backward, blood spraying from his mouth as he looked at Fang Yu in astonishment.

"Fang Yu, what are you doing!?!?"

"Shameless you say!?" she cried, fires of rage burning in her eyes. As of this moment, she truly looked like an explosive dragon. Her body flickered as she neared the man again. He was shaking, and was about to fight back when another boom echoed out and he was sent flying.

"You dare to threaten him!? You say he won't leave the Third Plane alive?! Well then... I'll make sure YOU don't leave the Third Plane alive!" Killing intent flickered in Fang Yu's eyes. Before the Fang Clan member even landed on the ground, she once again vanished to reappear directly next to him. Her fist smashed out again. This was no perfunctory blow, but rather, contained all of her explosive power.

A boom could be heard that rattled Heaven and Earth. Everyone watched on in shock as the blood sprayed from the mouth of the Fang Clan member, and then his entire body exploded into bloody pieces. His Nascent Soul emerged, fleeing and screaming at the same time.

"Fang Yu, you dare to slaughter a fellow Clan member!? You're dead! You actually dare to kill me over an outsider!?!?"

"So what if I kill you?" said Fang Yu with a cold snort. She performed an incantation gesture, then waved her right hand. Instantly, an enormous square cauldron magically appeared. It instantly shot toward the fleeing Nascent Soul of the Fang Clan Cultivator. When they slammed together, a miserable shriek could be heard, and the Nascent Soul shattered.

At the same time, the man's bag of holding flew out to be snatched by Fang Yu. She quickly erased the brand mark on it, and then tossed it over to Meng Hao.

The scene which had just played out in front of everyone left them completely shaken. That was especially true of the Ji Clan, whose eyes were wide and filled with disbelief. Killing a fellow Clan member was a high crime in any Clan!

They truly couldn't understand why Fang Yu would respond so viciously to the handful of words that had just been spoken.

Fang Yu turned and looked at the other Fang Clan member.

The man trembled and took a few steps back. His heart pounded with nervousness and vigilance as he quickly said, "Elder Sister Fang Yu, this was all just a misunderstanding. I..."

"You said he doesn't know his own limitations?" she said, her eyes flickering with killing intent. The Fang Clan Cultivator's scalp was numb as he fell back nervously. Before he could get more than a few steps, Fang Yu was upon him, and her fist descended.

A boom could be heard; blood sprayed from the man's mouth as he fell back.

"Elder Sister Fang Yu, I was in the wrong. Really, it was my mistake!!"

"Didn't you tell him to take out half of his belongings and hand them over?" she said coldly. She performed an incantation with her right hand, causing the illusory square cauldron to fly toward the man. Under the incredible pressure, the Fang Clan Cultivator's face fell. Even as he shot backward, he pulled out his bag of holding and threw it to Meng Hao.

"Elder Brother Meng, allow me to atone for my crime. Junior Brother admits his mistake!!"

Meng Hao grabbed the bag of holding with a frown. It was impossible to tell exactly what he was thinking.

"You're clever," said Fang Yu. "Therefore, you can avoid the death penalty. But that doesn't mean you're... exempt from punishment!" She glared at the Fang Clan Cultivator as the square cauldron descended. A boom could be heard as blood poured from the man's mouth. He staggered backward, his face pale. Although he didn't fear for his life now, he was still scared witless. He immediately clasped hands and bowed to Fang Yu.

Meng Hao gathered up the two bags of holding, then looked over at Fang Yu. She looked back at him.

“What was that for?” he asked.

“None of your concern,” replied Fang Yu. With a frown, she gritted her teeth and continued, “In any case, my things are mine, and I’m not going to give them to you. There’s no use in even thinking about it. It’s not gonna happen!”

Meng Hao looked at her deeply for a moment, but didn’t speak again about the matter. Everyone around were lost in various thoughts, and didn’t speak.

It was in this moment that the deep pit they stood next to suddenly emitted a shocking rumbling sound. It almost sounded as if something deep inside was roaring. The ground shook, and the countless vine-like objects that surrounded the area began to twitch and writhe in bizarre fashion.

The vines grew thicker and longer as they surrounded the area, looking almost like snakes. The Demonic Qi from the surrounding area surged in toward the pit, transforming into an enormous pillar of light that towered up into the sky.

As of this moment, the enormous pillar of light was visible from any position within the First Heaven of the Demon Immortal Sect. It was like a summons that echoed out in the hearts and minds of all the South Heaven Cultivators.

A message resounded out to everyone. It clearly told them... that the way to the Fourth Plane was now open!

The possibility now existed to enter the Fourth Plane!

Meng Hao’s mind trembled, and the Cultivators around him began to pant. Their eyes flickered, and yet, no one wanted to be the first one to make an attempt. Everyone stood watching, not willing to act rashly.

Time passed, and more people began to arrive, attracted by the column of light. Of course, not a one could evade Meng Hao’s extortion. Eventually Xu Qing arrived, which meant that the area was now filled with the majority of the Cultivators who were here in the Third Plane.

Their gazes flickered as they looked thoughtfully around at each other.

The first person to make a move was an unimposing, emaciated old man from the Southern Domain. He flew out to stand on one of the vines. After grasping ahold of it, he looked back at the crowd of onlookers and then smiled. Then he produced a magical item, a fan, which he pushed up against the surface of the vine.

Instantly, a green glow surrounded the fan, and it began to disintegrate. It transformed into dots of scintillating light, which then were absorbed into the vine. At the same time, the vine began to grow longer. It extended down into the pit, taking the old man with it.

Fang Yu looked over at Meng Hao and then spoke, her words directed not just at him, but at everyone around. “According to the Fang Clan’s understanding, one needs magical items to be able to enter the Fourth Plane. Magical items from the outside world aren’t quite as effective as items acquired in the Demon Immortal Sect. Offer them as sacrifices to the Demon vines, and, depending on their value, the vines will extend down.

“If you leave the vine and try to descend on your own, you will die without a doubt!”

With that, Fang Yu’s body flashed, and she neared a vine. In much the same way as the old man moments before, she produced a magical item which she pushed up against the vine. The vine began to grow, extending down into the pit.

One by one, more people began to fly forward. The Ji Clan members, the Northern Reaches Cultivators, the group from the Southern Domain. One after another, they stepped onto the vines, produced treasures, and then sank down into the pit. As all of this happened, Meng Hao cleared his throat. Looking embarrassed and a bit bashful, he began to speak.

“Fellow Daoists, allow me to say something. Considering that you need to offer continual sacrifices to the vines, I must say that I actually have quite a few magical items. However, if I loan them out, if you take one, you’ll have to repay me with two. I’m honest with all customers. It’s a reasonable price.

“Now, who’s to say what incredible acquisitions you will make in the Fourth Plane?” he continued. “Therefore, before going in, you should really think about this. Buy one, repay with two is definitely reasonable!” As soon as the others heard him, grim expressions could be seen on their faces.

“Buy one, repay with two is reasonable?”

“I’ve never seen extortion of this level!!”

“What a joke! Even if I have to give up half-way to the Fourth Plane, I swear I will never again get entangled with this black-hearted Meng!”

Glaring hatefully at Meng Hao, they completely ignored his offer and quickly grabbed onto the vines and then sank down into the pit.

Xu Qing stood next to Meng Hao, covering her smile with a hand. She remembered all of the things Meng Hao had done back in the Reliance Sect, and as she looked at him now, her smile only grew sweeter.

“They’re going to be sorry,” said Meng Hao, clearing his throat a few times. “I really did have good intentions just now.” He looked blinking at Xu Qing, and her smile grew wider. Shaking her head, she flew over to grab a vine, then sank down into the pit.

Meng Hao wasn’t the last person on the outside. Some of the people chose not to attempt to enter the Fourth Plane. Some decided to just give up where they were.

Seeing that no one else was going to enter the pit, Meng Hao walked around the edge of it, eventually decided on a position somewhat in the center. He reached out to grab a vine, then produced a magical item which he slowly pushed onto its surface. As it absorbed the item, the vine began to grow, taking him down at high speed into the pitch black of the pit.

As soon as he entered the pit, Meng Hao could sense coldness coming from all around him. At the same time, he saw that it was not completely pitch black. Glittering dots of glowing light could be seen in the walls, making everything in the area visible.

Around Meng Hao could be seen dozens of vines sinking downward, upon each one was a South Heaven Cultivator.

Far down below was completely pitch black, and it was impossible to see. Occasionally, a roaring sound could be heard, shooting up from down below like a wild wind. When that happened, everyone held tightly to their vines to stabilize their shaking bodies.

Chapter 612: The Gentleman Loves Money

A wind blew, as cold as the underworld. As it passed by, everyone's hearts grew as cold as if they were stuck in the middle of winter. Even more shocking was that the frigid wind made the Cultivators almost like mortals. Everyone began to tremble as they clung to their vines.

Their breath turned into ice, which then cracked and shattered, causing everyone to feel extremely astonished.

Were it not for the vines, and the warmth which pulsed out from within them into the bodies of everyone present, then they wouldn't be able to proceed downward for very long, not even if they had higher Cultivation bases.

Meng Hao's eyes flickered as he clutched the vine. He had long since come to the conclusion that these vines were a critical element in being able to reach the Fourth Plane. Many others had come to the same conclusion.

Although not everyone had chosen to attempt to enter the Fourth Plane, everyone who had come to the Primordial Demon Immortal Plane were outstanding figures from the lands of South Heaven. As for those who did chose to enter the Fourth Plane, they definitely wouldn't just give up halfway.

As they produced more and more treasures to sacrifice to the vines, the vines twisted and writhed, extending downward at high speed.

Time passed by slowly. Meng Hao was the last in line. As he descended he glanced around to inspect the area. As far as he could tell, the pit seemed bottomless. It was impossible to tell how far they had gone down, and yet they still couldn't see any end in sight. The frigid wind grew more intense, seemingly increasing the number of treasures required by the vines.

Not too far off from Meng Hao was Li Tiandao. His face was gradually filling with apprehension. Although he had come prepared with a good supply of magical items, he was finding it difficult to keep up with how much needed to be sacrificed. By this point, it didn't seem to matter the quality of the magical items being sacrificed. Almost anything would do.

Even still, the miscellaneous collection of magical items in Li Tiandao's bag of holding were not very plentiful. If things kept going with no bottom in sight, then he would soon have to begin sacrificing important magical items.

To him, it was something impossible to accept. He frowned and gritted his teeth, a look of determination gleaming in his eyes. He suddenly stopped, apparently preparing himself to start climbing back up. It seemed he planned to give up on his attempt to enter the Fourth Plane.

However, almost as soon as he began to climb up, before he had even gone more than a meter or so, his face flickered. The frigid wind around him suddenly grew ten times as powerful. His hair and his eyebrows became snow-white in the blink of an eye. Ice crystals even formed on his skin; clearly he was on the verge of being transformed into an ice statue.

The intense sense of grave crisis he felt caused Li Tiandao to immediately pull out one of his important magical treasures. It was a glowing blue sword that somewhat resembled a saber. A single glance was enough to tell that this was anything but an ordinary treasure.

Forcing down the pain he felt, Li Tiandao placed the sword onto the vine, whereupon it sank down inside. The coldness around Li Tiandao vanished and his body slowly returned to normal. However, his expression was one of astonishment.

"We're only allowed to go down, not up?" he grumbled inwardly. "Or is it that going back up requires an even higher price?" Everyone around was aware of the strange event which had just occurred, and were shocked. They all began to think various thoughts.

It was at this point that Li Tiandao saw that his own vine was no longer moving down but retracting back upward.

This provoked a reaction from the others.

"That can't be right. It's not that you can't go up. Once you enter this place, even if you want to quit, you still have to sacrifice treasures!"

"That must be the situation. It seems getting into the Fourth Plane isn't so easy after all..."

Meng Hao had the best view of the situation. His eyes flickered thoughtfully, and he rubbed his bag of holding. Suddenly, a bashful smile appeared on his face. He said nothing, but simply allowed his vine to slowly continue on downward.

Li Tiandao hesitated thoughtfully for a moment. Right now, he had two options to pick from. Go up, or go down. Either way, he would have to spend all of his magical items.

After a moment of hesitation, Li Tiandao clenched his jaw.

“Since I have to waste the magical items, I might as well risk it all,” he thought. “If I don’t, then everything I already spent will have been a complete waste. However, if I succeed, I can make up for everything with gains in the Fourth Plane!”

