

The Heavens 781

Chapter 781: Meng Hao Awakens!

Within the Blood Cocoon sat a cross-legged figure with pale white hair. His body had no skin on it, making it possible to see the various blood vessels and other meridians. Overall, he looked completely horrifying.

His eyes were listless, and a monstrous Devilish aura emanated off of him, making him seem like a Blood Devil!

This was Meng Hao!

He had absorbed the qi, blood and cultivation bases of more than 100,000 cultivators, as well as their souls.

However, he had been destroyed by the explosion of the false Immortal puppet, washed over by the force of eradication. Therefore, even what he had already absorbed was not enough to completely restore his body.

The cultivators in the outside world called his name, and the sound continued to grow louder. It entered into the Blood Cocoon and echoed in Meng Hao's ears, muffled and distorted as if time were passing slowly, stretching out the sounds.

Gradually, Meng Hao's eyes were no longer blank, but rather, bright and clear.

"I... am Meng Hao..." he murmured. A tremor ran through him, and his mind seemed to fill with rumbling as his memories flooded back.

There were memories of his early childhood, and then that night when he was seven years old. His parents went missing, and he ran out into the fog to look for them. Then there was the Reliance Sect, the Violet Fate Sect, the Western Desert, the Demon Immortal Sect, the Milky Way Sea, and finally the war of the Southern Domain.

He remembered everything. He remembered his and Xu Qing's wedding. He saw her soul enter the River of Forgetfulness. All of it caused him to tremble. Then he looked down at the back of his right hand and saw that same mark that had appeared before, flickering and glittering.

This time when he looked down at the symbol, there was more.... There were unfamiliar memories, broken fragments that he couldn't quite piece together.

Within those fragments were memories from before when he was seven. However, the setting was unfamiliar. It was not the State of Zhao, but some other place. It was some location where there seemed to be seven moons, one of which was bright, six of which were dark.

Underneath that unique sky, he was being carried in the arms of a woman. Off to the side was a young man who was smiling at him. Further off to the side was a tall old man, who was laughing kindly.

The man and the woman were not unfamiliar to him. They looked exactly like the father and mother that he remembered from when he was young.

As for the sky and the land, it was a world Meng Hao didn't recognize.

What he did know was... it was not South Heaven.

"That curse targeting one of the lands of South Heaven didn't affect me at all.... Is it possible that I actually wasn't born here?" Before, Meng Hao didn't have the time to consider the question. Now, here in this Blood Cocoon, his mind stirred with scattered fragments of memories.

After some time passed, the mark on Meng Hao's hand faded. He looked up, and heard the voices calling to him from the outside. Slowly, he rose to his feet. The Blood Cocoon exploded, transforming into a shocking, blood-colored whirlwind.

Meng Hao stepped out from within the whirlwind, into the view of the Southern Domain cultivators. What they saw was a Meng Hao with white hair and ferocious features. His body had no skin, making him even more terrifying. However, they continued to call his name.

"Meng Hao!"

“Meng Hao!”

“Meng Hao!”

Pill Demon, Patriarch Song, and Patriarch Golden Frost sped over to appear at Meng Hao’s side. Meng Hao’s second true self was also recovered, and appeared off in the distance.

“Hao’er....” said Pill Demon. Seeing Meng Hao’s current condition pained him in his heart.

Meng Hao clasped hands in greeting, then softly said, “Master, I’m fine.... These are merely the excesses of the sixth level of the Blood Demon Grand Magic.”

“The sixth level of the Blood Demon Grand Magic!” Patriarch Song exclaimed with a gasp.

This truly was the sixth level of the Blood Demon Grand Magic. As soon as Meng Hao’s body fell apart, the sixth level automatically activated. It seemed that in order to truly enter the sixth level, it required all the blood in the body to dissipate.

“As of now, you....” Pill Demon trailed off and didn’t finish his sentence.

“Master,” said Meng Hao, his eyes flickering with red light, “are there still cultivators from the Northern Reaches’ second wave army left in the Southern Domain?”

“Yes!” he replied. “There were a total of six fronts. The third and fourth overlapped here, but there are still four others scattered in the four cardinal directions. There are still roughly 100,000 Northern Reaches cultivators out there.” A flicker of worry could be seen in Pill Demon’s eyes. He knew what state Meng Hao was in. He was bedeviled, and would carry out slaughter like a Devil.

