

The Heavens 621

Chapter 621: Hes My Little Brother

In the same moment in which the voice of true spirit Night echoed out, the Cultivators from South Heaven were being surrounded by starlight. Within the starlight were countless motes and fragments, which mixed with the starlight to cover everything and transform it all into a river of stars.

The river of stars was like a beam filled with countless motes of light that gathered momentum as it unfurled, sweeping up all of the Cultivators in preparation to return to South Heaven. After all, they had been swept up and carried to this place by the river of stars, it was only natural that they would be taken away in the same method.

Upon seeing the river of stars, everyone felt a little bit more relaxed, although they wished it would finish forming up faster. Considering how quickly things were going out of control, they wanted to leave as soon as possible to get out of danger.

As of now, this was not the Fourth Plane of the ancient Demon Immortal Sect. This was... the hitherto unknown Fifth Plane!

The Fifth Plane, the awakening of true spirit Night!

As true spirit Night's voice echoed out, the land and sky in all directions twisted, and ghost images seemed to appear. The entire world seemed to revert to ancient times. Countless figures flew about, and everything flourished. But then sometimes, everything would become ruins, filled with corpses. And then it would simply be Night, head raised, the Seven Peaks turned into horns!

Ghost images flickered over the entire world. True spirit Night... had now thoroughly lifted up its head from within the land.

When true spirit Night slept, the world was a dream. When true spirit Night awoke, calamity came to Heaven and Earth!

Meng Hao panted, and the South Heaven Cultivators watched on in alarm. Although the bodies of the crowd were half transparent, they couldn't help but back up nervously and wish fervently that they could teleport away as soon as possible.

After letting out an incredible roar, the colossal head of true spirit Night suddenly... spoke, its voice indistinct: “Give my precious mirror... back to me!”

The voice echoed back and forth, causing Meng Hao’s mind to tremble as he coughed up a mouthful of blood. The South Heaven Cultivators mind’s felt as if they were being exploded by lightning; the sound of the voice was deafening.

A moment later, the South Heaven Cultivators all looked over at Meng Hao. One by one they began to express their astonishment.

“What treasure did Meng Hao take?!?!”

“Don’t tell me he stole a precious treasure from that Demon beast, causing it to awaken?!?!”

“Precious mirror... could it be... could it be that it’s talking about the continental mirror we saw in the Fourth Plane?”

As their voices rang out, their eyes began to fill with shock and amazement, as well as intense jealousy.

“Take out the continental mirror... and return it to me!” said true spirit Night. This time, its voice was clearer. As it spoke, massive amounts of lightning began to rise up around the seven mountain peaks.

Before Meng Hao could open his mouth to speak, the group from South Heaven began to pant as they understood the meaning of Night’s words.

The continental mirror of the Fourth Plane, which contained innumerable precious treasures, had actually... been taken away by Meng Hao!!

The eyes of virtually all of the South Heaven Cultivators instantly went red. Even Fang Yu was breathing heavily and looking at Meng Hao with an expression of disbelief.

Wang Lihai, Han Bei, Li Shiqi, and the others all appeared to be in complete disbelief, their minds shaken to the extreme.

They couldn't even begin to imagine how Meng Hao had managed to take away the continental mirror.

The Ji Clan members' eyes were wide. The Cultivators from the Northern Reaches and the Southern Domain were panting. Everyone was completely flabbergasted by this new information.

Xu Qing's face was also filled with disbelief. She looked at Meng Hao, and then a smile broke out on her face.

Meng Hao frowned. Without saying a single word, he employed as much speed as he could to shoot out into the outside world. Most of his body was already starting to grow transparent, and he could clearly sense the power of teleportation.

At the same time, the river of stars was now almost completely materialized, seemingly endless and filled with innumerable motes of light. It began to sweep through the void, picking up the crowds of South Heaven Cultivators, including Meng Hao. It then spun and began to shoot off into the distance.

In the same moment in which Meng Hao and the others were swept up by the river of stars, the eyes of true spirit Night suddenly opened completely. Any sense of blankness within those eyes was completely wiped away, to be replaced with awareness. True spirit Night... was now fully awake!

The instant the complete awakening occurred, true spirit Night let out a roar that caused the entire world and even the void to instantly cease moving. Even the river of stars trembled and then stopped in place.

Meng Hao's face fell, and the expressions of the South Heaven Cultivators were that of complete astonishment.

Suddenly, the land down below began to rumble and disintegrate as a gigantic arm slowly rose up. It was black and covered with scales, and only had four fingers. As it rose up from the ground, it left behind a gigantic pit. It was so long that it was almost impossible to see the entire arm, and as it stretched out, its palm was so large that it seemed big enough to cover up the entire sky.

The arm stretched out, snatching toward the river of stars.

“Get back here!” said true spirit Night, its voice rumbling up into the Heavens. Meng Hao’s body was completely out of his control as it flew out, pulled from the river of stars to shoot toward the giant hand.

In the blink of an eye, shockingly, he was standing on top of the giant hand. Meng Hao’s face was pale white, and his eyes shone with a sharp light. Now that Meng Hao had left the river of stars, it trembled once again, and then slowly began to move once again. The South Heaven Cultivators were now once more moving off into the distance.

“Meng Hao!” Xu Qing’s face fell, and she struggled to fly out, but was incapable of leaving the river of stars. Fang Yu’s face was also filled with anxiety. As for most of the others, they seemed to be rejoicing in the misfortune of the others.

“He’s dead! That Demon beast specifically kept him behind. He’s definitely going to die!”

“He stole that thing’s precious treasure! How could it possibly let him leave!?”

The Cultivators continued to watch as they moved off into the distance. True spirit Night retracted its palm, upon which Meng Hao stood, until Meng Hao was directly in front of it. His face was pale as he stood there on the palm, looking up at the colossal head, and true spirit Night’s two eyes.

Meng Hao’s right hand rested on his bag of holding, and a cold glow could be seen in his eyes. He knew he was no match for true spirit Night. Even a single breath from it could completely extinguish the flame of his life force. However, until the critical juncture of life or death arrived, Meng Hao would continue to go all out.

“You have no aura upon you which I find familiar...” said true spirit Night, looking over Meng Hao. Its right hand began to close into a fist. As it did, an indescribable pressure inundated Meng Hao. Cracking sounds could be heard, and blood sprayed from his mouth. His body seemed to be on the verge of completely collapsing; even his internal organs were on the verge of exploding.

However, there was still not even a scrap of fear in Meng Hao’s eyes. Instead, a touch of madness could be seen burning inside, which then turned into ferocity. Finally, he took a deep breath and prepared to pull out the copper mirror.

However, it was at this moment that a white-robed figure suddenly appeared in mid-air. He strode out step by step; in one moment he was far off in the distance; in the next moment, he stood in front of Meng Hao. His back was to him, and he stood there protectively, looking at true spirit Night.

He wore white robes and had long, dark grey hair. He was indescribably ancient and old. This was... Ke Jiusi!

“You may not harm him,” said Ke Jiusi calmly, staring up at true spirit Night, his voice filled with an incredible power. The energy caused Heaven and Earth to flicker with different colors, as if it was capable of fighting back against true spirit Night.

True spirit Night looked at Ke Jiusi. “I’ve awakened,” it said, its voice a drone. “There must be extermination of life.”

“He is a son approved by my father,” said Ke Jiusi quietly. Behind him, a tremor ran through Meng Hao. As he looked at Ke Jiusi, the warmth between him and Ke Yunhai in the Second Plane suddenly filled his heart.

“That was a dream!” said true spirit Night, its voice cold.

“Since my father approved of him, it doesn’t matter whether it was an illusion or not,” said Ke Jiusi slowly, a mysterious light flickering through his eyes. “He... is my little brother. With me here, nothing in existence, not even you, can harm him in the slightest bit, or even dare to try!”

As he spoke, an indescribable aura rose up.

Meng Hao stood there silently, looking at Ke Jiusi’s back. The hand that gripped his bag of holding slowly relaxed.

“I’ll... I’ll hand over the continental mirror...” said Meng Hao with a soft sigh. However, even as the words left his mouth, Ke Jiusi turned his head and gave Meng Hao a profound look.

This was the first time Meng Hao had ever seen Ke Jiusi’s face. In that moment, he almost thought that he was looking at Ke Yunhai. He gaped in shock at the familiar features.

However, it only took a moment for him to see that this was definitely not Ke Yunhai.

“You don’t need to hand it over,” said Ke Jiushi. He had watched moments ago as Meng Hao showed no fear in the face of death. And yet now, he was willing to hand over the continental mirror. Ke Jiushi understood, and it caused a gentleness to appear in the depths of his eyes. “Since you were able to take it away, it shows that you were destined for such good fortune. Besides... the awakening of true spirit Night doesn’t mean complete catastrophe.”

Ke Jiushi gazed at Meng Hao. “Do you trust me?”

Meng Hao looked at Ke Jiushi, at the features which so much resembled Ke Yunhai. Without hesitation, he replied, “I trust you!”

“In the past, Lord Li laid down orders that whoever awakened true spirit Night would be given two options.” With another deep look at Meng Hao, Ke Jiushi turned to look back at true spirit Night. “Night, he is my little brother, so I will act on his behalf to make the decision. He will choose the second path!”

Night was silent for a long moment, its expression one of complexity. Finally, its gaze came to fall on Meng Hao.

Slowly, it began to explain. “Lord Li ordered that whichever life form wakes me up will be given two options. First option: return the continental mirror to me, and I will continue to sleep...

“Second option; do not return the mirror, and prepare yourself to acquire the qualifications to receive Lord Li’s legacy. Walk the three mountains, pass through the Holy Lands, ascend to the Fourth Heaven... acquire the legacy of Lord Li! If you fail... then you will stay behind as a guest in my dream.”

As its voice echoed out, it was audible to even the South Heaven Cultivators in the river of stars. When they heard the true spirit’s words, they gaped in shock. That was especially true of the Ji Clan members and the Cultivators from the Northern Reaches. They looked back at the distant Demon Immortal Sect, their eyes wide with disbelief, and more so, intense jealousy and madness.

“Just... just... just what kind of good fortune is this?!”

“Dammit! How is this possible? That’s not a catastrophe! Isn’t there supposed to be a catastrophe? Isn’t Meng Hao supposed to be exterminated? How could such good luck as this appear?!?! Lord Li’s legacy! Seriously? The legacy of Lord Li?!?!”

“It was so overbearing before, like it could destroy everything. How could things turn around and... become such good fortune!”

“The legacy of Lord Li?! I can’t accept this!!”

Chapter 622: Three Mountains, Nine Bows

The South Heaven Cultivators watched on with wide, disbelieving eyes. Their hearts were filled with complexity and jealousy. The emotions continued to ripple out until, eventually, they turned into avarice.

There were only a few people who were actually happy to see Meng Hao run into such good fortune. Most were just jealous to the point of hatred.

“Dammit! Why does it have to be him?!?! In the Second Plane he was an Elite Apprentice. In the Third Plane, he stole away all our treasures! In the Fourth Plane he acquired that precious treasure, the continental mirror. And now here in the Fifth Plane... he’s acquired the qualifications for the legacy of Lord Li!”

“Why does it have to be this way? By what right of virtue or ability does he fall into such good luck?! I can’t stand for this!”

“Worst of all is that we still owe him a huge debt! I myself owe 800,000 Spirit Stones....”

“I owe him 1,000,000 Spirit Stones! Dammit! Why can’t he just die here!”

Other than Xu Qing, Fang Yu, and few others, all the Cultivators from South Heaven gnashed their teeth, their jealousy of Meng Hao having risen to the pinnacle.

“He’ll be going back to the lands of South Heaven eventually!” said Ji Mingkong suddenly, his eyes flashing. As soon as he spoke, the eyes of the others began to flash.

“That’s right. He will be back in South Heaven eventually. And it doesn’t matter what he acquired, we will still have to report everything that happened when we get back to our Sects and Clans.”

“Look, all he did was acquire qualifications to get Lord Li’s legacy. As to whether or not he will actually acquire the legacy remains unknown!”

As the South Heaven Cultivators spoke among themselves, the river of stars which surrounded them made its way off into the distance. Gradually, they began to lose consciousness. Soon, all of their eyes were closed, and they were in a state of slumber, just as they had been when they arrived. The river of stars began to float back to the lands of South Heaven.

Meanwhile, back in the Demon Immortal Sect, Meng Hao stood on the palm of true spirit Night as it slowly lifted him up into the sky.

Ke Jiusi also stood on Night’s palm, looking at Meng Hao with an encouraging expression.

“This is your opportunity. As for how far you can get, that will depend on your personal good fortune.” With that, he flicked his sleeve and then stepped out and disappeared into mid-air.

Meng Hao’s heart shook. He could never have imagined that in the end, he could acquire qualifications to try to acquire Lord Li’s legacy. He panted as the enormous palm lifted him up into the sky. After that, shockingly... three inverted mountains appeared in front of him.

These were the three Greater Demon Mountains!

