

The Heavens 771

Chapter 771: Let Me Rest a Bit

An incredible silence suddenly filled the entire battlefield. After that, killing intent exploded up into the Heavens.

“KILL THEM!!” Hundreds of thousands of cultivators charged madly toward the Milky Way Sea, towards the hundreds of thousands of withering Northern Reaches cultivators.

The war... had begun!

Meng Hao left. And yet, not a single Southern Domain cultivator felt even the slightest bit upset because of that. They had attended Meng Hao and Xu Qing’s wedding, as well as the invasion of the Northern Reaches. They had also experienced the Hellwither Nineruins curse.

The only thing they felt regarding Meng Hao was sorrow, as well as hope that he would eventually have the strength to continue on.

A huge massacre unfolded on the border of the Southern Domain.

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Meng Hao held Xu Qing; both were still wearing their red wedding garments. He held her in his arms, and she leaned up against his chest. A dark aura surrounded Meng Hao, and his body was incredibly withered. Tears filled his eyes, and his heart was torn to pieces. He felt as if he was being continuously stabbed with countless sharp blades.

A black aura also appeared on the withered Xu Qing. She had already died once, and although her body had been restored, it was only meant to survive for a hundred years.

The remaining ten percent power of the curse might not affect others very much, but to Xu Qing, well... it was something her body couldn’t handle.

The remaining ten percent of the curse power was like exponential time power. Within only a few days, she would live out an entire lifetime.

Xu Qing suddenly forced her eyes open to look at her husband as he held her. He was the most dear and important person in her entire life. Her voice weak, she said, "I want... to go back to the valley."

She didn't want Meng Hao to be unhappy, nor did she want to see him hurt even the smallest bit. She wanted to be happy with him forever, with no pain, and no sadness.

No matter what, as long as you are safe and sound, then I'm content.

"Alright, let's go back..." said Meng Hao with a nod. His heart trembled as he looked at her. He didn't want his grief to affect her, so a warm smile appeared on his face.

Except, it was a smile that was filled with silent tears.

"You did the right thing," she murmured. "They came to attend our wedding, and we shouldn't let the guests be harmed. We owe them now.... In the future, if I'm not here, make sure to pay everyone back." With that, she sunk into his chest exhaustedly and closed her eyes.

When she closed her eyes, Meng Hao stopped in place. After sensing that she was simply unconscious, he felt that he could finally unleash his grief. He looked up into the sky... and tears began to pour out.

He didn't want to alarm Xu Qing, so he held her very gently as they proceeded off into the distance. They passed over mountains and lands until they reached the Blood Demon Sect, Blood Prince Gorge, and their log cabin.

He went to seek advice from Patriarch Blood Demon, but the Immortal's cave was sealed with a blood-colored shield, preventing him from entering. Patriarch Blood Demon was asleep, and incapable of awakening.

Back in the valley, Meng Hao held Xu Qing, and his heart ached. Straightening her hair, he softly said, "We agreed to spend a hundred years together. After that you would be reincarnated, and I would go find you..."

Xu Qing opened her eyes and smiled at him. What she didn't see was that when he stroked his hand through her hair, it was filled with withered strands of hair that had fallen out.

Meng Hao saw, and he trembled. He quickly clenched his fingers, causing the hairs to vanish.

Xu Qing's face was pale. Her hair, like her life, was withering away. Her face was also slowly changing. She was no longer young and beautiful. Wrinkles were spreading out across her face.

The flow of time affected her body in a way that made it seem as if many years had elapsed.

As Meng Hao watched her pretty features growing older, he felt as if he didn't have a heart anymore. All he had was a feeling of emptiness, as if a painful black hole existed within his chest.

Xu Qing looked at the night sky, and the twinkling stars. Her voice soft, she murmured, "I wish... we could go back in time to the Reliance Sect. I could be your Elder Sister in the sect and you could be my Junior Brother..."

"I would take you to meet my family. I remember that before I was taken to the sect, I had a younger brother..."

"I wish... I could be with you forever..." She was growing weaker. She closed her eyes and slept.

Meng Hao could tell that Xu Qing's life force was reaching its end. Her fleshly body was withered, and it seemed as if it might vanish at any moment. She had no energy left, like a candle in the wind...

Xu Qing was aging. She no longer appeared to be in her twenties, but rather, middle-aged. However, to Meng Hao, she would eternally be that beautiful young woman to whom he had once given a Cosmetic Cultivation Pill.

"I won't let you wither away," he said softly. "We agreed to spend a hundred years together, and we will!" Eyes filling with a flame of unprecedented decisiveness, he reached down to stroke her cheek.

After a long moment, he closed his eyes briefly, then reopened them and extended his right index finger. From the look of it, it was now the only part of his body that hadn't been affected by the withering. That was because... it contained what little remained of his Eternal stratum.

He carefully sliced a cut into his finger and slowly squeezed out a few drops of blood onto Xu Qing's lips, blood which contained his Eternal stratum.

Her lips turned the color of blood, and it almost seemed they they were the only part of her body that had any color. It formed a stark contrast to her ashen skin. As the blood seeped into her mouth, her face suddenly wasn't old any more.

Meng Hao, on the other hand, trembled, and his body withered up a bit more. His Eternal stratum was now weakened, but in his heart, he felt hope.

However, after three days passed, Meng Hao realized that his Eternal stratum could not prevent Xu Qing from withering. Finally, he started laughing bitterly.

Xu Qing's hair was now mostly white, and her face looked middle-aged. She was skinny, and no longer beautiful like she used to be. However, the warmth in her eyes, and the curve of her smile, were things that Meng Hao would never forget.

Finally, she smiled and prevented Meng Hao from using any more of his Eternal stratum blood. It hurt her heart to see him doing such a thing, even more so than the thought of her imminent death.

"Just stay with me," she said. "Until the end. Take me to be reincarnated.... That's good enough.

"We agreed to a whole lifetime. So, it's just like... I'm going to sleep for a bit. When I wake up, I'll see you there. Right...?"

"Absolutely!" said Meng Hao, his voice quavering.

Days passed, and Xu Qing grew older. The time she remained awake every day lessened. Most of the time, she slept.

Meng Hao stayed by her side, and didn't take even half a step outside of the valley. He held her the entire time, held her in a way that said he never wanted to let her go.

As for his own body, as the days passed, the Eternal stratum gradually awoke and began to restore him. Even as the curse power was slowly expelled from within, Xu Qing continued to grow weaker.

Meng Hao tried every method possible to reverse the fading of Xu Qing's life force, all to no avail. He hated that his cultivation base wasn't high enough, and even more so, he hated the cruelty of the Northern Reaches curse.

His heart was already Devilish, but he had been suppressing it, almost as if with shackles. But now... the shackles began to loosen....

He could do nothing but watch over Xu Qing. He watched as her hair turned white, and her youth disappeared. She went from being middle-aged to being elderly. Although he could have changed her out of the red wedding dress, he didn't, and she still wore it.

At one point she forced her eyes open to look at him, but they were cloudy, and she couldn't see him clearly. "Chu Yuyan is a good girl," she murmured. "I told her that I can only stay with you for a hundred years, and that she should help me take care of you.

"Song Jia isn't bad either...."

Meng Hao didn't say anything. He looked at her, his eyes filled with grief as he slowly caressed her wrinkled face. What he saw was her former beautiful face that had changed in only a few days as he held her.

By now, the Devil in Meng Hao's heart was unshackled and awakening....

In those few days that passed, great changes occurred outside in the Southern Domain. In the battle on the shore of the Milky Way Sea, the hundreds of thousands of Northern Reaches cultivators all died. The Milky Way Sea was stained red with blood.

Then the second wave of the Northern Reaches' forces arrived. The hundreds of thousands of Southern Domain cultivators began to retreat. The battlefield grew from the border of the Southern Domain, to engulf fully half of the entire continent.

Fierce fighting raged every day. Among the hundreds of thousands of Northern Reaches cultivators were seven Dao Seeking experts, which made it virtually impossible for the Southern Domain to hold their ground. They were constantly forced into retreat.

All of the Southern Domain's cultivators were mobilized. It didn't matter the sect or clan, everyone was called into action for this war of life or death!

It was without a doubt a fight to the death. The Northern Reaches' invasion was not one in which surrender was sought. They wanted the complete annihilation of the Southern Domain cultivators' foundation. Furthermore, because of the casualties suffered by the initial wave of attackers, the Northern Reaches cultivators harbored an even more intense and deep-seated hatred for the Southern Domain than they had in the beginning.

No one would rest until the other side was dead!

Sects were laid to waste and one clan after another was left in ruins. Eventually, the war focused on six different fronts. It was as if six mighty arrows had been shot from the Northern Reaches directly into the Southern Domain.

The third and fourth fronts eventually overlapped, and became the location of the largest concentration of cultivators. Hundreds of thousands of Southern Domain cultivators were there, as was the main force of the Northern Reaches army. The carnage was never ending, and the Southern Domain was in a state of constant retreat.

Severe casualties were inflicted every day, and bloody paths strewn with corpses stretched across the land.

Several days later, over half of the hundreds of thousands of Southern Domain cultivators in the third and fourth fronts were dead. The remaining 200,000 were now falling back to the Blood Demon Sect.

A final line of defense was being set up outside the Blood Demon Sect to resist the Northern Reaches' murderous assault.

Rumbling filled the battlefield, along with miserable screams and the sound of fierce combat. The colorful lights of divine abilities filled the air, and the ground quaked.

The Northern Reaches had come with giants the size of mountains, who wielded enormous wolf-tooth clubs. They charged onto the battlefield in the vanguard, and even when their bodies had been covered with bloody wounds, they continued their awful massacre. Then there were the countless wild beasts and innumerable evil spirits that accompanied the hundreds of thousands of Northern Reaches cultivators. They were a powerful force of destruction that crushed everything in their path.

Chapter 772: No Regret Regarding the Grand Wedding!

The chaotic sounds of battle drifted into the Blood Demon Sect. All the remaining Blood Demon Sect disciples were outside, alongside the other Southern Domain cultivators, defending against the advancing Northern Reaches army.

The Southern Domain cultivators had no choice but to fall back to the Blood Demon Sect. As the Northern Reaches army advanced, this location had become something of a holy land for the Southern Domain.

The Blood Demon Sect was the most powerful sect in the Southern Domain!

The Blood Demon Sect had Meng Hao, who had saved the entire Southern Domain from the curse!

The Blood Demon Sect also had the legendary, incredibly powerful Patriarch Blood Demon.

Therefore, that was the location the forces from the third and fourth fronts retreated to. The Northern Reaches cultivators were happy to see this; they wanted to destroy the foundation of the Southern Domain. If they could take out the Blood Demon Sect, then they would be able to deliver the coup de grâce to the Southern Domain cultivators in one fell swoop.

The other fronts throughout the Southern Domain were also changing locations, getting closer to the Blood Demon Sect. From the look of things, they wanted to make the Blood Demon Sect the location of their final stand.

The Southern Domain... did not seem to have any hope of winning. By now, the Northern Reaches had mobilized the third wave of their army, which would arrive in only a few days from the Milky Way Sea.

That third wave army represented the ultimate power of the Northern Reaches.

Constant carnage could be witnessed in the area surrounding the Blood Demon Sect. Pill Demon, Patriarch Song, and in fact, all of the peak Dao Seeking experts in the Southern Domain, were there at what was essentially the primary battlefield of the war. They had been fighting and killing for so long that their eyes were completely bloodshot.

Patriarch Song had lost his right arm, as well as an eye. His aura was weak, and he had even been forced to start burning his life force.

Sun Tao from the Violet Fate Sect had lost his fleshly body, and was now nothing more than a Nascent Divinity. However, he was surrounded by swirling pill furnaces, and continued to fight nonetheless.

Patriarch Golden Frost was severely injured. As the battle had progressed, he had recovered some of his senses, and was no longer muddle-headed and ignorant. In the moment when he became lucid, he did not flee, but rather began to laugh bitterly.

“I have sinned!” he roared. “Sinned against the Southern Domain!!” With that, he began to fight even more frenziedly than before.

The 3rd Li Clan Patriarch did not recover his senses. He died fighting.

His death shook the entire battlefield. He was at the peak of Dao Seeking, and in the end, opted to self-detonate. Although he wasn't able to kill any of the peak Dao Seeking experts from the Northern Domain, he did manage to severely injure three of them.

Pill Demon was completely exhausted, and also injured. At some point, a violet mark had come to appear on his forehead. Apparently, it was something that had previously been sealed, but now... he was experimentally unleashing it.

When the mark appeared, his cultivation base left the early Dao Seeking stage, passed through the middle stage and ended... by emanating the power of the late Dao Seeking Stage.

It was as if terrifying waves had been unleashed inside of him that rolled around constantly in an attempt to break out.

Even more Spirit Severing experts died.

The Northern Reaches suffered similarly large casualties. The war unfolded rapidly, and in a short period of time, rivers of blood flowed everywhere.

