

The Heavens 761

Chapter 761: An Old Friend....

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“WHY?!?!”

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Finally, Meng Hao sighed and regained his composure. He was a powerful expert who had practiced cultivation for hundreds of years. The only thing that could cause him to lose control was the matter of his father and mother.

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As evening deepened, he shot forward at top speed. He had called upon the Song Clan and visited the Violet Fate Sect. Now, it was time to return to the Blood Demon Sect and spend the rest of the hundred years with Xu Qing.

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It was easy to see that once upon a time, he had been incredibly handsome. Now he looked old, but still carried himself with an extraordinary, heroic spirit. However, the years had not been kind to him, and he had undergone a baptism of ruthlessness. Now, his life was one of pain.

“Wang Tengfei, where do you think you can run to now?!”

“You used to be a top Chosen of the Wang Clan, but now you’re nothing more than a stray dog! All you know how to do is run away!”

“What are you running for? Come on, show us some of your skills from all those years ago. You used to be the pinnacle of arrogance! You chased me and my brother for years trying to kill us. Now we finally get to meet again, and you’re running away?!”

“Hahaha! Of course he’s running. There’s no Wang Clan in the Southern Domain anymore! It was wiped out in a single night! Wang Tengfei just got lucky and escaped death! Unfortunately for him, he ran into us here! Wang Tengfei... you’re dead!”

The person being chased was none other than Wang Tengfei!

The pursuers were two middle-aged cultivators with late Core Formation cultivation bases, only half a step away from the Nascent Soul stage. As for Wang Tengfei, he was also in the late Core Formation stage. However, he was clearly wounded, and could do nothing more than flee from his two opponents.

His face was ashen, and filled with intense grief. Apparently, the words spoken by his pursuers stabbed deeply into his heart. After the Wang Clan was destroyed, he had experienced far too many slanderous insults. He had once been Chosen, but in the blink of an eye had turned into an outcast. Originally, he told himself that he could get used to this new situation, but every time he heard words such as those being hurled at him now, they hurt deeply.

It felt as if people were digging his heart out of his chest, and it made the pained expression on his face grow even more intense.

He had been there that night when the Wang Clan was wiped out. He had personally witnessed the Patriarch’s insanity as he slaughtered one clan member after another. That night, it felt as if the sky had fallen.

His father and mother died. His grandfather died. Everyone died, one by one.... As for himself, he had been consumed by terror and sorrow. And then, his older brother... the older brother who he had always wanted to surpass, struck him on the head with a palm.

That palm swept through him like thunder, rendering him unconscious. The last thing he remembered was his brother murmuring in his ear, "Hey kid, you need to stay alive...."

When Wang Tengfei woke up, he opened his eyes to find himself in a sea of blood. He was surrounded by the corpses of his fellow clan members. Laying directly on top of him... was the body of his older brother.

His brother had covered him with his own corpse, using the aura of death to hide Wang Tengfei. That was how Wang Tengfei... managed to escape the disaster caused by the 10th Wang Clan Patriarch, who in his demented state had not bothered to search very carefully.

At that point, Wang Tengfei had begun to weep.

He had nothing. No clan. No family. Everything was gone.

He felt like he was the only person alive in the entire world. Bitterly, he had crawled to his feet and began to wander....

He was alive, but it was as if he had already died. People who had once been his friends now looked at him with cold mockery. The constant ridicule was a vast difference from how he had been treated in the past, and it caused the trembling Wang Tengfei to come to a realization.

All he could do was bow his head and bitterly accept the ridicule.

He wanted to find the 10th Wang Clan Patriarch, and ask him... why?!

Why did you eradicate the entire Wang Clan, sir?!

WHY?!

It turned into the only reason for Wang Tengfei to continue living. He began to search the entire Southern Domain, using his bloodline connection to try to find the 10th Wang Clan Patriarch. Even if he died in the process... he would get his answer!

It was finally in this area that he had sensed the presence of the 10th Patriarch. He had started a thorough search, but before he could track him down, ran into these two people who he had previously disdained as being unworthy to even be looked at. They were nobodies whom he and his subordinates had hunted down and tried to kill over some magical item.

Now, he could only flee from them.

Wang Tengfei's two pursuers performed incantation gestures, causing two flying swords to speed out. Glittering, they shot toward the ashen-faced Wang Tengfei, who quickly produced a small drum that he tossed behind him. It rapidly expanded and reverberated with a pounding sound as the two swords neared it. The items collided and...

Boom!

As the explosion reverberated out, Wang Tengfei spit out blood. His face was pale white as he braced himself and pushed forward at top speed. He didn't take the time to try to retrieve the drum. The two pursuing cultivators laughed as one of them took the drum. Then they shot forward in pursuit once again, their eyes shining with greed and killing intent.

They continued to fight back and forth, and Wang Tengfei continuously coughed up blood. The sword glow beneath his feet began to fade, and a look of despair could be seen in his eyes. To him, the whole world seemed...to have turned gray.

"You used to be so arrogant, didn't you?!"

"Back then you were so high and mighty. You looked down on everyone else as if they were bugs, and you were the Chosen of Heaven! Where is your arrogance now, huh?!"

"Wang Tengfei, you're dead! If you get reincarnated, then remember not to be so arrogant in your next life!"

The two pursuers' eyes flashed with killing intent, and they attacked simultaneously, unleashing their most powerful divine abilities. Sword qi swirled, and a massive palm rumbled out toward Wang Tengfei.

Wang Tengfei smiled bitterly. He knew that he couldn't escape, so he suddenly turned in place and started to laugh. He had had enough of life, and should have died with the rest of his clan anyway. He was just about to throw caution to the wind when....

Suddenly, a sigh could be heard echoing throughout the land.

Once they heard the sigh, Wang Tengfei's two pursuers stopped, and their faces went pale. They instantly began to tremble as they looked behind Wang Tengfei.

"Blood... Blood Demon Sect. The Blood Prince!!"

"It's Meng Hao!"

Meng Hao floated down from behind Wang Tengfei until he stood between him and the two pursuers.

"This person is an old friend of mine," he said. "Fellow Daoists, would you mind giving me a bit of face?"

The two pursuers gasped, and their hearts filled with terror. They immediately clasped hands and bowed with the utmost respect.

"Senior, we didn't know that Wang Tengfei was an old friend of the Blood Prince. Please don't be offended, your excellency."

"We'll, we'll be leaving now...."

The two cultivators were completely shaken. There wasn't anyone in the Southern Domain who was unfamiliar with Meng Hao's face. They didn't care a whit about Wang Tengfei, but as for Meng Hao, he was terrifying to the extreme. Even as they spoke, the two men backed up, trembling.

Wang Tengfei gaped at Meng Hao's back, then saw the expressions on the faces of the two men, and felt stabs of pain in his heart. Such expressions were the type that would fill the faces of people who looked at him, the kind of expressions he savored back before the Wang Clan was eradicated. But now....

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In recent days, whenever he heard stories of Meng Hao, he felt like his heart was being crushed. He almost felt as if he would go insane. His hatred ran all the way to his very marrow!

"I don't need your help!" he cried out. "Kill me, alright? Just kill me! KILL ME!"

"I'm done with living, Meng Hao. You wanna kill me? Fine! You don't have to pretend! Come on! Wang Tengfei's spirit is indomitable! I'm standing right here. Come on, kill me!"

"You took away all my good fortune! You took away all my opportunities! You even took away my fiancé. I will NOT live under the same sky as you, you charlatan! You lowlife! Come on, kill me!"

"You were NOTHING back in the Reliance Sect. I could have killed you with the wave of a finger. If Grand Elder Ouyang hadn't interfered, I would have cut you down!"

"I am Chosen! Chosen of the Reliance Sect! Chosen of the Wang Clan! And you? You're... an insect!!"

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Chapter 762: 10th Patriarch

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Wang Tengfei’s hysterical screaming did nothing more than cause Meng Hao to frown slightly. However, the other two cultivators’ faces went deathly pale, and their hearts began to pound with fear.

They suddenly recalled an event that had caused a minor stir in the Southern Domain, the matter of the love triangle involving Meng Hao, Wang Tengfei, and Chu Yuyan.

“Not good! These two used to be rivals in love!!”

“Dammit, we happened to run into both of these guys, and then heard some things we weren’t supposed to....” The two cultivators’ faces fell, and they backed up nervously. Seeing that Meng Hao wasn’t paying attention to them, they fled at top speed, cursing the fact that they couldn’t sprout wings.

“Come on, kill me! KILL ME!” raged Wang Tengfei, his eyes bloodshot. He even began to approach Meng Hao, until he was right in front of him.

“Didn’t you want to kill me back in the Reliance Sect, Meng Hao? I remember your fingernails sticking into the flesh of your palms, and the blood dripping down. Back then you were an ant, and I was Chosen!

“Now look at me! I bet you’re happy, aren’t you. Very happy, right? Come on, kill me!!

“I’ve lived enough already. My clan is gone, my clan members are gone, my family is gone. My older brother gave his life for me, but what’s the point? At least dying at your hand will release me from my worldly cares!

“Why haven’t you made a move yet? Kill me!!”

A complicated expression could be seen on Meng Hao’s face as he looked back at Wang Tengfei. He had long since learned of what had happened to the Wang Clan. As for everything from the past, it was nothing more than that, the past.

“I’m a Wang Clan Chosen. When I was a child, a drop of blood from a Flying Rain-Dragon fell from the skies. I followed my instincts and intuition, and after paying a huge price, finally found the Reliance Sect!

“The Flying Rain-Dragon legacy belongs to me!! But you took it away! You took away my legacy! And you took away my Inner Sect qualifications in the Reliance Sect too! You destroyed any chance I had of getting the Sublime Spirit Scripture!

“Then you even took my fiancé away from me! Chu Yuyan was MY fiancé! But she dissolved our engagement... all because of YOU!

“Do I owe you a debt from my previous life or something, Meng Hao? Why? Over and over again, you took away EVERYTHING!!” As Wang Tengfei screamed and yelled, tears began to stream down his face.

“Now you have everything that belongs to me. I should be the number one person in the Southern Domain. I should be on top. And you... you should be like I am now!

“Everything you have... was taken from me! And now, here you stand in front of me, the winner again. You’re gonna save me?! You’re not saving me. I don’t need your pity or compassion, I just need you to kill me!!

“Don’t give me that look, Meng Hao,” he said, tears streaming down his cheeks. “I’m Wang Tengfei!” After the destruction of the Wang Clan, Wang Tengfei had been the subject of endless ridicule. It was a pain that he could handle. There was only one thing in the world that he couldn’t abide. A single person.

Meng Hao!

He would rather die than see pity and perplexity in Meng Hao’s eyes. He was Wang Tengfei! If he had to die, fine, but he would die with pride!

Meng Hao sighed, then shook his head. When he recalled everything that had happened between him and Wang Tengfei, he knew that he had acted a bit impulsively.

He had been young and hot-headed, and now that he looked back, he realized that... many of the things he had done were a bit excessive. For example, the matter with Chu Yuyan.... Perhaps... if he hadn’t deliberately sabotaged Wang Tengfei and Chu Yuyan, the two of them would still be together today, happy and content.

At least they would be better off than they were now.

Meng Hao didn’t say anything. He produced a jade slip and imprinted it with some divine sense, then tossed it over to float in front of Wang Tengfei.

“Take this,” he said softly. “If you get into grave danger, it can save your life a single time. You and I... are old friends. I truly hope... that you can find your way.” With that, he turned to leave.

Wang Tengfei stared in shock at the jade slip hovering in front of him. Then he lifted his head up and began to laugh madly as more tears poured down his face. He didn’t want goodwill from Meng Hao. He didn’t want to be weak in front of the person he had once hated more than anyone in the world. After the destruction of the Wang Clan, he had experienced many things, and had come to experience the hypocrisy of the world.

Former good friends kicked him when he was down. Past companions avoided him as if he were a poisonous vermin. Such pain was something he could accept. If past enemies tried to kill him, at least he could self-detonate and end in common ruin with them.

How could he ever have imagined that the person he hated the most... would be the only person to treat him kindly after his fall from the top?

He didn't want to accept it, and could not accept it. His hysteria was a way to vent. His tears were an expression of sorrow.

He waved his hand, sending the jade slip clattering to the ground.

"I'm Wang Tengfei! I don't need your sympathy!!"

Meng Hao stopped and looked back, then sighed again. He was just about to leave when suddenly, he heard a long cry coming from within the nearby forest.

The cry caused colors to flash through the sky, and sent the clouds churning. A figure emerged from the trees who emanated an aura that exceeded the peak of Dao Seeking.

"Hahaha! Immortal Ascension, Immortal Ascension.... Hahaha! I will become Immortal!" It was a deranged old man with unkempt hair, tattered clothing, and filthy skin.