It was at this point that Night’s voice rumbled out.

“The first stage of the legacy is the approval of the Seven Peaks. You have already passed that stage.

“The second stage is to awaken me. You... already passed that stage too!

“The third stage involves bowing nine times to the three mountains. If you acquire the approval of all three mountains, then you can break through to the Second Heaven!

“For Jiusi’s sake, I will remind you... this stage can only be passed if you are destined to do so!”

“Destined...” thought Meng Hao, looking at the three inverted mountains up in the air. After a moment of silence, he closed his eyes, then opened them again. They shone with a brilliant light.

The first mountain was none other than the Frost Soil Demon Mountain. It was completely frozen over, and was filled inside with chaos, making it impossible to clearly see the whole mountain. However, Meng Hao could definitely sense the freezing pressure coming from the mountain.

This mountain seemed to be the coldest thing in Heaven and Earth, something even flames could do nothing to melt. It was if any other freezing cold thing in the world wouldn’t even dare to call itself cold while standing before this mountain!

If you looked closely at the decorations and patterns within the layers of ice, it almost looked as if they contained entire worlds. It was bizarre to the extreme!

Also visible on the mountain was a towering altar, upon which was a throne. Seated in the throne was what appeared to be a statue. The statue’s features were unclear, but its upraised right hand was held up into the air where apparently an ice flame had once burned!

By this point, Meng Hao was already panting. He shifted his gaze to look at the next mountain.

The second mountain was completely crimson, as if it overflowed with fresh, red blood. An indescribable, monstrous killing intent seemed to fill it, as if an uncountable number of lives were buried inside the mountain. The vast number of people who had died led to the overflow of fresh blood, thus turning the mountain completely red.

Killing intent circulated around, to the extent that even a single glance would cause one’s mind to fill with a mountain of corpses and a sea of blood.

There was also an altar on this mountain, upon which could be seen a blood-colored throne. A figure sat on this throne, its right hand raised up.

As soon as Meng Hao saw the figure, his mind trembled. A shocking scene appeared in his mind that was not exactly the same as this, but extremely similar.

“This is....” Meng Hao’s mind shook, and his breath came in ragged pants. After a moment, his eyes flickered as he suppressed his thoughts and emotions, then looked over at the third mountain.

Upon this mountain, flames raged. The flames were dim, but seemed incapable of burning out. Even stranger, upon looking at the mountain, ghost images would spring up in the mind, as if countless volcanoes existed. It made it impossible to tell which of the mountains was real, and which was false.

Eventually, the image of countless withered figures could be seen on the surface of the volcanic mountain. They looked like evil spirits, emitting noiseless howls as they climbed, struggling amongst each other to be the first to reach the peak of the mountain and then throw themselves into the pit of fire there.

There was no altar, no throne, no figure. This third mountain was completely different than the other two!

Three mountains, three Greater Demons of Heaven and Earth!

Of course, the three Greater Demons had long since perished. But even Lord Li would not have been capable of making their essences fade away. Therefore, the three mountains existed as before!

Panting, Meng Hao once again focused his gaze on the Frost Soil Demon Mountain. He then clasped hands and... bowed deeply!

First bow!

“I am connected by destiny to Han Shan,” he said. “I received his Immortal’s sword and his bronze flagon. Therefore, I should bow first to the Frost Soil Demon Mountain!” As his words rang out, the Frost Soil Demon Mountain suddenly trembled.

Cracking sounds could suddenly be heard from the entire mountain. Originally, ice spread out across the mountain, a power of sealing. But when Meng Hao bowed for the first time, that ice began to crack and split. More and more fissures spread out, creating a roaring sound that lifted up to the Heavens as Meng Hao straightened back up.

Down below, Ke Jiushi stood on the head of true spirit Night, on the Fourth Peak. When he saw what was happening, a strange light began to shine in his eyes. Even the eyes of true spirit Night began to

glitter. “His first bow stirred up transformations in the Frost Soil Demon Mountain. He... truly is connected to the mountain by destiny. However, exactly how strong that destiny is remains to be seen. Can he ignite the Demonfire to illuminate the Third Heaven?!”

Meng Hao looked up at the Frost Soil Demon Mountain, then took a deep breath. He clasped hands and bowed again.

“My Earth-type totem is formed from Frost Soil. In the end, I created a Frost Soil Nascent Soul. This kindness, or destiny, leads me to bow again to the Demon Mountain!”

Second bow!

Boom!

As his voice rang out, a huge rumbling could be heard from the Frost Soil Demon Mountain. Even more cracks appeared on the layers of ice which covered the mountain. The cracks began to form together into something that looked like a face. The facial features were extremely lifelike; they were that of an old man, his face filled with ancientness as he looked at Meng Hao.

He seemed capable of seeing all of Meng Hao’s past with a single glance, as well as his future.

At the same time, something changed about the figure seated in the throne on the altar. The previously empty spot in its right hand suddenly flickered as blue sparks appeared. It looked as if a flame wished to ignite there!

When he saw this, Ke Jiushi’s eyes shone even brighter. As for true spirit Night, it said nothing, but a strange glow could be seen in its eyes.

Meng Hao looked up at the face of the old man in the layers of ice. He clasped his hands and bowed yet again, a look of determination in his eyes.

“I have an agreement with senior Han Shan. One day, when my Cultivation base is up to the task, I will return to the Realm of the Bridge Ruins to rescue him. That agreement is destiny, between myself and senior Han Shan. It is also destiny between myself and the Frost Soil Demon Mountain. Today, I repeat the same oath as before!

“Demon Mountain, please bear witness. This bow is evidence of the determination of Meng Hao of the junior generation!”

Not even the slightest sound could be heard from the Frost Soil Demon Mountain. It seemed to have no reaction whatsoever to Meng Hao’s third bow. Meng Hao felt his heart pounding; he knew that he had tried to pull a bit of a fast one with the third bow.

However, all of a sudden....

“Agreed!” said an ancient voice. It echoed out from the Frost Soil Demon Mountain, almost from within the depths of time itself. As the voice spread out through the area, it carried with it endless coldness which caused the world to distort and blur.

The word was spoken by the face of the old man. He looked deeply at Meng Hao for a moment, and then began to grow blurry. Cracking sounds could be heard as the cracks which made up the face spread out. They formed together to make a huge rift that spread from the top of the mountain to the bottom. It created a massive, scar-like mark, which stretched across the entirety of the mountain.

The mark stretched all the way to the altar, and the figure on the throne. A bang could be heard. The blue sparks which danced above the right hand of the figure suddenly began to form together, transforming into a blue flame.

As soon as the flame appeared, it illuminated the face of the figure. That face was exactly the same in all respects as Han Shan’s!

The flame roared up, shining three portions of light into the sky up above.

Gradually, because of the light shone by the flame, two shocking, enormous objects became visible up in the sky. They floated high up above, looking even more majestic and shocking than the three Greater Demon Mountains.

A shocking, indescribable aura surround those two objects!

Meng Hao’s mind trembled, and he closed his eyes. After calming himself, he opened his eyes again and then looked at the second mountain, the blood-colored Demon Mountain!

He clasped hands, looked at the Blood Demon Mountain, and then suddenly bowed. "I'm not sure if this mountain has anything to do with the ancient Temple of Doom. However, that is what this bow is for. If destiny exists, I implore the mountain to express itself!"

This was his fourth bow in total, and his first toward the Blood Demon Mountain!

Chapter 623: Sky, ten. Meng Hao, seven!

The crimson Blood Demon Mountain was originally sealed as quietly as death. However, after Meng Hao's bow, an aura began to spread out from the figure on the throne.... It filled the entire Blood Demon Mountain, causing a bloody glow to shine up into the sky. In addition, an incredible rumbling sound could be heard.

Even as Meng Hao's heart trembled, his eyes began to shine with a strange light. Earlier, he had suspected that the Blood Demon Mountain had something to do with the Blood Immortal mask. After all, the figure on the throne looked very similar to the figure Meng Hao had seen in the Blood Immortal Legacy tournament all those years ago.

Most shocked of all, however, was true spirit Night. It looked up, its eyes seemingly filled with lightning, its expression one of disbelief. The fact that Meng Hao could acquire the approval of the Frost Soil Demon Mountain was shocking enough.

But now, it was obvious that he had a connection to the Blood Demon Mountain. The reaction of the Blood Demon Mountain caused true spirit Night to involuntarily tremble mentally.

"Three portions of light from the Frost Soil. One portion from the Blood Demon. Together, that is four portions! Could it be that he really is the person Lord Li has been waiting for?"

"If he is, then how come I can't sense anything familiar about him?! He has no aura that I recognize, which does not conform with the requirements of Lord Li. That was why I didn't bestow him with the qualifications originally!" Night's eyes glittered as it looked at Meng Hao. It could clearly examine all of Meng Hao's person, but no matter how it looked through everything... it still felt that Meng Hao was full of mysteries.

"Are you, or are you not that person?" thought Night. "Regardless of whether you are or not, bowing nine times to the three mountains is not a simple matter. He still does not have enough approval. The approval in the beginning is only the first step."

“The approval of a Demon Mountain can give rise to three portions of light. The path to the Third Heaven depends on the approval of all three Demon Mountains. Three to nine portions of light make it possible for that path to appear!

“However... the path that appears with three portions of light is ordinary. Failure on that path will lead to the revoking of the qualifications. Only the path of six portions gives the participant three chances at the legacy, once every five hundred years!

“As for the path of nine portions of light... that is the legendary great circle. When it appears, failure still is followed by nine more chances, like a blessing from above. The path of nine portions is also called One Step to Immortality. If that person is already an Immortal, their Cultivation base can rise up to another realm. If they are not Immortal, they can achieve Immortal Ascension!

“I must see exactly how many portions of light this fellow will acquire!” Night’s eyes glittered as it looked at Meng Hao.

In contrast to true spirit Night, Ke Jiushi’s thoughts were not so complex. He watched on with an admiring smile, sincerely desiring that Meng Hao could acquire as many portions of light as possible.

Meng Hao took a deep breath as he looked at the quaking Blood Demon Mountain. Then he clasped hands and bowed for the fifth time.

At the same time, it was his second bow to the Blood Demon Mountain!

“Junior is connected by destiny to the ancient Temple of Doom. I formed a Blood Violet Nascent Soul. I gained enlightenment to realize that a boundless will of life exists within blood. Therefore, I bow to you, senior Demon Mountain.” Meng Hao’s bow was deep as he spoke these words.

Instantly, roaring could be heard from the Blood Demon Mountain. Bloody beams of light rose up into the air, interlocking to gradually form a blood-colored Demon flower. As soon as the flower appeared, a boundless radiance shone out. Crimson sparks suddenly appeared in the figure’s right hand.

This was the fifth portion of light. Two Demon Mountains, five portions of light. It caused the scene up above in the air to grow a bit clearer. As of now, it was possible to see two enormous land masses floating in the air far, far up above.

Each of these land masses were matchlessly majestic as they floated there up above, like two Holy Lands!

They were high, high up, as if they were looking down upon the entire world. They... really were Holy Lands. It didn't matter if you were speaking of the Demon Immortal Sect or the Ninth Mountain and Sea as a whole, the Ji Clan and the Fang Clan Holy Lands were secondary only to the palace of Lord Li himself!

Even now as in the past, they were illustrious and famous throughout the Ninth Mountain and Sea, these enormous land masses that had continued on down throughout the ages.

Five portions of light filled Heaven and Earth. Suddenly, though, the fifth portion of light suddenly flickered again. Next, something happened that exceeded even the imaginations of true spirit Night and Ke Jiusi.

Even as the sparks appeared on the hand of the figure on the Blood Immortal Mountain, the figure's eyes suddenly began to shine with a bizarre light. It stared at Meng Hao, then slowly lifted up its left hand and stretched it out, as if it were asking for something.

Meng Hao's mind shook, and he lowered his hand to his bag of holding. Immediately, the Blood Immortal Mask appeared in his hand.

As soon as Meng Hao took out the Blood Immortal mask, the figure on the Blood Demon Mountain slowly withdrew its hand. A voice suddenly echoed out that seemed to come from countless years in the past.

“Put on my mask.”

Meng Hao's eyes glittered as he placed the Blood Immortal mask onto his face.

Boom!

Redness instantly spread out to cover Meng Hao's entire body. His hair became red, his robe turned red, and in the blink of an eye, his entire body was surrounded by bands of blood-colored light. It looked almost like a sea of blood was raging around him.

In this instant, Meng Hao was the incarnation of the Blood Immortal.

Behind him, an image slowly came into being. An enormous throne was visible, seated upon which was a woman whose face could not be seen. Her hair swirled around her, and she seemed to be gazing off into the distance.

After the image appeared, the figure on the Blood Demon Mountain trembled. A huge roaring sound could be heard coming from inside it, and at the same time, a blazing tongue of Demonfire ignited. It instantly illuminated more of the sky above.

The entire sky was filled with the light of five portions of light, and now, close to six portions illuminated it even further. Within the light, an illusory staircase could be seen, leading up, up to the two Holy Lands and... the Third Heaven.