“Master, I’ve found my path to the Third Severing,” said Meng Hao. He looked at Pill Demon, then clasped hands and bowed respectfully.

Pill Demon looked at him seriously for a moment, and then suddenly laughed out loud. Relieved, he waved his hand, sending a jade slip flying out that detailed the locations of the four Northern Reaches armies.

Meng Hao caught the jade slip, then turned to clasp hands toward Patriarch Song and Patriarch Golden Frost. Finally he looked out at all the Southern Domain cultivators, clasped hands and bowed. With that, he flew up into the air. His second true self rippled and vanished, becoming his shadow as he shot off into the distance.

After Meng Hao left, Pill Demon produced a pill furnace and then unleashed a vast quantity of medicinal pills for the Southern Domain cultivators to use to recover. Then he, Patriarch Golden Frost and Patriarch Song started to set up spell formations.

They knew that the war wasn't over. The Northern Reaches' third wave, which was the strongest of all, was currently en route. It wouldn't be long before it arrived, and then the true battle for victory or defeat would begin.

In the end... the Southern Domain's chances of winning were small. But they would fight nonetheless!

It would be better to die in battle than let the Southern Domain be overrun.

Meanwhile, Meng Hao shot through midair in a beam of blood-colored light. He sped forward, jade slip in hand, heading toward the second front, which wasn't very far off.

"The Blood Demon Grand Magic has three strata. With the first stratum, I can battle early Dao Seeking. With the second, I can battle mid Dao Seeking. With the third stratum complete, and my current cultivation base, I can definitely shake the peak of Dao Seeking!"

"If I can perform my Third Severing and step into Dao Seeking, then... I would be considered invincible within the Dao Seeking stage!" Meng Hao's expression was placid, but his heart was thumping.

"Regarding my Third Severing... I already have the basics lined up." He looked down toward the ground and saw a shadow that others would not be able to perceive, which was his second true self.

As he proceeded onward at top speed, he was soon able to hear the sounds of battle. Though it was not the shocking sound of hundreds of thousands of cultivators fighting, it still caused everything in the area to shake.

There were tens of thousands of people on the battlefield, locked in combat.

One side was in a state of constant retreat, and the other side was pushing them relentlessly. The ground was stained with blood and littered with corpses.

20,000 Northern Reaches cultivators were currently fighting 10,000 Southern Domain cultivators. Most of the group of Southern Domain cultivators was made up of Violet Fate Sect disciples. Among their forces were Chosen of the Violet Fate Sect who had not completely grown into their prime, and as such, were unable to take the lead. Currently, the cultivators taking the lead were three aged Spirit Severing cultivators.

On the Northern Reaches' side, there were four Spirit Severing cultivators.

Booms filled the air as the Southern Domain army was forced into constant retreat. Their three Spirit Severing cultivators were seriously injured. Their army had suffered severe casualties. Chu Yuyan was there fighting, her face pale, blood oozing out of her mouth.

There were many familiar faces, some who had already fallen, some who were still holding firm.

Meng Hao shot down from the sky like a bloody shooting star that stained the sky red. As soon as he appeared, the tens of thousands of bitterly fighting combatants were shocked to the core.

This was especially true of the Southern Domain's Spirit Severing cultivators, whose pupils constricted. They were unable to tell whether or not this person was a friend or an enemy!

That was not the case with Chu Yuyan. She dodged a fatal strike, coughed up some blood, and then looked up at the figure in the beam of light. Her heart trembled.

He had white hair, and no skin. He was fearsome and terrifying to the extreme. And yet, she could still tell... that it was Meng Hao.

"What's... happened to you...?" she thought, her heart aching. She had her pride, but even with that pride, when she saw Meng Hao like this, pain filled her heart.

BOOM!

Meng Hao slammed into the middle of the Northern Reaches forces like a meteor. Massive fissures spread out across the land, and numerous Northern Reaches cultivators coughed up blood and then directly exploded.

The four Spirit Severing cultivators from the Northern Reaches were in shock. They gritted their teeth and attacked, but before they could even get close to Meng Hao, he waved his hand out in front of him, causing a vast red mist to spread out.

The four Spirit Severing cultivators had just begun their charge when the mist bored into them. They began to scream; shocking, earth-shaking screams. They were powerful Spirit Severing experts, but it only took the blink of an eye for them to begin to wither up. Qi, blood, cultivation bases, souls; all were extracted. As the mist spread out, anyone caught in it became a desiccated corpse that toppled to the ground.