Meng Hao's pupils constricted, and killing intent flickered in his eyes. His second true self suddenly materialized next to him, and took a step forward.

The deranged old man look very different from before, but Meng Hao could still tell that he was... the 10th Wang Clan Patriarch!

Meng Hao had previously made some inquiries about the 10th Wang Clan Patriarch. He knew that the Patriarch, in his madness, had destroyed the Wang Clan, then gone completely insane. However, this was the first time he had personally encountered him in the Southern Domain.

"Patriarch!!" cried Wang Tengfei.

“10th Wang Clan Patriarch!” growled Meng Hao grimly. He raised his hand and pointed a finger, causing his second true self to shoot through the air toward the 10th Wang Clan Patriarch.

Rumbling explosions filled the air as the two of them instantly began to fight. As for the 10th Wang Clan Patriarch, Immortal qi swirled around him. His hair was completely disheveled, and his aged face was filled with a confused expression.

“Immortal Ascension. I will become Immortal....” Laughing foolishly, he waved his hand, causing the air to distort. Powerful cultivation base ripples spread out as he battled with Meng Hao’s second true self.

Meng Hao gave a cold snort and flew out. He had a Dao Seeking fleshly body, as well as the Lightning Cauldron, which he produced as he closed in on the 10th Wang Clan Patriarch.

Booms echoed out as Meng Hao and his second true self fought back and forth with the 10th Wang Clan Patriarch. The wind screamed, and the land quaked.

“Sever!” Meng Hao’s second true self let out a cry and sent the Wooden Time Sword slashing out. Tens of thousands of years of Time power swept out like a great river. However, the 10th Wang Clan Patriarch was no ordinary peak Dao Seeking cultivator. He had Immortal qi, and an Immortal aura which he sent out to resist the Time power. A boom echoed out, and the second true self fell back. The 10th Wang Clan Patriarch’s face went pale, and all of a sudden, the confusion in his eyes began to be replaced with clarity.

“Meng... Hao....” he said, staring fixedly at Meng Hao. His voice was hoarse, and he spoke haltingly as he regained his senses.

“Patriarch!!” shouted Wang Tengfei urgently, flying toward the 10th Patriarch.

“Teng... Fei....” said the 10th Patriarch, looking over at Wang Tengfei. Suddenly, his expression was one of extreme pain. He lifted his hands up to clutch at his head, and then let out a miserable shriek. “Don’t come near me!

“The Wang Clan.... I’m guilty, guilty.... I killed everyone in the Wang Clan. I killed everyone.... All to become Immortal. All for Immortal Ascension. Was it worth it...? WAS IT WORTH IT?!?!” The 10th Wang Clan Patriarch lifted his head and let out a mad howl, and his face was distorted by intense bitterness.

Meng Hao's eyes flashed as he stood off to the side with his second true self. They did not attack, but simply looked on, eyes flickering with killing intent.

"I'm guilty... I was the one who personally slaughtered all of my fellow clan members..." The 10th Wang Clan patriarch howled, and tears streamed down his face. He felt as if his heart were being crushed. He felt regret, helplessness, and insanity swirling around inside his head. The faces of the clan members he had personally killed began to appear around him, and he trembled. His face was awash with indescribable agony.

He suddenly turned to look at Meng Hao, head in hands and his eyes bright red. "You. It was all because of you!"

Every so often, the 10th Wang Clan Patriarch would regain clarity. Whenever that happened, it was a time of unspeakable guilt and pain. His heart would fill with horror and regret, and the madness that arose from knowing that his hands were stained red with the blood of his fellow clan members, made him want to die.

But his cultivation base had reached the point that dying... was not easy.

He made to charge Meng Hao, but Meng Hao dodged to the side, his eyes flickering with coldness. He did not attack, and yet the enmity in his eyes grew deeper. A cold smile appeared on his face.

"Want to die?" he asked. "It won't be that easy! How could I let you die? Death squares all accounts, so letting you die would simply be releasing you from your pain and bitterness. I think I'd rather just let you continue living in your madness. Every so often you will wake up and be wracked with guilt and pain! That is the vengeance you deserve!"

The hatred in Meng Hao's eyes burned. He detested the 10th Wang Clan Patriarch. If it weren't for him, Xu Qing would not be in her current situation. He would not have faced so many deadly crises. In fact, considering what had happened in the Rebirth Cave, he truly had died already.

Such enmity was not something that a mere death could wipe away. To force the Wang Clan Patriarch to live a life of suffering... that was true vengeance!

Meng Hao laughed coldly as he backed up. However, it was at this point that the 10th Wang Clan Patriarch's face once again began to fill with a blank look. He began to smile foolishly, as if amnesia was beginning to wash away all the pain.

But Meng Hao couldn't allow him to so easily forget.

He raised his hand and pointed out his finger.

The Seventh Demon Sealing Hex. Karmic Hexing!

He didn't fully employ the art. Instead, he just used the Karmic magic to cause the 10th Patriarch to be tormented by Karma even when he was in a state of senselessness. He infused the Karma Threads with the lives of the clan members that had been killed. Now, they would constantly pester him, reminding him of his bloodstained hands. He would now always be plagued by the memories of what he had done.

Rumble!

The 10th Wang Clan Patriarch's Karma Threads were thrown into chaos. His body trembled, and his eyes filled with tears. Although his expression was blank, he let out a roar of madness. Pain stabbed at his heart, and he lost control.

"Immortal Ascension.... D-d-don't get near me! My soul.... Kill.... Kill.... Kill you all.... Little brother, don't get near me.... AGGHHHHH!! Immortal Ascension...."

Chapter 763: The Deepest Love

The 10th Wang Clan Patriarch was already insane, but as of this moment, he had sunk even further into insanity. He was insane, and yet lucid, unable to control his body or his consciousness. The only thing he could do was constantly relive the destruction of the Wang Clan.

As of this moment, he could no longer forget the things which he so wanted to forget.

From the methods Meng Hao used, it was clear how deeply he hated him.

After finishing his work, what Meng Hao acquired was not a feeling of happiness, but rather, deep exhaustion. It was an exhaustion that stemmed from the heart, and it caused him to sigh.

He turned to leave. He wanted to be far away from this place. He had no further desire to see the 10th Wang Clan Patriarch. Exacting further revenge was meaningless. Xu Qing had less than a hundred years to live before she needed to travel to the underworld to be reincarnated.

Meng Hao felt blank. He was just turning to leave when Wang Tengfei, his eyes filled with determination, smiled bitterly and took a deep breath. He suddenly flew directly toward the 10th Wang Clan Patriarch, who hovered in mid-air, his head in his hands, tears streaming down his face.

“Immortal Ascension.... Kill.... Kill....” He was completely immersed in the memories of slaughtering his fellow clan members. His soul seemed to be imprisoned in that particular day, forever doomed to repeat what he had done.

“Patriarch!” cried Wang Tengfei. As soon as he neared, the 10th Wang Clan Patriarch’s eyes gleamed with a fiendish glow.

“Soul.... Soul.... My soul....” he said, staring fixedly at Wang Tengfei. To him, the souls of fellow clan members were an irresistible temptation. He was attracted to them on an instinctual level, as he believed them to be something he needed to mend his own soul.

It was an instinct he had no control over. His body flashed as he shot toward Wang Tengfei, whereupon his hand snaked out to latch onto the top of his head.

Wang Tengfei did nothing to evade him. He allowed the 10th Patriarch to near, allowed his hand to latch onto his own head. There was even a cracking sound as fingers pierced into his skull.

To Wang Tengfei, the intense pain didn’t really matter.

The 10th Wang Clan Patriarch’s eyes glowed with avarice and madness as he prepared to extract Wang Tengfei’s soul and use it to try to mend his own.

Meng Hao’s mind reeled, and he spun around, his eyes flashing. He lifted his right hand, and his second true self immediately shot toward Wang Tengfei.

“Meng Hao!!” Wang Tengfei cried, his face twisted and ashen. His body shook as it began to wither; apparently, all of the essence of his life force was being sucked away as soul nourishment. “This is my choice! This is the whole reason I’ve been searching for the Patriarch!

“Don’t interfere! This is Wang Tengfei’s choice!” His body quivered as his legs were sucked dry. The 10th Wang Clan Patriarch’s eyes gleamed with a strange light, and his right hand tightened.

“My life has no meaning. I’d rather die at the hands of the Patriarch than be killed by some other person. Let my soul help to restore his soul!

“Meng Hao, I don’t need you to come save me. There’s no need! Let me... die in a way that has meaning!

“I think this is the most meaningful thing I’ve ever done in my entire existence. My family, my parents, my big brother, all my clan members... they’ve already given their souls. I’m the only one left... and now... it’s my turn!

“I can’t choose to keep living, Meng Hao, but I can choose how to die.... Just leave me alone, don’t save me. This is a Wang Clan affair, and it has nothing to do with you!” Wang Tengfei trembled as the rest of his body withered up. His life force was pouring into the 10th Patriarch’s soul, causing strands of white mist to rise up from the places where the fingers had pierced him.

An expression of struggle could be seen on the face of the 10th Wang Clan Patriarch. However, the instinct to absorb his fellow clan members did not go away, and he continued to suck away the life force. Wang Tengfei’s body began to fall apart, and vast quantities of white mist rose up out of his head. His soul.

His eyes faded, and he seemed to age. It seemed like he had reached the end of his life. He was no longer the perfect, handsome young man that Meng Hao remembered. He was grotesque, nothing more than skin draped over a skeleton.

“Meng Hao, back then... it was all my fault.... I just realized it too late. It wasn’t until my clan had been exterminated that I realized... how aggravating I must have been to everyone.

“No wonder Yuyan left me.... She was right.... Meng Hao, my hatred for you is mostly just jealousy and envy. Everything I said after you saved me earlier.... Actually, I just didn’t want to admit that after everything changed for me, you were the only person who treated me better than before....

“Meng Hao....” Wang Tengfei looked at Meng Hao, and he seemed reluctant to part with the world. The look in his eye was the same look of wild ambition that had existed before, and the same pride.

“Meng Hao, I... have one last request. Can you... please treat Chu Yuyan well?!?!”

“She’s a good girl, and I don’t deserve her. She might seem detached, but inside, she’s very weak...”

“Meng Hao, since you have my legacy, and since you took my good fortune, well then, you... must definitely... keep on going! Reach the pinnacle! Leave Planet South Heaven and climb to the highest heights....”

“That’s my dream. You... must keep on going!” Wang Tengfei chuckled as he realized that he didn’t actually hate Meng Hao. Along with his laughter, he suddenly seemed to relax. Apparently, he was losing himself in the wonderful times of the past, in the perfect simplicity of the Reliance Sect.

He smiled, and then his head sagged and his life ended....

His soul was completely extracted by the 10th Wang Clan Patriarch, who then placed it into his mouth. More tears streamed down the Patriarch’s face as he violently chomped down on the soul and then swallowed it. Then, he lifted his head up and roared.

“Immortal Ascension.... Immortal Ascension.... Kill. Kill....” Roaring, he barreled off into the distance, weeping and howling miserably.

Meng Hao stood there agape. After it was all over, he closed his eyes for a long time. When he opened them, exhaustion could be seen. After seeing the determination in Wang Tengfei’s eyes, he understood. Even if he and Wang Tengfei hadn’t run into each other this day, once Wang Tengfei found the 10th Wang Clan Patriarch, he would still have done the exact same thing.

Because the blood of the Wang Clan coursed through his veins, the 10th Wang Clan Patriarch would still have pounced on him and instinctively sucked out his soul. Nobody could do anything to change that. As for Meng Hao, all he had done was force a bit of lucidity onto the Patriarch, to ensure that he would eternally regret his actions.

In the end, who was really at fault...?

Was it Meng Hao? He was also a victim. Was it the 10th Wang Clan Patriarch? Perhaps his pain was greater than anyone's.

The Wang Clan members were completely innocent. As for Wang Tengfei, his decision was solemn and stirring.

Who was at fault...? It was an unanswerable question that ran in circles. If blame truly needed to be assigned somewhere, perhaps... greed was the answer.

If the 10th Wang Clan Patriarch had not lusted after Meng Hao's Perfect Dao foundation... then perhaps none of these things would have happened.

"Karma is a cycle with many twists and turns...." murmured Meng Hao. All of a sudden, his understanding of the cause and effect of Karma deepened. However, this understanding had come at a terrible price.

Meng Hao sighed dejectedly, then slowly turned and made his way off into the distance.

Wang Tengfei's final choice was something Meng Hao could never have predicted. As he flew through the air, he suddenly recalled the first time he saw Wang Tengfei back in the Reliance Sect.

He thought about their first battle, and the Flying Rain-Dragon legacy. Then there was the contest to get into the Inner Sect, as well as all the events that played out in the Southern Domain. Everything seemed to have occurred so long ago. Right now, Meng Hao knew... the most profound memory of Wang Tengfei would be the words he had spoken moments before he died, and the expression on his face.