True spirit Night gasped. "He... he... he actually has destiny connecting him to the Blood Demon!!" Its face was a mass of disbelief. It could scarcely believe that Meng Hao would have destiny connected to both the Frost Soil Demon Mountain and the Blood Demon Mountain. It was really shocking good fortune.

True spirit Night looked at Meng Hao, its mind spinning. "The Demon Mountains lift the seal. They have spoken of their own volition, which could never happen unless a certain level of destiny existed. Since such destiny has clearly reached the necessary level, it shows that Meng Hao is none other than a successor of the Blood Demon!

"He formed a Blood Demon Divine Clone, has a treasure made of the skin of the Blood Demon, and has even formed what is essentially a Demon Nascent Soul. Is this person... a Cultivator, or a Greater Demon of my generation!?"

"Furthermore, he hasn't even performed the sixth bow! And yet, the sixth portion of light has almost fully appeared already."

Meng Hao clasped hands to perform his sixth bow, the third to the Blood Demon Mountain. "The kindness of the Blood Immortal legacy. The kindness of the Blood Mastiff in the way it escorted

me. Junior will never forget these things for the rest of his life. Once again, senior, I bow to you, the essence of the mountain!”

After he bowed, the mountain rumbled. An endless echo could be heard, along with an ancient voice which slowly spoke out from within the Blood Demon Mountain.

“Agreed!” said the voice. A single word. However, as soon as that single word could be heard, the Demonfire towered up. This represented the complete and utter approval of the Blood Demon Mountain toward Meng Hao.

At the same time, light shone up into the sky. This was no longer six portions of light, but seven portions!

The sky had room for a total of ten portions, and now Meng Hao occupied seven!

The seven portions of light illuminated the majority of the boundless sky. The two Holy Lands were now even clearer. Gradually becoming visible were the restrictive spells which had sealed the Holy Lands for so many years. Also visible were countless vines hanging downward.

They looked as if they had been in confinement for far, far too long, and were finally being revealed at long last!

An unsightly expression appeared on the face of true spirit Night, and complex feelings arose in its heart. It knew that it was incapable of doing anything to revoke the qualifications of this person. Once six portions of light were revealed, a minimum of three chances were guaranteed.

Even if Meng Hao completely failed now, Night was incapable of harming him in the slightest, let alone demand the continental mirror be returned.

As long as Meng Hao had the qualifications, it was incapable of doing anything to him. It could only watch on helplessly as Meng Hao proceeded onward at will.

“Three mountains, nine bows. Already, six bows have been performed. The final three bows are for the Withering Flame Demon Mountain. That is the most difficult mountain of all. Even if he already has seven portions of light, it will still be impossible for him to get nine total!” Night’s eyes flickered as it looked at Meng Hao.

Ke Jiushi also looked at Meng Hao, a thoughtful expression in his eyes.

Meng Hao closed his eyes and calmed his heart. Then he looked up toward the last of the Demon Mountains. This was the mountain of raging flame, with a pit of fire at its peak that countless withered figures struggled to enter.

It almost seemed to be a location of reincarnation. By leaping into the pit, they could release themselves from worldly cares, find their true bodies, then leave and be reborn anew.

However, what Meng Hao saw was that every person who leaped into the fiery pit would once again be born as a withered figure, who would then again begin to climb. It seemed to be an endless cycle.

The more he watched, the more he realized that this was reincarnation.

Actually, this mountain's true name was Reincarnation Demon Mountain. As for the name Withering Flame, it fit with its appearance, but not the meaning of the mountain. Of course, the Greater Demon which had given rise to this mountain had a technique called the Withering Flame Demon Magic True Self Dao.

Therefore, the name Withering Flame was also not inappropriate.

Meng Hao looked silently at the Reincarnation Demon Mountain in front of him. He had been most confident regarding the Frost Soil, and secondarily, the Blood Demon. The only mountain he had no confidence in was this Reincarnation Demon Mountain.

If there was any destiny connecting him to this mountain, then at best it would be the technique he had acquired but not mastered in the Second Plane, the Withering Flame Demon Magic True Self Dao.

Even as he hesitated, the Reincarnation Demon Mountain began to rumble of its own accord. Black smoke poured out from the fiery pit, rushing out to fill the sky, followed by endless flames.

Next, a voice spoke out from within, ancient and emotionless.

“Reincarnation Mountain needs no bows!

“Many years ago, there was a withered slave on this mountain who said that life is pain, and that he wished to free himself from the sea of bitterness. That sea is like an inescapable flame which can burn everything.

“Afterwards, he called this place Withering Flame, and made a solemn vow that he would eradicate the sea of bitterness. He would ensure that all living things no longer experience bitterness, but rather, freedom!

“If you were in his place, what would you do?!”

Chapter 624: Lofty Aspirations!

As the archaic voice from the Reincarnation Mountain echoed out, the entire mountain filled with a roaring sound. As the black smoke rose up into the air, an enormous, burning incense stick flew out from the mountain. It stood straight up in mid-air, surrounded by mist.

The incense burned slowly, emitting a smoke that fused with the mist around it so that few would be able to tell the difference between the two. It made it impossible to tell if the mist was concealed within the smoke, or the smoke gave rise to the mist.

The archaic voice once again echoed out into the silence. “If you have not provided an answer by the time the incense burns out, then the fire of the Reincarnation Mountain will not give up even half a portion of light.”

After that, the world was silent. Meng Hao stood in a daze, looking at the Reincarnation Mountain. He could see the black smoke and the dense flames spewing out of the mouth of the volcano. It made it seem as if the entire world was made of smoke and fire.

The sky had room for ten portions of light. He had acquired seven from the Frost Soil Demon Mountain and the Blood Demon Mountain. Right now, the remaining three portions were covered by the fire and smoke. Everything was dim and hazy....

Especially shocking was that the haziness affected the other seven portions of light up in the sky. At a glance, everything seemed to be covered with smoke. Trying to look up at the two Holy Lands was like trying to look at flowers in the fog, or at the moon in troubled waters.

“If I were in his place, what would I do?” thought Meng Hao. The Reincarnation Mountain did not require bowing, but rather, the heart and the mind. It required the essence of the person, something that could not be worn away by the passage of time.

Ke Jiusi watched on thoughtfully. Long ago, he had earned the same qualifications as Meng Hao. However, when facing the Reincarnation Mountain, he had only been able acquire two portions of light. That had left him with a sky filled with eight portions of light. In the end, he had failed to reach the Holy Lands.

As he watched Meng Hao now, he was reminded of himself all those years ago, when he had awoken to find the Demon Immortal Sect in ruins, and himself alone.

True spirit Night’s pupils constricted as it stared at Meng Hao. It knew that of the nine bows and three mountains of the Second Heaven, the Reincarnation Mountain was the most difficult! That was because... this mountain asked first regarding the heart, second regarding the Dao, and third regarding reincarnation!

“What will his answer be?” thought Night. According to its determination, Meng Hao was not the person it and Lord Li were waiting for. He was not destined to be the successor. However, Night was very curious as to what Meng Hao would say in response to the question from the Reincarnation Mountain.

As of this point, true spirit Night and Ke Jiusi had both noticed something, although they didn’t seem to care. Far off in the distance, a figure had appeared in the air, and was gazing at Meng Hao.

It was a woman, somewhat flirtatious in appearance, and extremely beautiful. It was, of course... Zhixiang!

Everyone from South Heaven had left. Only Meng Hao and Zhixiang remained behind!

In contrast to Meng Hao, the reason Zhixiang hadn’t left was because she had no intention of returning to Planet South Heaven. Were it not for Meng Hao suddenly acquiring legacy qualifications, she would have long since left.

She looked over at Meng Hao and the third Demon Mountain, her expression one of both blankness and complex emotions.

“The augury of the almighty members of the Sect, which came at the expense of generations of accumulated skill, indicated that the successor of Lord Li would rise up from Planet East Victory. Only a few people within the Sect know of this.

“Meng Hao comes from Planet South Heaven. He is not the person decreed by fate to be the successor.” Zhixiang let out a soft, inward sigh.

A moment later, Meng Hao’s eyes glittered.

“There are many possible answers to the question posed by the Reincarnation Mountain,” he thought. “Many theories could be proposed. If I assumed the identity of that slave of the Reincarnation Mountain, then I would have many choices in front of me.” Hundreds of ideas flitted through Meng Hao’s mind. After all, he was a scholar, and he still vividly remembered the Imperial Examinations he had attended in the State of Zhao, despite the fact that they had occurred hundreds of years ago.

Subconsciously, he analyzed the clues provided by the words given him.

After a few dozen breaths of time passed, his eyes began to glitter brightly. He opened his mouth to speak, but then was shocked to discover that he was incapable of speaking out the answer he had formulated.

It was as if as of this moment, his mouth had been sealed up, and he was a mute!

Meng Hao’s mind trembled as he looked at the Reincarnation Mountain.

Ke Jiusi looked at Meng Hao and then slowly said, “Reincarnation Mountain asks three questions, and then seals your mouth. Any answer which does not conform to your soul, cannot be uttered. This first question is asked of your heart.

“Open your mind and heart. Search your soul. Find the true answer within you, and you will be able to speak it out. You are searching for your heart, your nature, your self.” A profound look flickered within Ke Jiusi’s eyes.

Meng Hao was silent for a bit longer. He looked at the incense stick, and saw that it was already one third burned out. His eyes filled with a complicated look, and then he closed them.

Everything was quiet....

“There was a withered slave on this mountain who said that life is pain,” thought Meng Hao. “He wished to free himself from the sea of bitterness. That sea is like an inescapable flame that can burn everything. Afterward, he called this place Withering Flame, and made a solemn vow that he would eradicate the sea of bitterness. He would ensure that all living things no longer experience bitterness, but rather, freedom!

“That was his choice. Perhaps that person was none other than one of the illustrious three Greater Demons of the Ninth Mountain and Sea, Withering Flame Demon!

“I don’t know how the other two Greater Demons of these Demon Mountains appeared, but as for Reincarnation Mountain, if even a single slave could become a Greater Demon... then this mountain is a defiance of the Heavens!” Meng Hao took a deep breath and then calmed himself inwardly.

“If I were him... facing the sea of bitterness, what would I do?” Meng Hao murmured. “Would I do the same as him, vow to eradicate the sea of bitterness? Or... would I make a different choice?” He gradually forgot that he was in the Demon Immortal Sect. He forgot everything as he immersed himself in his mind and heart, as he sank himself into his own soul.

He whispered to himself, seeking for the true answer within the depths of his own self.

Suddenly, a vision appeared to him. Within the vision, he was one of the slaves on Reincarnation Mountain. He climbed the mountain constantly, struggling to reach the summit and the pit of flames. Finally, he jumped in to be burned up by the flames and the molten rock inside.

When he opened his eyes again, he was at the bottom of the mountain, where he once again began to stride the same path as before. Over and over again, this happened, an endless cycle.

“He was right, but also wrong,” murmured Meng Hao.

“This could be viewed as a sea of bitterness, but also... not. If you believe everything to be bitterness, then it is. If you believe that everything is not bitterness, then it is not.

“Leaping into the pit of fire represents death. Reappearance at the bottom of the volcano represents birth. The climb up the mountain represents the process of life....

“I would not swear to eradicate this place. Nor would I sink myself into cowardliness. What I have... is the determination to set my foot where I wish to set it. I control my own fate. I may not be able to control my own birth, but I can decide how I die.

“And the final destination will definitely NOT be the pit at the top of the volcano.” Although he had been murmuring, Meng Hao’s voice actually echoed through the entire Demon Immortal Sect, even though he didn’t realize it.

As his voice echoed about, Meng Hao’s vision changed. His incarnation as a withered slave no longer conformed to the cycle. It did not leap into the fiery pit, but rather, stood outside of the volcano. Unlike the other withered slaves around him, he looked up into the sky, his expression no longer blank, but rather, awash with emotion.

It was as if... he had awakened. It was as if a black and white painting had suddenly been splashed with color.

He turned his back on the fiery pit and began to stride away from the mountain. He allowed himself to drop into the abyss, running counter to the fiery pit.... Finally, a smile appeared on his face.

“The path of life does not just run from the bottom of a mountain to its top....” he said lightly. In his mind, his incarnation as a withered slave fell off of Reincarnation Mountain. He did not turn to look back, but rather strode off into the distance.

Behind him, the countless other people on Reincarnation Mountain continued to repeat the same actions they did day after day. As for him, he drew further and further away from the mountain....

“If you believe it to be a sea of bitterness, then a sea of bitterness it is. If you believe it to simply be scenery on the path of life, then scenery it is.... The sea of bitterness never ends, but the scenery does.

“That is my answer.”

Meng Hao opened his eyes.

In that instant, he heard his own voice echoing out around him.

Ke Jiushi was shaken inwardly as he looked at Meng Hao. Meng Hao's answer far exceeded what he could have anticipated. He had assumed Meng Hao would choose to eradicate the sea of bitterness, and then be reborn.