Many of the other Cultivators were thinking the same thing as Li Tiandao. They clenched their jaws, eyes shining with determination. To them it was a gamble; however, if they gave up now, then they would definitely end up with nothing. By holding on for a bit longer, they would at least have a chance... to make up for what they had already spent.

Since that was the case, there was no reason not to gamble!

Time passed. A day later, the group was deep into the pit. However, they still couldn’t see the bottom. It really seemed as if there was no end at all. By this point, quite a few of their number had already used up their supply of random magical items. If they wanted to continue, then they would either have to use up the magical items they had discovered in the Demon Immortal Sect, or draw on their own store of important personal magical items.

The dilemma they faced caused the faces of quite a few of the Cultivators to look extremely unsightly. Before stepping foot into this place, all of them had believed themselves to be extremely well equipped with magical items. Now, though, they realized that they simply didn’t have enough.

Compared to them, Meng Hao really did have it very easy. He had vast amounts of magical items in his bag of holding. He casually produced treasures to sacrifice to the vines. Not only did they continue to move downward, Meng Hao actually caused his vine to change course occasionally to hand over magical items to Xu Qing.

This caused the eyes of everyone else present to burn with anger and extreme jealousy.

“Ai, I just have too many treasures,” said Meng Hao with a sigh. The sound of his voice echoed around, causing everyone’s gums to itch with hatred.

“Fellow Daoists,” he then announced, “if any of you are running low on treasures, all you have to do is speak up. We’re all in this together, through thick and thin. No matter what happens, I won’t ignore your plight while I am in a good position.

“If you need to borrow some magical items, I’ll lend them to you without hesitation!

“Don’t worry, my prices are reasonable, and I’m honest with all customers. Buy one, pay back three!” His voice echoed about loudly within in the pit. Everyone could hear, even the old man in the lead position. Their faces immediately twisted.

Fang Yu looked back with glaring eyes, and yet a smile could be seen on her face.

As for the Ji Clan members, their faces were unsightly. If they had such reactions, then there was no need to mention everyone else. When the crowds heard Meng Hao, their hearts filled with both hatred and helplessness.

“You crafty, shameless villain!” someone said. “Even if our magical items run even lower than now, there’s no way we’ll ask for your help!”

“That’s right!” said someone else. “Outside, it was buy one pay back two, now it’s buy one pay back three?! Raising prices like that is despicable to the extreme!”

“I’ll die before asking for your help!”

Meng Hao heard the furious reactions, and simply sighed. “You’re all wrong,” he said. “Each and every one of these magical items represents an important memory to me. I’m offering to lend you, not my magical items, but rather, the true love of my life.” He let out another emotional sigh.

“In all honesty,” he continued, “my intentions truly are good. Look at these magical items of mine! Their glow is so resplendent and entrancing! These are high quality products!

“Think about it, all of you. With some of my magical items, you can get into the Fourth Plane without a hitch! Once you’re there, you can acquire things so valuable that you can pay back what you owe me in the blink of an eye.

“It’s completely worth it!

“Brothers and Sisters, you have to look at things objectively. The price you will be paying now is nothing. The most important thing is to look at what you have to gain! Without paying a price, how can you gain anything, am I right?” Meng Hao was using all his skills to try to persuade everyone. These, of course, were the same skills he had used in his shop back in the Reliance Sect. However, those who heard only continued to get more angry.

Xu Qing was off to the side, covering her smile with a hand. The gaze with which she looked at Meng Hao continued to grow warmer and warmer.

“Fellow Daoists, how can this tiny price possibly compare to the chance to step into the Fourth Plane?” Meng Hao’s final sentence was full of meaning. His words echoed about, filled with an air of good faith. Many of the various Cultivators were actually moved inwardly, and they suddenly felt conflicted.

Li Tiandao gritted his teeth. He currently only had four magical items left, and to sacrifice any of them would cause him incredible pain. His expression filled with determination and he said, “I’ll take three!!”

Hearing this, Meng Hao’s expression shook visibly. He immediately pulled out a magical item and placed onto the surface of his own vine, causing it to change directions and head toward Li Tiandao.

“Elder Brother Li, you are truly experienced and knowledgeable, talented and bold. Alright, listen. This is my first transaction of the day, so I’ll give you a bit of a discount. I’ll give you these three magical items, and you only need to pay me back with eight.

“These three magical items have a value of 30,000 Spirit Stones. In that case, you need to pay me back 80,000 Spirit Stones.” With that, he produced three ordinary-looking random magical items, as well as a promissory note. Then he used the same method he had used in the Second Plane, the Dao oath.

Li Tiandao gritted his teeth. After completing the formalities, he took the three treasures and then pressed one onto the surface of the vine. Instantly, it descended downward at rapid speed, alleviating his anxiety for the moment.

“Did you see that, everyone?” said Meng Hao, setting his head nobly. “Meng Hao is a gentleman. The gentleman loves money, and earns it righteously. I’m not forcing anybody, and am even willing to sell things on credit! That’s right! You don’t need to pay me back now. A simple promissory note can solve all your problems.

“You can simply pay me back after we leave this place. What a great deal!”

Everyone around couldn’t help but think that Meng Hao truly had reached the pinnacle of shamelessness. More time passed, over half a day. There was still no bottom in sight. By this time, Li Tiandao owed Meng Hao more than 400,000. It was at that point that... Wang Lihai couldn’t hold back from calling out.

“Give me ten!”

“I’ll take ten too!” said Li Shiqi, gritting her beautiful teeth.

“Ten for me too!” said Han Bei with a sigh.

Meng Hao immediately looked quite enlivened. He adroitly produced the magical items and promissory note, watched as the three swore their Dao oath, then smilingly handed over the magical items.

“When you purchase from me, you can rest your heart at ease. The quality of all products is guaranteed, and I deliver everything directly to you!”

The three collected up the magical items they had purchased and then completely ignored Meng Hao. They began to feed the items into the vines and descend down further.

Another day passed. Soon more people began to run out of treasures. Either that, or they weren’t willing to sacrifice the treasures they still possessed. No matter how much they hated Meng Hao, they had no choice but to call out to him.

“Buy one, pay back five! Fellow Daoists, I’m starting to run low on magical items, so I have no choice but to raise the price.... Furthermore, I have to announce that when I am down to only ten magical items, then I will have no other choice than to begin an unprecedented, never before seen in history, never again to be repeated... auction!” Although Meng Hao sighed, his eyes actually shone with a brilliant light.

As soon as the words left his mouth, it gave rise to furious complaints. Despite the anger, people gritted their teeth and spent the price of one to five to acquire large amounts of magical items.

“What a profit!” thought Meng Hao. “Hahaha! I never thought that the ancient Demon Immortal Sect would turn out to be my Blessed Land!” He hung onto his vine, clutching a thick stack of promissory notes. When he looked at the numbers written on them, his eyes glowed brightly. His addiction to making money existed deep in his bones, and had not been reduced in the slightest, regardless of his advances in Cultivation base.

“I’m rich!”

Chapter 613: Fourth Plane!

“Hopefully this pit goes even deeper,” thought Meng Hao, his eyes shining. “The best would be if we keep going for about nine or ten days.” His bag of holding didn’t have much else in it other than the vast, random assortment of magical items.

Many of them were things completely useless as far as Meng Hao was concerned. There were even treasures he had acquired when he was in the Qi Condensation stage, but hadn’t discarded even down to this day. He had kept them because... he just couldn’t bear to part with them.

Back in those days, when he was young, he had been completely impoverished, unwilling to even part with a single Spirit Stone. These magical items were each worth dozens of Spirit Stones, so how could he possibly have simply discarded them?

He had always been searching for a way to dispose of them. However, the Black Lands and the Western Desert were both poor and barren places. Therefore, such items had accumulated there within his bag of holding.

If an outsider could glimpse the inside of his bag of holding, they would be completely shocked. The inside was completely chaotic, filled with anything and everything. After all... these were all of Meng Hao’s belongings. Every time he ran out of Spirit Stones, he could still look inside the bag of holding and feel a little bit of contentment.

The opportunity he had now was something completely rare, and had him thoroughly excited. One Cultivator after another gritted their teeth and then called out to purchase magical items, and Meng Hao rushed to peddle them.

Meng Hao wasn't worried that they would refuse to acknowledge their promissory notes. These people were all Dao Children and Chosen of great Clans and Sects. They didn't lack Spirit Stones, plus, there was a Dao oath in place. They wouldn't dare to not pay him back.

Next to Meng Hao was one of the Northern Reaches Cultivators. His eyes were bright red as he glared at Meng Hao, clutching a small, glittering sword in his hand. His voice filled with madness, he cried, "Dammit! Meng Hao!! This is a Qi Condensation magical item! You, you, you... you actually charged me 10,000 Spirit Stones for this! I wouldn't pay ten Spirit Stones for this thing! You're such a swindler!"

"Yeah, look at this! This is a magical item for a Foundation Establishment Cultivator. You charged me 20,000 Spirit Stones, and I have to pay back 100,000!"

"Look at this fan! What the hell! It's broken! It might be a Core Formation magical item, but... you charged me 50,000 for this piece of crap!? Why don't you just outright rob me!"

In response to the ire of the crowd, Meng Hao blinked.

"These things might be trash to you people," he said coldly, "but I worked hard to collect them! I often went without food and water just to collect together these possessions!"

"If you don't want them, then you can return them. Then, you'll go onto my list of unwelcome customers!"

The others were fuming with anger, but they could only gnash their teeth and eventually let out long sighs. Then they angrily shoved the magical items onto the surface of the vines, causing them to sink down further.

Eventually, even the Ji Clan members began to call out to Meng Hao. Soon, there were few within the crowd that didn't owe Meng Hao huge amounts of Spirit Stones. As everyone proceeded on, they looked at Meng Hao with eyes that desired to cry but contained no tears.

They proceeded on impatiently for another day. Eventually, far down below, they caught sight of a glow of light. Finally, they glimpsed the bottom of the pit.

In that instant, those who owed Meng Hao vast quantities of Spirit Stones began to weep with excitement. Meng Hao was the only one who let out sighs of regret.

“How can this pit be so shallow?” he mused with a frown. “If only it were a bit deeper. I never got to start my auction.” He watched as everyone around him excitedly followed along with the vines as they continued on toward the bottom. It didn’t take very long for them to reach the end of the pit.

The bottom of the pit was actually far larger than anyone could have imagined. It seemed that the pit was actually a tunnel, beyond which was an enormous world!

The world seemed to have no end. Even Divine Sense was incapable of finding any borders to it. After everyone reached the bottom and stood there, their minds trembled.

Meng Hao’s pupils constricted, and he began to pant. Next to him, Xu Qing arrived, and her mind reeled.

Nobody spoke. Complete silence reigned. Everyone was completely and thoroughly astonished by what they saw.

A continent stretched out in all directions, sleek and smooth. Its surface was like that of a mirror, which was the source of the light that everyone had seen earlier.

If the continent could be described as a mirror, then the group from South Heaven could be described as standing outside of that mirror. Furthermore, when they looked at the mirror, what they saw was not their own reflection, but rather... an ancient battlefield!

Shockingly, an ancient world existed inside of the mirror. It was impossible to say whether or not it was an ancient world that existed before the time period of the Second Plane, or after. In any case, the group was now staring at boundless, majestic battlefield.

Countless Cultivators could be seen on the battlefield, all engaged in mutual slaughter. Heaven and Earth were filled with riotous colors, and booming echoed out through the sky. Cracks spread out through the land, and the fearsome glow of magical shields covered everything.

In the sky were innumerable war chariots flying about, as well as armored Cultivators who fought each other feverishly. Off in the distance, several gigantic dragons could be seen, as well as countless Demon beasts, hunkered into various positions throughout the land.

Many things could be seen.

A person could be seen waving a hand. A huge chunk of the earth collapsed, and then an enormous land mass flew out. It turned into a shooting star which smashed out into the air.

A person could be seen punching. Stars collapsed, and countless flames burned the world.

A person could be seen surrounded by millions of magical items. They formed a tempest that caused blood to splash about wherever it went. The tempest itself was the color of blood!

A person could be seen flashing an incantation gesture. A finger was pointed up into the sky, and countless characters appeared, glowing with a golden light. They formed together into various ancient characters that radiated a shocking aura which led to endless slaughter.

A person could be seen holding tight to an evil spirit. The spirit's body was three thousand meters long, and had countless faces that appeared and disappeared, howling and glancing around with disdain.