As the sound of battle and slaughter rumbled from the outside world into Blood Prince Gorge, Meng Hao sat there holding Xu Qing, watching her gradually grow older and older. More wrinkles covered her face, and her hair was now completely white. Finally, the pain in his heart seemed to form a resonance with the fighting and killing going on outside.

There was no way for him to keep Xu Qing's life force from slipping away. There was nothing he could do but watch as her beauty slowly faded.

There was no sparkle or reflection in her cloudy eyes when she opened them; her whole world had become blurry.

"After I'm gone, will you miss me...?" she asked.

When Meng Hao heard this, more tears welled up in his eyes, and stabbing pain filled his heart. He held her tight, and his tears dropped down onto her face.

"Don't cry..." she murmured, using what scant energy she had left to raise a withered hand and try to wipe his face dry. "I'm happy. Happy that I ran into you that day on Mount Daqing..."

"I hope that after I'm reincarnated and then regain my memories, it will be on another Mount Daqing... with you...."

"Meng Hao, I've been dreaming a lot recently. I always dream... that we are back on Mount Daqing, or in the Reliance Sect..." As she spoke, the flame of her life force began to slowly fade away.

By now, she was fully conscious. Clearly, this was the last bit of lucidity she would experience before death, the last burst of life force. Her eyes were not clouded now, but clear, filled with warmth as she recalled past times, and also brimming with an intense reluctance to leave.

She didn't want to leave the lands of the Southern Domain. She didn't want to leave Meng Hao. There were too many things keeping her here, too many memories. She didn't want to part with any

of them. She wanted to stay with Meng Hao for the rest of the hundred years. Unfortunately... that was now impossible.

She sighed, and deep in her heart she felt regret. Regret that the wedding ceremony... was only half completed.

“Meng Hao... take care of yourself.... You live, I live... you die, I die.... When the day arrives that I recover my memories after being reincarnated, you need to be there.... If you’re not, then I don’t ever want to wake up from the darkness of being unaware.” The light that flickered in her eyes was gradually fading. The hand she had lifted up moments ago grew so weak that it fell back down.

In the moment that it began to fall, Meng Hao reached out to take hold of it. Deep in his eyes, grief mixed with warmth as he looked at Xu Qing.

He placed his right hand onto her back and poured more of his own life force into her. In that moment, his hair turned completely white.

The simple act bolstered her fading life force just a little bit, allowing her to stay alive in the world just a little bit longer. She could breathe bit more of that air she didn’t wish to part with, and her eyes glowed with just a little bit more light as she looked at Meng Hao.

“Let me go, okay...?” she murmured weakly.

Meng Hao’s eyes glowed with determination. “Our wedding hasn’t been finished,” he said. “So you can’t go yet.... I’m going to give you a complete cultivator bonding ceremony!” With that, he held her tight and flew up into the air.

He dared not loosen his grip on her. It was his flow of life force that was preventing her from fading away.

They were still wearing their red wedding gowns, and both had snow white hair. They were old.

It was as if great rejoicing and great calamity were fused together as Meng Hao flew out of Blood Prince Gorge. Off in the distance, he could see the shocking battle which was underway.

Hundreds of thousands of cultivators fought like mad. The ripples cast off by magical techniques flowed out in all directions. Bright colors flashed in the sky, and the clouds churned chaotically. Booms and explosions accompanied death and destruction.... At any given moment, miserable screams could be heard drifting across the battlefield. They turned into waves of sound that resembled the Yellow Springs of the underworld.

The sky above and the land below seemed to have become the color of blood, filled with endless corpses....

It was evening, but the shattered air and swirling tempests caused the sky to look as dark as night.

When Meng Hao appeared, it instantly attracted quite a bit of attention. The powerful experts of both the Southern Domain and the Northern Reaches saw the old man carrying the white-haired old woman, both of whom were clad in red wedding attire.

They could also sense the profound mixture of calmness and grief that radiated out of the man.

When the Southern Domain cultivators saw him, they couldn't help but feel bitter and pained.

“Meng Hao.... It's the exalted Meng Hao!”

“Don't tell me... is that Xu Qing in his arms...? That... that curse power is....”

“I was there at the wedding ceremony. I've never seen a more spectacular sight in my whole life....”

Patriarch Song looked at Meng Hao, and it seemed like he wanted to say something. In the end, he didn't. He could sense the profound pain in Meng Hao, the kind that was like losing your own heart.

The awoken Patriarch Golden Frost also remained silent.

Sun Tao had nothing left but a Nascent Divinity. He looked at Meng Hao from some distance off, then turned and continued to fight.

Pill Demon's expression was one of sorrow. He saw his apprentice and couldn't help but think about how the wedding ceremony had turned into this current situation. Great rejoicing had turned into great sorrow. He wasn't sure what he should say.

Virtually none of the Northern Reaches cultivators recognized Meng Hao at first. However, once they saw his clothes, and the white hair, as well as the agonized expressions of the Southern Domain cultivators, they thought of a name that had already become legendary among the Northern Reaches cultivators.

"Meng Hao! It's definitely that damnable Meng Hao!"

"Yeah, that's him! He infected the entire first wave of the army with the Hellwither Nineruins. Hundreds of thousands of cultivators... massacred! The Milky Way Sea turned red with blood!"

"Our Northern Reaches forces invaded the Southern Domain on the day of his wedding. What bad luck for him! His wedding day turned into a day of death and sorrow!"

"Well, he deserves it! Now that he's shown his face again, he'll die for sure. It's actually a good thing for him! They can go to the underworld together! A happily married pair of dead souls!"

The Northern Reaches' peak Dao Seeking experts were among the forces that were currently abuzz with surprise. All of them were hurt, especially the three who were seriously injured by the 3rd Li Clan Patriarch's death. Among those three, one was the man dressed in animal skins, and another was the young boy, both of whom were from the first wave army. The third was an old woman from the second wave army.

"That's the Meng Hao that the Southern Domain cultivators always talk about!" said the man in animal-skin garments, frowning. "He absorbed eighty percent of the curse power and still didn't die!!"

"He could be considered the archenemy of the Northern Reaches," said the boy through clenched teeth. His eyes burned with killing intent. "If he had died, it would have been lucky for him. Since he's not dead, then I'm going to turn him into mincemeat today!"

"Actually, it's good that he's still alive. Let him wallow in the feeling of withering up with his beloved on his wedding day! Let him be immersed in the sensation of growing old! Let his pain be a sacrifice to put to rest the souls of the hundreds of thousands of Northern Reaches heroes who died because of him!"

Next to the three wounded peak Dao Seeking experts were several Northern Reaches Patriarchs. They had long since heard the name of Meng Hao, and now that they laid eyes on him personally, their killing intent spread everywhere.

Countless eyes across the battlefield were fixed on Meng Hao; his expression was one of grief as he looked at the aged, white-haired Xu Qing. Finally, he looked up, and his gaze came to fall upon his master, Pill Demon.

“Master,” he said. “I want to finish the wedding ceremony here and now. Master, could you please continue to bear witness to the marriage!” Although his words were calm, that calmness contained something that caused the spirits of all the Southern Domain cultivators to be completely shaken.

Xu Qing’s eyes were fixed on Meng Hao. She fought with all her power to prevent them from closing, and as she did, scintillating teardrops welled up inside and then seeped out down her cheeks.

A tremor ran through Pill Demon.

At the same time, the eyes of the Southern Domain cultivators began to glow with red light.

“The Blood Prince’s grand wedding ceremony will continue!!”

“Blood Prince, I couldn’t prepare a wedding gift for you, so let me kill some Northern Reaches cultivators for you! Their heads can be my wedding gift, and their blood my means of congratulating you!”

“Exalted Meng Hao, let the wedding ceremony continue!!”

The sorrow in the hearts of the Southern Domain cultivators transformed into a massive roar that echoed out across the battlefield.

Immediately, Blood Demon Sect disciples flew out to create an area decorated with lanterns and banners. It only took a moment for the place to look like a joyous and happy wedding was taking place there.

The battlefield now seemed to be completely split in two!

On one side was blood and slaughter!

On the other side was Meng Hao's wedding!

Chapter 773: Xu Qing Enters Reincarnation

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To hold a wedding ceremony in the middle of a battle was something that had never happened in the Southern Domain. As the Southern Domain cultivators roared with grief and rage, Pill Demon hovered in midair, looking at Meng Hao and the white-haired Xu Qing. Pill Demon's heart trembled.

"I... will absolutely continue to bear witness for you and Xu Qing!" he said, his voice ancient and his heart filled with grief.

His voice echoed out across the battlefield, prompting a roar of response from the Southern Domain cultivators.

The hundreds of thousands of Northern Reaches cultivators were shocked by the scene that was playing out in front of them. As for their seven peak Dao Seeking experts, their eyes flickered with killing intent.

"The first half was a Red Wedding. Therefore... let's make the last half even more red with blood!"

"Northern Reaches cultivators! Eradicate all of the Southern Domain cultivators! Stain the ground red with blood! Fill the place with discarnate souls! Soak this Red Wedding... with blood! CHARGE!!"

In response to the words of the peak Dao Seeking experts, the hundreds of thousands of Northern Reaches cultivators' killing intent rocketed up. Roaring, they charged forward.

"KILL THEM!!"

The carnage once again continued. The ground shook and the air rippled with distortions. The battle between the Southern Domain and the Northern Reaches was like an enormous grindstone. Every time the two sides clashed, miserable screams would ring out. Every time they slammed into each other, blood and gore would spray in the air and discarnate souls would cry out in misery.

The Southern Domain cultivators had gone mad, and their hearts surged with righteous ardor.

“We’ve come this far, now the time has come to die in battle! FIGHT!!”

“The Southern Domain is my home while I live, and the Southern Domain shall be my haunt when I die!”

“The wedding will blossom like a flower in the heart of bloody battle! How grand! Present the blood and heads of the Northern Reaches cultivators as wedding gifts! KILL THEM!”

Deadly combat filled the battlefield. For the Blood Demon Sect disciples, the mountains were the wedding candles and the land below was the wedding veil. With the wave of a few hands, a palace rose up, beautiful and grand, with lanterns and streamers. The palace appeared to display the facade of a happy wedding. Everyone was smiling, except within their smiles could be seen deep grief.

Meng Hao held Xu Qing, and she rested her head against his chest to look out at the scene. She could hear his heart beating, and could feel her own connection to the world.

She looked up at Meng Hao as if she were trying to burn his image into her very soul in such a way that reincarnation would be incapable of wiping it away, the River of Forgetfulness would be incapable of washing it clean, and not even the tea of old lady Meng could make her forget.

Popping sounds could be heard as magical techniques and divine abilities were employed to create what looked like fireworks. Beautiful colors filled the land and sky; the sight was beautiful to behold.

The new bride and groom were a huge contrast to the battle around them!

Meng Hao’s white hair floated around him as he held Xu Qing in his arms and poured life force into her. Xu Qing’s hair was also white, and her face was covered with wrinkles. However, it also seemed to glow with a certain purity and holiness.

Even as an old woman, she could continue to smile despite the fact that her beauty had faded away!

Meng Hao was also smiling, and yet, the grief in his heart continued to grow more and more profound. As of now, the only thing he could do was look deeply into her eyes. He knew that if he loosened his hand, she would fade away.

She would part from the world of the living and find her way to reincarnation.

“KILL THEM!” roared the seven peak Dao Seeking experts as they charged down from above. Patriarch Song’s expression was one of grief as he roared and shot to meet them. Sun Tao’s Nascent Soul and Patriarch Golden Frost joined him, along with Meng Hao’s second true self.

Booms echoed out as four people completely blocked the way of seven!

Bitter fighting continued all around; roars filled the air along with bloodcurdling screams. Both Northern Reaches cultivators and Southern Domain cultivators were fighting with madness, killing everything that moved.

The ground trembled as the fighting raged like wildfire.

Nearby, it was visible to everyone that... the wedding ceremony was officially commencing.

Pill Demon flew into the air to hover in front of Meng Hao and Xu Qing. He looked at Meng Hao, and he looked at Xu Qing, whom he held in his arms. Despite the fact that Pill Demon’s heart felt like it was being ripped apart, his lips couldn’t help curving into a gentle smile.

Meng Hao held Xu Qing as he looked at Pill Demon.

“Master, make the declaration, okay?” he said.

The ground was trembling, but there was still a significant number of cultivators in the area who dropped to their knees to kowtow. It was a spontaneous action on their part, their way of thanking Meng Hao for absorbing the curse and saving their lives.

Such kowtows were kowtows that came directly from the heart.

From far up above the battlefield, it could clearly be seen that, shockingly, the entire place had been split into two areas. In one area, the wedding ceremony was being carried out. In the other, it was complete carnage!

Those present who had attended the first half of Meng Hao's wedding ceremony were now participating in the second half, and they would by no means retreat!