"And that was Wang Tengfei!" he murmured softly.

He finally returned to the Blood Demon Sect, exhausted, immersed in enlightenment regarding Karma, and with hands stained red with blood. The first place he went was Blood Prince Gorge.

He found Xu Qing, and then wrapped his arms around her for a long, long time. He buried his head in her fragrant hair, and said nothing.

Xu Qing seemed to understand. She held him, softly patting his back in comfort.

He felt tired out. First was the emotional tale of Chen Fan, and then the news about his mother. Finally... there was Wang Tengfei and the 10th Wang Clan Patriarch, and his understanding regarding the gravity of Karma.

“Xu Qing, I want to sleep,” he said softly.

“Sleep then,” she replied gently. “I’ll stay here with you...”

He closed his eyes.

Xu Qing held him. She sat down outside the log cabin in Blood Prince Gorge, and he lay across her legs and slept.

She looked down at him, and twirled a strand of his hair around her finger. The expression on her face was one of pity, and deep love.

Meng Hao slept for two days. When he finally opened his eyes, it was night. Up above in the darkness, the canopy of stars twinkled brightly, but they couldn’t come close to matching the beauty of Xu Qing’s eyes. They were neither as warm and resplendent as her gaze, nor as soft and entrancing as her expression.

Meng Hao looked into her eyes, and she looked back.

Suddenly, something seemed to click inside Meng Hao’s head.

“The deepest expression of love is simply to stay with someone....” he murmured. He suddenly understood why Elder Brother Chen Fan chose to stand guard over that boulder instead of leaving to practice cultivation. To Chen Fan, simply staying with his beloved was an expression of love.

Meng Hao also understood why Wang Tengfei chose to die. To him, it was more important to stay with his clan members, and his Patriarch. That... was his expression of love.

It didn't matter if you spoke of love for friends, love for family, or romantic love.... The deepest expression of love was simply to stay with someone.

You stay with me, I'll stay with you.... That was love.

For himself, the fact that Xu Qing chose to stay with him made him realize what the meaning of love really was.

"Xu Qing," he said, looking at her earnestly, "let's... have a bonding ceremony. Let's get married."

A tremor ran through Xu Qing; her eyelashes trembled and her heart began to pound. To any woman, a wedding is one of the most important occasions possible in life. Xu Qing's cheeks flushed, but she didn't avoid Meng Hao's gaze. She looked back at him and then slowly nodded.

Chapter 764: The Wedding Stirs the Southern Domain

Meng Hao's grand wedding!

It only took a few days for news to spread from the Blood Demon Sect throughout all the lands of the Southern Domain. Soon, every cultivator in the Southern Domain was talking about it. Within a period of ten days, the whole continent was in an uproar.

Meng Hao's name was now irrefutably famous and illustrious, like a grandiose rainbow, stretching to the far reaches of the sky.

Blood Prince of the Blood Demon Sect!

Peak Dao Seeking clone!

Formerly known as Grandmaster Pill Cauldron!

Because of his various identities, Meng Hao's grand wedding became the focus of attention of all Southern Domain cultivators. In the past, there had never been a wedding that caused so much of a commotion, and likely, there would never be another like it in the future.

The news was like a gale-force wind that swept across the Southern Domain, causing innumerable minds to tremble. Countless cultivators shook with the desire to be able to personally attend.

In fact... those who did qualify to attend were the subject of intense admiration and envy.

“Did you hear? The Blood Demon Sect’s Blood Prince, Meng Hao, is getting married on the fifteenth of next month!”

“Yeah, of course our sect heard about the grand wedding of his excellency Meng Hao. Our Patriarch even came out of secluded meditation to personally prepare a wedding gift!”

“I bet all the most powerful experts in the entire Southern Domain will be gathering at the Blood Demon Sect.”

“Your news is out of date! My master already found out that his excellency Meng Hao’s grand wedding isn’t going to be at the Blood Demon Sect. It’s going to be on the border of the Southern Domain, at some big lake!”

Meng Hao’s wedding was the news everyone was discussing. All the various sects and clans sprang into motion to prepare valuable and remarkable gifts for the wedding.

The wedding date was the fifteenth of the following month, and the location, a lake on the border of the Southern Domain, was unique enough that people quickly began to analyze its significance.

“That’s... where the State of Zhao used to be!”

“A few hundred years ago, the State of Zhao mysteriously disappeared. The only thing left behind was a huge hole in the ground. As time passed, it filled up with water and turned into a lake....”

“That’s right. The exalted Meng Hao and his beloved, Xu Qing, are both from the State of Zhao. How fitting for the bonding ceremony to be held there!”

Even as the discussion raged, the tens of thousands of Blood Demon Sect disciples excitedly left the Blood Demon Sect and happily headed toward the location of the bonding ceremony, that enormous lake.

After arriving, they would immediately get to work constructing the necessary buildings and decorate the entire region, turning it into something grand and palatial!

Meng Hao's wedding was a major event for the Southern Domain, and even more important as far as the Blood Demon Sect was concerned. After the determination Meng Hao had shown by putting his life on the line in the war with the four allied powers, all the disciples of the Blood Demon Sect burned with fanatical devotion for him.

Therefore, the Blood Demon Sect disciples, down to the last one, were determined to ensure that not the slightest negligence be shown in the preparations.

Meng Hao was aware that it was impossible to keep his marriage to Xu Qing a secret. It was the most important event in their lives, and they would become bonded cultivators. It was necessary to inform the Southern Domain. As for the people who attended the ceremony that day, all of them would be distinguished guests.

Thus, Blood Demon Sect disciples sent out invitation cards to the various sects and clans. Any sect or clan who received one would be filled with excitement and incredible pride.

However, there were some locations that deserved exceptional treatment. Meng Hao took Xu Qing there personally to deliver invitations.

The first stop was the Violet Fate Sect. The Violet Fate Sect's peak Dao Seeking Patriarch, Sun Tao, happily appeared to accept the invitation.

After a polite exchange, Meng Hao glanced in the direction of the main peak of the East Pill Division. He and Xu Qing both clasped hands and bowed deeply toward Grandmaster Pill Demon's secluded meditation location.

Almost at the same moment that Meng Hao bowed, an ancient voice rang out in joyous laughter from the mountain.

"Hao'er, master will emerge on the day of your wedding. I will be the official witness!"

Meng Hao trembled and raised his head to look in the direction of the main mountain peak. Next to him, Xu Qing smiled shyly and bowed her head.

“Many thanks, master!” Meng Hao said softly.

When he and Xu Qing left, something happened that Meng Hao didn't notice, although Xu Qing did. On one of the mountain peaks in the East Pill Division stood a woman. She looked sad as she stared silently at Meng Hao and Xu Qing.

It was Chu Yuyan.

Her body shivered slightly in the stiff mountain breeze that fluttered her garments. She looked like a goddess, but in that moment, her heart felt as if it were sinking into a pit of ice. She felt coldness engulfing her, and pain stabbed through her.

She stood there bitterly, and tears streamed down her face.

Meng Hao didn't see those tears, but Xu Qing did.

Xu Qing held her tongue as she turned and left with Meng Hao.

On another mountain stood Hanxue Shan. She wasn't happy either, and she kicked a rock that lay in front of her. The man who stood next to her, Ye Feimu, was even less happy than she was. He glanced over at Hanxue Shan, a complex expression in his eyes. He said nothing as he remained standing at her side.

Meng Hao and Xu Qing also paid a personal visit to the Song Clan. Because of the matter of the Song Clan Patriarch giving him the jade slip, Meng Hao knew that he owed the Song Clan a favor.

Patriarch Song would never say anything about it, of course, but the matter was extremely important to Meng Hao.

Patriarch Song laughed heartily as he accepted the invitation. Then, he looked at Meng Hao and Xu Qing with a long sigh. After Meng Hao and Xu Qing flew off into the distance, a certain woman inside the Song Clan cut a lonely figure as she stood there, by herself. She sighed, but in her heart, she truly wished for Meng Hao and Xu Qing to find happiness.

That woman was Song Jia.

The next stop was the Solitary Sword Sect. As soon as they entered, the Solitary Sword Sect disciples bowed with extreme respect. They clustered around Meng Hao almost as if he were a Patriarch as they escorted him into the sect.

Chen Fan was still sitting cross-legged next to the boulder, meditating. When he opened his eyes and saw Meng Hao and Xu Qing, he smiled happily.

“Congratulations, Junior Brother. Finally you’ll get to hold a beautiful woman in your arms. You know, I could tell way back in the Reliance Sect that you had some feelings for Junior Sister Xu.

“At long last, you two are getting married. Well, I think you’re a match made in heaven!

“It’s too bad we can’t find Grand Elder Ouyang and Sect Leader He. Although, if they’re still in the Southern Domain, they’ll surely hear about the wedding.”

Chen Fan was very happy to see Meng Hao and Xu Qing, and he laughed more that day than he had in decades.

They visited with Chen Fan for a whole day. Before leaving, Meng Hao and Xu Qing clasped hands and bowed to the boulder which contained Shan Ling, the wife of their brother Chen Fan. In response, the boulder glowed faintly, as if it were wishing blessings upon them.

Finally, Meng Hao and Xu Qing went to the Golden Frost Sect. Fatty was ecstatic. Not only did he wink salaciously at Meng Hao, he had all of his more than one hundred beloved companions come out in quite a flaunting display.

The more than one hundred women extended greetings in tittering, melodic whispers. Meng Hao had a strange expression on his face, and although Xu Qing appeared to be smiling, she looked at Fatty with a gaze that showed that she was not amused.

Fatty didn’t notice, and proceeded to regally instruct Meng Hao to be more like himself and collect a few more beloved concubines....

“Li Fugui,” Xu Qing interrupted coolly, “don’t forget that it was me who brought you to the Reliance Sect that year.”

Fatty was taken aback. Then he saw Meng Hao’s awkward smile, suddenly shivered in realization, and then quickly changed the topic of conversation.

They stayed at the Golden Frost Sect for a night, and then left.

They didn’t return to the Blood Demon Sect or the lake. Meng Hao took Xu Qing to travel through the Southern Domain like mortals. They didn’t fly, they walked, through mountains and past rivers. During the days they strolled along together, and at night they slept in each other’s arms. They walked through deep mountain ranges and across vast plains, gracing them with the traces of their passage.

Occasionally they would encounter people, all of whom would immediately clasp hands in greeting. Soon, word began to spread through the Southern Domain of the Beatific Sweethearts.

During that month, they traveled to many places. Xu Qing laughed happily as she accompanied Meng Hao. Meng Hao stopped worrying about cultivation and the future. He focused on relaxing and enjoying Xu Qing’s company.

When the month was up, and their traveling finished, they proceeded toward the enormous lake that occupied the spot where the State of Zhao used to be.

The land there had undergone a complete transformation, and now looked like a celestial paradise. In the center of the lake, upon the rippling water, sat an island with jade buildings which had been ringed with ornamental statues and carvings. It was not excessively opulent, but held a great deal of charm.

That was where they settled down to wait for the half month until... the day of the wedding!

The sound of laughter rang out as tens of thousands of Blood Demon Sect disciples bustled about in the area surrounding the lake, using magical techniques to completely change the entire area. Occasionally, the disciples would look over their shoulders toward an island in the middle of the lake, and their faces would fill with fanaticism and benediction.

Soon, Southern Domain cultivators began to show up and gather in the area as they awaited the big day.

Meanwhile, in the central region of the Southern Domain, in a very ordinary town, was a street food stall that sold noodles. Two old men would set up the shop in this particular location around this time every year. Their noodles were quite famous in the area.

One of the old men had a stooped back, white hair, and a kindly expression. The other looked to be a bit younger, but still had quite a few gray hairs on his head. When he was younger, he had obviously been quite handsome.

The two men would often lounge together and watch the sunset while smoking from long-stemmed pipes. They usually sat together in silence and didn't chat much.

Day after day, year after year, that was how they spent their time. When they moved to this place, they were middle-aged, but as time went by, they had become old.

On one particular evening, when the evening was being replaced by night and the twinkle of lamplight began to spread throughout the town, the stooped old man suddenly put his pipe down.

"Should we go?" he asked, his voice hoarse.

The other old man next to him also put down his pipe.

"You were the one who took a liking to him all those years ago. You paid quite a heavy price for the kid without a word of complaint. Now he's famous. Probably couldn't be any more famous, actually. When the wedding day comes... maybe I could decide not to attend, but you... could you really stay away?"

The stooped old man laughed and then stood up. "Alright, it's settled. We're going. I could tell as soon as I looked at that pup that he had potential!"

"Well, fine," said the other man. "Neither of us have much longevity left. Let's go see all the kids, then we will have accomplished everything and can die content."