This was... a great battle between two different parties!

One side was made up of Cultivators. Countless, innumerable Cultivators, each one capable of employing destructive divine abilities, of summoning Dharma incarnations, and endless magical items that could shake the Heavens.

The other side was made up of Demons. These were bizarre Greater Demons of Heaven and Earth, surrounded by sundered winds that rose up into the sky, creating a storm of blackness wherever they went....

Further off in the distance was, shockingly... an enormous coffin. The coffin appeared to have fallen down from the Heavens. Brilliant, multi-colored light swirled around it, within which was something astonishing. Nine butterflies could be seen floating about!

Countless figures could be seen in the area around the coffin. Incredible slaughter was being carried out, as if neither side was willing to allow the other to step even half a pace closer to the coffin!

The coffin was the main cause of the combat on the battlefield. All of the fighting and mad slaughter was because... that coffin needed to be seized!!

All of the South Heaven Cultivators, including Meng Hao, were floating up in mid-air, looking down blankly at the lands within the mirror. They looked down at the shocking battle, and the figures who could topple mountains and invert seas with the wave of a hand, who could crush stars and grab moons with their divine abilities. The hearts of the South Heaven Cultivators filled with shock.

There were three people on the battlefield who, no matter how grand the scale of the battle was, no matter how intense the slaughter, could not be eclipsed. The gaze of anyone who looked down at the battle would instantly be drawn to these three figures.

It was as if... they were the most powerful sovereigns of the battle. They were like venerated suns that everyone had to look up to!

One of them was a Cultivator wearing a Daoist robe, with a full head of white hair. His features were ancient, and when he lifted up his hands two rotating pearls could be seen, one of which was black, the other of which was white!

Behind the man was an illusory starry sky that he had apparently magically summoned. He stood in the middle of the sky, alone, capable of striking fear into the hearts of any within the Demon Tribes.

The second figure was within the Demon Tribes. It was a Greater Demon who looked like a winged bat. Its eyes were bright red, and seven globes of flame rotated around it. Each of the globes of flame was a different color, and, shockingly... a wooden sword could be seen inside of each one!

The Demon was surrounded by an astonishing aura. As it stood there, it seemed capable of making the Earth, the Heavens, and all life therein, prostrate in worship!

Meng Hao was unsure of the level of Cultivation base of these two, but his breathing was unprecedentedly ragged. He wasn't sure if he was perceiving things incorrectly or not, but when he

saw the old Cultivator and the black and white pearls in his hands, he suddenly thought of something.

In his mind, he saw an image from back in the State of Zhao. He saw... the pearl in the hand of Little Tiger!

Little Tiger's pearl, and the white pearl in the old man's hand, looked... completely the same! The sensation that Meng Hao got when he looked at the pearl held by the old man... led him to believe that they were definitely one and the same!

Furthermore, the man-shaped bat looked very similar to the Demon that he had fought so long ago. Even more relevant were the wooden swords inside the seven globes of flame that surrounded it. When Meng Hao saw them, his mind shook. Those swords were clearly... the same as his Immortal Murdering Swords!

Right now he had five such swords, four originals and one copy!

What gave Meng Hao even more cause to pant was the third figure within the world of the mirror. That person caused his mind to reel and fill with a roaring sound.

That person... was a homely-looking middle-aged man. He wore a white robe, and his long hair was half black and half white. He did not emit any aura of a Cultivation base, but rather floated there in mid-air, looking almost like he was sealed. The air around him was completely calm and still.

When the Demon Tribes saw him, they trembled, and their Demonic Qi was thrown into chaos, as if it was completely out of control.

When the Cultivators saw him, their eyes filled with reverence. It was almost as if as soon as they looked at him, an intense pressure bore down on them, causing their Cultivation bases to decline!

He was not a member of either side in this battle. He floated there in mid-air, making it seem as if the battlefield were split into three parts, with him being one third!

Within the man's hand was a long, silver spear that appeared to be covered with overlapping scales. The spear was not completely silver; occasionally the scales would turn black.

As soon as Meng Hao caught sight of the spear, a voice immediately echoed out in his mind.

“Demon Weapon... Lonelytomb!!”

Although Lonelytomb’s Devil Construct was on the verge of dissipating completely, Meng Hao still had it. It emanated a buzzing sound, like an intense summoning.

In that instant, Meng Hao suddenly realized who that middle-aged man was floating there in mid-air. Staring fixedly at him, Meng Hao thought, “Third Generation... Demon Sealer!!”

Chapter 614: Seal

It was in this moment that Meng Hao suddenly realized that the copper mirror in his bag of holding—the same copper mirror that had been with him since the Reliance Sect, that precious treasure which had provided him with such incredible help over the years—had begun vibrating.

The vibrating was not like what had happened in the presence of furred or feathered creatures. This vibration was intense, and seemed to encompass the entire mirror, starting from within.

Meng Hao was shocked, but his expression didn’t change. His gaze flashed as he looked at Demon Weapon Lonelytomb.

The first time he encountered Demon Weapon Lonelytomb, he had received the Devil Construct, incarnated into the Devil Spear. He had also learned how the real Demon Weapon Lonelytomb was sealed within an ancient battlefield.

Meng Hao also knew that the ancient battlefield had something to do with the Demon Immortal Sect. Once inside the Demon Immortal Sect, he should have been able to use the reaction of the Devil Construct to locate Lonelytomb!

However, throughout all his experiences in the First, Second and Third Plane, he hadn’t been able to find even the slightest trail to follow. And yet here... in the lands of the Fourth Plane... he finally had a trail!

The white-robed man with the black and white hair was none other than... the Third Generation Demon Sealer! And the spear in his hand was none other than... Demon Weapon Lonelytomb!

One man, one spear, hovering in mid-air, splitting everything under Heaven into three parts!

His energy shook the Demon Tribes and leveled immense pressure onto the Cultivators. It was as if in Heaven and Earth, although he might not be the ultimate supremacy, he was still esteemed and respected to the utmost degree.

Meng Hao's mind trembled as he looked at the Third Generation Demon Sealer, and he began to breathe heavily. This truly was... a Demon Sealer!

When he saw the Third Generation Demon Sealer's energy, Meng Hao suddenly felt intense anticipation regarding his own path as the Ninth Generation Demon Sealer. He suddenly wished to one day be able to hover in mid-air and split everything under Heaven!

Everything that was happening inside the mirror continent filled Meng Hao with shock, and also astonished all of the Cultivators from South Heaven, who were all breathing heavily. It was at this point that the eyes of the emaciated old man flickered. This was none other than the old man who had been first to enter the passageway from the Third Plane. He performed a minor teleportation as he headed toward the mirror below.

The movement immediately attracted the attention of the others. Meng Hao's eyes glittered as he watched him.

The emaciated old man moved with incredible speed. In the blink of an eye, he was standing on the surface of the mirror that made up this huge continent. Then he began to move forward. It almost looked as if he were about to enter the ancient battlefield. However, he actually was only moving across the surface of the mirror.

He abruptly came to a stop after a few breaths of time. He pushed his hand down onto the surface of the mirror, which seemed to stimulate it, causing distortions to appear. Suddenly, a middle-aged man appeared across from the old man, except within the ancient world. He wore a suit of battle armor, and when he lifted up his hand, a fireball appeared, within which could be seen a crimson bird.

Originally, everything visible existed only within the mirror. However, due to the stimulation provided by the old man, and some other unknown reasons, the crimson bird suddenly flew out from inside the mirror.

It seemed to have broken through some sort of seal to fly out from inside the mirror and then appear on the outside!

It was currently shrinking in size, and its flames were growing dim. It looked quite different than it had inside the mirror. And yet, as soon as it appeared on the outside, it emanated a powerful aura!

It wasn't just the flame bird that appeared. Shockingly, a moment later, four beams of light shot out through the distortions. Within these beams of light could be seen two swords, a fan, and a flying shuttle.

The four items flew out explosively just behind the flame bird. As for the old man, he laughed and flew into the air, waving his sleeve toward the flame bird to capture it.

Everyone was shocked at what was happening, and yet, they didn't hesitate. In the blink of an eye, dozens of people flew up into the air toward the four beams of light and the magical items within.

Meng Hao moved the quickest. Even as the old man was subduing the flame bird, Meng Hao passed everyone to lay hands on the green-colored flying shuttle.

It was shaped like an awl, and glittered with blinding light. The coldness which emanated off it was oppressive. As soon as Meng Hao touched it, he felt as if his body was filled with winter. Eyes glittering, he entered the Second Anima and held tightly to the flying shuttle.

His body flickered and he stretched out his left hand. A gale force wind screamed out, causing the Ji Clan members and Northern Reaches cultivators who were pursuing the fan to be sent tumbling backward. Even as they came to a stop, Meng Hao closed in and swept his arm to snatch the fan.

The moment he touched it, an indescribable heat exploded out within him. Meng Hao gave a cold snort and, without hesitation, entered the Fifth Anima!

His powerful fleshly body and shocking cultivation base instantly suppressed the flying shuttle and the fan. They struggled, but couldn't fly out of Meng Hao's hand. He quickly put them into his bag of holding.

At the same time, the two flying swords were snatched up by others. Fang Yu managed to get one, Ji Mingkong the other. Everyone else could only watch on with unsightly expressions at the others who had acquired treasures. Then they looked over at the emaciated old man.

The old man finally put away the flame bird. His acquisition was clearly the best of all, which anyone could see. The flame bird was a precious treasure. As for the other items, although they were extraordinary, they couldn't compare.

The old man laughed hoarsely, then glanced over the group from South Heaven. His gaze stopped for a moment on Meng Hao, whereupon it seemed to fill with dread. Finally, he looked back at the others.

“Fellow Daoists, there is quite a bit of good fortune to be had in this place. There's no need to stare at me collecting things, don't you think?” He chuckled, then backed up a few paces. He lifted up his right hand, and although the move seemed casual, pulsating rings of light could be seen within.

Ji Mingkong's position amongst the Ji Clan members had been second only to the now deceased Ji Mingfeng. He looked at the old man and growled, “There may be more good fortune, but you seem to know a lot more about it than we do.”

His words caused the eyes of everyone present to begin to glitter brightly. Clearly, everyone was extremely interested in how the old man had extracted items from within the mirror.

The old man laughed, then slowly began to speak: “Well, it's actually easy to explain. Any of you can do exactly as I did. This is the Fourth Plane, and not many people ever make it here. Therefore, few people in the outside world know much about what it's like.

“The mirror-like continent beneath us is actually a seal. Sealed inside is a battlefield, or perhaps, an entire world.

“Within the seal, time is eternal. If you can stimulate it from the outside, and open a breach, then you can create a storm within the eternal time inside.

“It's like causing a reverse black hole. The objects inside will be sucked out to scatter into the outside world. Of course, that process will cause said objects to be weakened.

“As for exactly how to do it, I don't think you need me to go into a detailed explanation. The battlefield beneath us is enormous, and the potential acquisitions all depend on your own luck.” Having finished his explanation, the old man gave a final glance to the crowd of people, then flashed off into the distance at top speed.

Everyone else looked down at the mirror with flashing eyes. They all had their own judgements regarding what the old man had said. However, regardless of anything, it seemed that of what the man had told them, eighty to ninety percent was probably true.

In that case, this place... was a once-in-a-lifetime source of good fortune for all of them!

Everyone exchanged glances. Then the Ji Clan members scattered, flying in opposite directions. The Cultivators from the Northern Reaches, Southern Domain, and Western Desert also sped off in different directions. Meng Hao looked at Xu Qing.

“I’m fine by myself,” she said with a slight smile. She turned and flew off into the distance, looking for good fortune of her own.

Meng Hao took a deep breath. He looked down at the world within the mirror for a moment. Then his eyes flickered. He picked a direction and shot off at high speed.

He only had one objective, and that was the Third Generation Demon Sealer!

As for everything else, although it was interesting to him, when compared to the League of Demon Sealers, it was all secondary.

He proceeded onward for the time it takes half an incense stick to burn. His brow was furrowed as he considered how strange this place was, especially the three most powerful experts that he had seen. They hovered in mid-air in the world inside the mirror, clearly visible, but unapproachable!

Down below, the mirror continent seemed to be endless and without borders. However, it was possible to sense that far off in the distance, there was in fact an end to it all. However, once on the actual surface of the mirror continent, it truly seemed limitless. Even after moving forward for a long time, the Third Demon Sealer still seemed far, far away.