It didn't matter if the wedding was stained blood red or turned ash-gray. It would be finished! This was Meng Hao's choice, and also the way for the Southern Domain cultivators to repay him. Meng Hao and Xu Qing's wedding... would not be a wedding of regret!

The kowtowing cultivators were spattered with blood. Some was the blood of enemies, some was their own blood. As for their exhaustion, they hid it inside. As for their grief, they bottled it up in their hearts. The only thing that could be seen... were the smiles on their faces.

These smiles were like brilliant sunlight that caused the entire battlefield to be shaken.

Pill Demon's heart was trembling as his ancient voice once again rang out to cover the entire battlefield.

"I declare... that henceforth..."

The seven peak Dao Seeking cultivators from the Northern Reaches fought with increasing ferocity. The hundreds of thousands of Northern Reaches cultivators down below bellowed with rage as they charged in wave after wave of attack.

"Henceforth... Meng Hao and Xu Qing are bonded cultivators. Their hands are bound by destiny for all time. Whether they live or die, that connection will never be broken!" His voice echoed from one end of the battlefield to the other.

Xu Qing, nestled in Meng Hao's arms, heard the words, and her face flushed. She smiled shyly. A wedding is the most important day in a person's life, and to a woman, it is a day when dreams come true.

She and Meng Hao were now husband and wife. Heaven and Earth bore witness, as did the hundreds of thousands of cultivators from both the Southern Domain and the Northern Reaches. Pill Demon officiated, and the ceremony was held under the vast canopy of the sky. Discarnate souls were present to bear witness, and the entire scene was as red as blood.

Together, all bore witness to the fact that... they were married!!

“Our hands are bound by destiny for all time,” murmured Xu Qing, gazing at Meng Hao. “Whether we live or die, that connection will never be broken....” Tears poured out of her eyes to disappear in the wrinkles that covered her cheeks.

“Our hands are bound by destiny for all time,” repeated Meng Hao, looking into her eyes. “Whether we live or die, that connection will never be broken....”

The ground shook, and the kowtowing cultivators in the area looked up. Then they joined their voices together in a cry that sent out shocking soundwaves. “Meng Hao and Xu Qing! Their hands are bound by destiny for all time! Whether they live or die, that connection will never be broken!”

The sound echoed across a battlefield that reeked of blood and gore. Amidst the carnage, a Southern Domain cultivator dashed forward, grabbed the severed head of a Northern Reaches cultivator and held it high into the air.

In the blink of an eye, chaotic fighting erupted out as the Southern Domain cultivators let out unprecedented roars of rage and went berserk. They seemed to be trying to outdo each other as they offered up one wedding gift after another.

“Fellow Daoist Meng, this is my wedding gift to you!”

“Exalted Meng Hao, this is my wedding gift!”

“This is mine!”

“Hahaha! Who dares to fight me over this severed head! This is my wedding gift for the Blood Prince!”

The sudden counteroffensive caused the hundreds of thousands of Northern Reaches cultivators to tremble in their hearts. For the first time... they actually fell back under the attack.

“They’ve gone crazy! It’s just some wedding, but it’s pushed them into insanity!”

“Insane! Completely insane! Wedding gifts?!?!”

“Dammit, they’re turning us Northern Reaches cultivators into wedding gifts!!”

As such comments echoed across the battlefield, Meng Hao stood in the temple, holding Xu Qing. He didn’t want the grief he felt to show on his face. However, by this point, the grief had completely inundated his heart. It was reaching the point where suppressing the Devil in his heart was virtually impossible.

He held tight to Xu Qing, unwilling to release his grip on her.

Xu Qing smiled, and to Meng Hao, it was the most beautiful smile to ever exist in the world. When he saw her smile, what he saw was not her age and her white hair. He didn’t care about any of that. All he cared about... was Xu Qing herself.

“Take me... to enter the cycle of reincarnation....” she said softly. “Now that we are husband and wife, I have no regrets.... Let me go.... Let me... leave. Please.”

Meng Hao’s eyes were shot with blood.

Xu Qing’s hand trembled as she reached up to stroke his cheek. As she murmured these things to Meng Hao, her eyes suddenly flashed with a final, brilliant radiance like that of a sunset. She had severed her own arteries!

She did not wish to see Meng Hao continue to deliver his life force to her, to give her a little bit of extra time at the cost of his own vitality. It pained her, and she did not want him to receive injury. She did not want to see any more white hairs on his head because of her.

“Qing’er!”

A tremor ran through Meng Hao.

Xu Qing looked at him one final time. A smile appeared on her lips, and it was the same smile that had appeared when she saw him for the first time, leaning out over the cliff on Mount Daqing. Of course, Meng Hao had never seen that smile.

A final tear rolled out of the corner of her eye.

In that exact moment, her body dissipated, transformed into motes of glittering light. There was no body for the teardrop to fall onto, so... it fell down onto the ground.

“You’re my wife...” murmured Meng Hao. “The Heavens. The Earth. None of it matters. No matter how long it takes, let the cycle of reincarnation bear witness. No one will take you away from me. When you are born again, I will find you!” He tried to keep ahold of her, but the only thing that remained was motes of light. Inside of him, the pressure weighing down on his heart transformed into a roar.

The battlefield suddenly went silent. In that moment, all gazes fell upon Meng Hao, whether they were from the Southern Domain or the Northern Reaches. They saw Xu Qing transform into motes of light that turned into a river which flowed up into the sky.

Chapter 774: Dao Seeking Felled!

[/expand]

The motes of light turned into a long river. In the darkness of the sky, the river of light was resplendent and glittering as it swept higher and higher.

A vast vortex suddenly appeared up above, rotating silently. It was as if the sky itself was being split open to reveal the starry sky above it. There, out in the stars, another river was visible, vast, mighty, and incomparably boundless. The water of the river seemed withered and yellow, and was filled with innumerable... discarnate souls!

The cultivators down below were shocked.

“The River of Forgetfulness!!”

“Heavens! That’s the legendary River of Forgetfulness!”

What the people down below could see was only one small portion of the river that flowed through the starry sky, visible through the vortex.

Xu Qing, now a collection of light motes, was just about to flow through vortex and merge into the River of Forgetfulness, then be swept away to the underworld of the Fourth Mountain.

Meng Hao hovered in midair staring blankly at the scene. Tears streamed down his face, and his heart was wracked with stabbing pain. Up above, the motes of light seemed to form the outline of a face as they entered into the vortex. It was Xu Qing's face.

It looked just like the face that Meng Hao saw underneath the moonlight in the Reliance Sect. His heart quivered.

Xu Qing's face seemed to be smiling at him. She looked at him for a moment, then turned and once again turned into a flowing river that flowed up toward the vortex.

Among the seven peak Dao Seeking experts from the Northern Reaches, the young boy in the red robe had an evil glint in his eye. His body flickered as he shot directly toward the motes of light.

His voice was high-pitched as he cried out, "Want to enter the cycle of reincarnation...? You're dreaming! If you're gonna die, your soul is going to disperse into nothing!"

When Meng Hao saw the boy closing in on the motes of light that were Xu Qing, he began to tremble. A Devilishness, along with a desire to kill, exploded out in his heart, both of which were impossible to suppress.

In the same moment, just when the red-robed boy was about to reach the motes of light, he let out a miserable shriek. A mysterious power enveloped him, and he was sent tumbling backward, blood spraying from his mouth. He looked up at the vortex with shock in his eyes.

He had already been seriously injured in battle earlier when the 3rd Li Clan Patriarch self-detonated. Without an incredibly powerful cultivation base to support him, he would have long since died.

Right now, the power that swept out from within the vortex was filled with a shocking aura, something that left him frightened out of his mind. Furthermore, it seemed to only be a warning.

The vortex continued to spin as Xu Qing disappeared inside and merged into the great river. She was now one of many souls floating along in the waters.

However, there was something different about Xu Qing's soul. She had a red glow surrounding her, protecting her, making it so that none of the other discarnate souls could even get near her. All was quiet around her... as she drifted in the river water, far off into the distance.

The vortex vanished, and the sky returned to its normal state.

Meng Hao was silent. The temple vanished, and the candles were extinguished. The lantern and banners transformed into ash, and the happy atmosphere disappeared. The only thing that remained was a battlefield.

Meng Hao slowly descended to the ground. He looked down at his hands, and for a moment it almost felt as if he were still holding Xu Qing. Except... she was no more.

"Gone...." he murmured, his voice hoarse. "We made an agreement to spend a hundred years together.... But now you're gone...." His face twisted, and his white hair began to rise up as an intense murderous aura rose up.

The murderous aura grew more intense. In the blink of an eye, it was an inferno, a black mist that roiled around him. Everything around him froze, and an aura of death spread out. The black mist rose up to turn into an enormous face up in midair.

The face was none other than Meng Hao's face!

His eyes were no longer red, but black, with no pupils. It was as if he could see nothing but infinite blackness.

As he stood there, he lifted his head up and began to laugh bitterly. When the laughter entered the ears of the Northern Reaches cultivators, their hearts began to tremble, and their souls shivered.

Suddenly, cracking sounds filled Meng Hao's body, although only he could hear them. It was the sound of shackles breaking. Within him... a Devil was being unleashed, something that had existed within him since the events in the Milky Way Sea.

As of this moment, he no longer had any desire to control it. He did not wish to suppress it. He only had one desire....

To kill each and every cultivator from the Northern Reaches who had invaded the Southern Domain! To kill each and every peak Dao Seeking expert. Kill them! Kill them ALL!!

He would pay any price to be able to do that!

If he couldn't become an Immortal, then what was the harm in becoming a Devil!?

As he laughed bitterly, his body rumbled, and black mist poured out of him. His hair was now completely white, but his features were no longer withered. His youth was restored, and his face was shockingly icy.

He looked like a blood-thirsty Devil that could only see blood and killing.

Cracking sounds rose up from the ground as blood-colored ice spread out in all directions. Intense coldness spread around him, as if the seasons were suddenly changing. Black snowflakes began to flutter through the air.

Meng Hao had thoroughly unleashed the Devil within him, and he had removed any suppression of his desire to slaughter. He was now completely grim and cold, not just to his enemies, but even to himself.

His wedding day had been turned into a tragedy, and the only thing he could do now was become a Devil!

In the instant that his inner Devil was unleashed, the Blood Demon Grand Magic finally began to move away from the fourth level toward the fifth.

Meng Hao's gaze looked out into the sky toward... the red-robed boy.

“You,” he said. “You shall die!”

Instantly, his second true self looked over with flickering eyes.

At the same time, Meng Hao vanished, then shockingly, reappeared up in midair. His body was wreathed in seething black mist and Devil flames. Along with his second true self, he shot toward the red-robed boy.

“Your clone is pretty tough,” said the boy with a snort, “but your true self? Screw off!” In unison with his words, the fighting on the battlefield broke out once again. Whether it was the peak Dao Seeking experts up above or the madness of the close-quarter combat of the Southern Domain and Northern Reaches down below, the battling was intense. This was far beyond the fighting which had taken place outside of the Blood Demon Sect in the initial war.

Meng Hao’s second true self shot toward the red-robed boy at high speed. As soon as they met, winds blasted out and lightning boomed. Explosion after explosion rang out as, within a short period of time, they exchanged thousands of moves.

As for Meng Hao, as soon as he flew out, the old man in animal-hide clothing moved to intercept him. Grinning viciously, he punched out violently toward Meng Hao.

“Your beloved is dead! What’s the point in continuing to live? Why don’t you go join her!”

As the fist descended toward him, Meng Hao looked at it coldly. He lifted his right hand, and the Lightning Cauldron appeared, causing the old man’s face to instantly flicker.

It was then that lightning poured out from within the cauldron to surround Meng Hao. Brilliant light was cast out onto the battlefield, and then he suddenly vanished. So did the old man!

Their positions had been reversed!

When Meng Hao appeared in the spot previously occupied by the old man in animal-hide clothing, he didn’t even turn to look back. Even as the old man roared in fury and shot in pursuit, Meng Hao proceeded forward. He had one target: the red-robed boy!

It was that boy's Cinnabar Fruit that had cursed Xu Qing!

Furthermore, he had just attempted to interfere with Xu Qing entering the cycle of reincarnation!

Meng Hao was like a Devil in his determination to slay him!

The red-robed boy was currently fighting Meng Hao's second true self. He had already been seriously injured, and as such, was not a match for the second true self. He continued to fall back in retreat, his eyes bloodshot as he attacked with reckless abandon. When he saw Meng Hao bearing down on him, he pointed out with a finger.

"Trying to get yourself killed on purpose?! Fine, I'll kill your true self!" In the instant that the boy pointed out, Meng Hao used the Lightning Cauldron again. There was a flicker, and he switched places with his second true self.

A boom rang out as his second true self appeared in the spot he had just occupied. As for Meng Hao, he was now... closer to the boy than anyone else on the battlefield!

Meng Hao's use of the lightning cauldron had reached the acme of perfection!