"If he does not die prematurely," thought Ke Jiushi, "then the possibilities for his future are incalculable!" The shock in his eyes gradually turned into admiration. "His Cultivation base is nowhere close to mine, but his heart... is far bigger!"

Even more astonished was true spirit Night. It stared at Meng Hao, its mind roaring. Echoing in its mind were Meng Hao's words: "The sea of bitterness never ends, but the scenery does."

"Such a choice seems simple," thought Night, "but if you analyze it carefully... his ambition far exceeds that of others! The makeup of his inner being is infinitely large!"

"To him, the sea of bitterness can be likened to scenery on the path of life! The further he travels, the more scenery he will encounter!"

"Reincarnation examines of the heart. It inquires of one's essence, one's nature and one's self. His answer cannot be false. This man's will... although spoken lightly, can shake the Heavens!"

Off in the distance, Zhixiang was breathing heavily. She had long since come to the conclusion that Meng Hao was beyond ordinary. But now that she had personally heard the expression of his heart, she suddenly realized that she had underestimated him.

"His choice represents his heart. It doesn't matter if you talk about South Heaven or the Ninth Mountain and Sea, if he can survive, then all of this here will be a mere rest stop on his journey."

"As he strides forward, everything in existence will be forced to do nothing more than watch him walk off into the distance...."

As of now, no more mist or fire was visible coming out of Reincarnation Mountain. Even the incense stick had ceased burning. Everything was incredibly quiet.

Meng Hao looked at Reincarnation Mountain, and it seemed as if the mountain were looking back at him.

After the space of a few breaths, a shocking roaring sound could be heard that split Heaven and Earth. Everything began to quake and tremble.

“I shall bestow favor upon him with high aspirations!” said the grim, ancient voice. The voice words echoed out in all directions, a clear approval of Meng Hao.

At the same time, endless flames shot up into the sky, illuminating the firmament. Before, there were seven portions of light, but now, the light expanded as one more portion was added.

The entire sky was brightly lit by the eight portions of light which seemed to connect directly to the Third Heaven. The two Holy Lands were becoming increasingly clear.

There was also an incredible natural power that erupted from within the Reincarnation Mountain and then shot toward Meng Hao.

His body shook as his Cultivation base began to climb.

Chapter 625: I Am Still Searching!

His Cultivation base instantly began to rotate, and his hair rose up into the air around him. Power of Heaven and Earth came out of the Reincarnation Mountain, filled with a unique aura, to pour into Meng Hao's body. It entered through his pores, merging with him, causing his Cultivation base to spin more and more rapidly.

Meng Hao could hear his own heartbeat. Each thump gave rise to a rumbling that filled his body. Cracking sounds could be heard as his body gradually grew taller.

He became more slender, more charming, and as his hair danced around him, the Demonic air about him grew even more intense.

Meng Hao's Cultivation base was already half a step into Spirit Severing. In fact, when he entered the Eighth Anima, he could be considered true Spirit Severing; his battle with the Patriarch Huyan had thoroughly established how truly powerful he was.

If he wanted to, Meng Hao could simply close his eyes for a bit and attempt his first Severing. If he succeeded, he would have a Domain.

However, the matter of a Domain was far too important. Spirit Severing was a demarcation between Immortal and mortal, so that decision was not one that Meng Hao would make lightly. He needed enlightenment, from his life force, from his life in general. He needed to search for the path that led to understanding, then naturally, gain enlightenment of his own Domain. When he took that first step from being a mortal to being Immortal, that was the time for Spirit Severing!

In addition to those reasons, there was another reason. Meng Hao was very stubborn when it came to his Cultivation base. He did not want to use the Eighth Anima to enter Spirit Severing. He had a Perfect Foundation, as well as a Perfect Core. As for his Nascent Souls, he had used his own methods to acquire Perfection.

And yet, although merging his eight Nascent Souls into one seemed Perfect, that was not the limit!

“I need to form a ninth Nascent Soul!” A strange light gleamed in his eyes, and the ambition within him grew even stronger. He had started upon this path in his Cultivation, so he would do everything possible to acquire the pinnacle of good fortune.

Right now, his body rumbled as the power of Heaven and Earth from the Reincarnation Mountain’s aura surged into his body. His Cultivation base climbed up until it reached a certain point where it couldn’t go any higher. In accord with Meng Hao’s will, it settled and began to form together in his dantian region.

“My Five Elements Nascent Souls stem from my own enlightenment. Any outside power is auxiliary!” Within Meng Hao’s dantian region, the power of Heaven and Earth continued to surge in, slowly transforming into a vortex.

Surrounding the vortex were Meng Hao’s eight astonishing Nascent Souls!

“Wind power of the roc was gifted to me by the benefactor in the Rebirth Cave. It was hidden within my body for years, to eventually be refined into my sixth Nascent Soul!” A strange light shone in Meng Hao’s eyes. With every breath he took, more power of Heaven and Earth flowed into him.

“Lighting of Heavenly Tribulation. I experienced it on multiple occasions, starting with Foundation Establishment, all the way to the Nascent Soul stage. After enough accumulated within my body, I

refined it into my seventh Nascent Soul!” Meng Hao’s insides rumbled as if with thunder, and the vortex in his dantian region spun faster and faster.

“Fleshly Sanctification allowed me to step foot into Spirit Severing. I congealed Qi and blood to form my eighth Nascent Soul!” The roaring grew more intense, causing Ke Jiusi to stare, and a strange gleam to appear in the eyes of true spirit Night.

A look of disbelief could be seen on Zhixiang’s face.

“This time, I will form a ninth Nascent Soul... purely with power from the outside.

“Now, if I want to make a ninth Nascent Soul purely from outside power,” thought Meng Hao, “well then... what I need to first do is reach... Qi Condensation, Foundation Establishment, Core Formation, and finally, concoct them into a Nascent Soul!”

Meng Hao’s hair whipped about in chaos, as if a wild gale was sweeping by. His clothes also fluttered madly. He was now thoroughly submerged in the power of Heaven and Earth from the aura of the Reincarnation Mountain, which surged around him in a vortex.

The vortex rapidly shrank, sucked in by Meng Hao. As that happened, his eyes grew increasingly radiant. Within his dantian region, a rumbling sound could be heard. The vortex was condensed to the maximum, to the level of the great circle of Qi Condensation. Then it began to form into Dao Pillars!

Dao Pillars indicated Foundation Establishment!

The sight of it caused Ke Jiusi to watch with even more concentration.

“He’s going to form another Nascent Soul. He’s cultivating... the Sublime Spirit Scripture!”

True spirit Night watched on silently, staring deeply at Meng Hao.

Most shocked of all was Zhixiang. Her eyes were wide as she watched Meng Hao absorbing the spiritual energy. She couldn’t help but clench her teeth, a pained expression on her face.

“That’s the aura of the Reincarnation Mountain. Meng Hao... is actually using that aura to form a Nascent Soul!! If I were able to absorb the aura, it would be incredibly beneficial to my Demon Immortal Body!”

Even as desperate pain filled Zhixiang’s heart, the rumbling vortex around Meng Hao completely disappeared, having been fully absorbed by him. Meng Hao was now a full head taller than he was before. An illusory aura surrounded him, making his entire person seem as if he were alternating between reality and illusion.

He took a deep breath, clasped hands and then bowed toward the Reincarnation Mountain.

The mountain did not need bows, but Meng Hao bowed anyway, because of the kindness of the mountain.

When he rose up, the Reincarnation Mountain rumbled again. Black smoke roiled out, and flames shot up into the air, filling the sky. The smoke gradually formed together into a figure.

It was a man, wearing a black robe, his features unclear. However, he emanated a feeling of indescribable age that spread out in all directions.

He seemed to be looking at Meng Hao. After a moment passed, a hoarse voice could be heard, filled with cold emotionlessness.

“When Withering Flame left the mountain, he wished to borrow a Demon heart from me. At that time, I asked him a question.

““What is the Dao!?”

“I have asked the same question of many people, and only three have given me answers worthy of remembering. One of them said that the Dao is a path. There are three thousand great Daos, and thus, three thousand paths. Different paths for different people, nothing more, nothing less. One should continue forward, regardless of whether or not there is a path beneath one’s feet! The person who provided that answer... became Lord Li!

“The second answer was that the Dao is eternal and unchangeable. It is the only truth in Heaven and Earth. It is possible to look at it, but never touch it... to understand it, but never be able to explain it.

If you understand, you understand. If you don't understand... then even spending your whole life searching will not gain you enlightenment. The person who spoke those words became Lord Ji.

“The third answer was provided by Withering Flame. He said that the Dao is the heart, and that the heart is obsession. His desire to eradicate the sea of bitterness was an obsession that took him over. It grew deeper and deeper. Were he to have truly eradicated the sea of bitterness, then his Dao... would be a natural law of Heaven and Earth!

“Eternity is always here. He may have perished, but the Dao exists forever.

“He said that all the rules and laws that exist in the world have their basis in the powerful experts that existed on the path, as well as the realization of their Daos!

“If a person's Dao is the belief that the sky must be separated into periods of night and day, then the Heavens will provide such a cycle.

“Life can be extinguished, but the Dao exists forever. Life... is lived in order to leave a good name throughout the ages after one dies, to cause one's Dao to remain, to transform into natural law, to be without regret.

“Because of his answer, he was able to borrow one of my three third-grade Demon Hearts.

“Now, you must answer me. In your belief, what is the Dao? You have the time it takes one incense stick to burn, and you may not refrain from answering.”

As Meng Hao listened to the words of the Reincarnation Mountain, his heart filled with great waves. He could identify with Lord Li's answer. As for Lord Ji's answer, it also contained truth.

As for the answer given by Greater Demon Withering Flame that year, it caused Meng Hao's mind to tremble like a seething ocean. Perhaps that answer was also the truth.

“Is the reason that the Reincarnation Mountain can only remember these three answers, because those three answers fully explain the meaning of the character Dao 道?” He stood there silently.

“What is the Dao?” he asked himself. A glow appeared in his eyes, but he couldn’t think of an answer. He had heard many people use this character, Dao, but down to this day it only felt as if he were groping about on the edges of its meaning.

Even as Meng Hao sank into thought, a second incense burner appeared from within the black smoke. The smoke churned, and the incense stick began to burn.

Everything was still and quiet. The incense stick burned slowly, and time passed. However, Meng Hao still did not provide an answer. His eyes were filled with a blank look.

Soon, the incense stick was reaching its end. Ninety percent had burned. Ke Jiusi sighed as he looked at Meng Hao, a look of pity in his eyes.

True spirit Night was silent, but it also sighed inwardly. “So, it turns out he is not the person Lord Li is waiting for...”

Zhixiang’s heart was filled with complex emotions. She looked at Meng Hao, and then the incense stick which was almost burned out. She shook her head.

It was at this moment that Meng Hao’s eyes began to shine brightly. The blankness from before vanished. He looked up at the Reincarnation Mountain and slowly began to speak.

“I don’t know what the answer is,” he murmured. “My Cultivation base won’t permit me to understand what the Dao is....”

“To me, the Dao is very simple. It is talking, speaking, opening your mouth, and letting other people open their mouths. All of that is the Dao, speaking. Speaking the words from your heart, speaking out the thoughts you wish to express.

“It doesn’t require enlightenment, nor obsession. It doesn’t require a path beneath your feet. Perhaps it is the first voice of all living creatures, of everything under the Heavens.

“When that voice can be heard, it is the Dao, it is speaking!” Meng Hao had organized his thoughts and spoken out what he understood about the Dao, based upon his current realm.

He didn't know if what he had said was true or correct. In fact, he hadn't wanted to speak at all, but he had no choice but to ignore those feelings. All he could do was explain what he understood about the Dao.

By this time, the incense stick had burned down to the end. It flickered, on the verge of being completely extinguished. "At the same time," he continued, "when that voice speaks, it represents a direction!"

"The boundless Heavens and Earth are the final resting place of all living things. Life is like a journey, filled with various scenery, various paths.

"Sometimes, you might think there is only one path for you. Sometimes, your heart's obsession creates a path.

"As for the Dao, it is a direction. That direction can guide you through your life. When you are faced with countless decisions, it can lead you down the paths you must tread. In the end... it can help you pick which path to take!

"It is formed after one experiences the vicissitudes of life, the cleansing of time, and the understanding which comes from experiencing the world. It can be hidden in any time, place, direction, or action....

"That is my understanding of the Dao. It points in a direction, and gives me the strength to proceed onward. Perhaps it doesn't even exist, or perhaps it is everywhere.

"As for me, I am still searching for it...." He lifted his head up to look at the Reincarnation Mountain.

The Reincarnation Mountain was silent. Ke Jiushi was silent. True spirit Night was silent.

Zhixiang was also silent.

Chapter 626: Ninth Nascent Soul, Demon Nascent Soul!

The incense stick burned out!