The two old men exchanged a glance, then disappeared laughing off into the night.

These two were none other than Grand Elder Ouyang and He Luohua from the Reliance Sect. All those years ago, Grand Elder Ouyang had already been running low on longevity; the fact that he was still alive now indicated that he had run into some sort of good fortune since then.

Similar scenes played out in the Black Lands.

Meng Hao's grand wedding had sent all the lands astir.

Chapter 765: Seventh Year Tribulation!

The great tribes in the Black Lands were also focusing on the Southern Domain right now. The matter of the four allied powers besieging the Blood Demon Sect, and the following events in which the Blood Demon Sect unified the Southern Domain, were all well-known.

When Meng Hao's name rose to prominence, the Golden Crow Clan in the Black Lands was especially excited. When news arrived of Meng Hao's grand marriage, the Clan Chief personally led quite a few clan members out of the Black Lands to attend the ceremony and offer wedding gifts.

The other great tribes also did the same.

Last but not least, the Church of the Golden Light called out their signature catchphrase as they ran toward the Southern Domain, surrounded by a swirling fog.

Meanwhile, in the Eastern Lands, in the Fang Clan ancestral mansion, was a tall tower. It looked very similar to a Tower of Tang, although it was roughly thirty meters taller.

It was thirty meters taller than each and every one of the other Towers of Tang throughout the Southern Domain.

Within the tower stood a man and a woman who were in the middle of a fierce argument. Tears streamed down the woman's face as she looked off in the direction... of the Southern Domain, and Meng Hao.

“We left him before his seventh birthday.... He faced grave danger so many times in the Southern Domain, and we didn’t help him. We didn’t even dare to get near him.... I shouldn’t have gone to see him at the Song Clan, but... he’s my son! He’s OUR son!

“His Dao foundation was stolen in the Milky Way Sea, and I knew we couldn’t go help him, but that didn’t do anything to alleviate the stabbing pain in my heart. Then Xu Qing gave up so much for him in the Rebirth Cave. I saw everything that happened. Everything! I like that girl....

“Now, he’s getting married, and I’M GOING!” The woman looked over at the man, her eyes flashing with determination.

The man was trembling, and sadness filled his eyes. His heart also felt stabs of pain. However, there was nothing he could do other than endure them, and place all of his hopes on what would happen in the future.

“Just wait a little bit longer, Lili

the man murmured. He trembled, and gripped the column next to him until his knuckles turned white. “Can’t you just wait a bit longer...? We suffered untold hardships to bring him here and give him a chance to live. Once he reaches Dao Seeking, then the danger will be past. Dao Seeking, that’s all.

“Just a little more waiting. The day he enters Dao Seeking, we’ll go together. We’ll explain everything, together!” Deep love could be seen in the man’s eyes as he looked off into the distance.

“We can’t make any mistakes,” he continued. “If we fail this time... Lili, the fourth life, the Seventh Year Tribulation. Can you really bear such pain again?”

“I’m his father, and he is our child. It was for him that both of us swore Dao oaths to guard the door of South Heaven for 100,000 years, and not step foot out of South Heaven for that entire time. All of that was for this one chance. Just keep waiting....” The man closed his eyes. For his son, he would gladly sacrifice his life, his everything.

“Seventh Year Tribulation....” More tears streamed down the woman’s face as she recalled the bitter memories of the past. “But so many years have already passed....”

“Spirit Severing stabilizes the soul, and Dao Seeking lays the blood to rest,” the man murmured, and it was hard to tell whether he was talking to the woman, or to himself. “Every day before Dao

Seeking is another day that the Seventh Year Tribulation... remains unneutralized. His body is already at Dao Seeking, all that remains is his cultivation base.... Soon. The day will come... soon.”

The wedding day approached. When the bonding ceremony was only five days away, more than a million cultivators had already amassed in the Northern Reaches, adjacent to the Milky Way Sea.

Vicious beasts, wicked spirits, powerful experts.... It all transformed into something like a cyclone that could sweep across everything in astonishing fashion.

Dao Seeking Patriarchs from various clans, tribes, and sects flew up into the air, eleven astonishing figures who then stared out at the Milky Way Sea, toward the Southern Domain which lay beyond the horizon.

“The chance for Immortality lies in the Southern Domain!”

“The Southern Domain has just faced incredible misfortune. They are at their weakest now, and could never imagine that our army would appear now!”

“This is an incredibly rare opportunity!”

“In this war, we will exterminate their Dao Seeking experts, slaughter their Spirit Severing cultivators, eradicate all of their Nascent Soul disciples! As for Core Formation, they don’t really matter.”

“Shatter their foundation, cut off their chance for Immortality, and then we can occupy the Southern Domain! We can gain enlightenment about Immortal destiny, and we can become Immortals!”

“In this war, we, the allied forces of the Northern Reaches, with the help of the Resurrection Lily, will definitely seize control of everything!”

“Strike fast and hard! Don’t give the Eastern Lands a chance to interfere!”

These eleven Dao Seeking experts were all adorned in different attire. Some were covered in tattoos. Others were festooned in bone accouterments that emanated black light. Some wore Daoist robes. However, all of them possessed incredible power.

They hovered in midair looking out at the Milky Way Sea. Suddenly, an incredible roaring filled the air. There was no wind, but massive waves still rolled out across the sea.

The Milky Way Sea's Fourth Ring, Third Ring, Second Ring, all of the areas in the entire sea outside of the Inner Ring, were covered with huge waves. The disciples of the three great sects in the Third Ring were completely astonished.

The cultivators who lived on the various islands in the sea could hear the roaring, and were shocked.

This was not the ordinary roar of the sea, but rather, was filled with a monstrous, murderous air. The water surged up, as if some colossal creature was attempting to rise up from the depths of the sea!

As everyone looked around in astonishment, deep in the dark recesses of the Second Ring, a gargantuan Resurrection Lily was writhing like mad. This... was the source of the roaring that filled the Milky Way Sea.

Rumbling echoed out constantly as the gigantic Resurrection Lily suddenly began to grow, almost without limit. It only took the space of ten or so breaths of time for massive tentacles, each thirty meters thick, to rise up from within the Second Ring. Seawater poured off of them as they shot up over the sea.

The tentacles emitted a shocking aura as they sped through the air. At the same time, countless smaller tentacles spread out along the seafloor. When they reached the waters of the Third Ring, they too shot up into the air.

More tentacles spread out, piercing into the Stormwind Divide that separated the Third and Fourth Rings.

If you could stand in a position high up in the sky where the entire Milky Way Sea was visible, you would be able to see that more than 100,000 tentacles were spreading out. It appeared as if... a fearsome presence lurked beneath the waters.

Of course, it was none other than the Resurrection Lily!

The Resurrection Lily grew rapidly, growing larger until finally, to the astonishment of all the cultivators, it rose up completely from the water. The tentacles merged, braiding together.

They formed... a bridge!

It was a bridge, one side of which was formed from fifty thousand tentacles, more than 1,500 kilometers across. Shockingly, this part of the bridge neared the Southern Domain, but didn't touch it.

The other side of the bridge arced out to connect to the Northern Reaches!

In the very middle of the two sides was a huge Resurrection Lily that was so large you could scarcely see from one side to the other, dripping vast quantities of water as it rose up.

The scene was indescribably shocking and astonishing. A gigantic flower had risen up to form a bridge with its branches and leaves, a bridge that connected two great continents!

The greatest difficulty in waging war between these regions was the problem of transporting the troops. But now, that problem had been solved, and the great war could begin at any time.

Rumbling filled the air as the Resurrection Lily bridge appeared. The more than 1,000,000 Northern Reaches cultivators lifted their heads up and roared. The eleven Dao Seeking experts waved their hands, and the cultivators headed directly toward the Resurrection Lily bridge.

The evil spirits were behind the cultivators, followed by the mountain-like giants, as well as countless wild beasts. All of them charged onto the Resurrection Lily bridge, where they used all the speed they could muster, as well as some of the built-in teleportation features of the bridge, to proceed forward. Soon, the distance between them and the Southern Domain was rapidly reduced.

They would only need a few days to reach the Southern Domain.

The wedding day got closer.

The big lake that used to be the State of Zhao was now decorated with lanterns and brightly colored decorations. Tables were set up all around, and Blood Demon Sect disciples circulated to entertain the guests.

The sounds of happy laughter and cheerful voices permeated the air.

Chen Fan arrived, as did Fatty, along with one after another of Meng Hao's friends from the Violet Fate Sect, who had all rushed to the location as fast as possible. Xu Qing's smile grew more and more beautiful. When she looked at Meng Hao, the warm look in her eyes seemed like it could thaw even the coldest ice.

Meng Hao was also smiling, although sometimes he seemed to be at his wits' end, not quite sure what to do or where to go. Thankfully, the Blood Demon Sect's Spirit Severing Patriarchs were familiar with weddings, and they did their best to manage affairs properly. There was also Fatty, who had already been formally united with more than a hundred beloved concubines. With all of their advice and help, Meng Hao was kept quite busy with all the formalities.

In the end, Chu Yuyan eventually came. She arrived with a smile that seemed sincerely congratulatory. However, deep in her heart she felt frustration and disappointment. When Meng Hao ran into her, he opened his mouth to say something, but in the end all he could do... was sigh.

Xu Qing pulled Chu Yuyan off to the side, where they began to confer quietly.

Hanxue Shan and Song Jia also came. Soon all the women, along with Fatty's beloved concubines, made their way to the island in the center of the lake, after which the twitter of their voices could often be heard floating out from within.

A few days later, the big day arrived, and wedding bells tolled cheerfully.

Starting at dawn, countless honored guests flowed in from sects and clans all over the Southern Domain. Soon it became apparent that there weren't enough banquet tables, even though they had prepared more than 100,000. There was standing room only, and everyone was packed tightly together as far as the eye could see. There were even cultivators hovering in the air far off in the distance. Even if they couldn't have a seat, they still wanted to watch the bonding ceremony and cheer in congratulations.

Spirit Severing cultivators and Dao Seeking experts were all present! As the wedding bells rang out, a violet streak appeared in the air. It was an old man in a violet robe, ancient and dignified. However, a kind smile covered his face, and the aroma of medicinal pills wafted around him. As soon as Meng Hao caught sight of him, a tremor ran through his body, and he flew up into the air. In front of all the other cultivators present, he clasped hands and bowed deeply.

“Greetings, master!”

The old man was none other than Pill Demon. He looked at Meng Hao contentedly, and with love. Laughing, he helped Meng Hao to straighten up.

“Today is your grand wedding, and I’m here to bear official witness.”

Chapter 766: Grand Wedding!

The Church of the Golden Light arrived!

The disciples approached the wedding site in formation, surrounded by billowing fog.

The Golden Crow Tribe arrived!

All sects and clans dispatched members to attend, to bear witness to the first grand wedding ceremony to occur in the Southern Domain in many years.

It was unprecedented and unrepeatable.

The wedding guests surrounded the huge lake. Hundreds of thousands of cultivators had arrived, perhaps nearing eighty percent of the population of the Southern Domain.

It was impossible to take them all in with a single glance. Everywhere you looked was densely packed with people, and based on the mass of wedding gifts that had been delivered, it was possible to see the incredible wealth of the Southern Domain.

Grandmaster Ouyang and He Luohua arrived. They stood in the crowds, unable to get very close. However, from afar, they could see Meng Hao and Xu Qing, as well as Fatty and Chen Fan. The two old men’s faces broke out with benevolent smiles.

They were happy, and also proud of themselves. They knew that these Chosen of the Southern Domain were all former members of the Reliance Sect!

Tribes of the Western Desert also came, most of whom Meng Hao was familiar with, or the other way around. Even though there were hundreds of thousands of people present, there was no chaos. Fatty and the Blood Demon Sect disciples kept everything orderly and yet also colorful and dramatic.

The atmosphere was cheerful and happy; the sound of laughter and chatting filled the air.

The powerful experts had gathered. This wedding was definitely one of the grandest and most important events to ever occur in the history of the Southern Domain.

When she made her appearance, Xu Qing was incredibly beautiful. She wore a red wedding gown, and Meng Hao stood next to her. All the onlookers began to cheer and call out blessings and well wishes.

“Congratulations to the exalted Meng Hao and goddess Xu Qing on their marriage!”

“Congratulations! May you live to a ripe old age in conjugal bliss and love each other for all time!”

“Congratulations....”

The sound rolled out like waves in all directions. Meng Hao’s heart was pounding; even he couldn’t stop himself from getting nervous. He also wore a long red robe, and his handsome features were filled with happiness.

He held Xu Qing’s hand as they floated there in midair, the center of all attention.

Meng Hao took a deep breath and squeezed Xu Qing’s hand. “Ladies and Gentlemen. Fellow Daoists. Many thanks to you for coming to witness my and Qing’er’s bonding ceremony.”