The red-robed boy's mind trembled. His finger attack just now was incapable of doing anything to Meng Hao's second true self. He jerked around and was about to make a deadly attack against Meng Hao, when suddenly, Meng Hao waved his hand. Shockingly, a magical symbol appeared in his hand!

It was a single character!

Wither!

This was the Withering Character Incantation which had appeared after he absorbed eighty percent of the curse power! The incantation could be used as a divine ability that could be continuously maintained for a long period of time. As Meng Hao's cultivation base grew higher, the withering power of the magic would grow more consummate, its might, more and more terrifying.

However, he could also focus its energies into a single instant attack. This would deplete the magical symbol and cause it to dim, requiring it to recharge and absorb more withering energy before it could be used again.

“I haven’t personally killed a peak Dao Seeking cultivator before,” said Meng Hao quietly. “You’re going to be the first. The pain that my wife felt before she died, is now something... that you will have the pleasure of experiencing!”

Meng Hao’s voice was calm, calm in a way that caused the red-robed boy’s heart to pound. A profound sense of deadly crisis appeared inside of him.

The ‘withering’ character caused the red-robed boy to begin to pant. His scalp went numb, and he instantly tried to flee.

At the same time, Meng Hao, his eyes cold, coolly said, “Withering Character Blast!”

As soon as the words left his mouth, blinding gray light shot out from the palm of his hand. It immediately filled the sky, causing the hundreds of thousands of cultivators down below to look up in astonishment. They could sense the withering curse power exploding out up above.

The old man in animal-hide clothing gasped, then immediately began to back up.

“NO!!” screamed the red-robed youth. Cultivation base power exploded out, and he produced massive quantities of magical items to try to fight back against the power of his own Hellwither Nineruins curse.

However, no matter what he did, when it came to the explosive withering power, he was like a praying mantis trying to block an army. In the blink of an eye, he was inundated by the grayness.

The only thing that remained behind was a bloodcurdling scream that echoed out across the land.

Chapter 775: FIGHT!

The Withering Character Incantation had absorbed eighty percent of the Hellwither Nineruins’ curse power. It was the most powerful magical symbol he possessed, and when its power erupted with the curse, it could slay the peak of Dao Seeking.

Meng Hao was well aware of this fact.

However, it would only work once, after which, the magical symbol would grow dark. Meng Hao had decided to use that one sure kill on the red-robed boy.

Grayness filled the world, and the red-robed boy screamed miserably. Everyone could hear it, and they were completely shaken and astonished.

It was just possible to see the red-robed boy within the grayness of the curse. His robes were in tatters; his hair was white and falling out of his head. His skin dried up; his flesh, blood, bones, organs and soul were all withering away.

Seeing the boy screaming miserably, Meng Hao calmly asked, “Does it hurt? Qing’er didn’t want me to see her pain over these past few days. She endured it.

“Can you imagine how a fragile girl like her was able to endure such shocking pain?”

Everyone on the battlefield could hear his words, and it caused an intense coldness to well up in their hearts.

“I’ve also experienced such pain,” Meng Hao continued slowly. “Now, it’s your turn.”

The boy’s horrible shrieks grew even more intense. His entire body shook, and he even tried to detonate his Nascent Divinity, but was incapable. His Nascent Divinity had already become withered, just like his soul.

During that short moment, he experienced indescribable pain. His teeth fell out, and soon he didn’t even have the energy to scream.... Eventually, he was nothing more than a pool of yellowish liquid.

He had been withered to death!

After he died, the gray curse power up in the sky flew back to Meng Hao’s palm. It transformed once again into the ‘withering’ character. However, the magical symbol was not as resplendent as before. It was now dimmer by half.

Half of the curse power remained after killing the red-robed boy. From this, the terrifying power of the curse could be seen.

By this point, the battlefield was utterly silent. Even the battle between Patriarch Song and the other peak Dao Seeking experts had stopped, and they were looking on, dumbfounded.

After a brief moment of silence, the Northern Reaches cultivators burst out into an uproar.

“The Patriarch of the Coffin Altar Sect... just died?”

“The Patriarch of the Coffin Altar Sect was at the peak of Dao Seeking! He... he just perished!!”

At the same time, the Southern Domain cultivators were enlivened, and seemed to have been rejuvenated, resuming their furious attacks with increased strength!

Once again, the fighting broke out down below. As for the Northern Reaches’ peak Dao Seeking experts, they were inwardly shaken. This was the first time since the invasion had begun that a peak Dao Seeking cultivator had died.

The old man in the animal-hide clothing had eyes shot with blood. The red-robed boy had been one of his closest friends. With an enraged roar, he shot toward Meng Hao.

Off to the side were the two old men who looked completely identical except for their contrasting black and white robes. They joined the old man in charging Meng Hao.

The second true self’s eyes glittered as he moved to intercept them. Booms rang out as he began a tremendous fight with the black and white twins.

The old man in the animal hide clothing was going berserk. He spit blood out of his mouth and performed a double-handed incantation, causing all of his skin to suddenly change color. It rapidly became blue, and his speed increased dramatically. He skirted the second true self to head directly toward Meng Hao, toward whom he extended a powerful punch.

“DIE!!”

Meng Hao was quite close. His face was pale, and blood was oozing out of his mouth. This was the first time he had used only his own power, and not that of his second true self, to attack and kill a peak Dao Seeking cultivator.

As the man in the animal hide clothing closed in, Meng Hao extended his right hand down toward the ground. Immediately a huge vortex appeared within the Northern Reaches army.

The vortex was no longer golden, but black. It looked like a huge mouth, ready to consume everything. Immediately, miserable screams could be heard from the Northern Reaches cultivators caught inside. They rapidly withered, and their cultivation bases flowed out through their mouths and noses. Even their souls were shaken, and appeared to be on the verge of being sucked out.

RUUMMBLLE!!

Shockingly, seven such vortexes appeared all over the battlefield!

Seven huge vortexes enveloped nearly thirty thousand Northern Reaches cultivators, extracting power from their blood and flesh, which shot up toward Meng Hao and fused into his body.

It was the same with their cultivation base power!

Meng Hao closed his eyes, and when he did, his cultivation base shot up. Suddenly, he transformed into what looked like a shooting star that sped directly toward the attacking old man.

As he flew through the air, his eyes snapped open. The black mist face above him suddenly formed into the shocking shape of an enormous palm that slammed into the old man.

A shocking boom filled the air!

The old man tumbled backward in shock, blood spurting out of his mouth. At the same time, the miserable screams continued to echo out from down below. Quite a few within the vortexes had already withered and died.

Meng Hao shot backward, biting the tip of his tongue and spitting some blood out. As soon as the blood emerged, it expanded, transforming into a lake of blood!

That blood contained, not just the power of Meng Hao's qi and blood, but the power of the qi and blood of the thirty thousand cultivators stuck in the vortexes. All that power transformed into a lake that rumbled toward the old man in animal hide clothing.

The old man's face fell. He pulled his hand back, and it increased in size and sprouted spikes of bone. Then he punched out, and a shocking boom rattled out. The lake of blood collapsed into pieces.

In that moment, the black mist which surrounded Meng Hao once again shot forward in attack. In a short period of time, constant booms rang out as hundreds of exchanges occurred between Meng Hao and the old man.

The black mist surrounding Meng Hao continued to increase. The qi, blood, and cultivation base power from the cultivators down below was like a huge river pouring into his body, giving him shocking battle prowess.

"Dammit! BREAK!" roared the old man. He was leery of Meng Hao's 'withering' character magical symbol. However, he never imagined that Meng Hao, without even using the magical symbol, would be so difficult to deal with. Finally, he slapped his chest and began to burn life force as he made a double handed attack.

Two fists punched out, shattering the air, causing the sky to dim. Meng Hao's eyes shone with a cold light. He said nothing, nor did he evade. Instead, he shot forward, relying on his cultivation base, his fleshly body, the Ninth Mountain, everything. It was an explosive attack that contained his mad, Devilish will, combined with the qi, blood and cultivation bases absorbed by the vortexes, all merged into one palm strike.

Another direct showdown!

"Still not dead?!?!?" thought the old man, even as he retreated, coughing up blood.

Meng Hao was also sent tumbling back, and his body exploded. However, the Eternal stratum kicked in. Unfortunately, only a sliver of Eternal power remained in him. It had been severely drained during his battle with the curse power. Currently, there wasn't enough power left to completely heal him.

Seeing this caused killing intent to glitter in the old man's eyes.

“DIE!” he cried, extending his hands out in front of him, not in fists, but stretched out like claws. As he leaped out, the air distorted around him, and shockingly, he transformed into an enormous bird-like creature!

It looked like a roc, with a beak that emitted a cold glow and talons that could rend Heaven and Earth. He shot toward Meng Hao with such incredible speed that he was nothing more than a streak flashing through the air.

A fiendish wind buffeted Meng Hao's face as he lifted his right hand up to reveal the Lightning Cauldron.

The cauldron began to flicker, and Meng Hao looked down at a Northern Reaches Nascent Soul cultivator down below. Suddenly, Meng Hao vanished. The savage Nascent Soul cultivator then appeared in the spot Meng Hao had just occupied, and Meng Hao was now where he had been down below.

Form Displacement Transposition!

The Nascent Soul cultivator saw bright colors flash across his eyes, and then suddenly, he was up in midair. He couldn't help but be shocked. Moments ago, he had been preparing to plunge his hand through the chest of a Southern Domain cultivator. Now, he was floating up in the air.

Suddenly, an intense sense of deadly crises surged through him as he saw a vicious roc flying toward him at indescribable speed. It was impossible for him to dodge, and even his nascent soul was scared so witless that it seemed as if it would crumble to pieces.

Boom!

The roc smashed into him, sending blood spattering out in all directions. A roar of rage filled the sky as the roc turned blurry and the old man reappeared. He glared down at the ground, his eyes flaring with killing intent.

“Meng Hao!” he raged. Once again, he transformed into a roc that shot toward the ground amidst a gale force wind.

Down below, Meng Hao stood in the midst of a huge force of shocked Northern Reaches cultivators, among whom he had seemed to just randomly appear. Before any of them could react, he gestured down toward the ground.

Blood Demon Grand Magic!

Rumble!

An enormous vortex appeared, with Meng Hao in the center. It instantly enveloped several thousand people. As for the Southern Domain cultivators it caught up, they felt a gentle force pick them up and eject them from the vortex.

Meng Hao remained within the vortex, his white hair swirling around. Once again he gestured downward, and his eyes were filled with calm coldness.

“Qi and Blood.”

Rumbling could be heard as the Northern Reaches cultivators within the vortex began to shriek miserably, and visibly wither at a rapid rate, regardless of the level of their cultivation bases.

Huge quantities of qi and blood power poured into Meng Hao. His body grew stronger, and his internal injuries were healed significantly because of the borrowed power.

“Spirit Meridians!” he said.

Rumble!

More miserable shrieks could be heard from the thousands stuck in the vortex. They were little more than skin and bones now that their qi and blood had been removed. The only thing they had left, their cultivation bases, transformed into white smoke that began to ooze out of their eyes, nose, mouth and ears. Their eyes bulged and their faces began to grow blank. They were completely paralyzed, and the only thing they were capable of doing was trembling and screaming.

Their cultivation bases flew out to be absorbed by Meng Hao, causing his own cultivation base to rise. His wounds were also healed even further.

By this time, the old man in the shape of a roc was now bearing down on him, roaring with killing intent.

“Soul!” said Meng Hao, yelling out the final word.

He WOULD break through to the fifth level of the Blood Demon Grand Magic!

Once he did, he would be able to control something that even his second true self couldn't control, something special that had been created for him by Patriarch Blood Demon... a false Immortal puppet!!

Chapter 776: Fifth Level of the Blood Demon Grand Magic!

[/expand]

The ‘soul’ character had been uttered!

At that moment, the Northern Reaches cultivators stuck in the vortex around Meng Hao let out the last miserable shrieks that they would ever utter. Their bodies were withered dry, their cultivation bases vanished. Now, they felt an intense pain enveloping them like floodwaters.

Everything went black in their eyes, and the world disappeared. Their lives... were no more!

Numerous wailing, struggling souls emerged from their eyes, ears, nose and mouth. Each and every cultivator's back was arched, their face sunken, and their eyes gray. Their mouths were stuck open stiffly.

Their souls emerged and then fused into the vortex, becoming a cyclone of souls. Anyone who could see the spectacle was flabbergasted.

“Demonic magic! That's Demonic magic!!”

“Such a sinister divine ability has got to be Demon magic!!”

The Northern Reaches cultivators in the area were trembling, and their hearts were filled with terror. Horrified, they watched as the souls spun into a cyclone, and Meng Hao gestured toward the ground, then looked up. His white hair floated around him, and his eyes glowed with a cold ruthlessness.

His face was also as pale as death, making his overall appearance like that of a Devilish god. The souls of the slain around him looked like slaves that were incapable of escaping him.