An intense rumbling could be heard from within the Reincarnation Mountain, seemingly in approval of Meng Hao. The sound of it echoed about in all directions, causing Heaven and Earth to

shake. The black smoke churned, and the flames within swept about in all directions. The light in the sky grew brighter to a shocking degree.

One and a half portions of light were added.

The sky had room for ten portions of light. As of now, the three Greater Demon Mountains were illuminated by nine portions.

The Heavens were filled with brightness, as if it were high noon. The two Holy Lands of the Third Heaven were now fully illuminated. The vegetation and buildings there were clearly distinguishable.

In fact, it was also possible to see that in one of the Holy Lands, an enormous pagoda rose up, upon which was carved a huge character.

Ji!

The character seemed ancient, although that was something that mortals would not be able to see. Even most Cultivators, unless they were sensitive to the power of Time, would have difficulty picking up any clues. However, to Meng Hao, that sensation was secondary to that of the Holy Lands themselves.

The Holy Lands had existed for tens upon tens of thousands of years before the Ji Character came to be.

That made sense according to the legends regarding Lord Ji. The Ji Clan originally did not have that surname. It was only after seizing Lordship of the Ninth Mountain and Sea that the name was changed, and the Heavens were placed onto top of the Li Clan.

An ancient voice spoke out from the Reincarnation Mountain. Although the voice was cold, it seemed to be filled with sentiment as it slowly reverberated out.

“The Dao is a direction.... The words of an innocent child.

“I will remember this answer.” Even as the voice spoke, the power of Heaven and Earth contained in the aura of the Reincarnation Mountain erupted out from the mouth of the volcano. It was so

thick that it seemed as if it would take on corporeal form, as if it were actually a waterfall. The sheer amount exceeded that of the previous occasion exponentially as it shot toward Meng Hao.

It neared and then surrounded him, rumbling as it formed into a huge vortex with Meng Hao in the very middle. He took a deep breath, like a dragon inhaling, and the power of Heaven and Earth poured into his eyes, ears, nose, and mouth, as well as all the pores in his body. It shot in and then began to accumulate in his dantian region.

It fused into the Dao Pillars, causing a surging power that pushed Meng Hao's Cultivation base up. The Dao Pillars began to shine with endless light. At the same time, the Nascent Souls inside of him suddenly flew out one by one to float around him.

When the Eighth Nascent Soul appeared, it made a thoroughly astonishing scene.

As the eight Nascent Souls rotated around Meng Hao, shockingly, they too began to absorb the power of Heaven and Earth that contained the aura of the Reincarnation Mountain. It poured into Meng Hao's body and continued the transformation process that would end with... a ninth Nascent Soul!

Boom!

The endless light from the Dao Pillars exploded into pieces, which then began to form together into a glittering core the size of a grain of rice!

Early Core Formation!

As soon as the core appeared, the speed with which Meng Hao absorbed the power of Heaven and Earth increased by more than ten times. By adding in the eight Nascent Souls, it only took the space of a few dozen breaths for the boundless vortex surrounding him to rapidly shrink.

After it disappeared, Meng Hao's face flickered. He suddenly looked up, his eyes glowing. There in his dantian region was a core roughly the size of an infant's fist!

The Cultivation base of the core instantly shot upward. Mid Core Formation. Late Core Formation. All the way to... the great circle of Core Formation.

The core emanated colorful lights, and appeared to be a Mottled Core. However, inside of it was a unique aura.... As soon as Meng Hao sensed the aura, he recognized it.

It was... Demonic Qi!!

This was a... Demon Core!

The Reincarnation Mountain was the essence of a Greater Demon. One of the withered slaves on the mountain achieved his Dao, then became one of the three Greater Demons who could rebuke the Heavens. From this it could be seen how shocking the Reincarnation Mountain was.

As of now, Meng Hao could see that the power of Heaven and Earth that contained the aura of the Reincarnation Mountain, was actually Demonic Qi. Since he had absorbed Demonic Qi for this cultivation, then naturally, he had produced a Demon Core.

That meant that his ninth Nascent Soul would obviously be... a Demon Nascent Soul.

Ninth Nascent Soul, Demon Nascent Soul!

“With one more round of this power of Heaven and Earth, I can cause my Demon Nascent Soul to appear.” His eyes shone with a bizarre light, and he looked up at the Reincarnation Mountain with a look of anticipation.

He could sense the Demon Core within him, at the great circle of Core Formation. He was just one step away from forming a Nascent Soul.

The rumbling from the Reincarnation Mountain gradually faded away, and the mountain returned to normal. Black smoke surged out and flames rose up into the sky. The ancient, cold voice once again sounded out.

“No more questions are required of you.

“As you said, your current realm and Cultivation base do not permit you to know what the Dao is....

“Asking you the third question would result in nothing more but empty talk. You would neither move my heart, nor yours.

“Therefore, not asking the question is the most appropriate course of action.

“However, I am very curious. If your Dao is a direction, and you are still searching, then... have you found any traces of it?” The last question asked by the ancient voice echoed out in all directions.

Meng Hao was silent for a moment. His eyes glowed with reminiscence, but after a long time, he clasped hands toward the Reincarnation Mountain and bowed. When he straightened up, his voice was soft as he began to speak. “Many years ago,” he murmured, “on a night when snow filled the world, I sat together with someone in a horse-drawn carriage.

“It was bitterly cold outside, but there was an oven inside the carriage, making it very warm. It was as if there were two different worlds, separated from each other. At that time, I had just stepped foot into the Cultivation world. I was no longer a mortal, but a Cultivator. When I looked outside at the snow, I felt that I was looking at myself.

“The snow can only exist during the dead of winter. It may yearn for summer days, and for warmth, but if it nears them, it will melt. I am much the same. After striding forward into the Cultivation world, I could not turn my head back, nor could I ever experience the peace and tranquility I once had.” Of course, Meng Hao was thinking back to that year in the State of Zhao, when he had spent some time in the carriage with scholar Zheng Yong.

“I was once a mere scholar.... I remember how when I finally left my hometown. It was raining....

“My life is like snow. I can only exist within winter. I may wish to return to the sunny days of the mortal world, but that is no longer me....

“Life is like a journey, filled with countless different experiences. Perhaps it is best to say that different experience create different scenery on that journey. If you experience bitterly cold wind, you will become snow. If you experience the blazing sun, then you become rain....

“The type of life you experience determines what type of person you will be. That is what makes life wonderful.”

Ke Jiushi looked at Meng Hao, and many thoughts floated up in his mind. He thought of Ke Yunhai, and thought of his own life. What he saw was everything that had happened to him, and this world.

“I’ve already been here for a long time, filled with nostalgia....”

True spirit Night sighed. Meng Hao’s words did not contain some great Dao. However, the words had touched it nonetheless. Before this moment, it would never have believed that some tiny Cultivator who could not stand up to a single blow from it, would be qualified to move it emotionally.

Zhixiang looked at Meng Hao, once again experiencing how extraordinary Meng Hao was. It made her think back to all her own experiences in life.

“To me, the Dao is a direction,” continued Meng Hao. “I think... that such a belief sprouted during that time in the snow. It led me... led me to a place far away.

“Many years later,” he murmured, thinking back to Pill Demon, “I kowtowed to my Master in a world of illusory reincarnation. During that life, I kowtowed three times. The kowtow of Innocence, the kowtow of the Roaming, and the kowtow of Sunset Gazing. At that time, I was enlightened.

“In that moment, I understood that life is a journey. Every turn in the path leads to new scenery. My footprints exist on that path, and as to whether they are deep or shallow, it doesn’t matter. All the decisions were mine to make.

“Heaven and Earth are just resting places for the myriads of living creatures. Time represents the passage of hundreds of generations of passing travelers.”

Having spoken up to this point, Meng Hao’s eyes suddenly shone with a bright light. It seemed that as of this moment, there was something clearly different about him than before.

“That is the direction I chose. Although the way is a bit unclear, there are traces visible.

“Whether you speak of our time on earth, or reincarnation, life is a journey. The sea of bitterness is only one bit of scenery, that’s all. The most important thing is to leave our mark on the path that we have walked and experienced.

“As for me, I want to keep walking even further off into the distance!” With that, Meng Hao took a deep breath, clasped hands, and once again bowed deeply to the Reincarnation Mountain.

Laughter echoed out from within Reincarnation Mountain. The echoing laughter caused the black smoke to disperse, and the flames to die out, and the sky to be filled with ripples.

“The resting place for myriads of living creatures? Excellent. Hundreds of generations of passing travelers? Wonderful! And you want to walk further off into the distance? Well said!

“Well, you have answered my three questions. Allow me to provide you some assistance to walk further off into the distance!” As the voice faded away, the Reincarnation Mountain once again began to rumble. This time, the power of Heaven and Earth that exploded out of it was dozens of times stronger than before. It shot out from the mouth of the volcano, shooting through the air toward Meng Hao. It circulated around him and then transformed into a magnificent vortex.

The vortex spun rapidly and then began to pour into Meng Hao.

His mind rumbled, and the multi-colored Demon Core inside his dantian region instantly began to fill with cracks. They spread out, multiplying for the space of a handful of breaths. Finally, the core collapsed, and a tiny, illusory person appeared from within!

The person looked exactly the same as Meng Hao in every way. The only difference was that the Demonic air about it was more obvious. This was Meng Hao’s ninth Nascent Soul, the Demon Nascent Soul.

As soon as it appeared, it appeared weak. Its eyes were closed and incapable of being opened, and overall it was completely incapable of even comparing with Meng Hao’s eight other Nascent Souls. However, as more of the power of Heaven and Earth poured into it, it began to mature.

Peak of the early Nascent Soul stage!

Mid Nascent Soul stage!

Peak mid Nascent Soul stage!

Late Nascent Soul stage!

Meng Hao's hair whipped about his head and he began to float up into the air. His eight Nascent Souls rotated around him, while the Demon Nascent Soul remained inside, the vortex surrounding it rapidly shrinking. Soon, all of the power of Heaven and Earth was pouring into Meng Hao's body.

The Demon Nascent Soul sucked it all in. Suddenly, the aura of the great circle of the Nascent Soul stage radiated out. At the same time, the ninth Nascent Soul flew out from his dantian region to fly around him.

It joined the other Nascent Souls to float in a circle around Meng Hao. Finally, its eyes, which had been closed the entire time, suddenly opened.

Its pupils were green and completely demonic.

Ninth Nascent Soul... Demon Nascent Soul!

Meng Hao's Cultivation base experienced an unprecedented explosion in power.

The wind whipped around him, and Heaven and Earth flashed with a riot of colors. As of this moment, Meng Hao was the focus of attention of the entire Demon Immortal Sect.

Chapter 627: A True Man!

"Agreed!" said the Reincarnation Mountain, its final word.

As the sound echoed out, a brilliant light surrounded the mountain. It pierced the sky, filling it with ten portions of light. Nine portions of light had already been bright.

As of now, the light was piercing, illuminating everything completely!

Light shone down from up above, filling the entire world with brightness, making the two Holy Lands completely clear.

Now, a tall pagoda was visible on the other Holy Land, upon which a large character could be seen.

Fang!

In the past, Lord Li had two great generals who were the basis of the two Holy Lands. In later generations, one of those generals came to be called Ji. The other was named Fang; had been, and always would be!

Meng Hao's mind trembled and he took a deep breath. One by one, the nine great Nascent Souls that spun around him reentered his body to sit cross-legged in his dantian region. As they returned, Meng Hao's Cultivation base climbed up again. He could sense that he now had the power to enter the Ninth Anima!

That would be fearsome power equal to 256 great circle Nascent Soul Cultivation bases, as well as an intense fleshly body power that could reach a shocking realm.

Meng Hao looked up. He saw the Reincarnation Mountain, and then, above all the three Greater Demon Mountains, the fully illuminated Third Heaven.

He could sense an enormous, terrifying pressure weighing down from the Third Heaven. Even with his nine Nascent Souls, it was something he couldn't possibly even touch.

"Even Spirit Severing would be incapable of breaking through," thought Meng Hao, his eyes glittering. "Only a higher stage, higher than Dao Seeking, would have even a chance."

The voice of true spirit Night suddenly could be heard echoing about, filled with complex emotions. "You acquired ten portions of light.... I never thought that could happen.

"If you acquired only six, I wouldn't stand in your way. That would especially be the case if you acquired nine. But you acquired ten.

"The sky has room for ten portions, and you occupied them all....

"Nine portions of light qualifies you to have nine chances. As for ten portions of light.... you are qualified to unlimited chances. As long as no one acquires the legacy of Lord Li before you do, then most likely, that legacy belongs to you.

“However, I advise you not to attempt to break through to the Third Heaven before Immortal Ascension.”

Meng Hao’s eyes glittered as he looked up to see true spirit Night staring at him.

Ke Jiusi was silent for a moment, then looked at Meng Hao and quietly said, “Ten portions of light is the pinnacle. I also advise you not to attempt to break through this time. The Third Heaven is not a place for those who are not Immortals. Furthermore, the ten portions of light contain incredible good fortune that cannot be acquired unless you are Immortal.”