Meng Hao was muttering to himself about this when suddenly his eyes flashed. Not too far away he had caught sight of a magical battle taking place within the world of the mirror.

There were two Cultivators fighting with a mass of black fog. Magical techniques spread about in all directions and magical items slammed out in attack. When he caught sight of the magical items, Meng Hao's eyes began to glitter.

One of the items was a golden leaf that he wouldn't originally have paid much attention to. However, Meng Hao happened to have noticed that upon the surface of the golden leaf was a pattern that looked like a lotus.

It was a made up of ten swords, shaped together to look like a lotus!

It looked exactly like Meng Hao's own Lotus Sword Formation. He couldn't help but make an "eee?" sound as soon as he saw it. He looked at it closely for a moment, then lifted up his right hand and punched down. The punch caused the surface of the mirror to tremble. Distortions appeared, transforming into something that looked like a vortex. However, they quickly dissipated.

Meng Hao's expression was the same as ever as he entered the Fifth Anima. A boom could be heard from his fleshly body as he punched down again. The vortex instantly formed again, along with a black hole. An enormous gravitational force appeared inside of the mirror world, causing three magical items to suddenly be sucked in.

Next, those very three magical items flew out beneath Meng Hao's feet. One of the items was cracked in the process and instantly exploded. The other two shot off in two different directions at top speed, apparently possessed of sentience.

Meng Hao performed a minor teleportation, then transformed into a green smoke and a black moon. He reappeared in mid-air, and snatched his hand out to grab the golden leaf. It emanated a buzzing sound as well as a blinding light, and apparently intended to cut Meng Hao's hand in half.

Meng Hao let out a cold snort, then flicked his sleeve to collect up the golden leaf. He pushed two fingers down hard onto its surface, preventing it from struggling and flying away.

A look of happiness appeared in his eyes as he collected it up. But then he looked back down at the world in the mirror, and his mind trembled.

It was at this point that he noticed that the golden leaf he had just acquired, as well as the item which had exploded and the other item which had escaped, were... still inside the world of the mirror.

“Are they simply ghosts?” he thought. “Or are the items which flew out perhaps not real?” He frowned as he thought back to how the copper mirror had begun to vibrate earlier.

After some more thought, Meng Hao suddenly trembled and looked back down at the lands inside the mirror world.

Chapter 615: Speculation and Cooperation

“This continent is like a mirror, and within the mirror is a battlefield,” murmured Meng Hao. “The objects on the battlefield can emerge into the outside. However... those same objects still remain on the battlefield inside the mirror....”

“This... this....” Meng Hao’s mind was filled with intense rumbling. He was starting to feel that he knew what was happening, but the explanation caused him to begin to pant, and his face to flicker.

“Strange, it’s so similar to the copper mirror and its duplication powers!” That was what caused him to be so agitated.

He was the only person who could make such a connection. No one else had his copper mirror, nor did they know of the mirror’s Heaven-defying qualities. Therefore, it would naturally be impossible for anyone to reach the same conclusion.

After all, everyone’s thinking is limited by the scope of what they know. Thinking outside of one’s own scope is something extremely difficult.

Meng Hao’s breathing grew heavier the more he thought about it. The situation just seemed to become more and more bizarre. His eyes flickered, and he suddenly leaped up into the air. He did not proceed along in the same direction he had been traveling, but rather, went straight up into the air.

As he rose up, his heart began to pound faster, and he grew more nervous. He had possessed the copper mirror for many years now, and in the past, he had often wondered where it came from. However, the meat jelly and parrot were always very enigmatic when it came to the subject. Every time he brought it up, they acted like it was some type of taboo. The parrot would even begin to fume with rage.

Meng Hao had tried to get information about it on numerous occasions, all to no avail. Eventually, he put the matter to rest inwardly. Now, however, he had the feeling that he suddenly had an opportunity to understand more about the copper mirror!

It was in such a mental state that he flew higher and higher. Moments later, he had reached the highest area possible. Down below, the continent stretched out in all directions. He took a deep breath as he lowered his head to look down.

As before, the continent looked completely endless. The surface was sleek and glossy, and it was impossible to see what the continent actually was shaped like.

“I could keep going and look for the border. Maybe I can find some answers there.

“Or, I could take out the copper mirror and shine it down. Perhaps... that would reveal some clues!” He thoughtfully rubbed his bag of holding, a profound look gleaming in his eyes.

He had the feeling that if he produced the copper mirror, but nothing happened, then it wouldn't really matter. However, if any types of transformations did occur, then... they would certainly be enough to shake Heaven and Earth. In fact, considering how many people were here, it would be impossible to keep the matter of the copper mirror hidden unless he killed everyone.

“The copper mirror is the most mysterious object I possess. I can't let anyone know that I possess it, otherwise it will lead to terrible calamity.

““The innocent man will be lead to disaster by possessing a treasured object!”” Meng Hao's eyes glittered. He had been intelligent even as a child, and had experienced the law of the jungle in the Cultivation world. The truth of what would happen should he reveal the copper mirror was something he knew all too well.

After some thought, Meng Hao's eyes flickered, and he turned to look off into the distance, a cold smile tugging at his lips.

Even as he smiled, distortions appeared in the air in the direction in which he was looking. An old man emerged. It was none other than the emaciated Cultivator from before. He had been approaching in secret, but as soon as he neared, had been detected by Meng Hao. Without waiting for Meng Hao to say anything, he revealed himself.

“Fellow Daoist Meng, your Cultivation base is extraordinary. It seems I’ve incurred your ridicule.” The old man laughed and then clasped hands and bowed.

Seeing that Meng Hao wasn’t going to say anything, the old man smiled and continued, “My name is Han Danzi a rogue Cultivator from the Southern Domain. Your fame has resounded like thunder in my ears for many years, Fellow Daoist Meng. Grandmaster Pill Cauldron is an example for all Cultivators like myself. I can’t tell you how happy I am to be able to meet you here in the ancient Demon Immortal Sect.”

“Did you really secretly follow me just to say some fawning words?” said Meng Hao, a cold glint in his eyes. “State your purpose.”

“Fellow Daoist Meng, you don’t beat around the bush!” He laughed, apparently ignoring Meng Hao’s tone of voice. “I could see you hesitating about what to do earlier. I’m not sure exactly what you were thinking about, but I was curious, so I followed you.

“However, now that you mention it, I actually do have something interesting to share with you.

“The greatest treasures hidden in this place are not the magical items of the Cultivators and the Demon Tribes, but rather... the objects held in the hands of those three Paragons. Whether it be the spear, the seven globes of fire and wood, or those two pearls, each and every one are shocking precious treasures.

“Any one of them would enable a Cultivator to murder an Immortal!” As Han Danzi spoke, he observed Meng Hao to see how he might react. However, Meng Hao’s expression did not reveal even the slightest bit of a change in his mood.

“This guy is smart and has a rock-hard will,” thought Han Danzi with an imperceptible frown. “I won’t be able to fool him easily...”

Meng Hao’s expression was the same as ever as he looked coldly at the old man. For some reason, the old man caused a feeling of vigilance rose up within him. He appeared to be at the great circle of the Nascent Soul stage, not very far from Spirit Severing.

However, what he had accomplished earlier with the flame bird was not something that a great circle Nascent Soul Cultivator should be able do. This man clearly was hiding something mysterious. Perhaps others might not be able to sense it, but as the Ninth Generation Demon Sealer, Meng Hao could tell that the man actually had two auras.

The first contained the ripples of a Cultivator's Cultivation base. The other... was deeply hidden, and had... Demonic Qi!

This Demonic Qi was borderline vile!

Han Danzi looked at Meng Hao and said, "I can't get the treasured items of those three Paragons by myself. That is why I hope to form a cooperation with you, Elder Brother Meng. After we acquire the treasures, we can split them evenly."

"Which one do you want to acquire?" asked Meng Hao, his eyes glittering.

"The seven globes of fire belonging to the Demon Tribes Paragon, of course," said Han Danzi with a smile. "At the very least, we can extract one for each of us. That way we won't waste any energy."

Meng Hao also smiled. He did not refuse, but instead, nodded in agreement.

Seeing Meng Hao agree so easily caused vigilance to rise up within Han Danzi. Previously, of all the people who came from South Heaven, he had paid closest attention to Patriarch Huyan.

However, he had recently been shocked to sense that Patriarch Huyan had been killed. Later, when laid eyes on Meng Hao, he understood that Patriarch Huyan was most likely killed by him.

When he thought about his own techniques and trump cards, Han Danzi felt at ease. With a hearty laugh, he and Meng Hao turned into colorful beams of light that shot off into the distance.

Meng Hao didn't speak at all. He temporarily suppressed any notions of producing the copper mirror. Now was not the time. He needed to wait until the right critical juncture had arrived, then he would pull out the copper mirror to see if it provoked any transformations.

It seemed that Han Danzi was bringing him to just such a critical juncture.

Of course, Han Danzi was wrapped up in his own thoughts as the two of them proceeded onward. Before long, they reached what was actually the very center of the whole continent.

“The locations of the three Paragons are actually where the seal is strongest over this ancient battlefield,” said Han Danzi with a smile. “There are some special restrictive spells which prevent anyone from even getting close.

“However, I happen to know of a special technique. I tested it out earlier, and it seems possible to bypass the restrictive spells. However, it requires a certain level of Cultivation base. Elder Brother Meng, considering how extraordinary your Cultivation base is, I don’t think you will have any problems.” With that, he shot down toward the continent below. He quickly performed an incantation with his right hand, then pushed down onto the surface of the continent.

Instantly, the land shook, and Meng Hao could see a vortex forming inside the mirror. There was no black hole within it, though, and it maintained its shape. At the same time, Han Danzi took a deep breath and lifted his hand back up. Then he stood; the vortex remained within the mirror.

Han Danzi turned to look at Meng Hao.

“Elder Brother Meng, presumably, you know what to do. I’ll wait for you up ahead.” With that, his body flickered and he moved forward. As he moved, the vortex beneath his feet followed him.

Meng Hao’s eyes glittered as he watched Han Danzi proceed onward for what appeared to be several hundred meters. However, he had actually not traveled for several hundred meters, but several hundred kilometers!

“Interesting,” murmured Meng Hao. He moved down toward the surface of the land, then landed on its surface. After that he lifted his foot up and slammed it down onto the ground. A boom could be heard, and then, shockingly, a vortex appeared beneath his feet inside the world of the mirror.

It maintained its vortex state, not forming into a black hole, but rather, connecting to Meng Hao’s Cultivation base. Then Meng Hao proceeded forward. For every meter he moved... he actually moved half a kilometer!

“What a technique!” he thought, his eyes flickering. He couldn’t help but think that if this technique could be used in the outside world, it would definitely be considering an incredibly powerful divine ability.

Using this technique, Meng Hao and Han Danzi moved what appeared to be several hundred meters, but was in fact hundreds of kilometers. They sped along at top speed within the center region of the mirror continent.

At the same time, the other Cultivators from South Heaven were in other locations, attempting to acquire their own bits of good fortune. They continued to stimulate the surface of the land, attempting to cause it to spit out magical items. However, most of the magical items ended up being destroyed in the process of emerging.

Few of the Cultivators were actually able to acquire anything.

Even still, the mirror-like land was like a huge treasure trove for everyone. All of the Cultivators who had come to this place were profoundly wise and intelligent, and soon, their glittering eyes came to be drawn to the center region of the land. That was clearly the location of the three most powerful experts who split everything under the Heavens.

In fact, there were more than a few people who were trying to make their way in that very direction.

Two hours passed. Shockingly, Meng Hao and Han Danzi had just appeared in the area near the Greater Demon with the seven rotating globes of fire.

A strange light appeared in Han Danzi's eyes. He took a deep breath as he exchanged a glance with Meng Hao. At the same time, he began to rotate his Cultivation base. Meng Hao directly entered the Fifth Anima; his fleshly body was shocking, and his Cultivation base boundless. Han Danzi's eyes flickered as he too unleashed his full power. The twisted Demonic Qi within him also began to circulate.

The two attacked the surface of the land together, causing an enormous rumbling to fill the air. The two vortexes beneath them in the world of the mirror suddenly touched each other. They merged, then suddenly ripped open an enormous black hole.

The gravitational force that suddenly surged out was impossible to describe. However... it was incapable of causing the seven globules of fire to even tremble in the slightest. In contrast, quite a few other magical items in the area were sucked into the vortex.