With that, Meng Hao and Xu Qing clasped hands to the crowds.

Xu Qing’s face was flushed, and her heart thumped rapidly. At a time like this, any woman would feel the same. Moments like these are when women are the most beautiful, the most nervous, and the most excited.

The entire Southern Domain had come to bear witness to Meng Hao and Xu Qing's entrance into a binding agreement for life.

Rumble!

An incredibly loud sound filled the air as ten Spirit Severing experts suddenly flew up into the air. They unleashed spectacular divine abilities that, from a distance, transformed into ten beautiful balls of flame.

The color of the sky instantly changed, and all the cultivators down below stared up in awe at the beautiful sight.

The cultivation bases of the ten Spirit Severing experts exploded out as they caused the brilliant, colorful divine abilities to surge with power. Boundless light shone out, making it seem like there were ten suns up in the sky.

As the rumbling echoed out seemingly without end, the ten Spirit Severing experts continued to fuel the divine abilities, causing ripples of magic to constantly flow out above the crowds.

Immediately, a buzz of conversation rose from the crowd as they watched the spectacle, their hearts trembling.

"Heavens! He really does deserve to be the Blood Prince of the Blood Demon Sect. Despite their status, ten Spirit Severing experts are willing to put on a performance by summoning fireballs!"

"In all the Southern Domain, only Meng Hao could pull something like this off!"

"When the day of my bonding ceremony comes... if I could get some Core Formation cultivators to do something similar, that would probably be the most incredible thing in my entire life!"

Anyone who was watching closely was able to see that this was just the beginning.

The divine abilities of the ten Spirit Severing experts suddenly changed. Shockingly, the fireballs began to connect together to form a long dragon and a colorful phoenix.

The dragon and the phoenix were auspicious symbols that could bring prosperity and good fortune. They swirled through the sky in astonishing fashion, looking extremely lifelike.

Next, a thousand Nascent Soul cultivators flew up, stabilized themselves in midair, then closed their eyes and summoned their life force fire to create a thousand flickering candles.

Candlelight illuminated Heaven and Earth, creating a resplendent and indescribably beautiful atmosphere.

The display still wasn't over. After the appearance of the thousand Nascent Soul cultivators, ten thousand Core Formation cultivators flew out. They circled about in mid-air, unleashing magical techniques that seemed to create the outline of a staircase that stretched up into the sky.

The staircase glittered like a magical treasure, and was completely astonishing. The glittering light from the candles made it seem like even the Heavens were participating in the wedding ceremony. The dragon and the phoenix crisscrossed through the air, occasionally letting out piercing cries. The atmosphere at the wedding ceremony seemed to have reached a pinnacle.

Just when many people assumed that the pomp was over, two colorful beams of light shot into the air. They were two old men who, although they had blank expressions on their faces, immediately caught the attention of the crowds.

They were... the Golden Frost Sect Patriarch and the 3rd Li Clan Patriarch!

They were the peak Dao Seeking left and right Dharma Protectors of the Blood Demon Sect. As soon as they appeared in midair, they performed incantation gestures and then flicked their sleeves. Immediately, at the top of the seemingly never-ending staircase that rose up into the sky, the air began to twist and distort as it turned into an Immortal's temple palace.

The Immortal's temple palace was enormous and dignified. Every tile that decorated its surface glowed like a magical treasure. This was an illusion summoned by the power of two peak Dao Seeking eccentrics' cultivation bases.

If that were all there was to it, it might not have been a huge deal. However, in the instant that the temple palace appeared, a rainbow descended from up above the palace, causing its beauty to increase exponentially.

It was then that cranes appeared, as well as innumerable other auspicious creatures. They flew gracefully through the air, calling out blessings. The entire scene was almost like a dream.

Down below, the cultivators gasped. This was the first time a display like this, a show of such extravagance, had been witnessed in the Southern Domain.

It was at this point that Patriarch Song laughed, and then said, “Young friend Meng Hao, please allow me to add a bit of cheer to your grand wedding!”

He lifted his arm and pointed up into the sky, immediately causing energy to surge out.

Up above, a brilliant glow shot out in all directions. Countless motes of light appeared, each of which transformed into the image of an Immortal goddess. In the blink of an eye, they appeared on the temple palace, on the rainbow, on the staircase, above the candle flames. In unison, they clasped hands and bowed deeply to Meng Hao and Xu Qing.

They acted like bridesmaids, and at that moment, the illusion up in the sky became even more realistic. That was because in each of the Immortal goddesses’ hands could be seen a spirit fruit. All of the spirit fruits... were real!

This was the wedding gift of the Song Clan.

In the group from the Violet Fate Sect, peak Dao Seeking expert Sun Tao chuckled. All of a sudden, his voice rang out.

“Young Lord, allow me to add some cheer to your grand wedding as well!” With that, he spit out a mouthful of qi, which shockingly transformed into a gigantic pill furnace that came to rest outside the temple palace. Wisps of medicinal smoke began to rise up out of the furnace, swirling around the area. Within the wisps of medicinal smoke were numerous imperial bodyguards wearing golden armor.

In total, there were 10,000 bodyguards who spread out in the area, emanating shocking energy. All of them turned toward Meng Hao, stabbed their swords down in front of them, and then dropped to their knees to kowtow.

The cultivators down below were almost in a frenzy.

Four peak Dao Seeking experts had lent their hands to the affair, along with the magical images of the ten Spirit Severing experts, the burning candles of a thousand Nascent Soul cultivators, and the treasure-like staircase of ten thousand Core Formation disciples. It was a scene that thoroughly astonished all of the cultivators down below.

“This is unheard-of! Completely unheard-of!”

“Immortal goddesses as bridesmaids, Immortal soldiers as groomsmen, an Immortal’s palace as the temple, a rainbow to add blessings, an auspicious dragon and phoenix summoned by Spirit Severing cultivators, wedding candles provided by Nascent Soul cultivators. Everything provided by cultivators....”

“I’ll never forget this bonding ceremony even after I die!”

“How incredible to be able to see something like this!”

Everyone was in a huge stir!

A kind smile appeared on Pill Demon’s face as he stood next to the Immortal’s palace, looking down at Meng Hao and Xu Qing.

“Let the ceremonies begin! There is no need to be concerned too much with trifles. However, you must still climb the treasured staircase, pass the burning candles, and ascend to the Immortal’s palace.”

Meng Hao took a deep breath and squeezed Xu Qing’s hand. It was trembling, and a bit sweaty. They exchanged a glance, and could see both nervousness and warmth in each other’s eyes.

They smiled, and then flew forward to the staircase. The Immortal goddesses bowed as they passed, and the Immortal soldiers kowtowed. They ascended the stairs, passed the candles and the circulating dragon and phoenix. Finally... they stepped onto the rainbow. The cranes and auspicious beasts clustered around them as they stood in front of the Immortal’s palace temple.

They turned, and from their vantage point they could look out to see the Milky Way Sea, and look down to see the hundreds of thousands of cultivators down below, all of whom were cheering and shouting. The sound of it echoed out in all directions, shaking Heaven and Earth.

The sound of it even managed to make its way all the way to... the Milky Way Sea!

By this point, the bonding ceremony could be considered half finished. The next part was the most critical part, the part where Pill Demon would begin to officiate!

Pill Demon looked at Meng Hao and Xu Qing, and then his voice boomed out, "It is my pleasure to announce..."

Down below, the crowds cheered wildly.

However, before Pill Demon could finish, even as the crowds were cheering, Meng Hao's expression suddenly flickered. A sharp light appeared in his eyes as he looked out at the Milky Way Sea.

Although it appeared to be normal, something had abruptly caused him to shake with fear. It was as if some shocking danger was lurking in the Milky Way sea, as if an enormous gaping mouth full of teeth were approaching.

In the same moment that Meng Hao looked out toward the Milky Way Sea, all of the peak Dao Seeking experts felt similar trembling in their hearts. They, too, looked out toward the sea.

Although everything looked normal, Meng Hao blinked his right eye nine times and circulated the qi of Immortal Shows the Way. His view of the world blurred, and then grew clear. Now, he was able to see two different worlds.

The first world was the normal Milky Way Sea. In the second world... the sea was in a fury, waves surging and roaring. An enormous, shocking bridge formed from a Resurrection Lily could be seen!

On top of the bridge were hundreds of thousands of Northern Reaches cultivators, surging forward with towering murderous intent!

Among the Northern Reaches' cultivators was an enormous stone cauldron, supported on the backs of ten thousand cultivators. The cauldron seemed ancient, and its insides were filled with pitch-black dirt. Shockingly, a single stick of incense could be seen sticking up out of the soil!

The incense stick was small, far smaller than the huge cauldron, and was easy to miss.

However, the feeling it gave off was one of complete terror and evil. Even the peak Dao Seeking experts of the Northern Reaches seemed to fear it.

The forces from the Northern Reaches drew closer and closer. As of this moment... they had almost reached the lands of the Southern Domain!

Chapter 767: The Northern Reaches Invades!

"Northern Reaches!" thought Meng Hao, his pupils constricting.

Currently, the other peak Dao Seeking experts were unable to see what Meng Hao was seeing. Except for... Pill Demon. His eyes began to shine with golden light, and his face fell.

The cheers were still echoing out through the air as all the cultivators down below awaited Pill Demon's words of officiation, and the final moments of the wedding ceremony.

However, Meng Hao and Pill Demon's hearts froze up and, as of this moment, were sinking to the lowest depths!

From the expression on Meng Hao's face, Xu Qing could immediately sense that something was wrong. "What's wrong...?" she asked, nervously gripping his hand.

"The Northern Reaches... are invading us," he said quietly, clasping her hand tightly.

Although none of the cultivators below could hear what he said, the nearby peak Dao Seeking Patriarchs' faces suddenly fell.

"That's..." Pill Demon's eyes went wide as he looked at the enormous, shocking bridge that stretched out over the Milky Way Sea, as well as the enormous cauldron which drew nearer and nearer.

Pill Demon's face flickered. Worried that panic would ensue, he kept his voice low as he said, "Meng Hao, look closely. Do you see that stone cauldron with no decorations, filled with pitch-black soil? Is there... an incense stick... sticking out of the soil?!?!"

Even as Pill Demon spoke, the cheering cultivators down below suddenly grew quiet. Expressions of confusion appeared on their faces, and soon, everyone began to realize that Pill Demon was looking at the Milky Way Sea.

In response to Pill Demon's question, Meng Hao blinked his eye nine more times. Instantly, his view of the Milky Way Sea zoomed in, and he confirmed that there was indeed an incense stick in the black soil that filled the enormous cauldron.

"Yes," he said, nodding his head.

Pill Demon's face went ashen, and his pupils constricted. He immediately flew up into the air, and called out in a loud voice: "Southern Domain cultivators, all of you must immediately unleash the power of your cultivation bases and interfere with the flow of spiritual energy of Heaven and Earth. Create a barrier immediately. HURRY!"

"Patriarch Song, apprentice alchemist and Meng Hao, come with me. Bring Patriarch Golden Frost and the 3rd Li Clan Patriarch!!"

"We must not under any circumstances... allow that stone cauldron to touch the lands of the Southern Domain!" roared Pill Demon as he shot toward the Milky Way Sea. "That is none other than Hellwither Nineruins Incense, refined from the flesh and blood of a true Immortal!! It is the most malicious of curses; if it even touches the land, the curse will spread out to all cultivators born in the Southern Domain! Their fleshly bodies will wither, and their cultivation bases will decline! There is no cure or antidote, and it is impossible to flee, not even by leaving the Southern Domain. Anyone born in the Southern Domain will be cursed!"

Patriarch Song's face fell, and Sun Tao of the Violet Fate Sect had a similar reaction. Without hesitation, they followed along at top speed.

Meng Hao's eyes flashed with killing intent. Today was his grand wedding, the most important day in his life. Xu Qing had less than a hundred years of longevity, and all he wanted was to give her a magnificent wedding. Unfortunately, they had been interrupted halfway through.

The arrival of the Northern Reaches cultivators was completely unforeseen. How could Meng Hao not be enraged?

He looked at Xu Qing, and although her heart was filled with concern, the only thing that could be seen on her face was a gentle expression.

“The wedding ceremony isn’t over yet,” she said softly. “I’ll be waiting here for you.”

Meng Hao nodded, then flew up into the air. His second true self materialized next to him, and Patriarch Golden Frost and the 3rd Li Clan Patriarch emerged from within the Immortal’s palace. In the blink of an eye, they all transformed into beams of light that shot toward the Milky Way Sea.

The Spirit Severing cultivators who had formed the dragon and phoenix immediately appeared. The power of their cultivation bases surged out, causing the air to distort. Down below, the hundreds of thousands of other cultivators, still reeling in shock because of the sudden developments, also unleashed the power of their cultivation bases. It only took a moment for the air to distort, and a violent windstorm to rise up.