Meng Hao clasped hands and bowed to Ke Jiusi. As he rose, he looked at him and said, “I want to try.”

Ke Jiusi looked at Meng Hao. When he saw his staunchness, he held his tongue, and did nothing to block his way.

True spirit Night similarly said nothing.

Meng Hao took a breath and he flashed up into the sky, transforming into a beam of colorful light. He shot directly toward the Third Heaven, and the Fang Clan Holy Land.

As soon as he flew up into the air, everything began to shake. An enormous pressure descended, causing Meng Hao’s body to instantly stop in mid-air. It was as if all the bones in his body were making cracking sounds. His entire person felt as if it were being grabbed by a giant hand, and then crushed into pieces.

At the same time, something that seemed like a giant net wrapped him, causing his body to weaken rapidly.

All of this was when he had just started out! He was still far, far away from the Third Heaven!

Meng Hao’s eyes flickered as, without hesitation, he entered directly into the Third Anima.

Three great Nascent Souls merged together. The fact that he had a Cultivation base equal to four great circle Nascent Souls was secondary; his fleshly body power was the key. Meng Hao lifted his head up and laughed.

Boom!

The pressure surrounding him quavered, and the force wrapping up his Cultivation base loosened a bit. Meng Hao once again flew upward, shooting up roughly 3,000 meters.

The sky was 30,000 meters high, which meant that Meng Hao had only forced his way ten percent of the way toward the Third Heaven.

In his position 3,000 meters up, Meng Hao began to pant. His body felt as if it were sinking into waters of weakness. The force wrapping around him emitted intense pressure, causing his body to distort.

“Fifth Anima!”

Boom!

Meng Hao’s body shook. He now had a Cultivation base equal to 16 great circle Nascent Souls, and his fleshly body was close to Spirit Severing. He was able to cast off the pressure surrounding him, once again forcing his way up. Soon, he had reached the 6,000 meter mark.

At that point, the pressure in the area bore down with overbearing aggression. It seemed ready to crush Meng Hao in an instant. His face flickered, but he didn’t hesitate.

“Seventh Anima!”

After entering the Seventh Anima, the power of 64 great circle Nascent Souls filled him, and his fleshly body was at the Spirit Severing stage. Meng Hao lifted his head up and roared, then forced himself up, fighting back against the pressure. Roaring echoed out as he faced directly against the increasingly intense pressure to fly up another 3,000 meters. He had now reached a total height of 9,000 meters.

By this point, Meng Hao was panting. The pressure here was such that it would instantly destroy any Cultivator who was under Spirit Severing, exterminating them in mind and spirit.

As for Meng Hao, if he didn't have his incredibly powerful fleshly body, then he too would be destroyed. His face was now extremely unsightly.

However, a smile could also be seen on his face, and a wild determination appeared in his eyes.

“Eighth Anima!”

Boom!!

Meng Hao laughed toward the Heavens as his Cultivation base exploded up. His Cultivation base was risen up to a power equivalent to 128 great circle Nascent Souls. His hair whipped about and his clothes fluttered. His fleshly body grew even more intensely powerful. Cracking sounds could be heard as he seemed to grow taller. Within him, every inch of bone, flesh, and blood burst with endless power.

His fleshly body grew even more powerful than before!

The Eighth Anima was something that could imperil First Severing Cultivators!

Patriarch Huyan, who was of the great circle of the First Severing, couldn't stand up to a single blow when Meng Hao was in the Eighth Anima!

The pressure surrounding Meng Hao shattered, and his body flew up again. The sight of it caused Ke Jiushi to be moved visibly. A profound look appeared in the eyes of true spirit Night.

To them, Meng Hao's Cultivation base wasn't even worth mentioning. However, Meng Hao's will, his determination, and his decisiveness caused their minds to tremble.

Off in the distance, Zhixiang was staring fixedly at the scene. Her heart was also trembling, moved by Meng Hao's persistence, perseverance, and tenacity.

Although Meng Hao's Cultivation base was far from any of these people, he had already forced his way to the 12,000 meter position. Such a high position was nearly at the halfway point. The pressure was intense, and as Meng Hao neared, he coughed up a mouthful of blood.

His fleshly body was powerful, but underneath this pressure, it twisted and distorted, emitting groaning and creaking sounds. Even the Cultivation base power of 128 great circle Nascent Souls was defeated with a boom.

As of this moment, it seemed he had reached the end....

Meng Hao's eyes filled with an intense light. He could accept that he couldn't go further, but what he couldn't accept was that he couldn't reach the halfway point!

“Ninth Anima!”

As his voice rang out from the 12,000 meter level, his body suddenly shook.

White hair appeared on his head as his longevity was sucked away at a terrifyingly rapid rate. However, at the same time, his Cultivation base... began an unprecedentedly mad climb.

128, 151, 178, 193... all the way to 200!

Not too long ago, when he had acquired his eighth Nascent Soul, during the time when his Cultivation base climbed from the power of 64 great circle Nascent Souls to reach the power of 100, he had felt as if he were equivalent to Spirit Severing.

If 100 great circle Nascent Souls was similar to Spirit Severing, well, as of this moment, he had 200!

After reaching the Cultivation base power of 200 great circle Nascent Souls, Meng Hao's energy changed in an earth-shaking way. The pressure around him once again collapsed, and was completely incapable of doing anything to stop him. Now, nothing prevented him from pushing onward, climbing up!

203, 210, 230... all the way to 256!

The power of 256 great circle Nascent Souls caused the sky and land to dim, and the wind to scream. Roaring echoed out, and Meng Hao's entire body turned into something like a shooting star that charged upward.

His fleshly body also experienced incredible growth. It was tougher and more powerful. Furthermore, it was at this point that gradually, complex markings began to appear all over his body!

The marks glittered brightly, and seemed to contain laws of Heaven and Earth. They appeared to be branded on him from the void, causing his energy to once again shake everything.

13,000 meters. 13,500 meters. 14,500 meters... all the way to 15,000 meters!

15,000 meters in the air was the halfway point!

Meng Hao's body trembled, and blood oozed from his mouth. His hair was now more than half white. His body was tall and slender, and his energy intense. As he hovered in the 15,000 meter position, he did not wipe the blood from his mouth, but instead lifted his head up and laughed.

Then, he raised his foot and... moved forward once again, by an entire three meters!

Meng Hao's imposing manner, his demeanor, and his appearance in this moment caused Ke Jiusi, true spirit Night, and Zhixiang, to all be shaken.

When was a man most attractive?

In a moment like this!

When was a man the most righteous hero?

In a moment like this!

There is an expression that describes a person as being 'indescribably beautiful and striking.' That is usually used to describe women. There is another expression. 'Who can do it except for me?' That expression is used to describe a true man!

At any time or place, a true man who stands out from the crowd, a passionate, true man, is like a hero, a person just as attractive as the most beautiful woman!

Regardless of man or woman, anyone would be drawn to such passion and ardor!

Zhixiang's heart shook. Even she didn't notice that the image of Meng Hao was being burned deeply into her heart in an unprecedented way. This was not to say that it caused romantic love to appear, but rather, she would now be incapable of forgetting him.

"Pressing forward with indomitable will," she murmured. "That... is a true man." She looked at Meng Hao, and suddenly realized that this scene really was indelibly etched on her heart.

Chapter 628: The Path of Spirit Severing!

As he hovered there at the 15,000 meter mark, Meng Hao took a deep breath. To him, the Ninth Anima was a state of rapid depletion. That was especially so considering the position he was in, halfway to the two Holy Lands and surrounded by incredible pressure. He could feel the terrifying pressure pushing against him from all sides.

That pressure weighed down on every strand of skin and muscle, on every bit of flesh and blood. Cracking sounds could be heard from within him, as if his bones were chafing together. Despite the incredible power of his current fleshly body, he was still incapable of moving forward even a pace.

The power of 256 great circle Nascent Souls continued to fight back explosively against the pressure; however, it continued to be defeated, and would clearly be extinguished soon.

The intensity of the pressure was such that, if Patriarch Huyan hadn't died, and was suddenly next to Meng Hao here, he would be destroyed in an instant, his body completely exploded into countless pieces.

Meng Hao took a deep breath and looked up at the two Holy Lands 15,000 meters away. His eyes gleamed.

Based on his current Cultivation base, he was incapable of treading that path. That was what Ke Jiushi had said, as well as true spirit Night. However... Meng Hao's personality was not the type to just accept what others said.

Although he trusted Ke Jiushi's opinion, he couldn't rest until he tried it out for himself. It didn't matter if the difficulty level was obviously high, he had to take a shot personally to see exactly how difficult it was.

“So this is the limit, huh?” he murmured hoarsely. Underneath the pressure, his eyes were now bloodshot, and veins bulged out all over his body. The blood in his veins circulated sluggishly, and his life force was showing signs failure.

He looked down silently at Ke Jiusi, true spirit Night, and Zhixiang, who he had long since already noticed. They were 15,000 meters below him. If he wanted to give up now, all he had to do was relax, and he would descend down into safety.

“But,” he thought, his eyes glittering with determination, “I want to do one more test to see... if this is really my true limit!” With that, he looked up, and his energy exploded out. His half-white hair danced about him, and his clothes whipped in the wind. He lifted up his leg and, viciously forced himself higher by a large measure.

Another three meters!

Boom!

A tremor ran through him. His fleshly body emitted cracking sounds, and his Cultivation base was under enormous pressure. His Cultivation base of 256 great circle Nascent Souls was under so much pressure that it was about to disintegrate.

Meng Hao’s face was pale. However, it was at this point that he noticed something. He noticed something that quickly caused his face to fill with excitement and joy!

He almost didn’t dare to believe it. However, his eyes filled with determination and, underneath the intense pressure, coughed up a mouthful of blood and forced himself forward by another measure!

In total, Meng Hao had now moved nine meters away from the 15,000 meter mark!

A rumbling sound filled his body, and he swayed back and forth. Blood sprayed from his mouth, and his face was pale white. Marks of blood were now visible, tearing through his skin. It seemed that the incredible pressure was just on the verge of tearing him apart.

However, Meng Hao’s eyes were filled with wild joy nonetheless. His shocking discovery just now left him panting heavily.

“I never imagined... that there could be such a transformation!!” Inwardly, he still found it hard to accept. However, he was unable to think about the matter calmly. That was because he had found that underneath the incredible pressure, the power of the 256 great circle Nascent Souls was fusing together!

In any other place, such a thing could never happen. There wasn't a place Meng Hao could think of that would produce results like this. Only in this place, right here, could something like this happen!

That was because the pressure here came from the three Greater Demon Mountains and the two Holy Lands. You could say that in all the Ninth Mountain and Sea, few places could display such overbearing power. And yet, at the same time, there was a gentleness within the pressure.

Perhaps there might be places more powerful than this, but they would not be suitable for anyone under the Immortal realm. This place, however, housed a legacy; therefore, there was a gentle side. To Meng Hao, a place like this was the perfect place to... fuse together his Cultivation base!

A Cultivation base of 256 Nascent Souls seemed terrifying, but by fusing them together, he could explode with... something that far, far exceeded the past level of power. That would be... true Spirit Severing power!

Meng Hao had considered this matter before. He had thought about Spirit Severing, and how one aspect involved enlightenment and another involved transmutation of the Cultivation base. However, he had never been able to consolidate his thoughts. It had all been a waste of time, and he ended up slowly suppressing his Cultivation base until he could naturally arrive at a target transformation.

Right now, though, this pressure had an effect that Meng Hao simply couldn't NOT be excited about. Instead of focusing on the legacy, he was focused on his path of cultivation, and that next, most important step!

If he succeeded, then he would be able to enter Spirit Severing even faster. It meant that he would be able to directly enter Spirit Severing without even having practiced cultivation for three hundred years.

“My fleshly body can also be tempered here!” he thought. Taking a deep breath, he sat down cross-legged in mid-air, using the pressure pushing against him to begin to compress his Cultivation base.

Zhixiang's eyes went wide with disbelief. "He's actually practicing cultivation!"

Ke Jiushi watched on seriously, although a smile quickly began to tug at the corners of his mouth.

Time passed slowly, enough for an incense stick to burn. Finally, a tremor ran through Meng Hao's body, and his eyes snapped open. They were bloodshot, but they shone with a radiant light. He slowly stood up, and as he did, an incredibly intense energy exploded out from him.

As of now, he did not have the power of 256 great circle Nascent Souls. He had 10 less! And yet, despite the reduction, in terms of energy, he had much more than before.

"This is a Blessed Land for me!" His eyes shining strangely, he once again moved forward another measure.

Boom!

The pressure became more intense, and Meng Hao's body shook. However, his Cultivation base was reduced by five Nascent Souls. Now, only the power of 241 remained.

It was a reduction of a mere five, but the intense fluctuations which emanated out of his Cultivation base supported him, allowing to move forward again!

Once, twice, three times....