Up in the sky, the old man who was in roc form gasped, completely shaken by what he was seeing. However, killing intent flickered in his eyes, and ferociousness burned in his heart. He continued to dive directly toward Meng Hao.

“Your occult trickery won’t work on me! DIE!!”

Meng Hao’s eyes flickered, and as the old man bore down on him, he suddenly blasted up from the ground. The cyclone of countless struggling souls surrounded him, looking almost like a river as he sped to meet the roc.

A boom echoed out and even as strong and stalwart as he was, the old man couldn’t stop the blood from oozing out of the corners of his mouth. He could no longer maintain the form of a roc, and reverted to his human form as he tumbled backward.

Blood sprayed from Meng Hao’s mouth, and the ground beneath him cracked and split, radiating in all directions.

The struggling souls exploded, transforming into motes of soul light that then sped toward Meng Hao and fused into his body. Meng Hao could sense that he had reached... the threshold of the Blood Demon Grand Magic’s fifth level.

“I need even more souls!” he thought, his eyes flickering. Not waiting for the old man to charge him again, he produced the Lightning Cauldron. There was a flicker, and he switched places with another Northern Reaches cultivator.

He appeared once again in the middle of the Northern Reaches’ army, whereupon he immediately gestured toward the ground. A vortex appeared as the Blood Demon Grand Magic once again surged into motion.

It almost seemed as if, to Meng Hao, the Northern Reaches cultivators were merely food. They were essential to his ability to combat a peak Dao Seeking expert. As he absorbed them, miserable screams filled the air. Qi, blood, and cultivation bases were sucked away, used by Meng Hao to strengthen his fleshly body to the point where it burst from the mid Dao Seeking stage into late Dao Seeking.

As for his cultivation base, it now exceeded Spirit Severing and had temporarily entered into Dao Seeking! Natural law swirled around him, making Meng Hao... even more valiant!

The Blood Demon Grand Magic was most suited to fighting against multiple opponents!

The more enemies there were, the more invincible one could become!

Up in midair, the old man in animal hide clothing roared. His body flashed as he transformed, not into a roc, but into a gigantic black python. He opened his vicious mouth and struck toward Meng Hao as if to swallow him up.

Meng Hao waited in the vortex as the python closed in. Thousands of Northern Reaches cultivators could be heard screaming as their bodies withered, their cultivation bases faded, and they neared death.

Suddenly, Meng Hao said 'soul,' and a rumbling could be heard as the thousands of cultivators exploded, and their souls flew out.

Then Meng Hao vanished. Even as the python was about to reach him, he was off in the distance, where another Blood Demon Grand Magic vortex sprang up.

The old man was completely infuriated, and yet there was nothing he could do to stop Meng Hao and the Lightning Cauldron. The agile teleportation-like ability made it incredibly difficult to pin Meng Hao down, and left him shocked in his heart.

“Dammit! Meng Hao, I dare you to fight me one on one!”

Killing intent flickered in the old man's eyes. This time, he didn't pursue Meng Hao, but instead flew toward the Southern Domain's army of cultivators.

“If you won’t come out and fight, then I’ll just start killing some Southern Domain cultivators!”

Meng Hao stopped in place, then waved his right hand. The Blood Demon Grand Magic appeared, and the Lightning Cauldron flickered. This time, he changed positions with the old man.

After the exchange took place, the old man... was shocked to find himself directly in the middle of one of Meng Hao’s vortexes.

Meng Hao hovered in midair, looking coldly at the old man.

“Wanna fight?” he said. “Let’s fight, then!” He stretched his arms out to either side, and the multiple vortexes he had created moments ago echoed with the shocked screams of Northern Reaches cultivators. Qi and blood flowed toward him, causing Meng Hao’s body to once again reach the peak of Dao Seeking.

Rumbling filled the air as the old man’s body began to wither. However, he was able to struggle his way out, whereupon he aimed a punch at Meng Hao.

“DIE!”

Meng Hao clenched his fists and shot forward to meet him. The two of them flashed back and forth over a hundred times, causing booms to rattle everything in the area. Finally, the old man’s eyes flashed with a bright light. Suddenly, two golden birds flew out from within his pupils, emitting shrill cries as they shot toward Meng Hao.

At the same time, the old man began to spin rapidly like a top. He lifted his right leg high into the air and then slammed it down toward Meng Hao’s head. If the kick connected, Meng Hao would obviously suffer a serious injury.

Meng Hao’s eyes glittered coldly as he said. “Spirit Meridians!”

Immediately, more miserable shrieks could be heard coming from the Northern Reaches cultivators stuck in the vortexes down below. Their cultivation bases were sucked away through their noses and mouths to shoot directly toward Meng Hao. Cultivation bases swirled around Meng Hao in the form of a tempest, bolstering his own cultivation base until it was as strong as the peak of Dao Seeking.

He quickly performed an incantation gesture and pointed towards the sky.

“Ninth Mountain! CRUSH!”

Rumbling filled the air as the majestic Ninth Mountain appeared up above. It was huge, almost like a real mountain, and the natural law that swirled around it stirred the sky and caused the land to shake. Massive pressure crushed down on the old man.

The old man lifted his head up and roared. His body expanded rapidly as he turned into a mountain-like giant. He immediately raised both hands into the air and grabbed onto the Ninth Mountain.

A boom could be heard as the Ninth Mountain slammed into him. Blood sprayed from his mouth, and cracking sounds could be heard as he managed to resist it.

“Soul!” said Meng Hao, his eyes radiating coldness. As the Northern Reaches cultivators in the vortexes toppled over dead, struggling souls flew toward Meng Hao from their eyes, ears, noses and mouths.

The vast quantities of souls that were merging into Meng Hao’s body caused a rumbling sound to fill his head. All of a sudden... he reached the fifth level of the Blood Demon Grand Magic!!

In that moment, Meng Hao’s cultivation base did not change. However, his battle prowess instantly grew several times over!

His hair whipped about, and he looked every bit like a Devilish divinity. His eyes shone like suns, and the entire battlefield down below was obscured by the shadow of the black mist that surged around him. It was as if he was blotting out the entire Heavens.

He took a deep breath and then advanced forward.

The old man let out an enraged roar as he shoved upward with his arms. Apparently, he was causing some form of natural law to spring into motion. Now, cracking sounds could be heard coming from the Ninth Mountain, and then it shattered into countless pieces.

“Little bastard!” said the old man, blood oozing out of the corners of his mouth. Collapsing the Ninth Mountain had taken quite a bit of effort on his part. Now, his body flickered as he transformed into a white tiger, which roared and pounced toward Meng Hao.

This time, Meng Hao didn't evade. The two cultivators met in midair; booms echoed out as they fought back and forth.

“Qi and Blood!” said Meng Hao coolly. This time, a tiny vortex appeared in the palm of his hand. When he landed a blow on the front leg of the old man's tiger form, the entire leg instantly turned into skin and bones!

The sudden, shocking turn of events caused the old man's face to fall. He gasped, a tremor ran through his white tiger form, and he retreated at top speed.

Meng Hao's eyes flickered with killing intent. How could he possibly allow the old man to flee as simply as that? His body flashed through the air, and he appeared right next to the old man. The vortex in the palm of his right hand shot toward the old man's back.

“SCREW OFF!!” roared the old man. Immediately, his cultivation base surged with an explosion of qi that shot outward. Meng Hao gave a cold snort and continued on with his palm strike.

“Spirit Meridians!”

A boom could be heard as he absorbed, not qi and blood, but cultivation base. As the terrifying cultivation base explosion emanating from the old man reached Meng Hao, Meng Hao simply touched it with his hand, and it appeared to collapse. Boundless cultivation base power immediately began to fuse into Meng Hao's palm.

The old man's scalp went numb. He could never have imagined that Meng Hao's magical technique could be so shocking. In two short moments of contact, he had lost ten percent of his cultivation base as well as his qi and blood. It was nothing short of terrifying to the man, and he immediately fell back in retreat.

Meng Hao pursued without any hesitation. They fought back and forth, and the old man let out continuous roars. He didn't dare to get too close but could only flee at top speed under an unending bombardment from Meng Hao. Blood sprayed from his mouth, and he fell back.

Meng Hao's face was cold, and his killing intent raged.

Onlookers could hardly believe what they were seeing. The old man in animal hide clothing was incapable of fighting back against Meng Hao, and was being beaten to the point that he was forced to retreat.

“Save me!!” he cried, his mind trembling. His body was quickly becoming nothing more than skin and bones, and he had lost forty percent of the power of his cultivation base. He knew that he was in a moment of grave crisis.

The Northern Reaches cultivators were astonished, and the other five Northern Reaches peak Dao Seeking experts up above were shaken. Moments ago, when Meng Hao had slain the red-robed boy, they were shocked. However, in their minds, Meng Hao had simply used some sort of trickery to win. But seeing what he was doing now left them thoroughly rattled.

Just when they were about to make a move to help the old man, the ‘withering’ character flickered into being next to Meng Hao. Gray light radiated out, and all of the peak Dao Seeking experts halted in place.

They didn't dare to get close to him!

That was exactly why Meng Hao hadn't used the ‘withering’ character again. The magical symbol's greatest use to him right now... was as a threat against any outside interference!

Chapter 777: Dawn Immortal, Do You Dare To Fight Me?!

Meng Hao was a shooting star that closed in on the old man in animal hide clothing. He pointed out his index finger, and the Eighth Demon Sealing Hex appeared, causing the old man to freeze in place, trembling.

In that moment, Meng Hao's thrust his right hand violently at the old man's chest and stabbed into the flesh.

“Qi and Blood, Spirit Meridians!”

Boom!

The old man howled miserably as he fell back. His body withered up, and his cultivation base flowed out from him. He quickly bit the tip of his tongue and spat out some blood. The blood expanded in midair, shockingly transforming into a huge blood-colored cauldron which slammed towards Meng Hao in an attempt to shake him off.

Meng Hao snorted coldly, then clenched his hand into a fist and punched. He landed a blow onto the cauldron that was backed by his qi and blood, the energy of tens of thousands of cultivators, and even the power of the old man himself. A huge boom echoed out over the battlefield.

The cauldron immediately shattered into pieces. As Meng Hao's fist passed through the remnants, it transformed into a palm, and then a claw which latched onto the old man's face.

Rumbling filled the air as qi, blood and spirit meridians were rapidly sucked out of the old man's body. The old man screamed in pain and shoved his hands out toward Meng Hao. In response, Meng Hao vanished, then reappeared behind the man. He slapped his hand down onto the man's back.

"Save me!!" cried the old man. The sense of deadly crisis he felt caused his mind to reel.

"No one can save you now," responded Meng Hao, his voice icy cold.

However, it was at this moment that a leaf suddenly appeared. Not just one leaf, but many, emanating scintillating glows as they descended from above.

An aura also appeared that Meng Hao was very familiar with!

The voice of a woman then echoed out coldly across the battlefield.

"What if I save him?"

Leaves fluttered down over the lands of the Southern Domain.

The innumerable leaves began to spin, then rapidly formed together into the shape of a woman. She wore a colorful gown, and exuded a palpable, exotic allure that would attract anyone who looked at her.

However, this was no girl. It was a woman.

It was... the mother of the Resurrection Lily. The Dawn Immortal!

She stretched out her right hand and pointed toward Meng Hao.

Numerous branches suddenly appeared around him. They expanded rapidly and then grew together, transforming into a cage that threatened to completely seal Meng Hao up.

“You showed up at the battle of the Blood Demon Sect, and now you show up again here! Screw off!” Killing intent flashed in Meng Hao’s eyes as his cultivation base exploded with power. It transformed into a cyclone that thrashed about in all directions, smashing a hole in the cage of branches. Meng Hao instantly shot out from within, and immediately headed in the old man’s direction.

The Dawn Immortal laughed coldly and waved her right hand. Shockingly, a seven-colored leaf appeared, which shone with prismatic light as it sped toward Meng Hao.

Meng Hao’s mind trembled, and yet he didn’t slow down in his pursuit of the weakened old man. He caught up in a short moment, and then reached out his hand to push down onto the top of the old man’s head.

“Soul!” he said calmly.

The old man immediately let out a shriek of pain. His body trembled, his mouth opened wide, and his eyes bulged. His soul... began to seep out through his nose and mouth in many delicate strands that were quickly absorbed by Meng Hao.

“Looking to die?!” said the Dawn Immortal, her eyes flickering with killing intent. The seven-colored leaf picked up speed as it closed in on Meng Hao. In the blink of an eye, it was about to hit him.

Meng Hao took the old man and violently tossed him forward to slam into the leaf. A boom echoed out, and the old man’s body exploded. He was dead in body and spirit.

As for Meng Hao, he retreated immediately, his face somewhat pale. Having absorbed the old man's complete cultivation base, as well as all of his qi and blood, plus his soul, he was now filled with indescribable energy. Resisting the leaf attack caused him to retreat, but did not injure him!