Ten magical items were sucked in, but only five flew out. They shot up into the air in beams of prismatic light. Han Danzi's eyes flickered, but he did nothing to attempt to take them. Meng Hao's eyes also flashed, yet he did not chase after the items either.

Both of the men were wrapped up in their own thoughts as they watched the five beams of light shoot like beautiful pearls up into the sky.

At the same time, the other Cultivators from South Heaven watched on in shock. They looked at the five beams of light, and could sense the intense ripples emanating out from within.

“Incredible treasure!!” That was the thought that ran through all of their minds. Their eyes shone brightly as they flew up into the air. In the blink of an eye, nearly all of the South Heaven Cultivators flew from all directions toward the five beams of light.

Chapter 616: Demonic Qi Explodes to the Sky!

Rumbling echoed out in all directions. As the South Heaven Cultivators flew toward the five beams of light, fighting broke out. The sounds of magical techniques and divine abilities resounded through the air, mixed with growls and cold snorts. In the time it takes for a spark to fly off of a piece of flint, the five incredible treasures were divided up.

Han Danzi looked up into the air and then said, “Fellow Daoists, those five incredible treasures were released by the combined effort of Fellow Daoist Meng and myself. For you to act in such a way is somewhat improper...”

By now, the South Heaven Cultivators up above had taken notice of Meng Hao and Han Danzi down below.

“If you are interested, Fellow Daoists, we can all work together to open up the greatest treasures hidden in this place. We can release them together. What do you think, Fellow Daoists?” Han Danzi wore a smile on his face, but within his eyes was a strange, imperceptible glow. Out of the corner of his eyes, he watched Meng Hao carefully.

That was because he hadn't consulted with Meng Hao before speaking, and his offer just now did not fall in line with his previous explanation. Clearly, what he needed was not just the help of Meng Hao alone, but rather, the combined assistance of almost all of the South Heaven Cultivators.

At the moment, Han Danzi was simply incapable of reading Meng Hao's expression. From the very beginning until this moment, it hadn't changed at all. The more Meng Hao acted in such a way, the more Han Danzi felt unsure of himself.

The main reason he had sought out Meng Hao was because of his Cultivation base. It wasn't just him who looked at Meng Hao in such a way. Although no one would admit it, most of them had already taken Meng Hao to have the most powerful Cultivation base of the entire group.

Therefore, having Meng Hao at his side made Han Danzi's words even more persuasive. After all, when an expert planned some sort of scheme, it would by no means be a small plan.

Up in mid-air, the eyes of the other Cultivators flickered, but no one spoke. Although these people had all been conned by Meng Hao earlier, that was because of the circumstances. It was impossible for them to not get excited right now. Of course, in the outside world, any one of the group could be considered extraordinarily intelligent. As such, they only believed about one third of what Han Danzi told them.

Fang Yu suddenly spoke up, "If some precious treasure appears, how do we split it up?"

"I will swear a Dao oath, I will vow on my heart of cultivation. It doesn't matter how many precious treasures appear, I only want one fire globe!" Han Danzi spoke with decisiveness that could chop nails and slice iron.

"Besides," he continued solemnly, his words ringing out like the peals of a golden bell, "if I violated my oath, if I went back on my word, not only would it sever my path of cultivation, but I would never be able to find safe haven in any of your various Sects and Clans back in the lands of South Heaven."

The South Heaven Cultivators up in mid-air looked on thoughtfully. It was actually exactly as Han Danzi said. Although their Cultivation bases might not be incredibly high, they were all backed by Sects and Clans that could be considered major powers. Therefore, in some ways, they weren't worried at all about Han Danzi reneging on his promise.

Everyone exchanged glances. All were thinking different things, but of course, they wouldn't casually allow others to see that based on their facial expression. Gradually, all eyes came to fall on Meng Hao.

"I too simply require a pledge in the form of a Dao oath," he said coolly.

At first everything was quiet, but after a moment, the Ji Clan members flew down toward the surface of the ground. After that was Fang Yu, and then the other Cultivators from the Southern Domain and the Northern Reaches. Their eyes flickered as they neared.

However, it wasn't each and every South Heaven Cultivator that came. Xu Qing as well as some of the others weren't present.

Han Danzi smiled and then began to explain to everyone how to approach the center district. As they waited for everyone to arrive, Han Danzi clasped hands and bowed apologetically to Meng Hao.

"Fellow Daoist Meng," he said in a sincere tone, "it's not that I changed my mind. As you can clearly see, by relying only on our power, it would be difficult to cause the precious treasures to appear. Only by combining power with the others will we be able to succeed.

"I hope you can forgive me." He bowed deeply once more. Then he lifted up his right hand, within which could be seen a jade pendant shaped like a dragon.

"I acquired this pendant earlier which can be considered an excellent treasure. It can summon an enormous dragon which spits out a sea. Fellow Daoist Meng, please accept it as a token of my apology." With that, he sent the pendant floating out toward Meng Hao.

Meng Hao's face was expressionless as he first looked over the pendant and then scanned it with Divine Sense. There didn't seem to be anything suspicious about it, so he casually waved his sleeve to collect it up.

"Thank you, Fellow Daoist Han Danzi," he said coolly.

Han Danzi watched calmly as Meng Hao accepted the pendant. Inwardly, he was a bit suspicious. Meng Hao's completely expressionless demeanor made it difficult for him to keep his thoughts straight.

"Hmph," he thought to himself. "He's just some kid from the younger generation. Although he might be a profound schemer, he has his limits. Besides, I already made it clear to everyone that all I want is one globe of fire. I simply don't believe that this Meng Hao will be able to create problems for me out of nothing." He was laughing coldly on the inside, but on the outside, he was smiling from ear to ear.

The two of them sat down cross-legged to meditate. Two hours passed, after which the other South Heaven Cultivators arrived one after another. No one spoke. They focused their power together to

stab into one particular spot on the surface of the ground. Intense rumbling resulted, and a gigantic whirlpool appeared inside the world of the mirror.

The vortex spun rapidly, and then transformed into a black hole. Immediately, an assortment of magical items were sucked in. Many were shattered in the process, but more than ten beams of light appeared in the outside to shoot up into the sky.

The light from the treasures was blinding, and instantly attracted the attention of the crowd. However, just as quickly, everyone, including Meng Hao, looked back at the world of the mirror. Inside, the vortex was still there, as was the gravitational force of the black hole. Unfortunately, it didn't seem to be powerful enough to suck away the seven globes of fire surrounding the Greater Demon.

And yet... it was obvious that the two globes of fire nearest the black hole were beginning to ripple and distort. From the look of it, if the power of the black hole was increased, they might actually move.

“One more time!” snapped Han Danzi, staring fixedly at the globes of fire. The full power of his Cultivation base exploded out. As the power built up, the eyes of the others flickered, and they too began to unleash the power of their Cultivation bases.

Meng Hao closed his eyes for a moment. When he opened them, he was in the Sixth Anima.

BOOM!!

Everyone attacked again. This time, the intensity of the vibrations seemed enough to cause earthquakes and shatter mountains. A vortex appeared inside the world of the mirror that was even larger than before. The black hole that magically appeared afterward caused the two globes of fire nearest the black hole to begin to distort violently. Finally, they began to move.

As the globes moved, everything dimmed, and the majestic aura of a precious treasure poured into the black hole and was then released in the outside. A thunderous roar filled the air, and as they sensed the aura, everyone was completely shocked. The intensity of this aura was such that it seemed it could extinguish Immortals!

Meng Hao's pupils constricted. The aura he was sensing from the wooden swords in the seven globes of light far, far exceeded that of the wooden swords in his bag of holding. However, it was also clear that they were... one and the same!

There was no need for Han Danzi to say anything else. A gleam of longing appeared in the eyes of the South Heaven Cultivators as they once again unleashed the explosive power of their Cultivation bases, along with their most powerful divine abilities and magical techniques.

As for Han Danzi, he took a deep breath. The borderline evil Demonic Qi on him that only Meng Hao could sense suddenly superseded the fluctuations of a Cultivator that existed within him. It was as if he had just become a Demon!

Meng Hao entered the Seventh Anima, which meant that he had a Spirit Severing fleshly body. Along with the others, he continued to levy attacks against the surface of the ground.

The entire area was covered with cracks. Although they sealed back up almost immediately, a huge vortex nearly thirty meters wide exploded out inside the world of the mirror.

The edges of the vortex seemed to be just on the verge of actually touching the wooden swords within the globes of flame.

Everyone was panting, and their eyes were focused on the spinning vortex as it transformed into a shocking black hole!

When the black hole appeared, shockingly, three of the seven globes of fire that contained wooden swords, began to ripple and vibrate. Suddenly... they started moving!

The scene caused the gazes of the South Heaven Cultivators to grow as sharp as knives. Their Cultivation bases were in full rotation as they waited for the precious treasures to emerge, whereupon the fighting would begin.

Time passed. It was only the space of about ten breaths, but in the minds of everyone present, it seemed like an eternity. They watched the three globes of fire moving gradually closer to the black hole. They seemed to be struggling, but the power of the black hole caused them to slowly get closer and closer.

The power source of the black hole's gravitational force was not the South Heaven Cultivators, but rather, the interaction between the world outside of the mirror, and the world within. The function of the Cultivators was merely to release that power.

The gravitational force exerted by the black hole was so strong that it wasn't just the three globes of fire that were affected. Also affected was the extremely lifelike Greater Demon around whom the fire globes rotated.

Nearer.... Nearer....

In the blink of an eye, one of the wooden swords within the fire globule vanished into of the black hole. Everyone stopped breathing momentarily. In that instant, shockingly, a wooden sword shot out from beneath their feet. It burst up toward the sky in a beam of light that resembled an unrolling bolt of silk.

The Ji Clan members instantly shot up into the air to pursue the beam of light.

Next, two more swords shot out, their Sword Qi shining like a rainbow. Coldness radiated out, causing everyone to feel as if they were freezing. However, the burning within their hearts could not be frozen over. Fang Yu, the group from the Northern Reaches, and all the other Cultivators, instantly shot up into the air to pursue the treasured wooden swords.

In the instant in which they flew up in pursuit, the three wooden swords began to emanate an even more shocking energy. Boundless ripples shot out into the sky, which caused anything within fluctuations to suddenly move exponentially slower. It was as if the swords created their own area of time and space.

Meng Hao immediately shot up after the three wooden swords, and Han Danzi followed.

It appeared that the two would begin to fight over the wooden swords. However, it turned out that Han Danzi only appeared to have been moving up. He almost immediately sank back down. As everyone else shot after the precious treasures, he prostrated himself on the ground, biting his tongue to spit out a mouthful of blood. The blood instantly turned into a thin stream which extended out toward the black hole in the world of the mirror. It emerged from the black hole in the mirror world, and then neared the body of the Greater Demon which had been sucked toward the black hole.

“Ancestor Spirit, your posterity of the younger generation have not forgotten you! I have come today to welcome your power back into the world!!” As his words rang out, the eyes of the Greater Demon flickered with intelligence. It allowed the stream of blood to circle around its body, then tighten around it and begin to drag it toward the black hole.

Everything shook violently, and booming sounds filled the air. Suddenly, an enormous vortex appeared in front of Han Danzi, thousands of meters wide. A strange, demonic sound emerged from within the vortex; it sounded like people both weeping and laughing.

Suddenly, an enormous head, fully three hundred meters large... began to rise up from within the water-like surface of the world beneath!

Demonic Qi...

Exploded up into the sky!!!

Chapter 617: Land of the Three Saints

Scattered patches of hair could be seen on the enormous, three hundred meter large head, as well as three, pitch-black horns. It was as gray as death, and wrinkles covered its skin. The facial features somewhat resembled a man, but even more-so, a lion.

It emanated a fearsome, archaic aura that, as soon as it appeared, swept across the entire Fourth Plane, which began to shake violently.

An enormous vortex, tens of thousands of meters wide, circulated around the entire area. Amidst the rumbling, a wild wind swept through the entire area, shaking everything.

Han Danzi prostrated himself beneath the head, his expression one of excitement. His appearance was now changing, and he no longer looked human. Three black horns had sprouted from his head, and he looked very similar to the enormous head up above him.

“Your posterity of the younger generation welcomes the return of the power of the ancestry!!” cried Han Danzi excitedly. As his voice rang out, he seemed to form a connection with the enormous head. A shocking power began to fuse into his body!