Meanwhile, the Northern Reaches cultivators on the Resurrection Lily bridge over the Milky Way Sea realized that they had been discovered. With no further need to conceal their presence, rumbling filled the air, and the appearance of the Milky Way Sea instantly changed!

It no longer looked sunny and calm. Instead, massive waves surged across its surface, as well as numerous corpses. Those corpses were none other than Milky Way Sea cultivators.

Also fully visible was the ferocious-looking Resurrection Lily bridge, as well as the million Northern Reaches cultivators, stretching out in formation like a huge dragon.

“Within a month, the Southern Domain will be destroyed!” a cold and ancient voice rang out. It was an old man within the Northern Reaches forces. He wore animal-hide clothing, and a necklace of bone teeth was strung around his neck. He flew up into the air, followed by three shocking figures.

Of those three people, two were old men and one was a boy.

The two old men looked exactly alike, except that one wore all black clothing and the other wore all white. Astonishingly, their cultivation bases were at the peak of Dao Seeking. As for the boy, he held a Cinnabar Fruit in his hand, which he would occasionally gnaw at. A red glow could be seen

in his eyes, and he was surrounded by a thick, murderous air. He was also at the peak of Dao Seeking.

These four people were the Patriarchs leading the first wave of the Northern Reaches army. A few days behind them was the second wave of hundreds of thousands of Northern Reaches cultivators.

The first wave was so close that they could see the mountains of the Southern Domain, as well as the six bright beams of light that were shooting through the air.

At the same time, they also noticed the shocking windstorm created by the cultivation bases of the hundreds of thousands of cultivators, which rose up into the sky, emitting shocking power.

“These Southern Domain cultivators are clever. They actually sensed us ahead of time, and knew exactly when we would arrive.”

“Not only did they know the time, they also knew the place, and are in combat readiness! They’ve even combined the cultivation bases of several hundred thousand cultivators into a windstorm! They hope to reduce the power of our sacred balm!”

“From their reaction, it seems they actually know about our plan! Thankfully, we’re thoroughly prepared. It’s too bad the sacred balm is most effective when they are scattered!”

“Of the six people approaching, four are at the peak of Dao Seeking. One is early Dao Seeking, and the third, the red-robed youth... it seems he’s only a Second Severing cultivator?”

“Whatever, it doesn’t matter, we’ll stick to the plan and sacrifice our sacred balm!!”

The four Northern Reaches Patriarchs exchanged glances, and then the old man with the bone-tooth necklace snorted coldly. He produced a red medicinal pill which was covered with bizarre magical symbols, which he immediately consumed. Then he stretched his hands out and lifted his head back to let out a wild roar.

“Dragonfish Transformation!”

At the same time, his body instantly began to expand and grow scales. In the blink of an eye, he was dozens of meters tall and bulging with muscles. Shockingly, the bone teeth around his neck shot out to swirl around him in a spherical spell formation!

Rumbling filled the air, along with a roar from within the spell formation. Suddenly, a huge black crocodile emerged, three hundred meters long!

The crocodile slapped its tail down, causing ripples to spread out. Immediately, the 10,000 cultivators bearing the huge stone cauldron flew forward and landed on the crocodile's back.

The crocodile let out a roar, and its eyes began to glow red as it charged forward toward the Southern Domain.

As for the several-meter-tall old man, his body emanated savage energy as he followed, acting as an escort to the crocodile.

Behind him, the two old men, who looked identical except for the contrasting black and white clothing, both swished their sleeves. Shockingly, they began to emanate an incredible aura of death. Even more astonishing, two hopping vampires appeared behind them, also wearing contrasting black and white clothing!

The two hopping vampires had long teeth and vicious expressions. They wore hats, and moved in leaping motions along with the two old men as they escorted the stone cauldron.

Last, was the young boy. As he advanced, a giant emerged from the forces atop the Resurrection Lily bridge. It wielded an enormous wolf-tooth club, and roared as it shot forward, kicking up a huge wind. The boy flew up to stand on its shoulder.

He had eaten almost half of the Cinnabar Fruit, and held the other half in his hand, rubbing it occasionally.

The crocodile in the lead position had bright red, glowing eyes. It roared as it advanced at top speed, transforming into what almost looked like a black lightning bolt. As it neared the Southern Domain, Pill Demon, Patriarch Song and the apprentice alchemist Sun Tao rushed to meet it.

There was no talking. As soon as they met, the fighting began.

BOOM!

Sun Tao summoned a pill cauldron that emanated medicinal smoke. Within the smoke appeared countless warriors in golden armor that immediately blockaded the entire area.

Patriarch Song gave a cold snort and performed an incantation gesture. Instantly, the spiritual energy in the area faded, and a copper coffin appeared, the precious treasure of the Song Clan.

As for Pill Demon, he shot directly toward the stone cauldron.

The crocodile roared, as did the several-meter-tall old man next to him. Suddenly, the old man flickered and appeared directly in front of the crocodile, then punched out.

“Piss off!” he cried.

BOOM!

The fist strike was backed by the power of his fleshly body. It shattered the air as it screamed toward Sun Tao’s golden warriors. Immediately, the warriors began to wither and collapse into pieces.

The old man was extraordinarily strong. Natural law swirled around him, making the entire area around him his own. He barreled forward, smashing through the barricade, followed by the crocodile.

Meanwhile, the old men in the black and white clothes closed their eyes. Their bodies grew blurry, and astonishingly, they merged with the two hopping vampires behind them. The eyes of the hopping vampires suddenly began to glow with intelligence. As they leaped forward, their death aura rose up into the air, transforming into a vortex. Countless pale-white arms then stretched out from within the vortex. One of the hopping vampires shot toward Patriarch Song, the other headed to block Pill Demon.

The last to make a move were the boy and the mountain-like giant. The giant brandished its wolf-tooth club, and the boy pointed out, causing Sun Tao’s face to fall. All of a sudden, a huge blister bulged out of the boy’s forehead. It was bright red, and looked exactly like a Cinnabar Fruit.

A battle between peak Dao Seeking experts exploded out in the blink of an eye. Booms filled the air as Meng Hao approached, followed by his second true self and the left and right Dharma Protectors.

“Hao’er,” said Pill Demon urgently. “Block that stone cauldron! Don’t let it touch the ground!”

Having sized up the battle, Meng Hao’s eyes flashed, and he shot like lightning toward the crocodile.

The several-meter-tall old man in front of the crocodile had a fleshly body that could crush enemies like dried weeds. When he saw Meng Hao approaching, he completely ignored Meng Hao and focused on the three peak Dao Seeking cultivators next to him.

“SCREW OFFFFF!!” roared the old man, punching out into the air.

Chapter 768: Hellwither Nineruins

Boom!

The old man’s punch gave rise to an enormous vortex, the center of which was black, like a black hole. A terrifying gravitational force exploded out, distorting the air as it shot toward Patriarch Golden Frost.

Patriarch Golden Frost’s expression was blank, but he had a peak Dao Seeking cultivation base. He waved his hand, causing mist to billow out, which then formed together into a mist sword that shot toward the vortex.

The 3rd Li Clan Patriarch glided through the air, the glow of spell formations swirling beneath his feet. As he shot through the air, he left behind sealing marks that emanated powerful ripples. In the blink of an eye, he had circled completely around the old man and the crocodile, surrounding them with sealing spells.

Meng Hao’s second true self waved his right arm. His eyes glittered as the Wooden Time Sword circled around him, and a river of Time power swept out. He advanced, stepping through the air to appear right next to the crocodile, whereupon he reached his hand out toward the stone cauldron.

As for Meng Hao, he slapped his bag of holding to produce the lightning cauldron, then cast a cold glance toward the old man in the animal skin garments, and waited for the right opportunity.

The old man's face was vicious as he lifted his head up and roared. Again, he grew larger, and a mocking smile twisted the corners of his mouth. It was at this point that he actually... self-detonated!!

This sudden and unexpected self-detonation of a peak Dao Seeking cultivator was something that nobody in the area could have predicted and prepared for. Such a gambit was something that was fundamentally inconceivable.

And yet... it happened!

As his fleshly body exploded, roaring filled the air, and shocking ripples surged out in all directions. All the natural law in the area was disturbed, and everything was locked down, making teleportation impossible.

Patriarch Golden Frost and the 3rd Li Clan Patriarch quickly fell back and used their full power to fight back against the power of the self-detonation. Meng Hao's second true self had no choice but to do the same and evade.

As for the crocodile, it transformed into a black lightning bolt that shot forward at incredible speed toward the Southern Domain. In the blink of an eye, it was in midair, just about to slam into the ground.

The stone cauldron on its back began to emanate black light. The black soil inside the cauldron began to squirm and writhe, and the incense stick... began to spontaneously combust!

Smoke swirled up, and the faces of all the Southern Domain cultivators fell.

Pill Demon, Patriarch Song and Sun Tao of the Violet Fate Sect all shot back toward it at high speed in an attempt to block it. The old men dressed in black and white laughed and flew forward in pursuit.

As for the young boy who continuously stroked the Cinnabar Fruit, he also followed. In the blink of an eye, the entire group was above the Southern Domain, getting ready to attack.

When Meng Hao saw the crocodile descending toward the ground, his hand shot up and he pointed forward.

Eighth Demon Sealing Hex!

Immediately, invisible Demonic qi formed together. It wrapped around the crocodile, which suddenly stopped in place. It struggled to free itself, but before it could, a golden vortex appeared around it.

Blood Demon Grand Magic!

The golden vortex spun round and round, causing qi and blood, as well as cultivation base, to be sucked out of the crocodile. At the same time, Meng Hao shot forward at top speed. It only took a moment for him to close in on the stone cauldron, and then reach his hand out in preparation to grab it.

“Looking to die?!” said the two old men in black and white. With cold snorts, they descended upon Meng Hao, although Patriarch Song and Sun Tao immediately moved to intervene.

The boy who stood on the giant’s shoulder laughed coldly, tossed the remaining half of the Cinnabar Fruit off to the side, then flew into the air to charge toward Meng Hao.

At this point, the left and right Dharma Protectors immediately approached with all the speed they could manage.

A truly chaotic battle was unfolding!

Meng Hao was almost on top of the crocodile, and was just about to make contact with the cauldron when suddenly, his eyes widened. A strange feeling arose within him, something he could sense only because of his status as a Demon Sealer; it felt as if some terrifying crises were just at hand.

It wasn’t just him who felt it; his second true self also had a similar feeling, which Meng Hao could sense through their connection.

It was at this point that a withered hand suddenly burst out from the soil inside the stone cauldron. The hand was clenched into a fist which punched out toward Meng Hao's grasping hand.

An ancient voice echoed out from within the stone cauldron: "Measly Spirit Severing cultivator! Screw off!!"

A huge boom exploded out!

Meng Hao could sense an incredible power rushing toward him like floodwaters. Cracking sounds immediately sounded out from his body. If he didn't have a Dao Seeking fleshly body, this punch would have severely injured him.

However, his Eternal stratum immediately went to work healing him. Not only did he not fall back, his eyes began to radiate a murderous air. His right hand reached out and grabbed the withered fist, then wrenched at it violently.

BOOM!

The soil in the stone cauldron exploded out as an old man wearing animal hide garments was jerked out by Meng Hao. When he appeared, the crocodile's body began to wither even faster. Part of its life force and cultivation base was being absorbed by Meng Hao, but the majority was being sucked up by the old man. As he absorbed the power, he rapidly returned to his previous several-meter-tall appearance.

He... wasn't dead after all!

What had self-detonated was not his true self, but a clone!

"Dao Spirit Pill!!" exclaimed Pill Demon, his eyes widening.

Dao Spirit Pills were rare in the lands of South Heaven. It was a type of ancient medicinal pill, few of which existed. When a Dao Spirit Pill fused into a cultivator's aura, it produced an incarnation which could not exist for a very long time, perhaps enough time for an incense stick to burn.

The self-detonation had been caused by none other than the Dao Spirit Pill incarnation!

As soon as the old man in animal skin clothing was wrenched out of the soil by Meng Hao, a look of shocked surprise could be seen in his eyes. However, the expression quickly turned into one of ferocity as he punched out with his left hand.

Meng Hao's eyes glittered with coldness as he also punched out!

A huge boom could be heard, and blood oozed out of the corners of Meng Hao's mouth. He shot backward through midair and then exploded. However, even as the blood and gore began to shoot out, they pulled back together to reform his body.

The old man in animal skin clothing laughed loudly and said, "I am the High Priest of the Imperial Bloodline Clan of the Northern Reaches! Fellow Daoists from the Southern Domain, you might be fast, but are you fast enough to stop THIS?!"

He reached out and grabbed the stone cauldron, hauled it up into the air, and then threw it toward the ground.