Now that the leaf was heading toward him for a second attack, his eyes flashed with killing intent. The Lightning Cauldron appeared, and a flash of electricity could be seen. In that moment, he switched places with one of the peak Dao Seeking experts who was fighting Pill Demon and the others, the old woman!

In response to the Form Displacement Transposition, the old woman's face fell. The seven-colored leaf ground to a halt, then changed directions and shot after Meng Hao. By this point, Meng Hao was next to Patriarch Song, with whom he joined forces to launch an attack against the white-robed hopping vampire that was a Northern Reaches peak Dao seeking expert.

A boom could be heard, and the white-robed old man coughed up a mouthful of blood. Even as he fell back, the seven-colored leaf neared.

The flash of electricity surrounded Meng Hao, and he then appeared in the middle of the Northern Reaches army down below. Blood Demon Grand Magic vortexes instantly appeared, enveloping thousands. Qi, blood, spirit meridians, and souls were all absorbed, and miserable screams rang out. Then Meng Hao vanished again.

Meng Hao had long since completely mastered the use of the Lightning Cauldron!

The peak Dao Seeking experts in midair were shocked.

“Dammit!”

“What kind of magical item is that Lightning Cauldron!? This Meng Hao is too hard to pin down!”

Meng Hao's actions in the battle were strange and mysterious. He attacked with ruthless viciousness that left them thoroughly shaken. By now, Meng Hao was an archenemy in their minds!

He was such a threat that they knew he needed to be eliminated immediately!!

"I'll deal with him," said the Dawn Immortal coolly. Her eyes flashed with seven-colored light that bathed the entire area, apparently in an attempt to seal it.

"That toy of yours is quite mysterious," she said a moment later. "I can't completely seal it, but what I can do is slow down the transpositioning speed. Go ahead and try it out now." Then, she began to advance on Meng Hao.

As she neared, an intense pressure weighed down on everything. Furthermore, a vicious, seven-colored Resurrection Lily appeared behind her!

The flower swayed back and forth, obviously immaculately beautiful, and yet at the same time, boundlessly evil.

Meng Hao's expression was calm, and did not reveal the slightest shift in emotions. He put away the Lightning Cauldron and then pulled out... a blood-colored puppet the size of a hand.

The puppet flew out from Meng Hao's hand and then began to grow. By that time it was thirty meters tall, it exploded with a shocking aura. Wild colors flashed through the sky, and the clouds churned. This was the aura of an Immortal!

Not a true Immortal aura, but that of a false Immortal.

Either way... it was still Immortal!

The Dawn Immortal's face flickered for the first time, and the handful of peak Dao Seeking Experts from the Northern Reaches were all shocked.

This puppet was the trump card of the combined forces of the Solitary Sword Sect, Golden Frost Sect, Black Sieve Sect and Li Clan when they besieged the Blood Demon Sect. Were it not for the appearance of Patriarch Blood Demon back then, it would have clinched the victory.

Instead, Patriarch Blood Demon slaughtered the Solitary Sword Sect Patriarch, then made some alterations to the puppet so that only Meng Hao could use it. That was his reward for reaching the fifth level of the Blood Demon Grand Magic!

Meng Hao's body flickered as he merged into the thirty-meter-tall blood-colored puppet. Moments ago, its eyes had been dark, but now they radiated a grim light, just like Meng Hao's eyes.

As Meng Hao took control of the puppet, it suddenly stood up. A shocking false Immortal aura exploded outwards across the battlefield, turning into a shock wave that swept out, forcing the Northern Reaches cultivators to fall back amid shocked gasps.

As for the Southern Domain cultivators, their spirits were lifting, and they began to shout out Meng Hao's name.

Sound waves rippled across the land, causing everything to shake!

"Dawn Immortal, do you dare to fight me!?" Meng Hao flew up into the air and then pointed toward the Dawn Immortal. A sound like thunder could be heard, and an intense pressure rumbled out. The earth cracked and the air shattered. In the blink of an eye, a black wind rose up to sweep across the land.

The Dawn Immortal did not speak, but her eyes glittered with a mysterious light. She stretched her beautiful hand out and pointed. The apparition of the Resurrection Lily behind her passed through her body and flew into the air, its tentacles writhing in a bizarre and awe-inspiring fashion as it charged toward Meng Hao.

Meng Hao snorted coldly. Due to his control of the puppet, he felt as if he was completely connected to Heaven and Earth. He waved his hand, and dark clouds appeared in the sky. Lightning descended like rain, transforming into a lake of lightning that enveloped the Resurrection Lily.

"Nothing but a false Immortal," said the Dawn Immortal coolly, shaking her head. "If you use it, you'll sow Karma with the Ji Clan." Suddenly she vanished, and when she reappeared, she was directly in front of Meng Hao. She lifted her hand up, then dropped it.

Seven-colored light radiated brightly, transforming into a seven-colored sun that exploded into Meng Hao.

A huge boom shook everything. Even the peak Dao Seeking experts were flung aside. The old woman among their number was just about to retreat, when shockingly, Sun Tao of the Violet Fate Sect transformed into a powerful beam of light that completely inundated her.

She let out a miserable scream that echoed out in all directions.

“My body has already returned to the dust, and I can’t hold out any longer,” echoed the voice of Sun Tao from within the light. “Before I leave... I’ll take this woman with me. Fellow Daoists... I sincerely hope that you achieve complete victory!

“Master, I can’t be your apprentice alchemist any longer, nor will I be able to see you achieve true Immortal Ascension....”

A huge boom could be heard as the light exploded. The screams of the old woman from the Northern Reaches were suddenly cut off. Brilliant light covered everything, even Meng Hao and the Dawn Immortal.

Meng Hao felt stabs of pain in his heart. When the light faded away, Sun Tao was gone, as was the old woman.

Pill Demon trembled, and tears streamed down his face. He lifted his head up and began to laugh sadly. Suddenly, innumerable magical symbols began to appear on his body. One by one, they started shattering into pieces. In the blink of an eye, more than half of them were gone.

At the same time, his cultivation base shot up. He was no longer in the mid Dao Seeking stage. He broke completely through to the late Dao Seeking stage and then broke through again into peak Dao Seeking!

The destruction of the magical symbols was not something he could consciously do. Rather, it was provoked by the intense feelings that surged through him.

Now that Pill Demon was in the peak Dao Seeking stage, an unfamiliar aura appeared on his body. Furthermore, his appearance had changed. Now... he looked exactly like the statue of Reverend Violet East from back in the Violet Fate Sect!

Chapter 778: Decisive Battle with the Dawn Immortal!

“Reverend Violet East....” Having seen everything that had happened, Patriarch Song’s expression was a complex one.

“A powerful expert from 10,000 years ago,” he murmured. “At one time... you were the number one Chosen in the entire Southern Domain. Reverend Violet East. You founded the Violet Fate Sect, and were its first generation Patriarch!

“You were at the peak of Dao Seeking 10,000 years ago, but weren’t willing to become a false Immortal. You vowed to tread the path of true Immortal Ascension. Before transcending the tribulation, however, you realized that you were on the incorrect path. You personally concocted a medicinal pill that contained a strand of your own soul. That pill became your vessel, with which you reestablished your cultivation!

“Now in our time you have once again reached the peak of Dao Seeking as Pill Demon. When all of the magical symbols are destroyed, the true Immortal Tribulation that you have been suppressing... will finally be unleashed!

“Unfortunately, throughout the years, far too many people have died during true Immortal Tribulation. Few have ever succeeded. Pill Demon... can you succeed?” Patriarch Song sighed.

Pill Demon didn’t reply. Violet qi swirled around him as he advanced forward. His aura was completely different than it had been before. Shockingly, he was now powerful enough to single-handedly fight two of the most powerful Northern Reaches peak Dao Seeking experts, and apparently, even suppress them.

Booms echoed out as Pill Demon’s intense power caused everyone to be filled with shock. Even the mother of the Resurrection Lily, the Dawn Immortal, looked over and raised an eyebrow.

Patriarch Song shook his head and sighed, then once again began to fight the other peak Dao Seeking experts, along with Meng Hao’s second true self and the severely-wounded Patriarch Golden Frost.

Down on the ground, the Northern Reaches cultivators were shocked to the core to have seen such a succession of defeats just now. After adding in the losses that had occurred earlier, the tide of battle between the Northern Reaches and the Southern Domain had completely reversed. The Southern Domain cultivators’ eyes were red as they closed ranks and then screamed through the air in attack, more than 100,000 strong.

Blood flowed in rivers, and the sky darkened. The sounds of slaughter immediately caused everything to shake.

Up above, Meng Hao and the Dawn Immortal were fighting fiercely. The forces unleashed by their attacks seemed capable of collapsing the sky and the land. The Dawn Immortal's cultivation base was mysterious and enigmatic. Although this was nothing more than a clone, it was still incredibly powerful. In the short time she had been battling Meng Hao, they had exchanged more than a thousand moves. Massive rumbling caused many of the nearby mountains to crumble. Now, only Mount Blood Demon stood strong and tall.

However, Patriarch Blood Demon remained inside, his eyes closed in deep sleep. His body seemed to lack even the slightest scrap of life force. Despite the violent trembling in the world around him, he did not awaken.

The ground cracked, and rifts appeared in the sky. Meng Hao and the Dawn Immortal's combat was like the collision of two storm fronts. The Ninth Mountain appeared, then shattered. The Black White Pearls appeared, then were suppressed. The Resurrection Lily writhed, transforming into a whip which the Dawn Immortal used to slash holes into the air itself.

The difficulty of this battle far exceeded what the Northern Reaches cultivators could ever have imagined or predicted. Meng Hao's appearance on the battlefield had completely turned the battle around.

First was the death of the red-robed boy, and then the old man in animal hide clothing perished. The pinnacle of the Northern Reaches' fighting forces had been reduced by thirty percent. That... was something that could determine victory or defeat in a battle!

Then the Dawn Immortal appeared, and she seemed to be capable of getting control of the situation. But, contrary to what everyone would have expected, Meng Hao... pulled out a false Immortal puppet.

With the body of a false Immortal puppet, he was now engaged in a duel with the Dawn Immortal that cast the sky and land into complete shadow.

In addition, Pill Demon awakened, unleashing peak Dao Seeking power. Now, the Northern Reaches cultivators were getting quite anxious. At the moment, it seemed that securing victory... was no easy task!

Rumbling echoed out and Meng Hao spit up blood. Popping sounds could be heard as cracks spread out through his puppet body. Up ahead, the Dawn Immortal was frowning. The false Immortal puppet was forcing her to use all the power she could muster.

Even more shocking was Meng Hao's Blood Demon Grand Magic, which continuously popped up around the Dawn Immortal. The more he used it in battle, the stronger he got. It was extremely difficult to deal with.

The Dawn Immortal's true self was in the Milky Way Sea and could not leave, which meant that the battle was now in a deadlock!

Of course, the fact that there was a deadlock was a good thing for the Northern Reaches cultivators!

This group here was the main force of the second wave of invaders. Currently, there were four other armies in other parts of the Southern Domain, stabbing toward the Blood Demon Sect like sharp arrows. It would only be a matter of time before they arrived.

Although those armies did not contain any peak Dao Seeking experts, only Spirit Severing leaders, their combined forces numbered over 100,000. Once they arrived, they would be a critical factor in ending the deadlock.

Most important of all... the hundreds of thousands of Northern Reaches cultivators were only the second wave of the Northern Reaches' expeditionary army. Currently, the third wave of 1,000,000 cultivators was making its way across the Resurrection Lily bridge.

The third wave was en route, in battle formation, and once they arrived in the Southern Domain, they would add four peak Dao Seeking experts to the battle!

Furthermore, they were not just any peak Dao Seeking experts, they were the four most powerful Patriarchs in the entire Northern Reaches!

Among their number was the Imperial Bloodline Clan Chief, whose cultivation base was monstrous; he was capable of battling false Immortals!

Once they reached the Southern Domain, victory would be assured!

This was something all the Northern Reaches cultivators were aware of, and the Southern Domain cultivators could conclude via speculation. All of the peak Dao Seeking cultivators in midair were also aware of these facts.

There was nothing the Southern Domain could do about it. If things went on too much longer, great tribulation would fall upon the Southern Domain!

Unless... they could quickly overcome this second wave of Northern Reaches cultivators before the third wave arrived. Perhaps that would buy them enough time to set up some spell formations, as well as get some much-needed rest.

If that didn't happen, and the ferocity they had experienced so far continued with wave after wave of opponents, then the Southern Domain forces would continue to sink further into exhaustion, and would have no time for vital preparations.

Meng Hao's eyes shone with a cold light as he fought back and forth with the Dawn Immortal. He, too, was aware of the overall situation, and it caused his eyes to flicker with killing intent. He took a deep breath, and even as he moved in for another attack, an expression of determination filled his face.