His hair whipped about, his clothes flapped. He should have been tossed about like a leaf within the maelstrom, but instead, from his aura, it seemed that he was accepting some type of legacy.

The head appeared to be three hundred meters large, but in the blink of an eye it was suddenly far larger. It was now three thousand meters large. A breath of time later, it was back to three hundred meters. They were like ghost images, distorting the world. Rumbling rose up into the sky. All of the

crowds up in mid-air who were chasing after the wooden swords didn't even have a chance to begin fighting over the precious treasures before the scene unfolding caused them to be thoroughly astonished.

The wild wind raged, sweeping across everything. Everyone up above was sent spinning out of control, causing their faces to fill with unprecedented expressions of astonishment.

“What... what is that thing!?”

“Dammit! He's actually trying to release a Greater Demon from inside the mirror!!”

“Isn't that Demon one of three major powers inside the mirror world? Who is this guy!?!?”

Shocked, everyone began to fall back. The rest of the Cultivators in the land, the ones not participating in the events in the central region, including Xu Qing, were all incredibly shocked. They, too, were incapable of preventing themselves from being swept up. They transformed into beams of light that shot through the air.

Meng Hao's eyes glittered as he hovered in mid-air in the Seventh Anima, with a Spirit Severing fleshly body and a Cultivation base of sixty-four great circle Nascent Souls. Such power made it that, although he hovered unstably, he was still able to remain in place and balanced within the vortex and the tempest.

As he looked down at the surface of the land, and his eyes narrowed. He knew that Han Danzi had been plotting something, but he had never imagined that the plan would be so astonishing!

As of this moment, a deafening roar filled the enormous vortex, the source being none other than the enormous head emerging from within the world of the mirror. The sound echoed back and forth like thunder.

It caused everyone, even the Cultivators off in the distance, to cough up blood. Han Danzi was unaffected, and Meng Hao's face was only a bit pale. Other than the two them, everyone else felt their mind spinning, as if they were stuck in some interminable illusion.

By now, the head of the Greater Demon was more than seventy percent emerged. Its nose was visible, and its facial features were clearer. There was an enormous, ferocious-looking wound ripped into its face.

Anyone who even glanced at the Greater Demon would immediately feel as if their mind was being absorbed. Before they even realized it, pulses of terror would be racing through them.

Demonic Qi exploded up, filling the area, intrinsically potent. In the blink of an eye, all other power of Heaven and Earth was expelled from the world by this powerful Demonic Qi.

All of a sudden, the entire world became... a Demon world!

Han Danzi trembled, his face burning with passion. The physical changes to him continued at high speed. His aura exploded up, and his connection to the head grew even more complete.

At the same time, all of the power of Heaven and Earth that was not Demonic Qi rushed up to the top of the world, which was none other than deep tunnel everyone had traveled through to get to this place.

A rumbling sound could be heard as the energy successfully entered the tunnel. The countless vines inside withered in the blink of an eye. They vanished without a trace as the expelled power of Heaven and Earth shot out into the outside world.

If you could stand outside of that deep pit, what you would see would be an exploding pillar of Qi that shot up into the sky. Successive layers of ripples then emanated out in all directions, sweeping over everything.

Although the process had just begun inside the Fourth Plane... it is easy to imagine how quickly everything was changing because of the emergence of the Greater Demon from within the world of the mirror.

When the changes were complete... everyone else inside would either be dead, or would be transformed by the Demonic Qi. Their souls would be transformed, and their Cultivation bases would change on a fundamental level. They would no longer be Cultivators, but Demons!

Meng Hao's face flickered as he looked up into the sky at all the people from South Heaven. The vortex was spinning faster, and as it did, everyone was lapsing into a stupor. Fang Yu, the Ji Clan, the Cultivators from the Northern Reaches and Southern Domain, Wang Lihai, Han Bei, Li Tiandao, Li Shiqi, and also Xu Qing....

Everyone seemed to be lapsing into an illusion. Their faces were twisted, and their teeth were clenched. Occasionally they let out cold laughs, other times their expressions were blank. It was bizarre to the extreme.

Demonic Qi was coalescing around their bodies, clearly beginning to make some illusory changes.

Han Danzi continued to prostrate himself on the ground. “Land of the Three Saints. The power of the ancestor returns, a legacy for me, Han Danzi. Everyone here are my sacrificial objects. Their bodies will be changed, their spirits will be assimilated. If they don’t die in the process, then they will no longer be Cultivators, but Demons!

“They will become my Demon horde, and will follow by my side as I use the power of the ancestor to battle with the Heavens!” He trembled as his words echoed out through the vortex.

At the same time, the vortex which spun around the head of the Greater Demon was no longer tens of thousands of meters wide. It expanded again until it was nearly three hundred thousand meters wide, shocking to the extreme. By this point, the top lip of the Great Demon was now visible.

It was now possible to see that the head did not just have one wound on it, but rather, three. One of the wounds appeared to be on its lips, making it so that the creature did not have two lips, but four!

Also visible... were sharp, black fangs! This Greater Demon’s physical appearance was savage to the extreme!

More Demonic Qi roiled about, and the rumbling sounds grew more intense.

Meng Hao’s eyes glittered. “This is the ancient Demon Immortal Sect. Ke Jiusi isn’t dead. He couldn’t possibly ignore what is happening here, could he? And what about Zhixiang? Her attitude is difficult to discern.

“So... why hasn’t Ke Jiusi made an appearance?”

“It doesn’t matter. I can’t place all my hope in him....” Although he could afford not to care too much about the others, Xu Qing was here. Also, the others owed a lot of Spirit Stones. If a few died, he could handle it. However, if they all died... well, that was something Meng Hao just couldn’t agree to let happen.

His eyes filled with a bright glow and he took a deep breath. He closed his eyes for a moment, then reopened them.

The moment he opened his eyes, Meng Hao entered... the Eighth Anima!

BOOM!

In the Eighth Anima, his fleshly body grew even more powerful. In the Seventh Anima, it was of the Spirit Severing stage, but in the Eighth Anima, it reached an even more terrifying level. His Cultivation base exploded out, not with the power of sixty-four great circle Nascent Souls, but rather, one hundred twenty-eight!

Such incredible power caused profound changes. Meng Hao suddenly appeared in mid-air in the wild vortex, buffeted by the spinning winds. Roaring surrounded him as what appeared to be countless shapeless bolts of lightning exploded out.

His right hand formed into a fist that punched directly toward the passageway high up in the sky. The punch contained not just the full power of his Cultivation base, but also, the Mountain Consuming Incantation!

An enormous mountain peak appeared, which was none other than... the Fourth Peak! The image was somewhat indistinct, but as soon as it appeared, roaring sounds echoed out. It shot toward the passageway. As it flew through the air, parts of it disintegrated and fell apart, but by the time it reached its destination it was still half intact.

The mountain shot at top speed toward the passageway, and as it neared, Meng Hao uttered a single word:

“Collapse!”

As soon as the word left his mouth, the illusory mountain stopped in mid-air and exploded, sending out a sound like endless thunder. The volume exceeded the rumbling of the vortex, transforming into shocking sound waves that swept across the world.

Because of the sound, all of the others, including Xu Qing, were mentally shaken. The illusion which gripped them temporarily vanished, and their eyes grew clear. Then their faces filled with astonishment.

Meng Hao looked up at them and roared, “Why haven’t you left yet!?” He performed a double-handed incantation, and immediately tempest winds exploded out from him to fight back against the vortex. Instantly, the vortex was weakened.

Fang Yu gasped and looked down at Meng Hao. She looked anxious, but at the same time determined. Her body flickered as she neared Xu Qing. Even as Xu Qing was gazing at Meng Hao, Fang Yu grabbed her.

“Let’s go,” she said. “He won’t stop worrying until you’re out of here!”

Xu Qing hesitated, but didn’t struggle. She looked back at Meng Hao one more time, and an indescribable feeling welled up in her heart. She thought back to that year outside the Rebirth Cave. It was a scene just like this one, in which she... was no help at all to Meng Hao.

The South Heaven Cultivators were panting in astonishment at the terrifying scene playing out. One by one, they began to fly up toward the passageway over head. As they shot through the air and then entered into the passageway, they heard Meng Hao’s voice.

“I saved your lives, which means you owe me. If you dare to not pay me back, things won’t be finished between us!”

As everyone disappeared into the passageway, the expulsion power shoved them up, causing them shoot upward. It was in that same instant that the head of the Greater Demon completely emerged from within the mirror!

Off to the side, Han Danzi looked up at Meng Hao, and at everyone leaving through the passageway.

Chapter 618: Mountain and Sea Mirror!

“They can’t escape from within the Land of the Three Saints,” said Han Danzi. “Although this is only a Divine Clone of the ancestor, if I can unseal it, it will still be beneficial for the Demon Immortal Sect. The spirits of the Demon Immortal Sect won’t offer help, but won’t resist either. Not even true spirit Night will wake up because of this. Sleeping Night is intelligent, but awakened Night has no mind. It will not awaken, because it does not wish to awaken!”

“This is the body of true spirit Night, where its brain exists. They won’t be able to escape, nor flee the Demon Immortal Sect. When the ancestor’s Divine Clone is fully fused with me, they will become my Demon horde!

“As for you, Meng Hao... you will be beneath the sacred ancestor and myself to act as Dharma protector!”

“Oh yeah?” replied Meng Hao, looking coldly at Han Danzi. He performed an incantation gesture with his right hand, then pointed down at the land. At the same time, the Demonic Qi in the area began to swirl around Meng Hao.

Whistling sounds could be heard intermittently. Meng Hao suddenly began to perform an incantation gesture which seemed to cause everything in the area to tremble.

In that instant, all of the Demonic Qi in the entire world began to rotate, as if it were being pulled. Every region began to distort, making the entire world seem as if it were being twisted.

The sight of it caused Han Danzi’s face to fill with a look of shock.

“You... you can actually affect Demonic Qi!!” he said hoarsely. “How can that be? You’re a Cultivator, you cultivate the power of Heaven and Earth. That’s different than Demonic Qi. They can’t be mixed! How can you manipulate Demonic Qi!?!?” He was thoroughly shaken, as this was his first time ever seeing Demonic Qi being manipulated by a Cultivator.

As far as he was concerned, it was inconceivable and unbelievable. Most importantly, it was clear that Meng Hao’s manipulation of the Demonic Qi was real, and not an illusion. It was in complete contrast to himself. Whereas his apparent manipulation of Demonic Qi was actually trickery, Meng Hao really was stirring all of the Demonic Qi in the entire world.

Even as Han Danzi was feeling shaken, Meng Hao took a deep breath. He could sense a resonance between himself and this world. In the outside world, he was incapable of absorbing the power of Heaven and Earth. However, in this place, it was as if a hole had been opened up, and all the Demonic Qi was rushing into it without the slightest impediment.

And yet, it didn't cause any transformations within him whatsoever. Inside of him, it turned into pure power. It was not Demonic Qi, nor was it spiritual energy. It was a unique power that belonged only to Meng Hao.

That power circulated about within him, filling him with an indescribably pleasurable sensation. A bizarre light shone in his eyes as he looked down at Han Danzi and the giant head floating there in mid-air.

“Demon Sealing, Eighth Hex!” said Meng Hao slowly. It almost sounded as if he were issuing orders. The words echoed about like the peals of thunder.

Four words exploded like thunder. Four words... spoken by Meng Hao!

As the words sounded out like thunder, all of the Demonic Qi around Meng Hao began to coalesce together. In the blink of an eye, the enormous character for ‘seal’ appeared directly in front of him.

The character was fully three hundred meters tall, and it absorbed more and more Demonic Qi as it shot down toward the ground.

In this moment, within the Eighth Anima, Meng Hao was... the Ninth Generation Demon Sealer!

The speed with which the character moved was indescribable. Han Danzi's face filled with disbelief as he felt an unprecedented pressure weighing down on him, along with a sense of deadly crisis. All of a sudden, he realized that Meng Hao was his archenemy.

Or perhaps it could be said that he was the archenemy of all Greater Demons!

Han Danzi began to pant, and suddenly, he recalled a legend.

“According to legend, within the Nine Mountains and Seas, there are a people who can cultivate the Dao and can also fuse with Demons. No type of expulsion is effective on them. They call themselves... Demon Sealers!

“The character ‘seal’ has two meanings. One is to restrict, the other is to aid!”