The sight of it shocked all of the Northern Reaches cultivators. More miserable shrieks rang out as the red mist continued to spread.

Moments ago, the Northern Reaches cultivators' faces had been covered with malevolent, murderous expressions. Now, they were trembling in terror. Their bodies withered up, their cultivation bases vanished, their souls were wrenched out.

Soon, the entire battlefield was filled with the sounds of screaming. The Violet Fate Sect disciples backed up, their faces ashen. The scene which was playing out in front of them left them stunned, with looks of horror on their faces.

“Who is that!?!?”

“His entire body is the color of blood! He has no skin! His magic is Demonic!”

“How come... that looks a lot like Meng Hao's Blood Demon Grand Magic...?”

Chu Yuyan looked at Meng Hao in the middle of the Northern Reaches cultivators, and it felt like she was looking at a Blood Devil. Her heart ached as she realized that Meng Hao also had an air of sorrow to him.

Rumbling filled the air. The 20,000 Northern Reaches cultivators around Meng Hao screamed miserably as, one by one, they became desiccated corpses. Eventually, the red mist returned to Meng Hao. Cracking sounds could be heard from inside of him.

His previously skinless body now had some skin on it. His qi and blood were more vigorous, and up above in the sky, thunder rumbled.

“Meng Hao! It’s... Meng Hao!”

“It really is Meng Hao! I couldn’t tell before, but now that there’s some skin on him, you can tell... it’s Meng Hao!”

“How come he looks so different!?”

The Violet Fate Sect disciples were shocked. However, even as their voices rose, Meng Hao leaped up into the air. He looked down at the crowds, and his gaze lingered for a moment on Chu Yuyan. As he turned to leave, his voice rang out.

“Go meet up with the others at the Blood Demon Sect!”

Chapter 782: Three Swords Sweep Across the Eastern Lands!

In the same moment that Meng Hao left the second front in the Southern Domain, a man and a woman stood in a monolithic Tower of Tang in the Eastern Lands, just as they had been standing there the entire time.

Looking toward the Southern Domain.

“Soon.... He’s going to break through soon!” the man said softly. “Once he does, once he reaches Dao Seeking, we can go to him. We can tell him the truth about everything!”

“Before he reaches Dao Seeking, we cannot interfere with his Karma. We have to be extremely careful even with things tangentially related to him.”

“If any accidents happen, this lifetime will have been a failure.... I... I don’t want to see him go through any more suffering.” As he spoke, a love shone in his eyes that seemed capable of melting even the coldest ice.

The woman standing next to him had tears in her eyes as she stared off toward the Southern Domain. She could see Meng Hao, and his current skinless visage caused her heart to quiver.

“But... he’s just a child,” she said, and the tears began to flow down her cheeks.

Almost as soon as the words left her mouth, her expression suddenly changed. Shocking, murderous intent flickered in her eyes as she turned her head to look in a different direction. Toward... the Ji Clan!

At this very moment, the clouds there were seething as an enormous vortex appeared above the clan, a vortex that anyone under Dao Seeking would be incapable of seeing.

It was something only visible to Dao Seeking and higher.

Within the vortex, a gigantic altar appeared. It was none other than... the Immortality Bestowal Dais!

Behind the Immortality Bestowal Dais, up in the sky above the Eastern Lands, a huge face appeared. Its eyes were closed as if it were sleeping. However, as soon as it appeared, an indescribable pressure emanated out that weighed down on all living creatures in the Eastern Lands.

“The false Immortal puppet Hao’er used was infected with Ji Clan Karma,” said the woman. “He already had Ji Clan Karma on him to begin with, now... they’re going to make a move!” The killing intent in her eyes grew even more intense.

At this point, rumbling sounds could be heard from within the Immortality Bestowal Dais; clearly, it was just on the verge of performing a teleportation.

“Remove my seal,” the woman said urgently. “They’re going after Hao’er, and I’m going to stop them!” The man didn’t say anything. However, his hand released the column it had been gripping and clenched into a fist.

“There’s no need,” he said calmly. “I’ll handle it myself.” The woman looked over in shock. As far as she could remember, her husband always opposed her when she tried to interfere in matters. They had quarreled about such things many times.

But now, HE was going to do something!

“You...”

“Hao’er is at a critical juncture, and can’t be disturbed. If WE can’t interfere, then... neither can the Ji Clan!” A cold gleam appeared in his eyes as he stretched his hand out and pointed up into the sky.