Without the slightest hesitation, he performed an incantation, causing a divine ability to appear. Using all the power of the false Immortal puppet that he could muster, he suddenly caused a blinding light to shine out.

Beams of light appeared, making Meng Hao's puppet look like a sun above the battlefield, casting bright light in all directions.

A powerful destructive force then began to surge out from the puppet.

This was a sign of self-detonation, which would unleash an unthinkable destructive force. After all... this was a false Immortal puppet. The power released by its self-detonation would turn into a petrifyingly powerful attack.

The terrifying aura that appeared immediately caused the minds of everyone on the battlefield to spin. As for the peak Dao Seeking experts of the Northern Reaches, their faces fell.

“He's going to self-detonate!!”

“The self detonation of that puppet will unleash an incredible shockwave that would cause even a false Immortal to perish!!”

“Meng Hao....”

The Dawn Immortal’s pupils constricted, and her heart filled with a sense of grave crisis. As she prepared to retreat, she twirled the Resurrection Lily whip into circles, creating a defensive shield.

Meng Hao’s determination left her completely shocked. She knew that this was a false Immortal puppet, something that would put Meng Hao in a superior position virtually anywhere he went in the lands of South Heaven.

Any powerful group would attach incredible value to a false Immortal puppet. It was a precious treasure that could certainly lead to violent conflicts.

And yet, Meng Hao was now going to blow the thing up!!

The shocked Dawn Immortal had just finished forming her shield when Meng Hao, utilizing the intense surge of power that came just before the detonation, increased his speed and suddenly appeared directly in front of her. He did nothing to prevent her from unleashing various divine abilities; instead, he stretched out his hands, coughed up blood... and then wrapped his arms around her.

He held tight to the Dawn Immortal, after which the Eighth Demon Sealing Hex suddenly caused her body to momentarily lurch, frozen in place. Under Meng Hao’s control, the puppet shot high up into the sky.

“You’re looking to die!” she said coldly, her face flickering. For the first time, she appeared to be truly angry. The illusory Resurrection Lily whipped about, unleashing wild attacks.

Instantly, more cracks spread out across the puppet. Inside, Meng Hao coughed up blood and trembled. Each of the attacks being slammed against him could have injured someone at the peak of Dao Seeking.

As the puppet continued to disintegrate, innumerable beams of light shot out, and the ground quaked. All of the cultivators looked up in astonishment.

What they saw looked exactly like a sun!

Pill Demon's heart was racing; he knew of Meng Hao's Eternal recovery abilities, as well as the Blood Demon Grand Magic. However, this was the self-detonation of an Immortal's soul. Pill Demon had no idea whether Meng Hao could survive such a blast.

Patriarch Song was also incredibly nervous.

Most nervous of all were the four remaining peak Dao Seeking experts from the Northern Reaches.

Their hearts were pounding as they realized that... if the Dawn Immortal was destroyed in the detonation, and Meng Hao survived... then there would be no way for them to continue fighting this battle. Unless the third wave of the army showed up, they would be forced to either flee or be killed.

Up in the air, the Dawn Immortal was struggling wildly. Meng Hao's face was twisted ferociously, and a vicious air surrounded him. He had been pestered for years because of the Dawn Immortal, and was completely fed up with her.

"The one that's going to die... is you!" he said through clenched teeth, shooting higher up into the sky.

Self-detonating down below wasn't an option; too many people would be killed, both friend and foe alike. His only option was to self detonate high up in the air, and focus all the power on destroying the Dawn Immortal.

When he reached the apex of his flight, fear appeared on the face of the Dawn Immortal for the first time. By now, she realized that no matter what she did, she could not free herself. A strange light began to gleam in her eyes, and suddenly, countless leaves began to sprout out from her skin. The enormous whip transformed into an huge Resurrection Lily that began to wrap around her.

At this very moment, the light emanating from Meng Hao's puppet had reached its brightest point. The air was shattered and the sky flashed with colors. An explosive boom and an indescribably powerful destructive force exploded out, sweeping across the entirety of the Southern Domain.

Everything was shaken violently!

The gigantic flower which surrounded the Dawn Immortal was ripped into pieces, destroyed like a dried weed, exposing from within a face filled with complete terror!

In the next instant, the Dawn Immortal's figure was enveloped by the wave of destructive power.

Inside the puppet, Meng Hao's flesh was slashed into pieces, and he began to burn. Some of his skin even began to melt. At that moment, when he was just about to be enveloped... the Lightning Cauldron appeared in his hand. Coldness gleamed in his eyes. He might be in a deadly and critical situation, wracked with intense pain, but he was not flustered in the slightest.

His eyes shifted... to look down toward the battlefield... at one of the peak Dao Seeking experts of the Northern Domain. It was a middle-aged Patriarch with a long violet robe, surrounding by a swirling, illusory flood dragon.

Chapter 779: The Northern Reaches Routed!

[/expand]

Heaven and Earth trembled, and the thunder-like, rumbling sound of the explosion echoed out through the entire Southern Domain. The self-detonation of the false Immortal puppet didn't just shake the Southern Domain. Ripples of air turbulence spread throughout the Northern Reaches, and the clouds above the Eastern Lands churned.

Simultaneously, as the destructive power washed over Meng Hao, his body flashed with lightning.

Form Displacement Transposition!

His body vanished, and when he reappeared, he was in the spot just occupied by the middle-aged man with the violet robe and flood dragons. The peak Dao Seeking expert from the Northern Reaches reappeared where Meng Hao had been. He did not even have enough time to let out a miserable shriek before the power of destruction overwhelmed him.

Massive rumbling sounds filled everyone's ears; it almost seemed as if the sky would collapse and fall.

The peak Dao Seeking expert was instantly killed and the Dawn Immortal was enveloped by the destructive force. Even any sound or sign of her was incapable of escaping.

However, the two halves of the Resurrection Lily bridge that stretched out across the Milky Way Sea trembled, as if they were being wracked with intense pain. Rumbling sounds could be heard as parts of the bridge collapsed, the tentacles transformed into nothing more than ash.

A screeching cry sounded out from the Resurrection Lily, so powerful that it caused the ground to split and the sky to shake!

“MENG HAO!!”

Back in the Southern Domain, Meng Hao appeared next to Patriarch Song on the battlefield, and his body was a bloody mess.

The only part that remained intact was the hand that held the lightning cauldron. The rest of his body was in tatters. His skin was flayed off and his blood dried up. His vital organs were visible inside, and half of his head was destroyed. Upon cursory glance, it seemed that he would be incapable of anything but dying.

His Eternal stratum was virtually exhausted, and still in the process of repairing itself. As such, it was incapable of restoring Meng Hao's body. These were wounds that even the most miraculous medicinal pills would be incapable of healing!

Immense amounts of destructive force had battered Meng Hao. The fact that he didn't die in the blast was actually pure luck. Were it not for the Heaven-defying Lightning Cauldron, Meng Hao would most assuredly have been destroyed!

Even still, when he reappeared, the remaining three peak Dao Seeking experts from the Northern Reaches gasped and unconsciously fell back. They didn't dare to try to take the chance to make a move.

Meng Hao's initial savagery and ruthlessness, his fearsome act of self-detonation, the slaughtering of the Dawn Immortal's clone, the casual slaying of the peak Dao Seeking expert... all of these things ensured that his fearsome name struck terror into the hearts of anyone and everyone.

A buzz of conversation rose up from the more than 100,000 cultivators from the Northern Reaches.

“He’s still not dead!!”

“Look at how mangled his body is, and yet, he’s still alive!!”

Pill Demon rushed over with medicinal pills, while Patriarch Song and Patriarch Golden Frost immediately sped to Meng Hao’s side to stand guard.

“Hao’er!” said Pill Demon, with great urgency.

As for Meng Hao’s second true self, he sagged listlessly and darkened. After all, if Meng Hao died... then he would most certainly also die.

Meng Hao couldn’t speak. His eyes were blank and his expression looked confused. An aura of death swirled around him, as if he might pass away completely at any moment. He only had one tiny scrap of consciousness remaining. He looked down toward the ground at the astonished Northern Reaches cultivators.

Then, the Lightning Cauldron flickered, and he vanished. When he reappeared, he had switched places with one of the Northern Reaches cultivators. Then, his hand exploded. The only intact portion of his body that remained was half of his head!

Even the last remaining part of his head exploded into a bloody mist as it fell on the ground. The mist didn’t vanish, though. It suddenly bored into the body of a nearby Northern Reaches cultivator, entering through his eyes, ears, nose and mouth. The Northern Reaches cultivator let out a bloodcurdling scream. His body began to writhe, and blue veins popped out on his forehead. His expression was one of astonishment and horror.

“NO! Help me—” In the middle of his sentence, his words were cut short. He began to wither as his qi, blood, cultivation base and soul were all sucked away.

As he died, vast quantities of red mist emerged from inside of him, which then split into two streams that then spread out once more.

Miserable screams rang out; quickly a shocking change occurred on the battlefield!

Rumbling sounds filled the air as one Northern Reaches cultivator after another withered up and died. The blood mist then split from two parts into four, then eight, then sixteen, then thirty-two, then sixty-four.... In the end, hundreds of streams of blood mist spread out, boring into hundreds of bodies, sucking away their qi, blood, cultivation base, and soul. Then, the mist spread out again.

All it took was the blink of an eye for thousands of streams of red mist to be visible. It was evil, Devilish, and seemed to be sentient as it spread out, avoiding all Southern Domain cultivators and seeking only Northern Reaches cultivators to destroy.

Up in mid-air were the three peak Dao Seeking Patriarchs from the Northern Reaches. There were the two identical old men who wore black and white clothing and looked like hopping vampires. The other bore the semblance of a young man, around whom swirled mysterious magical symbols. From the look of it, each one of those magical symbols contained some type of weapon, just ready to be unleashed.

All three of them looked at what was happening with complete shock. After exchanging glances, they didn't hesitate any longer. Employing all the speed they could muster, they fled off into the distance.

How could they possibly dare to continue the fight?!

The Dawn Immortal was dead. Of the seven peak Dao Seeking experts, four were gone, three of them slain by Meng Hao. Furthermore, it seemed apparent that Meng Hao... still wasn't dead!

There was no way they could possibly dare to stay behind. Besides, Pill Demon was now at the peak of Dao Seeking, as were Patriarch Golden Frost and Patriarch Song. Those three alone were enough to cause problems, and that was not to mention Meng Hao's second true self. He might seem weak, but if Meng Hao recovered, he would be yet another powerful enemy!

There was simply no way to continue to fight.

The death of the Dawn Immortal's clone had sealed the fate of the Northern Reaches' second army.

The remaining three peak Dao Seeking experts fled, shivering in fear. Their only hope was to rendezvous with the third wave army. Only then would they possibly dare to reappear and face Meng Hao.

It wasn't that it didn't occur to them to seize this opportunity to try to kill Meng Hao once and for all.... Rather, the risk was too great. Fleeing was the safest option.

The three fleeing Dao Seeking experts completely ignored the remaining 100,000 or more Northern Reaches cultivators down below. As for Patriarch Song and the others, they hesitated for a moment as they considered whether or not to pursue them. In the end, they decided that Meng Hao was more important.

Even if they did catch up with them, it wouldn't be easy to secure a win in a short period of time.

Pill Demon and the others exchanged glances.

"Don't interfere with him," said Pill Demon. "Let's start setting up spell formations to seal this place off and protect him!"

"That's the correct course of action. He's using the Blood Demon Grand Magic to recover! Let's go!" Immediately, they split up and began to seal down the area.

Down below, the blood mist raged. It was now split into more than ten thousand streams, which completely obfuscated the sky and land. Vast quantities of Northern Reaches cultivators were being consumed. No Blood Demon Grand Magic vortexes could be seen; the blood mist bored directly into the cultivators. They were incapable of fleeing, and their bodies were withered rapidly. Their fate was sealed; their qi and blood, their cultivation bases and their souls all became living sacrifices!

Miserable shrieks filled the battlefield, along with cries of pain. The Southern Domain cultivators were completely shocked and surprised by what they were witnessing.

What they saw was countless withered corpses with wide eyes and lifeless faces filled with what seemed to be the utmost pain.

The blood mist grew larger and larger. Soon there were tens of thousands of streams, which were now forming a nucleus in the place where Meng Hao had initially exploded. As for the mist itself, it seemed to stretch out from that central nucleus.

Soon, a tempest of bloody mist seethed around that nucleus, rapidly transforming it into something that looked like a cocoon. Then, something that resembled a shocking heartbeat could suddenly be heard.

Thump-thump!

Thump-thump!

Thump-thump!

Every heartbeat caused the land to tremble, and the sky to darken. It was as if the entire world were being covered by infinite ferocity. Boundless red mist seemed to be stretching out from the cocoon. There were now more than 50,000 streams sweeping about, making impossible for the Northern Reaches cultivators to flee.

“NOOO!!”

“Damn you, Southern Domain cultivators! You’re too ruthless!”