Han Danzi's mind trembled as the 'seal' character formed of Demonic Qi descended. All of the Demonic Qi seemed to be affected, making it so that Han Danzi was incapable of dodging or evading. He could only try to fight back directly.

A huge boom lifted up into the sky. Blood sprayed from Han Danzi's mouth as, in the blink of an eye, he was surrounded by glowing hex light. From a distance, the hex light looked like strands of silk, binding up Han Danzi.

It sealed his life force, sealed his Cultivation base, sealed all of him. It sealed him, and it sealed the enormous head.

Shockingly, the light of the Eighth Hex also thoroughly enveloped the enormous head. From a distance, it looked as if there were some enormous net covering over it.

The giant net was fused with the ground in the area, and pulled down viciously. Blood oozed out of Han Danzi's mouth, and he trembled. Unable to control his body, he kneeled down onto the ground, his expression vicious. It sounded like he wanted to roar with rage, but was incapable of making a single sound come out of his throat.

Beneath the power of the Eighth Hex's giant net, the head slowly stopped emerging out. In fact, it began to show signs of sinking back. Meng Hao hovered in mid-air, trembling slightly, his finger still pointing down at the ground. From the time he became a Demon Sealer until now, this was his first time... truly sealing a Demon.

The Demonic Qi in the area continued to rush toward him. He alone had shaken the world and used its power to push down a Demon.

Han Danzi was pushed down closer toward the ground, his face pale, his eyes filled with frenzy and an unyielding look. The giant head sank back, and soon, half of its mouth was back in the other world.

However it was then that... the Greater Demon in the world of the mirror suddenly looked up. Its gaze seemed to pierce out from the mirror into the outside world.

A strange look appeared in its eyes, and its mouth twisted into a smile.

“TAI!” it said. As the bizarre word echoed out, a change occurred to the giant head emerging from within the mirror world. The aura of death which had previously swirled around it, suddenly seemed to fill with the power of life. Although it did not open its eyes, it did open its mouth.

The voice which emerged was the exact same voice which had been heard moments ago.

“TAI!”

The sound turned into an attack which spread out in all directions, sweeping over everything. Heaven and Earth filled with roaring, and countless fissures spread out everywhere. The net of the Eighth Hex that covered the head began to shatter into small pieces. In the blink of an eye, it was destroyed and dissipated.

The Eight Hex which suppressed Han Danzi was also swept away, completely destroyed!

The Demonic Qi in the world began to roar like exploding thunder. Up in mid-air, Meng Hao coughed up a mouthful of blood and his face went white. He staggered back several paces.

“So, you’re a Demon Sealer!!” said Han Danzi. A strange light appeared in his eyes, and he lifted his head back to laugh, then shot up into the air.

“Who cares about Demon Sealers!? I’ll kill you, take your blood, absorb your soul, and make a Demon Sealing precious treasure!

“It’s just the will of Heaven!” Han Danzi seemed overjoyed as he shot up into the air. Demonic Qi surged toward Meng Hao, and at the same time, the head began to emerge again. All of a sudden, a neck and two shoulders could be seen!

“The will of Heaven, huh?” said Meng Hao, stabilizing himself. He looked coldly at approaching Han Danzi, and the gigantic Greater Demon that he apparently couldn’t prevent from emerging. “There was no enmity between us. Neither you absorbing the power of that Demon, nor the prospect of bringing it back to life, have anything to do with me.

“What I want isn’t you or that Demon, but rather... this entire place!” A bizarre light shone in Meng Hao’s eyes. The current situation now fit in perfectly with his requirements. There was nobody left, so he felt confident enough to... take out the copper mirror!

Even as Han Danzi closed in, Meng Hao slapped his bag of holding with his right hand. Instantly, the copper mirror appeared, the same mysterious copper mirror that he had acquired back in the Reliance Sect all those years ago, which had accompanied him all this time!

It didn't look like anything special at all, and was even a bit rusted in places. It looked like a completely ordinary item.

"A crappy mirror?" laughed Han Danzi. "Don't tell me that's supposed to be some kind of precious treasure or something?!" He stopped in place, looking as if he didn't care at all about Meng Hao and his mirror. However, inwardly, the fact that Meng Hao had retrieved this magical item in a critical moment left him worried in a way that was quite the opposite to the way he made it look.

As soon as the copper mirror appeared, the mirror continent below suddenly trembled. Ripples spread out, looking almost like waves on the surface of the mirror-like continent.

Within the world of the mirror, everything that was alive suddenly stopped moving.

Even the head which was emerging from inside stopped in place. However... it was in this moment that the eyes began to twitch, as if they were struggling to open and awake.

"What is that!?" gasped Han Danzi. He was just going to attempt to stop Meng Hao when Meng Hao pointed the mirror directly down toward the mirror continent.

The two mirrors shone on each other, and anyone who could see them would be able to spot an majestic black hole inside each one. Each black hole seemed endless, as if it contained truths inside that no one would ever be able to understand.

The great mirror land below began to rumble and shake. The ripples continued to spread out, thicker and more numerous. At the same time, the mirror Meng Hao held began to grow warm, as if it were thirsting for something, as if it... wanted to consume the entire mirror continent below

It was then that the mirror continent, which Meng Hao could not even see the ends of, suddenly began to shrink. It grew smaller rapidly, accompanied by a roaring sound that lifted up into the sky.

It shrank and shrank, and if you were able to stand in a position far far above, you would see that the lands below... shockingly, were actually shaped like a mirror! And as of this moment, the mirror... was shrinking down at a rapid rate.

As the mirror continent shrank, it was possible to see that the shape of the mirror was... absolutely identical to the copper mirror that Meng Hao held.

Han Danzi's face fell. Even as he was about to charge at Meng Hao, his body began to be pulled back by the great mirror continent. His body was out of his own control, and he was incapable of nearing Meng Hao. Instead, a gravitational force pulled him down toward the lands below.

At the same time, the eyes of the Greater Demon head that was emerging from the mirror land suddenly... cracked open. An indistinct, growling voice echoed out, filled with ancientness.

“You... actually have... the Mountain and Sea Mirror...”

Chapter 619: Night Awakens!

The sound seemed to echo out from ancient times. In fact, as Meng Hao looked over, what he really saw was not a head with eyes opened, but rather, a virtually dead Greater Demon.

It was almost as if everything from before had been an illusion!

However, the ground was still shaking and rapidly shrinking. That was no illusion. Meng Hao could see, and even detect with Divine Sense, that the mirror, which was the continent, had shrunk down to only several tens of thousands of meters wide.

From his vantage point, it was now possible to see that the land was rapidly... turning into an actual mirror!

It included all of the lives and magical items on the battlefield. All of them shrank down to become exponentially smaller along with the mirror.

The head of the Greater Demon could no longer emerge, but rather, sank back down, taking Han Danzi with it. His face was filled with terror and astonishment as he tried every method possible to break free. All were useless. He screamed miserably, hopelessly as he looked down at himself. It was at this point that he realized that... he was also... sinking into the mirror!

When his feet touched the land, they sank directly into the water-like surface until he was as far down as his ankles.

“No!” he cried out in alarm. “How can this be!? This is impossible!!” He howled and struggled, but it did absolutely no good.

Meng Hao trembled. The mirror was now incredibly hot, to the point where white steam was now pulsing off of his hand. He had no choice but to grip it with both hands.

By now, Meng Hao could sense the indescribable gravitational force being exerted by the mirror. It wasn't targeting Han Danzi, but rather, the entire mirror land.

“It... Don't tell me it wants to suck in the entire mirror land of the Fourth Plane of the Demon Immortal Sect?” Having reached this conclusion, Meng Hao began to pant, and his mouth was parched and dry.

If that was really what was happening, then it would mean that he had gained a colossal amount of good fortune in the ancient Demon Immortal Sect! Such good fortune would be simply unimaginable to anyone else, completely beyond anticipation or expectation.

Meng Hao palpitated with eagerness as he clutched the copper mirror tightly in his hands and watched the mirror continent below shrinking. An unprecedentedly loud rumbling could be heard filling the entire world. Han Danzi let out a bloodcurdling shriek. He was already sunk halfway down into the surface of the mirror. Next to him, the head of the Greater Demon had sunk back down to the point where its nose was covered.

“How could this be happening! This is impossible! IMPOSSIBLE!!” Han Danzi had gone mad; his expression was one of terror. He shouted out toward Meng Hao, begging for mercy and help.

However, because of the intense rumbling, his voice was virtually undetectable; Meng Hao didn't even notice it.

The Demonic Qi in the area churned. The shrinking of the land was like the lifting of a veil, revealing something beneath.... When Meng Hao looked down, he saw something that caused his mind to reel!!

There below... was a gigantic brain!

The brain seemed limitlessly huge, sleek and white, with black spots visible in various locations. There were also some areas where brightly colored lights flashed back and forth.

Every flash of light seemed to contain countless images, almost like memories!

The sight was completely shocking to Meng Hao. His breath came in ragged pants, and he glanced once again at the shrinking land. Suddenly, he recalled something Han Danzi had said.

“This mirror continent is placed on top of the brain of true spirit Night!” Meng Hao took a deep breath and looked down again at the boundless, colossally huge brain.

“Is this place really the head of true spirit Night? If so, what exactly is that passageway?” His scalp was numb and his body trembled as he looked around. The mirror-land seemed to be in the final process of shrinking.

It was now only about 30,000 meters wide, and looked almost exactly like the copper mirror he held, except much larger!

Han Danzi was almost completely sunk into the surface of the mirror. His face was pale, and he was no longer howling. Instead, he stared at Meng Hao with a venomous, insane look.

As for the head of the Greater Demon, it had sunk down past the eyes. Only the top of its head remained, along with the three black horns, which emanated a bizarre glow.

The entire world was shaking.

30,000 meters. 25,000 meter! 20,000 meters!!

By this point, sweat was pouring down Meng Hao's forehead. His entire body shook as he clutched at the copper mirror. Were it not for his incredible fleshly body, it might not have been possible to prevent the mirror from slipping out of his hands.

And yet, even in the Eighth Anima, Meng Hao was incapable of holding on for very much longer.

It was at this point that suddenly, out of nowhere, a sound could be heard. It was like a baby crying, and it seemed to be coming from the outside world, and yet, at the same time, seemed to be coming from inside, all around him. It started out somewhat weak, and then grew stronger and stronger.

At the same time, Meng Hao's mind filled with a roaring. Simultaneously, the dancing flashes of electric light on the surface of the brain of true spirit Night suddenly increased by tenfold, as did the speed with which they moved!

An aura of awakening suddenly covered over everything. Meng Hao's face twitched.

"Hahaha! You're dead!" cried Han Danzi. "You shook the seals of the three Holy lands, and thus have awoken true spirit Night! When it awakens, it brings calamity!" He began to laugh maniacally.

Meanwhile, outside of the the Fourth Plane, in the Demon Immortal Sect, the ground was quaking and the mountains were shaking. Rumbling could be heard in all directions as huge cracks and fissures suddenly appeared to spread out across the surface of the land.

The huge cracks and fissures, the massive rumbling, all of it made it seem as if the Demon Immortal Sect was experiencing doomsday. Ruins toppled and dust flew up in all directions, covering everything and making it hazy.

Off in the distance, the South Heaven Cultivators fled in shock toward the Demon Immortal Sect's exit gate past the First Peak. They had no idea what was happening, but they could guess. Obviously, something incredible was happening in the Fourth Plane that was connected somehow to the goings on.

Everything grew dark and the sound of rumbling rose to the Heavens. As the land was shattered, a boundless aura seeped out to flood the entire area. Rifts even began to appear in the air, one after another!

A middle-aged man stood atop the Fourth Peak, wearing a long white robe. He looked around at everything that was happening, his expression complex. Occasionally, killing intent would fill him, sometimes gentleness could be seen. This was Ke Jiusi.

“If it was anyone else who awoke Night and caused the legacy of Lord Li to appear, I would be forced to kill him. Outsiders cannot acquire the legacy of Lord Li. But him....” Ke Jiusi thought back to what he had experienced in ancient times, when he had superimposed with Meng Hao.

In the end, his father had recognized Meng Hao, acknowledged that they were father and son in that life. The killing intent in Ke Jiusi’s eyes slowly dissipated, to be replaced by gentle warmth.