His body trembled violently, as if he might explode at any moment. However, he continued onward relentlessly. As he did, his Cultivation base continue to shrink down and down.

236. 226.... All the way to 180! By this point, Meng Hao was now at the 16,000 meter mark!

If a Cultivator of the Second Severing reached this position relying only on Cultivation base as a protection, he would quickly become unstable and then be destroyed. Meng Hao felt like his body was exploding. The fleshly body exists outside of his cultivation, like a shell. In this aspect, Meng Hao was different from a Second Severing Cultivator. He was using his fleshly body to protect his Cultivation base.

Relying on the power of his fleshly body, he was using this place to pressure his Cultivation base into solidity. However, streaks of blood were appearing all over him as his skin split. He seemed to be on the verge of collapsing apart. Even the bloody flesh inside of him was becoming visible.

Meng Hao's eyes glittered. Without hesitation, he slapped his bag of holding to produce vast quantities of medicinal pills. He consumed them to stem the wastage of his fleshly body. At the same time, he took longevity-increasing medicinal pills.

Of course, the main purpose had nothing to do with longevity. Instead, the life force contained within the medicinal pills nourished his fleshly body, causing it to be able to endure for even longer!

He took a deep breath and then once again proceeded forward. This advanced him to the 16,200 mark. A bloody haze exploded out around his body, and his trembling reached a pinnacle of intensity.

As of this moment, he had shrunk his Cultivation base down to only 163 Nascent Souls.

"This is going too slow..." thought Meng Hao. The struggle was clear on his face, although it was quickly replaced by determination.

"Rewards come only with risk. If I give up this chance, I won't be likely to find another place that can exert such pressure on my Cultivation base. Next time I come here will be hundreds of years from now. I... can't wait that long!" Without any further hesitation, Meng Hao began to rapidly rotate his Cultivation base. At the same time, he transformed into a green smoke, within which was a black moon. From his position at 16,200 meters, he instantly rocketed up.

The sight of it caused Ke Jiushi to be visibly moved. He instantly flew up into the air.

"Are you crazy!?" thought Zhixiang, her eyes wide. It was like watching a moth fly directly into a flame.

Meng Hao really was like a moth flying into a flame, although he was even crazier than that moth. As he sped upward, he began to burn. His fleshly body burned, his blood and muscles burned.

To him, it felt as if he was being hacked to pieces by tens of thousands of blades. Vast quantities of flesh and blood were destroyed. He looked like a shooting star made of blood. However, that bloody

shooting star quickly advanced 1,800 meters. When Meng Hao reappeared, he was at the 18,000 meter mark.

He instantly coughed up a huge mouthful of blood. His body was mincemeat, and he was on the verge of completely falling apart.

“Violet Pupil Transformation!” In the instant in which his body was about to collapse, his eyes suddenly turned violet. His longevity was reduced, but in exchange, his shattering body was sustained for an extra breath of time!

During that breath of time, Meng Hao’s Cultivation base shrank down at a shocking, wild speed.

Boom!

It went from 163 to 98. Then it dropped to 32. The speed with which this happened was shocking to the extreme.

Meng Hao’s energy rocketed up, but even still, he had no way to prevent his fleshly body from nearing collapse.

“I can still hold on a bit longer!” he thought, once again employing the Violet Pupil Transformation. He sacrificed more longevity, causing his hair to turn white and his body to tremble, all to gain another breath of time.

Roaring filled his body. No outsider could hear it, but to Meng Hao it couldn’t be clearer. The power of 32 Cultivation bases dropped to 16. More pressure bore down, and then, it was 8!

At this point, Meng Hao couldn’t hold on any longer. His body began to grow limp, and he started to fall. From his position at 18,000 meters, he shot down at high speed. In the process of falling, the pressure lessened, and thus, his flesh and blood began to recover.

When he finally landed back down onto the hand of true spirit Night, he coughed up a mouthful of blood. However, he appeared to be completely restored to normal. The only difference was that the long hair which floated in the wind behind him was now gray.

As for his Cultivation base, its explosive growth caused the wind and clouds in the entire area to surge into motion, forming a twisting vortex around him.

As of this moment, Meng Hao was now far more powerful than before!

Chapter 629: Return

“First legacy trial by fire, failed,” said Night slowly, giving Meng Hao a deep look. Its voice echoed out throughout the entire Demon Immortal Sect.

Meng Hao smiled indifferently, apparently not concerned at all. Success or failure didn’t matter, as long as he got to try. What was the point of asking any questions? After all, he had eternal qualifications to participate in this legacy trial by fire.

This time he didn’t succeed, but the next time, a few hundred years from now... who was to say that he would fail again?

Most importantly, he had discovered his path to Spirit Severing. Meng Hao was sure that by shrinking his Cultivation base, by combining everything into one, Spirit Severing would be right in front of him.

“Your path to Spirit Severing has opened,” said Ke Jiushi to Meng Hao, his voice low. “When your Cultivation base is completely consolidated, then you can transform it into a Severing blade. You’ll either live, and sever out your Domain, or die, and sever your life.”

Meng Hao nodded. He had already come to understand this. That was definitely his path to Spirit Severing. Grind and polish his Cultivation base down until it became an illusory blade. After that blade appeared, he could begin the Severing.

The difference between life and death all lay in that blade!

“What Cultivators cultivate is both life and death,” said Meng Hao. “I’ve walked such a path for a long time. Living or dying doesn’t really matter. Life’s a journey; the places you go, the things you see, those are the most important things. Live without regrets.” He laughed, his eyes shining brightly.

A look of admiration appeared in Ke Jiushi’s eyes, and he also laughed.

“You’ve already found your path,” he said. With that, he waved his arm, causing a green wind to spring up. It picked up Meng Hao and began to carry him out of the Demon Immortal Sect. “Time to leave. When father gave his approval of you, you became my little brother. I, too, was moved by your Dao. Perhaps one day in the future, the two of us will meet again in the starry sky!”

“I hope that when that day arrives, you will have already reached Immortal Ascension!” Even as Ke Jiushi’s voice echoed about, Meng Hao was carried by the green wind far away from the Demon Immortal Sect.

At the same time, Ke Jiushi’s gaze came to fall upon Zhixiang, who still stood off in the distance.

Zhixiang immediately clasped hands and bowed.

“I am Zhou Zhixiang of the younger generation of the Demon Immortal Sect. Greetings, Patriarch Ke.”

“We’ll be old friends from now on,” said Ke Jiushi. “Demon Immortal Body... With people like you, I can feel good about the Demon Immortal Sect.” As he looked at her, his eyes seemed to fill with reminiscence. It was impossible to tell who he was thinking about, but he sighed and then waved a sleeve. A jade slip flew out toward Zhixiang, which she quickly grabbed. Then, the green wind picked her up and, along with Meng Hao, she began to be carried away.

“Place that object in your Sect’s Ancestral Hall,” said Ke Jiushi coolly, “and have the disciples prostrate to it. It can stave off extermination for ten thousand years.”

Meng Hao and Zhixiang continued to speed away within the green wind.

Meng Hao looked back at Ke Jiushi, and couldn’t help but think back to all of the things that had happened since he arrived in the Demon Immortal Sect.

“Seal up the Demon Immortal Sect,” said Ke Jiushi, his voice echoing out. “Destiny has already been severed, now we adjourn for a few centuries...” Meng Hao watched him as he sat down gloomily cross-legged on the fourth of true spirit Night’s horns.

At the same time, true spirit Night gave Meng Hao a deep look. Then, its enormous head began to sink down. Its eyes slowly closed, and by the time the head sank down completely... the seven horns rose up above the land!

Endless amounts of dust flew about. It was almost like time was running in reverse. Everything returned to its original position. In the blink of an eye, the seven horns grew thick and bulky, and were soon seven mountain peaks once again!

There were corpses on the mountain peaks just like before, not one more or less than before. The restrictive spells were in place just like before. It was like nothing had changed at all. The lands below also returned to how they were before. In moments, everything looked exactly as it had when Meng Hao first arrived.

Ke Jiushi sat cross-legged atop the Fourth Peak. His back was to Meng Hao; he was facing an area just outside the Seventh Peak, the location of Ke Yunhai's tomb....

Boom!

Meng Hao felt as if he had just slammed into an invisible wall. As he sank into it, everything went black. When he came to, he was outside the Demon Immortal Sect.

He glanced back, and the Demon Immortal Sect looked hazy. Just barely visible were countless illusory figures, hustling and bustling about.

Meng Hao said nothing. Zhixiang had emerged along with him, and when she looked back, her expression was one of pain and complex emotions as she looked at the illusory Demon Immortal Sect.

Countless tiny fragments of rock and stone suddenly flew out to surround Meng Hao and Zhixiang, quickly transforming into a new river of stars. Meng Hao was still gazing at the Demon Immortal Sect when a tremor ran through the whole river of stars, and it began to carry him and Zhixiang away. It rolled out like a bolt of white silk.

Meng Hao said nothing as the Demon Immortal Sect drew farther and farther away. Zhixiang likewise maintained her silence. They got farther and farther away until soon, the Bridge of Immortal Treading became visible among the stars.

“I need to go,” said Zhixiang suddenly. She looked at Meng Hao.

He turned to look at her. “Take care of yourself on your journey.”

Their eyes met, and Zhixiang gave a warm smile.

“Thank you. My promise to you hasn’t changed. I truly believe that one day in the future, we will meet again. I look forward to finding out where we will meet, under what circumstances, or, perhaps I should say... in what identity.” Although she smiled, a flicker of farewell could be seen in her eyes.

With a final deep look at him, Zhixiang slapped her bag of holding. A person flew out from inside. It was a woman, her features beautiful, obviously quite young. This was none other than the Holy Daughter of the Five Poisons Tribe, Zhao Youlan.

Her eyes were closed, and she wasn’t moving. There were still signs of life detectable, but she was obviously in a state of dormancy. From the ripples of her Cultivation base, it was obvious that she was... of the great circle of the Nascent Soul stage.

“This girl and I are connected by destiny,” said Zhixiang lightly. “I possessed her fleshly body that year, but I didn’t destroy her soul. I promised her that when it was time to part, I would bestow her with the good fortune of a great circle Nascent Soul Cultivation base.

“By the time I acquired the Demon Immortal Body, I had already returned her body to her. Would you mind taking her back to the lands of South Heaven with you?”

Meng Hao looked at Zhao Youlan, then back at Zhixiang. He nodded.

With a final look at Meng Hao, Zhixiang turned and then flew out from the river of stars. As she emerged out into the starry sky, a glow appeared beneath her feet that turned into a flying shuttle.

The flying shuttle was surrounded by swirling lights as it rapidly expanded to a size of nearly three hundred meters. Demonic Qi pulsed off of it in ripples, distorting the images of the stars and causing ghost images to spring up.

She turned to look back at him and said, “Okay little Meng Hao, I’m gonna take off now. Don’t miss me too much! Of course, if you really miss me, then once you have the ability to fly through the stars, then come to Planet East Victory. Who’s to say whether or not I might let you have some alone time with me?” She laughed. Right now, she seemed to have returned to the way she was when Meng Hao met her for the first time.

Seductive as silk, eyes charming and amorous, she smiled and then transformed into a beam of light which shot off into the distance.

Meng Hao smiled and shook his head. For the most part, he and Zhixiang were partners in cooperation. However, after everything that had happened in the Demon Immortal Sect, gradually they had become friends.

He looked away from her retreating figure and then sat down cross-legged on a nearby stone fragment. Zhao Youlan’s eyes were still closed as she lay next to him, slumbering. The two of them remained in the river of stars as it shot through the starry sky. Soon, everything became quiet.

Meng Hao stared out at the endless stars, and soon, a look of anticipation appeared in his eyes.

“Cultivation. Immortal Ascension. Flying among the stars.... It’s all a journey. If I can leave the lands of South Heaven and enter the starry sky, my journey would be even more wonderful.

“At that time, Planet South Heaven would only be a bit of scenery along my way.” Suddenly, Meng Hao smiled.

“My gains in the Demon Immortal Sect were tremendous!” he thought. He looked down at his bag of holding.

“Mountain Consuming Incantation, Nine Heavens Destruction, Nine Heavens Treasured Body Seal.... Plus there’s the Withering Flame Demon Magic True Self Dao. All of these divine abilities are there in my mind, as well as quite a few other minor arts.

“In addition, I have a good collection of lost treasures from the Demon Immortal Sect, as well as Ji Mingfeng’s bags of holding. Most important of all is the sword tip from that Wooden Time Sword!” When the thought of the sword tip, his heart palpitated with eagerness.

“That sword tip has 30,000 years of Time power. If I actually used it, it wouldn’t truly be 30,000 years, but it would still be shocking.” He rubbed his bag of holding, his eyes gleaming brightly.

“And then, there’s the precious treasure from the Fourth Plane, the continental mirror!! There are countless magical items stored inside, as well as Demon Weapon Lonelytomb, and the shadows of those three Paragons!