“Kill them! Kill some of these Southern Domain bastards while there’s still the chance!”

The Northern Reaches cultivators who had invaded the Southern Domain seethed with hatred and let out enraged shouts.

Meanwhile, far out among the stars outside of Planet South Heaven, there was a mighty river that no cultivator would be able to see, speeding along.

At first glance, the river seemed to be frothy and muddy, but upon closer inspection it grew more clear. This river was called the River of Forgetfulness, and its source was the Fourth Mountain

It swept through the great Nine Mountains and Seas, controlling the cycle of reincarnation, and the path to the underworld.

Any living being which died in the Nine Mountains and Seas, assuming their soul did not disperse, would enter into this great river, and then be carried to the Fourth Mountain, after which they would begin their cycle anew.

There appeared to be endless souls within the great river, most of whom looked around wide-eyed, moaning and screaming. Many struggled to escape the river water, including powerful beasts and mighty cultivators.

Of the numerous fierce beasts in the river, one was a pangolin who was covered with long spikes. It was fully three thousand meters long, and was currently roaring in rage.

It was half submerged in the river water and struggling mightily. Once it was completely submerged, it would lose its mental faculties. As it struggled desperately, the beast let out a mighty roar.

“I’m an Immortal from the Mountain Deity Tribe! My grandfather is the Dao Lord of the Wind People of the Seventh Mountain! How dare you try to drag me into the cycle of reincarnation!!”

As the beast roared, it began to rise up. It was just on the verge of leaving the water, when suddenly, the river began to seethe. A spray of water burst into the air, which expanded out to form a sea. A rumbling sound could be heard as the beast was submerged. A miserable shriek rang out through the void as the gigantic creature was smashed, transforming into countless discarnate souls that merged into the river water.

The scene caused all the surrounding beast souls to tremble with fear and astonishment, even terror.

Off in the distance, an old man sat upright, floating above the surface of the water, surrounded by the melodious music of a great Dao. Every bit of his soul radiated Immortality, and his body shone with radiant light that spread out in all directions over the vast river. He seemed like a preeminent Immortal, towering over the River of Forgetfulness. He ignored the water, which seemed incapable of fazing him in the least.

“I am an almighty Dao Lord of the Sixth Mountain. My longevity might have ended, but in the past, the longevity of Dao Lords in the Nine Mountains and Seas was unlimited! Now... under what authority are you dragging me into the cycle of reincarnation, Fourth Mountain?!” The old man suddenly looked up, and his eyes seemed like two suns. Any souls that he looked at immediately began to scream and dissipate.

Chapter 780: Slaughtering an Underworld Judge

[/expand]

The old man slapped his hand down onto the surface of the water and then began to fly upward. His hand flashed in an incantation gesture, and then a rift tore open in the starry sky, which he prepared to enter.

However, it was at this point that a black fish suddenly splashed out of the water. It had sharp teeth and looked incredibly ferocious. As soon as it appeared, black rays of light began to shine out from it, making it look like a black sun. It only took a moment for it to appear in front of the old man.

An indescribable pressure exploded off of it.

“You’re... an underworld fish!” said the old man, his face paling. “There’s an Underworld Judge of the Fourth Mountain who is an underworld fish. You’re his clone!” Just when the old man prepared to fight back, the underworld fish flickered and then stabbed into the old man’s forehead. The old man shook, and then his body began to dissipate.

Even as he began to fade away, the old man’s eyes suddenly flickered with a glow of determination.

“I might be dying, but you Underworld people must be dreaming if you think I’ll go down without a fight! My Dao manifested the music of a great Dao. Dead souls of the river, if you have any reluctance at all to part with the living world, then awaken! Listen to the call beckoning you to stay in the world of men! Break free, return, and exist as undead!” With that, he lifted his head back and laughed loudly. His body collapsed, but the sound of his voice rolled out through the River of Forgetfulness, which stretched out further than the eye could see.

The old man died, but the music of his great Dao echoed out over the discarnate souls within the River of Forgetfulness. They trembled, and were then unable to control themselves as they flew up into the air. They transformed into a tempest of souls which shot madly toward the rift out in the void.

“Let’s go home!”

“Flee this place and return home!!”

Rumbling could be heard as the countless souls whistled through the air. On the surface of the river water lay a woman surrounded by a blood-colored light. She also flew up into the air to join the other souls in the tempest.

The underworld fish next to the rift looked coldly at the souls.

“You people are already dead!” the underworld fish said coolly. “If you want your souls dispersed as well, then as an Underworld Judge, I can accommodate!”

“All souls in the River of Forgetfulness... will have no trial! Your sentence is to be refused entry into the cycle of reincarnation! Your souls will be exterminated immediately and melted into the River of Forgetfulness, where they shall remain for all eternity!” A black glow emanated out from the fish, transforming into a Dharmic decree that spread out in all directions.

In the blink of an eye, the entire area was covered with a black glow. Any soul who touched it screamed and then faded away, having been instantly eradicated!

“I don’t want to die!!”

“Ahhhh, soul dispersion! I refuse to submit!!”

“My life was ended, and now I get no second life?! I can’t accept this!!”

It took only a moment for all the souls above the river to fade away, with the exception of the woman’s soul. The black light was blocked by the red glow that surrounded her.

The black underworld fish looked over with glinting eyes that suddenly went wide.

The woman was none other than Xu Qing’s soul!

“So you already have a Dharmic decree attached to you, directing you into reincarnation?” The fish hesitated for a moment. Generally speaking, souls with Dharmic decrees had incredible backstories. The fish couldn’t help but look more closely at Xu Qing.

After further examination, a look of surprise gleamed in the fish’s eyes.

“This woman has a Dao root? And it just sprouted? I’ve never heard of something like this before! I’ve been looking for a new slave girl. This one will do just fine!” Suddenly, black light appeared in

front of the fish which then transformed into a huge hand covered with fish scales. It reached out toward Xu Qing to grab her.

However, as soon as it made contact with the red glow, shocking ripples flowed out. The hand trembled, then shattered into pieces, leaving the underworld fish astonished. It only took a moment for a bright glow to appear in its eyes.

“Interesting. This woman with the Dharmic decree must be some shocking, almighty figure. Now that she’s died, she’s weak and exhausted. If I can suppress her here in the River of Forgetfulness, then there won’t be any chance of her coming back to look for me later!”

The underworld fish’s body flickered, and the River of Forgetfulness began to crash with enormous waves. The waves surged, merging together, hundreds of thousands of them. The red glow fought back against the waves, but was eventually incapable of resisting the mysterious power of the River of Forgetfulness. After some time passed, the glow began to fade.

When it completely dissipated, the underworld fish laughed loudly and then summoned the black hand to once more reach out and grab at Xu Qing.

“I’ll bless you with some good fortune! Wipe your memories and sever your path to mortality. You won’t be going into the cycle of reincarnation, from now on, you’re going to be the slave girl of an Underworld Judge!”

Just when the black hand was about to grab onto Xu Qing, a strand of divine sense suddenly flew up into the air and began to emanate an astonishing power. The strand slashed down, slicing the black hand in two!

A miserable scream could be heard from the underworld fish. With an expression of complete astonishment and terror, it shot backward in retreat.

At the same time, a cold voice echoed out through the River of Forgetfulness.

“How dare you touch the daughter-in-law of the one surnamed Fang!” The voice seemed enraged, and the entire River of Forgetfulness shook. The underworld fish couldn’t look more shocked.

“You.... Fang.... You’re....” It began to tremble with such fear that its soul nearly dissipated. Before it could finish speaking, the strand slashed out into the starry sky, severing all natural law. The

strand continued to slash down toward the underworld fish. It screamed as its body was sliced into two halves. The strand then appeared to be preparing to finish the job and completely destroy it.

“Your excellency, please spare my life!” cried the underworld fish. It was completely terrified, and filled with a sense of deadly crisis. Unfortunately, it was incapable of fleeing, and had no other option than to beg for mercy.

It was at this point that another voice, ancient and archaic, echoed out from within the River of Forgetfulness.

“Elder Brother Fang, calm your anger. Considering my position as king, can’t you give me some face....”

In conjunction with the voice, an enormous face appeared within the River of Forgetfulness. It had a third eye on its forehead, and as soon as it appeared, all the stars in the sky trembled.

“No, I can’t,” was the cold response. A bloodcurdling scream rang out from the mouth of the underworld fish. Its body was destroyed, completely and thoroughly. Then, a will of extermination appeared that quickly found the true self that the clone originated from, and destroyed it as well.

Nothing could prevent this from happening!

The starry sky was now tranquil and quiet.

“Elder Brother Fang, we haven’t seen each other for years, but you still have the same temper.... You know, you might just be a stream of divine sense come from the lands of South Heaven, but that’s still a violation of the agreement.

“The 100,000 year period has just begun. You and your beloved are not permitted to leave South Heaven!”

“During the 100,000 years, I can send out one stream of divine sense,” replied the cold voice. “That was also written in the agreement.”

Down below, the eyes of the enormous face in the River of Forgetfulness flickered. “True, true. Although, you may only do that one time, ostensibly to provide a Dao Protector for your son. I never imagined you would use the divine sense on this girl.”

“The son of Fang is a dragon of Heaven and Earth! He doesn’t need me to act as Dao Protector!”

“Oh? You’re not afraid that someone might kill him?!” the face replied coldly.

“If someone kills my son, I will kill his everything!” responded the voice, cold and calm. “I will destroy his entire family, and their chance at reincarnation!” The words were spoken with a monstrous, domineering air. Intense, icy coldness spread out, and as for the face on the river, it trembled inwardly.

“Even after all these years, he definitely deserves to be called the number one Chosen of the Fang Clan,” thought the face. “For the sake of his crippled son, he was stationed on planet South Heaven for 100,000 years... unable to leave. South Heaven is old and dull, and his cultivation base cannot advance. It won’t take 100,000 years for plenty of other people to pass him up.”

At this point, the cold voice continued: “This is my daughter-in-law. My strand of divine sense will stay with her to protect her and ensure that she is peacefully reincarnated. During her time in the underworld, no one is allowed to interfere with her in any way.” With that, the strand of divine sense slowly floated down to circle around Xu Qing’s arm, then faded into her.

The face on the river water said nothing. After a moment passed, it slowly sank back down into the water. This stretch of the vast River of Forgetfulness now had no souls in it other than Xu Qing’s. Gradually, she drifted off into the distance.

Back in the Southern Domain, on the battlefield, the Southern Domain cultivators milled about, not attacking, but merely surrounding the Northern Reaches cultivators. They had long since grown accustomed to the reek of blood. They looked on coldly as the Northern Reaches cultivators let out their final screams.

Everything was sealed. The Northern Reaches cultivators couldn’t flee. By now, there were less than 30,000 left, each and every one of whom... was withering away into a corpse.

The corpse-littered battlefield was huge, but now it was possible to see that in the very center, there was a giant blood-colored cocoon, within which sat a cross-legged figure. It was impossible to see

the figure clearly, only its outline, but when the Southern Domain cultivators looked at it, their eyes filled with reverence and fanaticism.

A magic had been used that merged the qi, blood and cultivation bases of more than a hundred thousand people, to mold a new body. Such magic was matchlessly sinister and vicious. And yet, the magical technique itself was neither evil nor good. The nature of good and evil is often decided by the masses, and the heart.

To the Northern Reaches cultivators, the blood mist was evil to the extreme and indescribably cruel. They hated it to their bones. However, to the Southern Domain cultivators, it was exactly the opposite.

The living sacrifice of the Northern Reaches cultivators allowed their esteemed Meng Hao to mold a new body. It was something that left them incredibly moved on an emotional level.

It was impossible to say who it was that spoke first, but soon, all of the more than 100,000 surviving Southern Domain cultivators spontaneously began to cry out. Their voices grew louder and louder, until everyone was shouting out one name.

“Meng Hao!!”

“Meng Hao!!”

“Meng Hao!!”

They were calling out to Meng Hao, calling out for him to awaken!

The sound rumbled out over the remaining 20,000 or so Northern Reaches cultivators. They were enveloped by red mist, and their miserable screams were a sharp contrast to the calls of the Southern Domain cultivators. Two very different sounds could be heard on the battlefield.

The Northern Reaches cultivators only lasted for the space of a few breaths before they were completely withered up. 20,000 corpses toppled over, and the thick red mist surged back into the enormous, blood-colored cocoon. Then, the heartbeat coming from within the Blood Cocoon... grew louder!

Thump-thump! Thump-thump! Thump-thump!

Not only did the heartbeat grow more intense, the image of the person inside began to grow clearer!

“Meng Hao!!”

“Meng Hao!!”

“Meng Hao!!”

100,000 Southern Domain cultivators were shouting at the top of their lungs, and the sound of it caused everything to shake, and even penetrated into the Blood Cocoon itself!

Within the Blood Cocoon, the figure’s eyes... suddenly opened!

“Who... calls me...?”