“If he was my father’s son in that life, then that means he... is my little brother. Maybe I can’t acquire the legacy of Lord Li, but if he can, it’s the will of Heaven.” Ke Jiusi sighed.

As everything shook, and even more rifts appeared up in the sky above the Demon Immortal Sect. Gradually, the shocking sight of the peaks of three inverted mountains became visible!

As they appeared to descend, an incredible pressure could be felt. The entire Demon Immortal Sect shook violently. The South Heaven Cultivators were arriving at the exit gate past the First Peak. In their shock, there were already quite a few who had chosen to use their Demon Spirit to leave.

However, that would take time. As the world shook more and more violently, the sound of a wailing infant suddenly filled the air. It sounded as if there was a baby sleeping deep, deep under the ground, its eyes closed. But then, as it began to awaken, it started to cry.

Once the sound could be heard, the destruction grew even more intense.

By now, the three inverted mountains were visible by more than half.

Meanwhile, back in the Fourth Plane, the great mirror continent had now shrunk down to only about 10,000 meters wide. Han Danzi was now completely submerged inside, gone.

As for the head of the Greater Demon, only a tiny bit was left visible; the rest had sunk back down into the mirror.

Meng Hao’s face was pale, and his body was slowly moving forward. He was not moving of his own volition, but rather, was being pulled by the copper mirror!

Closer and closer!

The mirror continent continued to shrink. 10,000 meters. 5,000 meters. 2,500 meters.... 1,500 meters.... 1,000 meters.... 300 meters!

The head of the Greater Demon had completely sunk back into the mirror. Back in the calm lands inside the mirror, that Greater Demon who split the Heaven into its third, continued to look up coldly at Meng Hao.

Its gaze seemed eternal, and as Meng Hao looked at it, his mind trembled. However, there was no time to think deeply about the matter right now. As of now, he was only about 100 meters away from the 300-meter-wide mirror.

As he got closer, it continued to shrink. 150 meters. 100 meters.... 30 meters!!

25 meters. 15 meters. 5 meters.... 3 meters!

When the mirror land reached a size of three meters, suddenly, it began to distort. Meng Hao watched as it twisted into what looked like strands of silk that then shot toward his own copper mirror.

The copper mirror seemed to consume them, bit by bit, until they were all sucked in. Within the space of only a few breaths, the entire continental mirror was sucked in by Meng Hao's copper mirror!

It acted almost like a tonic for the mirror. After the consumption occurred, the copper mirror experienced an unprecedented transformation; all of the bits of rust on its surface completely disappeared!

The ancient decorative patterns on its surface grew deeper and more profound. Pulses of light could be seen circulating within, and murmuring sounds could be heard like the singing of Immortals.

Meng Hao's mind trembled. As he looked closer at the mirror, he saw multiple cracks on its surface. They intersected with each other to form nine areas!

Right now, in the upper left part of the mirror, there was an area that looked completely different from the others. It... actually looked like the surface of a mirror. It glowed with the light of magical

items, and within, a vortex could be seen, slowly rotating. That vortex seemed to contain the secret of the origin of the world!

Within the vortex, shockingly... was... the ancient battlefield!

At the same time, the Fourth Plane now had no land left in it at all. Instead, the brain was fully revealed. The electric light danced about on its surface a thousandfold more than before. A shocking sound could be heard that far exceeded the wailing of before.

Night, had been provoked... into awakening!

Chapter 620: Night's Head!

By now, ten thousand times as many arcs of electric light were dancing back and forth on the brain of true spirit Night.

At the same time, the brain began to twitch. Bursting howls could be heard echoing in from outside, howls that shook the mind.

Meng Hao's face flickered as an intense sensation of grave crisis appeared inside of him. He could sense terrifying fluctuations, and an aura that seemed capable of destroying him in a single explosive burst.

Numbness washed over his scalp as, without hesitation, he put the copper mirror away and then flew at the highest speed possible toward the exit passage.

The passage had once seemed to be a deep pit, but because of the aura of awakening Night, it had changed dramatically. It was moving, wriggling, as if the passageway was actually some part of the body of true spirit Night!

Meng Hao's face fell, and he pushed himself to go even faster. He was now at the pinnacle of the Eighth Anima, and he moved even faster than lightning as he shot into the passageway. In the blink of an eye, he was speeding along inside.

ROAR!!!

A shocking roar echoed out from both below and above. Everything in the Demon Immortal Sect shook violently and began to fall into pieces.

The destruction was clearly visible to Meng Hao. He could see it with his own eyes, because the walls that surrounded him seemed to be covered with a partially transparent filament. Through that, Meng Hao could see the lands cracking and shattering by layers, then falling downward.

As he looked back through pit-like passageway, Meng Hao suddenly realized that it looked more like a tube!

It was a tube that ran to the brain of true spirit Night, and he was right in the middle of that tube, moving with unprecedented, maddening speed.

As he sped along, he began to pant. That was because he was astonished to find that the tube he was traveling through was actually lifting up into the air.

“It’s not just this passageway that’s lifting up into the air. Actually... this passageway... is part of the body of true spirit Night! When it moves, it will appear from within the land!” Meng Hao’s mind trembled as he looked through the semi-transparent walls of the passageway to see the land collapsed everywhere. He could also feel the sensation of the passageway moving upward.

After more than ten breaths of time passed, a blinding white light filled Meng Hao’s vision. A huge roar filled the passageway he was in as it was completely lifted up from the ground until it was in mid-air above the Demon Immortal Sect!

By this point, Meng Hao had traversed roughly seventy percent of the passageway, placing him thirty percent of the distance away from the exit. The passageway was now trembling violently, and Meng Hao’s face was pale white. Through the semi-transparent walls, he could see that outside...

Fissures covered all of the lands of the Demon Immortal Sect. Most of the various areas of the Sect were completely collapsed. In fact, most of the lands seemed to be caving in, as if some enormous creature were rising up.

Rocks tumbled down the sides of the seven mountain peaks, as if even they would not be able to survive this incredible catastrophe.

The first to collapse was the Third Peak!

As the lands around it collapsed and caved in, the mountain peak began to slant to the side and sink.... However, as he looked at it, Meng Hao got the strange feeling that... the Third Peak was not actually collapsing. Actually, there appeared to be some incredible force causing it to tilt to the side.

He couldn't quite be sure, but the sensation was intense.

Then, even as the semi-transparent passageway vibrated rapidly, Meng Hao suddenly saw something... that he would never be able to forget.

He saw an incredibly large head. It was so large that it was impossible to estimate exactly how large it was. And only half of it was visible!

It looked like a human head, except it had no hair, and was instead completely covered with pitch-black scales. Shockingly, this head... seemed to encompass all of the lands of the Demon Immortal Sect!

Meng Hao's scalp went numb and his mouth was completely dry. He was thoroughly incapable of determining how large this head was!

He also saw that the semi-transparent passageway he was in, was actually an enormous antenna attached to the top of the head! It was a tube-like antenna, apparently used for breathing!

What caused Meng Hao's mind to tremble with even more disbelief was that the previously tilting and toppling Third Peak... actually... had stopped after reaching a certain angle, and was no longer falling.

That was because... the Third Peak was not actually part of the land at all. It was connected to the head. More accurately, the Third Peak was actually an enormous horn growing out from the top of the Head!!

"This... this is... true spirit Night?" thought Meng Hao, staring with wide eyes.

He wasn't the only one seeing this. The other South Heaven Cultivators who were congregated outside of the First Peak watched on with pale faces. At the same time, the location where they

stood began to collapse. A huge hole appeared, a passageway out to the starry sky that everyone unhesitatingly entered.

As they flew into the passageway, their bodies began to emit a white light. The light seemed to be separating them from the ancient Demon Immortal Sect. Their bodies began to grow transparent; apparently, it wouldn't be long before they completely disappeared.

At the same time, bands of starlight descended from all directions, transforming into a river of stars. The appearance of the river of stars indicated that the return to South Heaven had begun. It was time to leave the good fortune of the Demon Immortal Sect.

“Meng Hao!!” cried Xu Qing inwardly. She bit down her lip as the soft light began to envelop her. Gradually she grew transparent, but her anxious eyes were focused in the direction of Meng Hao back in the Demon Immortal Sect.

Similarly anxious was Fang Yu. Her hands were clenched into fists as she watched the Demon Immortal Sect collapsing. “Hurry up, Meng Hao. Get out of there!”

As for the other South Heaven Cultivators, all of them were filled with complex emotions. They were overwhelmed with astonishment at the sudden drastic turn of events in the ancient Demon Immortal Sect. At the same time, they were also filled with unspeakable, conflicting thoughts regarding Meng Hao.

They wanted Meng Hao dead, so that their debts would be absolved. However, were it not for Meng Hao's actions just now, all of them would be dead. That was a kindness on his part.

Various thoughts filled them as they watched on silently.

Meng Hao was scared out of his mind. As far as he could tell, he had really set something epic into motion....

“All I did was pull out a crappy mirror, right...?” he thought, clenching his jaw. He continued to speed along as fast as possible toward the exit of the semi-transparent passageway.

However, it was at this point that, surrounded by the collapsing lands, the head of true spirit Night slowly began to lift up. A reverberating wail even more shocking than before echoed out in all directions.

The Second Peak, the Fourth Peak, the First Peak, the Fifth Peak....

All shook violently and rose up into the air. Countless stones and boulders fell down, as four, shocking horns were revealed!

The antenna undulated, and at the same time, the exit appeared just up ahead of Meng Hao. Even as he was about to break free... Night, whose head was now half emerged from the collapsing lands, suddenly inhaled.

The breath caused an enormous sucking force to rush through the semi-transparent passageway. Meng Hao was completely incapable of controlling his body. His eyes went wide as he felt himself himself being sucked in.

Filled with shock, he unleashed the full power of his Cultivation base. His right hand reached out the side and grabbed hold of a vine....

How could Meng Hao not see that these vines were actually like hairs that existed within true spirit Night's antenna...?

As soon as he grabbed ahold of it, he stopped moving. However, only a moment later, the vine snapped. Meng Hao's eyes went wide as he was once again sucked back. All of these things happened in only the space of ten or so breaths. To Meng Hao, though, it seemed like an eternity.

"If this is the breathing of true spirit Night..." he thought. "Breathing involves inhaling and exhaling. If this is the inhaling, then it must be followed by exhaling! Time to gamble!" With that, his eyes filled with determination. There was little else he could do now except gamble.

He continued to grab onto vines, and continued to employ the full power of his Cultivation base to try to slow his movement. Ten breaths of time passed. Beneath him, Meng Hao could see the end of the passageway, and once again, the brain of true spirit Night. However, it was at this point that the inhaling ended. It was then followed by an intense, explosive force in the opposite direction.

Meng Hao's eyes glittered. Roaring filled his body and blood sprayed from his mouth. Underneath the power of the force, he shot upward. His eyes filled with madness and his Cultivation base exploded, adding even more speed.

The entire process didn't even take ten breaths of time. Meng Hao's body rumbled as he suddenly... shot directly out from within the antenna.

By the time he flew out, the lands of the Demon Immortal Sect were completely collapsed and destroyed. The Sixth Peak and the Seventh Peak shook violently. Beneath them was revealed... a head that was as large as more than half the lands of the Demon Immortal Sect.

It had human features, but was covered with pitch-black scales. It had seven enormous horns, and a long antenna, the end of which glowed with a green light.

Its eyes were half open, and inside could be seen the blankness of awakening. There was also a shocking, indescribable energy pulsating off of its body.

This was... true spirit Night!

It had seven horns that could form mountains, and even though the head was only half emerged, its shocking aura was such that anyone who looked at it couldn't help but feel their mind tremble.

Meng Hao shot back at top speed. He himself was nothing in comparison to true spirit Night. He couldn't help but think back to the only thing which could possibly compare in size to true spirit Night, and that was Patriarch Reliance, with the State of Zhao on his back.

“All I did was take out a crappy mirror! Could that really stimulate this thing into awakening?!?!” Sweat poured down Meng Hao's forehead as he shot toward the location of the other South Heaven Cultivators, all of whom were staring in astonishment at true spirit Night.

Their minds were filled with roaring, and they were incapable of even speaking half a sentence. At the same time, they were on the verge of becoming completely transparent, making them appear like shadows.

Meng Hao flew as fast as he could, using all of the power of his Cultivation base, the green smoke, the black moon. However, almost the same moment in which he reached the exit, behind him, true spirit Night uttered the first sound that was not a wail.

“NIGHT!!”