The stone cauldron moved with incredible speed. In only a moment, it was less than a thousand meters from the ground.

Patriarch Song, Sun Tao and the left and right Dharma Protectors pursued as fast as they could. They wanted to teleport, but the self-detonation of the old man's clone had sent the area into chaos, making teleportation impossible.

That was his plan all along, and it was working perfectly!

The two men wearing black and white, as well as the young boy, did everything in their power to prevent the stone cauldron from being blocked. All they needed to do was delay for a few moments. Considering their opponents were of the same stage as them, that was no difficult task!

When Meng Hao's body finished forming back together, his eyes were calm. His second true self neared, and they both flew out together. As the second true self unleashed a river of Time power, Meng Hao produced the lightning cauldron and then pushed down on it, simultaneously looking at a boulder down on the ground.

A boom rattled out from the lightning cauldron, and lightning crackled, causing everyone to look over.

However, the instant in which they caught sight of Meng Hao... he vanished! In his place was an enormous boulder!

At the same time, Meng Hao appeared in the previous location of the boulder, down on the ground. He then shot up into the air and grabbed hold of the stone cauldron!

“Impossible!!” The old man in animal skin clothing stared in disbelief. It wasn’t just him, the old men in black and white clothing, as well as the young boy, all stared with wide eyes. They almost couldn’t believe that a Spirit Severing cultivator would be able to do something like this.

Furthermore, the smoke from the incense stick swirled out and entered into Meng Hao’s body to wither it. However, his Eternal stratum completely suppressed that power.

Meng Hao’s eyes flickered with determination. He could not allow the thing to continue to burn, so he reached out with his right hand to extinguish it. However, even as he grabbed the burning head of the stick between his fingers and squeezed, an incredible power radiated out. Once the incense stick was ignited... it could not be put out!

“Fine, I don’t need to put it out...” thought Meng Hao, his eyes radiating coldness. With that, he produced the lightning cauldron, and then looked around. A moment later, his eyes came to rest on the crowds of Northern Reaches cultivators still above the Milky Way Sea.

“NOOOO!!” howled the Northern Reaches experts, turning to shoot toward Meng Hao.

They were a bit too slow. The lightning cauldron rumbled, and lightning flashed. Meng Hao’s body vanished, to be replaced by a confused looking Northern Reaches cultivator.

As for Meng Hao, he was now above the Milky Way Sea, in the middle of the crowds of Northern Reaches cultivators. He immediately tossed the stone cauldron down toward the cultivators on the bridge.

His incredible speed made it impossible to obstruct his way. Rumbling sounded out as the cauldron descended and then exploded. Utilizing the force of the detonation, the incense stick burned all the way to the end, releasing boundless strands of gray smoke. The smoke seemed to be sentient, and

hungry for flesh and blood. It immediately began to search for nearby bodies, then started boring into the hundreds of thousands of Northern Reaches cultivators. Some of them even bored into the Resurrection Lily, causing some sections of the bridge to turn gray.

Miserable shrieks could be heard as the horrified Northern Reaches cultivators found smoke burrowing into them and withering their bodies before they could even step foot into the Southern Domain.

Meng Hao heaved a sigh of relief, but the sense of danger he felt did not dissipate. Instead... it grew stronger to the point where his scalp was numb!

“What’s going on?!” he thought, shooting up into the air as gray smoke swirled toward him. Suddenly, Meng Hao caught sight of something far off in the distance. It was a half-eaten Cinnabar Fruit, falling towards the ground. When he saw it, his eyes went wide.

It was almost impossible to tell, but the Cinnabar Fruit... was burning!!

If you looked closely, you could tell that hidden almost undetectably inside of the Cinnabar Fruit was an incense stick!

Pill Demon also could sense that something wasn’t quite right. The incense smoke that he saw was just like the Hellwither Nineruins Incense that he remembered, but he still had the feeling that they had overlooked something.

His face flickered as he looked around and then suddenly saw... the Cinnabar Fruit that the Northern Reaches boy had casually tossed away!

“NOT GOOD!”

The Cinnabar Fruit itself didn’t seem to be anything extraordinary; the only noteworthy thing about it was that it had been bitten in half. It hadn’t fallen at a high speed, and because of that it had been difficult to detect. By the time it was discovered, it had already landed on the ground.

A rumbling sound could be heard as the Cinnabar Fruit shattered into pieces. Hidden inside it was half of an incense stick, much smaller than the incense stick in the stone cauldron. However, it was burning, and as soon as it touched the ground... the ground turned gray. Then, the grayness spread out rapidly. There was no way to stop it.

Meng Hao's face fell!

Chapter 769: The Power of the Curse!

Hellwither Nineruins was refined from the blood, flesh and fat of a true Immortal. By congealing the deep rancor felt by a true Immortal in the moments before death, a powerful curse was formed. As long as it didn't touch any land, its power was ordinary. However, once it touched the land, the power of the curse would be unleashed on all living things that were born in that land.

It only had one fatal flaw, or perhaps it would be more accurate to say a weakness. While it was true that it used the refined rancor of a true Immortal's flesh and blood to curse the land, the curse couldn't be sustained for very long. At the most, it would last for three months before the land naturally purified itself!

Unfortunately, three months was enough time for all of the cultivators in the Southern Domain to be completely withered up and weakened to the point of death. For those who didn't die, their cultivation bases would be significantly reduced.

The best way to use it was to enact the curse the moment the army arrived. Then, the Northern Reaches army could slaughter their way in like a thunderbolt, and quickly eliminate the foundation of the Southern Domain.

The Northern Reaches placed significant importance on the war with the Southern Domain. Because of that, the Imperial Bloodline Clan had spared nothing, not even the final remnants of its Hellwither Nineruins Incense, of which there was not one piece, but two.

One of the incense sticks had been used in an overt attack, the other in a sneak attack. That way... they hoped to ensure that at least one of the incense sticks touched the ground of the Southern Domain.

The Northern Reaches only had two chances!

And both of those chances were due to... the bizarre treasures of the Imperial Bloodline Clan!

The Imperial Bloodline Clan... could actually trace its origins back to the Southern Domain. However, long ago, they were suppressed by Lord Ji when he unified the four great planets and became the Lord of the Ninth Mountain.

As for the Imperial Bloodline Sect of the Northern Reaches, they were actually a branch of the Imperial Bloodline Clan, with the same bloodline. The only difference was that, instead of following the Imperial Bloodline's internal family hierarchy, its structure was set up in the form of a Sect. Furthermore, they had sent out a big announcement to attract outsiders to join, and thus increase their overall power.

Under normal circumstances, the Northern Reaches would not dare to use such a bizarre treasure right under the noses of the Ji Clan in the Eastern Lands, not even with the Southern Domain in chaos.

But now... the true Immortality destiny had appeared. During this period of time, whoever came out on top in the struggle for the Immortality destiny would be able to achieve true Immortal Ascension. Using a special technique, the Imperial Bloodline Clan was able to determine that the source of the Immortality destiny... was in the Southern Domain!

That was why they attacked with such madness!

By occupying the Southern Domain, they could control the source of the Immortality destiny.

Currently, miserable shrieks could be heard coming from the crowds on the Resurrection Lily bridge. The first wave of hundreds of thousands of Northern Reaches cultivators screamed as their bodies were withered, and their cultivation bases dropped.

They were sustaining significant losses before they even stepped foot into the Southern Domain. That caused the four peak Dao Seeking leaders that had come with this first wave to go mad.

Their hatred for Meng Hao instantly exploded to monstrous heights.

However, the lands of the Southern Domain were still in imminent danger!

In the blink of an eye, the grayness of the Hellwither Nineruins Incense spread out rapidly, and it wouldn't take long for it to cover the entire Southern Domain.

It was a deep gray, almost black. Plants and vegetation withered and died as far as the eye could see. Wild animals screamed miserably and tried to flee, but rapidly weakened and then fell to the ground, trembling, eyes filled with despair.

Up in midair, Patriarch Song's face went pale white. Even though he was floating above the ground, his body instantly began to emanate black smoke. The same thing happened to Sun Tao, the 3rd Li Clan Patriarch, and Patriarch Golden Frost.

Black smoke curled up as their flesh and blood began to rot. It was the same with Pill Demon.

"Hellwither Nineruins Incense..." said Pill Demon with a bitter chuckle. "The Northern Reaches want to cut off our Southern Domain cultivators' foundation. This curse... even if we flee the Southern Domain at top speed, it won't do any good. Anyone born in these lands will be incapable of fleeing... This curse is so potent!" Even as he spoke, black smoke rose up from his body in wisps, and the grayness spread further.

"If only we could stop the curse from spreading... but how?!" It was in this moment that Pill Demon, his face twisted with sorrow, looked over at Meng Hao, who was trembling with rage, his eyes bloodshot. Pill Demon gaped. "Hao'er... you're... you're not affected by the curse!!"

Meng Hao's body wasn't emanating any black smoke at all.... Earlier, before the Hellwither Nineruins Incense touched the ground, it had affected him. But now that the Southern Domain had been cursed, only people who were born there would be affected. However, Meng Hao... didn't seem to be affected at all!

As for his second true self, it had been created using his own fleshly body, so it was the same.

Meng Hao didn't have time to think about why the curse wasn't affecting him. His eyes were shot with blood as he flew down toward the ground. He could see that there was nothing he could do to stop the rapid spread of the curse. He could also see that the grayness of the curse had already reached the location of the wedding ceremony. Everything was turning gray.

At the site of the wedding, hundreds of thousands of cultivators were combining their cultivation base power to form a windstorm in a desperate attempt to fight back. The purifying effect of the windstorm was somewhat effective in reducing the power of the curse, but could not completely block it.

Black smoke was already starting to roil up in shocking fashion.

By now, the four Northern Reaches peak Dao Seeking experts had noticed that Meng Hao was wearing garments that cultivators normally wouldn't wear. They also saw the wedding decorations off in the distance. Finally, they understood.

“Don't tell me that the Southern Domain cultivators were actually gathered here to attend this guy's wedding!” said the old man in the animal skins. His eyes flashed with a bright light.

The two men who looked like animated corpses smiled ruthlessly. “Hundreds of thousands of cultivators gathered for a cultivator bonding ceremony!” said one of them. “It's destined to be soaked with the color of blood!”

“Hahaha!” laughed the young boy. “A wonderful Red Wedding!”

“It's too bad they're all gathered together, though. If they were scattered out across the land, the Hellwither Nineruins could spread out with even greater impact. Now... it seems it will be a bit weaker.”

Meng Hao shot at top speed back toward the site of the wedding. He immediately burst through the windstorm to appear above the island in the lake.

Xu Qing, Chu Yuyan, everyone was all sitting cross-legged, pouring the power of their cultivation bases into the windstorm to fight back against the curse.

Xu Qing's body was trembling especially hard. Because of her unique situation... the curse affected her even more severely than the others!

As soon as Meng Hao saw Xu Qing, his eyes filled with resolve. He stretched out his right hand and slammed it hard onto the surface of the ground. Immediately, the fourth level of the Blood Demon Grand Magic spun into motion.

Instead of absorbing blood or cultivation bases, he would use the Blood Demon Grand Magic vortex to try to absorb the curse power of the Hellwither Nineruins!

Meng Hao wasn't sure if it would work, but he could think of no other options. The Northern Reaches had invaded on the day of his wedding. A joyous occasion had become lifeless. This was something he could not accept!

His heart quivered, and he was on the verge of insanity. The Blood Demon Grand Magic spun rapidly, a golden vortex that encompassed him, the island, and the entire lake.

It rotated rapidly, causing the lake water to also spin around. However, although it seemed as if the Hellwither curse was being affected at first, it suddenly seemed to completely ignore Meng Hao.

"Get over here!!" he roared. He ripped open a huge gash in his right palm, sending bright red blood splashing down onto the ground. At the same time that the blood entered the soil, the Blood Demon Grand Magic reached the pinnacle of its speed. Finally, the Hellwither curse was affected and started to near him. However... it was going far too slow!

"Second true self!" he cried. His second true self shot down from up above and landed behind him. He sat down cross legged, then stretched his right hand out and placed it on the middle of Meng Hao's back.

By combining his own power with that of his second true self, Meng Hao was able to push the fourth level of the Blood Demon Grand Magic even faster.

RUMBLE!

It was like flinging a drop of water into a hot frying pan. The water in the lake boiled, with Meng Hao at the center. The Hellwither curse power that filled the land immediately began to surge toward Meng Hao.

It followed his blood and flesh to his palm, where it entered his body. He instantly began to tremble, and his hair turned white. His body also started to wither as vast amounts of curse power gathered together within him.

He was forcing the curse to fuse into him!

The Eternal stratum immediately surged into action as he used his own body to attempt to purify the land of the Hellwither curse. Any other person would be incapable of doing this. Meng Hao only had such a chance because he had the Eternal stratum.