“The continental mirror is a precious treasure of true spirit Night. Taking it away was what awakened Night. Considering how valuable Night considered the treasure to be, well, it only serves to prove that my copper mirror has a mysterious origin.” When he thought about the transformation the copper mirror had experienced, he once again had the feeling that his gains in this adventure had been exceeding.

“All the acquisitions will surely attract quite a bit of prying. All the other remaining South Heaven Cultivators are cruel and unscrupulous, and definitely have ill intentions. Their Sects and Clans will quickly learn about everything that happened.” His eyes flickered.

“As for how much all those people owe me, if you add it together, it’s more than ten million Spirit Stones! Which means that, right now, the main thing I’m lacking... is Spirit Stones!” He gave a cold harumph, but then thought to the debt pledges he had, and a brilliant smile appeared on his face.

“The debtor must repay his debts; that is in line with the principles of Heaven and Earth! They can’t escape that fact! Although, to be the most safe, I can’t stay in the Black Lands or the Western Desert.” As he sat there thoughtfully, many thoughts raced through his head.

Time passed. Meng Hao sat there cross-legged, looking at the river of stars and the starry sky. Soon, he caught sight of a dot of light that was none other than Planet South Heaven.

At the same time, he saw that, revolving around planet South Heaven was a shocking altar.

As soon as he caught sight of the altar, he got a clear sense of a cold, gloomy aura. The aura swept toward him, but was blocked by the river of stars, and could not reach him.

As the river of stars neared Planet South Heaven, Meng Hao stood up. He stared at South Heaven as it rapidly neared. Soon, he could see the lands below. He saw the Milky Way Sea, the Southern Domain and the Western Desert.

As they shot downward, Zhao Youlan slowly began to regain consciousness. Before she could open her eyes, Meng Hao leaped up, shooting out from within the river of stars into the highest levels of the sky above South Heaven. Then, he transformed into a beam of light that shot off into the distance.

There was a lot of pressure at such high altitude, but Meng Hao had been able to deal with the pressure at the 18,000 meter mark in the trial by fire of Lord Li's legacy. This pressure was nothing he would care about. He moved at incredible speed and quickly disappeared.

The river of stars began to rumble as it carried the confused Zhao Youlan down toward the lands below. As Meng Hao sped off into the distance, a cold, hoarse voice suddenly could be heard, accompanied by a slight chuckle.

“The pup from all those years ago has already grown up! His realm of Perfection really is perfect. I've been waiting for a long time.... It wasn't in vain that I covered your tracks before to confuse the Ji Clan. Child, the time has come to present your Perfect stratum to me.”

Chapter 630: 10th Patriarch of the Wang Clan

As soon as the voice rang out, the winds and clouds ceased moving. Not another sound could be heard!

The river of stars continued to rumble through the air, taking Zhao Youlan with it as it headed toward the land. Her eyes were wide open now, and just barely, she could make out the image of an old man wearing a long, white robe. He hovered in mid-air, his hair floating around him, his face ancient and filled with wrinkles. It was impossible to tell how old he was, but he looked as if he had just climbed out of a tomb.

A sense of putrefaction surrounded him, like the air that surrounded a person who had reached their end days but wasn't willing to take the final steps to the end. Instead, he would do something completely shocking.

However, he did not seem to be possessed of a flesh and blood body, but rather, was semi-transparent.

Even as Zhao Youlan noticed these things, she lost consciousness again, then disappeared along with the river of stars.

Meng Hao was currently speeding along, when suddenly his body began to shake. The air around him seemed to solidify, as if all of Heaven and Earth, the whole world, had transformed into a cage. He was like a cornered beast within that cage, struggling, but unable to extricate himself.

It was at this time that the cold voice rang out in his ears, filled with a sense of rot and decay. His face fell as a sense of grave crisis exploded out in him unlike anything he had experienced from the day he was born until now.

“This isn’t Spirit Severing!!” Rumbling filled his mind, and then spread out to the rest of his body. Cold sweat began to pour down him. Without hesitation, he directly entered the Ninth Anima!

Boom!

His Cultivation base exploded up. Although it only had eight portions of Cultivation base, each one of those portions had been compressed and refined to the pinnacle, which created a frightening aura.

Boom!

His hair floated up around him as his Cultivation base radiated out. His energy shot up to the sky, and the intense power of his fleshly body was unleashed to its very pinnacle.

Things weren’t over!

He performed an incantation gesture, causing the Mountain Consuming Incantation to appear. An enormous rumbling could be heard around him as the illusory image of an enormous mountain appeared. The illusion twisted and distorted as it suddenly expanded outward.

Next, he slapped his bag of holding, causing around ten magical items to appear. Each one of these items were incredible treasures that he had acquired in the Demon Immortal Sect. He valued them greatly, but in this moment of deadly crisis, he had no time to think about the pain of losing them. He produced them without hesitation and then roared.

“Detonate!!” It caused Meng Hao’s heart to bleed to say such a word, but he had no other choice.

All of this takes some time to describe, but actually happened in a very short moment.

An illusory hand appeared out of nowhere off in the distance. It was semi-transparent, and was filled with glowing lights. It seemed to contain a great Dao of Heaven and Earth that was in accord with natural law. As soon as the hand appeared, everything grew dark, making the hand the only focus of attention.

The hand neared, gently slapping toward Meng Hao!

As it got close, Meng Hao detonated the ten Demon Immortal Sect treasures. A boom rattled out that seemed capable of splitting Heaven and Earth. Everything shook, and distorted ripples appeared in all directions. It seemed almost as if the world couldn't handle the destructive force unleashed by the explosion.

Boom!

The cage around Meng Hao was now riddled with cracks. The explosion of the ten magical items also caused the incoming hand to pause slightly.

A cold "eee!" could be heard, and the hand passed by in a flash. The destructive force of the explosion dissipated, and it was in that brief moment that Meng Hao, stuck in this seemingly hopeless situation, grabbed at a chance for life.

"Dao Seeking! This is a Dao Seeking Cultivator!" Meng Hao's heart began to pound and fill with bitterness. A Dao Seeking expert was something higher than him by more than an entire stage. Dao Seeking experts were rare, almighty figures in the lands of South Heaven!

As far as Meng Hao could remember, he had never provoked anyone like that before. From what the voice had just said now, this person was clearly not a member of the Ji Clan!

"Who is he?!" Meng Hao knew that the greater the danger he was in, the more he needed to remain calm. Eyes glittering, he took advantage of the cracks appearing in the cage to employ the greatest speed he could muster. He instantly transformed into the wind of the roc, along with a green smoke that contained a black moon. In the blink of an eye, he bored out through one of the cracks and shot off into the distance. He moved so quickly that he didn't even have time to look back.

Even as he broke out from the cage, the giant hand shot in pursuit. It destroyed the cage, as well as the destructive powers of the ten valuable treasures he had detonated. Then it slammed into the illusory mountain.

BANG!!

The illusory mountain collapsed into pieces, which showered out in all directions. Blood sprayed from Meng Hao's mouth, and cracking sounds could be heard. It seemed as if his body was on the verge of being destroyed.

The hand seemed almost leisurely in its strike. It smashed through the illusory mountain, and then casually headed toward Meng Hao's back.

Even as the hand neared, Meng Hao lifted his head up and cried, "Agarwood!!"

Booming could be heard as an otherworldly power approached. However, for some reason, when it was about halfway, it seemed to hesitate. During that moment, the huge hand closed in.

Meng Hao did nothing to try to control the Agarwood. The blood-colored mask flew out of his bag of holding, rapidly growing larger until it covered his whole body, helping to block against the giant hand.

A howl could be heard from within the blood-colored mask, and a bloody glow rose up. The mastiff flew out, and as the hand neared, it, together with the mask, protected Meng Hao's back. The mastiff didn't even have time to turn around to look at its Master's back.

Boom!

The instant the hand slammed into the mastiff, it exploded, transforming into countless red strands that shot back into the blood-colored mask.

A massive rumbling could be heard as the Blood Immortal mask was sent spinning backward. It merged into Meng Hao's body, which trembled severely.

“Blood Mastiff!!” roared Meng Hao, his eyes bloodshot. In that instant, he could sense that the mastiff’s blood had formed back together inside the mask, turning into a much smaller Blood Mastiff.

The double protection temporarily resolved his crisis. However, blood still sprayed from his mouth, and his internal organs were shattered into pieces. His life aura was diminishing, and he tumbled off into the distance like a kite with its string cut.

His eyes were filled with dense veins of blood, and an unprecedented level of hatred suddenly rose up within him.

Severe pain coursed through him, and he had the intense sensation that he was being ripped into shreds. His skin was lacerated and torn in multiple locations; it made it seem as if in the following breath, his entire person would fall apart!

A second “eee?” sound could be heard, echoing out in Heaven and Earth. Suddenly, the parrot and the meat jelly flew out from inside Meng Hao’s bag of holding.

The parrot clutched onto Meng Hao’s shoulder, a look of unprecedented anxiety on its face. “Dammit, bitch! Dammit! This guy’s a step away from being a false Immortal! Even if he’s just a clone, he’s still at Dao Seeking. Meat jelly, you slut, why haven’t you saved Meng Hao yet!?!?” The meat jelly was trembling all over. However, it quickly spread out to cover Meng Hao, causing his collapsing flesh to solidify.

An ancient, hoarse voice could suddenly be heard coming from the void. “I am the 10th Wang Clan Patriarch. Back when you were in Foundation Establishment, I decided to make you my Dao seed, to accomplish my Dao, to allow me experience what it was like for the great ancestor to steal a foundation.

“Do you... really think you can escape?” There was something else in the voice; it contained bizarre fluctuations that seemed to conform to the natural laws of Heaven and Earth.

As the voice spoke, the hand faded away. However, it became clear again only a breath later, and when it did, it was behind Meng Hao. The hand formed into a claw that swiped at Meng Hao from the back.

“I saved you out outside of the Rebirth Cave,” the voice said, speaking neither quickly nor slowly. “When the Ji Clan was after you, I helped. And then there was all the commotion you caused in the

Demon Immortal Sect. After you returned, I took the liberty of wiping out traces of your aura so that no one would know that you have returned.

“All of that was because... a time would come for you to pay me back. And that time... is now.” As the voice continued to speak, the sense of putrefaction continued to grow clearer.

“Four Perfect stages. The Perfect Foundation... is the basis for Immortal Ascension. It would be a waste on you, so... it belongs to me.”

The hand continued to grab toward Meng Hao. No matter how the parrot and Meng Hao sped away, it was impossible to escape the gravitational force that they felt wrapping around them. Meng Hao's body trembled, and then he clearly senses something on himself that caused the gravitational force to loosen. It almost seemed as if the force would leave him automatically!

In this critical moment, the parrot and meat jelly were going crazy. Meng Hao once again urgently said, “Agarwood! What about your promise to me!?”

As the words echoed out, everything grew quiet. Suddenly, a rumbling spread out as an otherworldly power neared.

Boom!

The power slammed into the hand that was grasping toward Meng Hao. The hand instantly shook, and any connection it had to Meng Hao was severed. Meng Hao coughed up a mouthful of blood, and yet instead of fleeing, he turned around, his eyes bright red.

Fleeing like that wasn't something he was willing to do!

This was his first time to turn around during the entire encounter. He saw the hand that had been attacked by the power of the Agarwood. Rays of light circulated around, forming into the figure of a man who seemed to be stepping out of nothing. He wore a long white robe, and was very old.

Meng Hao had no recollection of ever seeing this man before, and was quite certain that they had never met.

The 10th Wang Clan Patriarch had been enveloped by the mysterious power of the Agarwood. It was as if he had been imprisoned. His body floated there in mid air, alternating between blurry and semi-transparent. It was a very strange sight.

“Why do you have to resist?” he said hoarsely, looking at Meng Hao. He seemed as if he didn’t even notice the power of the Agarwood.

Meng Hao didn’t reply, but his right hand slapped his bag of holding to produce a bronze alcohol flagon. He raised his head up to take a large mouthful, then spit it out. Alcohol Qi spread out, and suddenly, an azure bronze Immortal’s sword appeared in his hand.

This sword was from Han Shan, and contained Sword Qi that was like a song!

Killing intent raged in Meng Hao’s eyes. He raised his right hand and, without hesitation, struck out with the sword.

The Sword Qi appeared, shaking Heaven and Earth, causing everything to shake. The sky dimmed as uncountable amounts of Sword Qi poured out of the azure bronze sword. As the sword descended, the Sword Qi rumbled, transforming into a three thousand meter waterfall which shot from up above down toward the 10th Wang Clan Patriarch.

The 10th Wang Clan Patriarch’s pupils constricted, the first change in his facial expression!

Even the Agarwood hadn’t moved him. His eyes flickered, and as the Sword Qi neared, he suddenly spoke.

“The great ancestor once said that rain... is born in the Heavens and dies in the Earth. The passage between those two places is its entire life....” As the voice rang out, the 10th Wang Clan Patriarch waved his right hand softly out in front of him, as if he was sweeping away some rain.

“Call the Wind, Summon the Rain....”