Rumbling surrounded him as the Eternal stratum restored his body. As soon as it happened though, more curse power began to wither him away. It was a vicious cycle; in the short space of a few breaths of time, the Eternal stratum restored his body countless times.

Everything rumbled as the grayness in the area... began to change. From up above in the sky, it was obvious that Meng Hao was like a black hole into which the grayness of the curse power was being sucked, cleansing the land.

The four peak Dao Seeking experts from the Northern Reaches were completely shocked.

“Impossible!”

“Who is he?!?! That peak Dao Seeking cultivator is his clone!”

“He was clearly not affected by the curse! He wasn’t born in the lands of South Heaven

But his physical body... is actually... so powerful that he can can affect the Hellwither curse by himself!”

In all their years of cultivation, they had never encountered a cultivator as fearsome as this.

“Inhuman!” In their shock, they flew forward in an attempt to stop Meng Hao. However, how could Patriarch Song and Pill Demon possibly let them do as they pleased? After all, they had now seen a ray of hope. Along with Sun Tao, Patriarch Golden Frost and the 3rd Li Clan Patriarch, they flew forward, using their full strength to block the way.

Booms echoed out and the four Northern Reaches cultivators howled. However, they could do nothing to break through and had no way to interfere with Meng Hao.

Meng Hao’s body trembled visibly as it was continuously withered away and then restored. The severity of the pain was enough to cause all but the most strong-willed person to pass out.

He gritted his teeth and continued on doggedly. However, then he looked over and saw Xu Qing sitting there, shivering even more violently than before.

“Too slow! I need to go faster!!” He pushed his left hand down onto the ground.

RUMBLE!

Curse power surged madly toward his two hands, furiously pouring into his body.

The grayness of the land was gradually fading away!

Chapter 770: That Laughter....

The ground quaked, and the gray color had faded by ten percent!

Up in midair, the four Northern Reaches Dao Seeking experts were in the midst of magical combat with Patriarch Song and the others. When they saw the color changing down below, they were astonished.

“Ten percent!”

“Dammit! How could he be so inhuman? He used his own body as the vessel to absorb ten percent of the curse power!!”

Meng Hao trembled as the curse power filled him. His flesh and blood constantly withered, and his Eternal stratum continuously restored him. Within a brief span, this cycle had already been repeated innumerable times.

It was an even more brutal sight than what had occurred when Meng Hao stood outside the Blood Demon Sect’s shield while fighting the four allied powers.

Blood oozed constantly out of the sides of his mouth, and even his eyes leaked black, viscous blood. His face was as pale as a corpse, and yet his hands remained planted firmly on the ground. The Blood Demon Grand Magic spun rapidly as it sucked the curse power from the ground.

His second true self was also trembling as he used all the strength he could muster to raise the gravitational force of Meng Hao’s Blood Demon Grand Magic to a shocking level.

The entire island was surrounded by a gray whirlwind, which emitted shocking rumbling sounds as it rotated, covering the entire lake and spreading out into surrounding areas. The endless curse power that had spread off into the distance was gradually sucked into the Blood Demon Grand Magic, and then into Meng Hao's body.

The intensity of the pain that stabbed through him was impossible to describe. The cycle of withering and recovery seemed like the most vicious and painful torture imaginable. Soon, Meng Hao's hair couldn't be restored, and was no longer black. Instead, it was gray, and turning whiter by the moment.

"Have to go even faster!" thought Meng Hao. He gritted his teeth and then spat up a huge mouthful of blood. His body swayed back and forth, but his ten fingers were firmly planted on the ground as he sucked in curse power at an incredible speed.

Twenty percent!

Thirty percent!

The color of the curse was changing throughout the entire Southern Domain. In a short moment, Meng Hao seemed to have been reincarnated a hundred times. It was almost like his body didn't belong to him any more; only his will remained as steadfast as ever.

Up in the sky, the four Dao Seeking experts from the Northern Reaches were completely astonished, and couldn't help but gasp. They could scarcely believe what they were seeing.

The fact that someone could do this, could use their own body to resist the Hellwither Nineruins curse, and even absorb it, was beyond their imaginations. In fact, had any one of them been in that position, it would have been impossible for them to do the same.

From their perspective, Meng Hao was taking a huge, suicidal risk.

"Crazy! That guy's crazy!"

"How could he not be crazy!?! Today is his wedding day, and now it's turned into a funeral!"

“He’ll die for sure. There’s no way his body can take it! He’ll turn into a pool of blood that will be an even more noxious curse!”

“He’s DEAD!”

As for the hundreds of thousands of cultivators who had come to participate in the wedding celebration, their bodies were still slowly withering. Although Meng Hao was frenziedly attempting to absorb the curse, as long as the curse was still there, everyone would still be under its effects.

One face after another grew pale and aged. At the same time, Xu Qing... was trembling. She looked like a flower that would completely wilt at any moment.

Meng Hao’s heart was filled with a grief and indignation that was like a pent-up breath of frustration which could not be exhaled. It surged through his body, and his eyes turned red. Within his mind, a single thought revolved....

He had to do everything he could to absorb the entire curse!

However... it was apparent that ability of his body to recover from the curse was slowly lessening. In fact, his skin was already beginning to shrivel and parch. His Eternal stratum, even were it stronger than it already was, would be incapable of infinite recovery.

“There really isn’t anything truly Eternal in this world....” Meng Hao thought as blood flowed out from his mouth. He knew this, and knew that his Eternal stratum would be incapable of sustaining him in perpetuity. However, as before... he chose to continue to absorb the curse.

RUMBLE!

The color faded even more.

Forty percent!!

Not much time had passed, and he had already absorbed forty percent of the Hellwither Nineruins curse. As a result, he was filled with unspeakable pain.

His teeth were loosening in his jaw, and his skin was growing old. His bones were softening, and blood oozed out of his eyes, ears, nose and mouth. And yet to Meng Hao... none of that mattered!

He looked over at Xu Qing and took a deep breath. There was a vast amount of curse power built up in him already, to the point that the Eternal stratum couldn't dispel it. His vital organs were now beginning to wither and rot.

At this point, Xu Qing's eyelashes fluttered and she... opened her eyes.

She looked at Meng Hao and didn't have the energy to speak. However, anxiety, deep concern, and anguish could be seen in her eyes. It was an expression that broke Meng Hao's heart.

The wedding ceremony... had only been half completed.

Now, everything was gray... and the color of blood!

It should have been the happiest day of his life, but now... it was turning into a tragedy.

Meng Hao laughed. He lifted his head up to the sky and laughed. That laughter sounded maniacal, enraged, filled with intense discontent. Rumbling sounds could be heard from beneath his palms. His body was already nearly completely withered by the curse, and yet he continued to absorb it.

RUMBLE!

The ground changed color again.

Fifty percent!!

Boundless curse power rumbled toward him. Meng Hao was a black hole at the center of the windstorm, absorbing everything.

Blood poured out of his eyes, ears, nose and mouth. His skin was tearing, and he was now sitting in the middle of a pool of blood. The accumulation of curse power within him was reaching a peak.

The Hellwither Nineruins curse contained incredible powers of withering. It withered the land, and also caused the cultivation bases of all the cultivators born in that land to wither. Now, that power was building up inside of Meng Hao. The Eternal stratum could not wipe it away, causing Meng Hao to tremble violently.

It was at this point that Meng Hao suddenly made unexpected progress. After all, he cultivated the Withering Flame Demon Magic True Self Dao. Within those seven characters was the ‘withering’ character!

As of this moment, he gained complete enlightenment of withering!

With the complete understanding of the ‘withering’ character, Meng Hao’s body rumbled, and the curse power within him began to shrink. It condensed into his blood vessels, his soul, his flesh, and transformed into... a ‘withering’ character divine ability!

At that moment, Meng Hao sucked in a deep breath as the Withering Character Incantation combined with the Blood Immortal Divine Ability. In combination with the frenzied assistance of the second true self, massive rumbling sounds filled the air.

Sixty percent!!

The color of the curse throughout all the Southern Domain changed once again. Everything shook, and the four Northern Reaches peak Dao Seeking experts up above were further shocked.

“His body... his body is actually at Dao Seeking!!”

“There’s something strange about the technique he cultivates. This guy... this guy’s body can constantly regenerate!”

“He can actually absorb the withering power of the curse!!”

The four men only continued to be more and more astonished. In fact, even Patriarch Song and the others could hardly believe what they were seeing. The only one who wasn’t surprised was Pill Demon. He looked sadly at Meng Hao, as well as the lands below.

He was Meng Hao's master, and he knew why Meng Hao was risking everything. Today was his wedding day, and his wife was on the same island he was.

"Unless he absorbs one hundred percent, the effects can't be completely reversed...." murmured Pill Demon.

When Meng Hao absorbed sixty percent of the curse, the withering effect on the surrounding hundreds of thousands of cultivators was visibly reduced. Although they were still trembling, the effects of the curse seemed to have eased up a bit. When they opened their eyes, what they saw... was Meng Hao, coughing up blood, his body slowly dissolving.

Sixty percent... was not enough!

Meng Hao produced the lightning cauldron and attempted to pour the curse power into it, but it didn't work. The lightning cauldron and the curse were two completely different things. He thought about using the Wooden Time Swords to afflict the curse with the passage of time, but doing that would also affect the curse power in the bodies of the Southern Domain cultivators.

Once the Time power activated, it might end things... but it would also cause the destructive power of the curse to be inflicted faster.

He thought of many other options, but none could resolve the problem.

The only thing left to do was to continue to absorb the curse power. He once again sent the Withering Character Incantation into operation. Once again the land rumbled, and the color changed.

Seventy percent!

The Withering Character Incantation was reaching its limit. With seventy percent of the curse power absorbed, even it was incapable of absorbing more.

Meng Hao had truly reached his limit.

His Eternal stratum was on the verge of fading away. His body couldn't handle any more withering from the curse. He was ancient now.

Tears rolled down Xu Qing's face.

The four peak Dao Seeking cultivators from the Northern Reaches had already been completely shaken by Meng Hao. However, now they could see that he had reached his limit, and they heaved sighs of relief.

"It's over. He's reached his limit. He can't absorb any more!"

"He absorbed seventy percent of the curse power and yet didn't die. The power of withering even seems to exist within him! As far as I can tell, this guy... is the number one figure in the entire Southern Domain!"

"To destroy the Southern Domain we must first destroy him! Damnation! There's only thirty percent of the curse power remaining!"

Back on the island, Meng Hao saw the tears on Xu Qing's face, and it seemed as if the entire world went completely silent.

He looked at her, and his life force ignited. His cultivation base exploded with power. The mark on his hand that had appeared in the past appeared once again.

He raised his head up and laughed. It was a shrill laughter that echoed out. Meng Hao was burning everything he had in one mad, desperate attempt to absorb more curse power.

"NO!" Xu Qing cried weakly, trembling. The moment she cried out was the same moment that Meng Hao made his final, crazed attempt.

The ground trembled and the color changed again, growing more faded.

Eighty percent!!

After eighty percent of the curse power entered his body, Meng Hao attempted to absorb all the way to ninety. But then, his body trembled and he coughed up a huge mouthful of blood. Some sort of

massive power pushed back against his palms, and he was sent tumbling backward. Blood sprayed out. He was now... incapable of absorbing any more curse power.

“Impossible!!” thought the four Northern Reaches peak Dao Seeking experts.

Without Meng Hao to absorb it, the remaining twenty percent of the curse power suddenly exploded out to inundate the hundreds of thousands of cultivators.... Their cultivation bases surged with all the power they could summon as they fought back. The result was... the curse power was reduced by another ten percent.

As of now, ninety percent of the curse power had been wiped away. Only ten percent was left behind. That ten percent seemed to erupt with unprecedented power. The hundreds of thousands of cultivators all coughed up blood.

However, there was an intense, murderous look in the eyes of each and every one. To these cultivators, the remaining ten percent of the curse power was no catastrophe. It was something they could bear. Furthermore, there was little weakening to their cultivation bases.

One by one, they stood up, and in their eyes was monstrous killing intent. In that moment, wild colors flashed in the sky, and the clouds churned. The four peak Dao Seeking experts from the Northern Reaches felt their scalps going numb. They were completely shaken.

It was only Xu Qing, still clothed in her red wedding dress... who coughed up blood and continued to grow weaker. Because of her body's unique situation, even the ten percent of the curse power that remained could be fatal to her.

She suddenly began to topple over. Meng Hao, around whom swirled black wisps of death aura, immediately lurched forward and caught her in his arms. Filled with grief and rage, he carried her off into the distance, far from the raging war that was about to erupt.

He had saved the entire Southern Domain, but couldn't save his wife. In his insanity, Meng Hao began to laugh with grief. Laughter that sounded like weeping echoed out across the lands.