Instantly, the entire Eastern Lands started to tremble. The face in the sky distorted as a gargantuan finger appeared up above, which then poked viciously down toward the Immortality Bestowal Dais.

As the rumbling filled the air, roars of rage could be heard from within the Ji Clan. Three figures appeared, which shot up toward the Immortality Bestowal Dais, and the descending finger.

The song of a great Dao rose up from the Immortality Bestowal Dais, and from the ancestral lands of the Ji Clan. The sky trembled, and the eyes of the enormous face opened a sliver.

Instantly, the enormous finger began to shudder, seemingly incapable of withstanding the force.

Then, the man in the Tower of Tang snorted coldly.

The Eastern Lands consisted of 216 states. The Northern Reaches had 113. The Southern Domain, 219. The Western Desert had none, and was also the only region that had no Towers of Tang.

In the lands of South Heaven, there were a total of 548 Towers of Tang!

Currently, roughly a third of those Towers of Tang began to emit bright light. Brilliant beams shot up into the air, which sped toward the Tower of Tang in the Eastern Lands, where they formed into the shape of a sword.

It seemed to be a simple, ordinary iron sword. There was nothing resplendent about it whatsoever. However, as soon as it appeared, wild colors flashed throughout the sky, and Planet South Heaven... quaked.

Immediately, the sword slashed out with such speed that it was impossible to even see. It cut through the Immortality Bestowal Dais, rending a huge gash and causing the altar to fall down toward the ground.

“This dais wanted to seal my son. It shall remain fallen for 10,000 years!”

Then the sword slashed a second time, toward the three incoming figures from the Ji Clan. They could do absolutely nothing to block it, and disappeared in a haze of blood. The sword continued to slash downward into the Ji Clan ancestral mansion. A massive gorge was hewn out through multiple layers of the mansion as the sword headed toward the same location where the man’s wife had been stopped the last time she had gone to that place. Sitting at the top of a tall staircase was a young man.

The young man’s face flickered, and he immediately roared and counter-attacked with all the power he could muster. A boom rattled out, and blood sprayed from his mouth as both of his arms were severed! They flew up into the air and spontaneously combusted, gone for all eternity.

“Your clan wishes to infect my son’s Karma!? You’re nothing but a puny peak Immortal Realm so-called Dao Lord who hasn’t even opened the great door to the Ancient Realm, and yet you dared to chide my wife? I’m severing your arms! Furthermore, you’ll never reach the Ancient Realm in this lifetime!”

The sword slashed a third time, toward the face up in the sky. Massive amounts of sword qi billowed out, and a huge rift was opened up in the sky. The face vanished.

“If your honored clan chief were here, I would obviously be no match for him. But the trifling strand of divine will that has become the Heavens of South Heaven... is not enough to keep me under its thumb!

“You listen to me, Ji Clan. I, Fang, have a family with four people in it. We’ve only been in the lands of South Heaven for a few hundred years, and have done nothing to interfere with your operations here. But starting today... I will fully assume my status as the Prison Warden of the Ninth Mountain. Henceforth, the Ji Clan will keep itself in line! If you harbor even the slightest ill intentions... well, let me remind you that you’re nothing more than an offshoot of the Ji Clan.

Besides, even if you were the main branch, I've lost count of how many people I've killed from there!"

The Ji Clan instantly fell silent.

It was at this point that the woman's proud voice could be heard from within the Tower of Tang.

"Listen up, you people. When my Hao'er returns, you little twerps who owe him spirit stones had better pay them back or else!"

Her way of handling things was somewhat reminiscent of Meng Hao....

Everyone in the Ji Clan was trembling. The Chosen, the Array disciples, even Ji Xiaoxiao, all felt their scalps go numb. At first, they weren't sure who these voices were talking about, but once they heard mention of the debts of spirit stones, all of the Chosen who had been to the Demon Immortal Sect shivered and recalled the same person, that oft-remembered bastard who had conned them out of who knew how much, and had left them gnashing their teeth.

Deep in the Ji Clan, the young man who had lost his arms sat silently on an altar. A complex expression filled his face, and after a long moment, he sighed.

"He sealed himself here for 100,000 years, and is unable to leave South Heaven. He even became the Ninth Mountain Prison Warden. All to give his son a slim chance at life.... And it turns out that little kid down there is his son!"

The iron sword vanished, and the Towers of Tang in the lands of South Heaven went dark. Everything that had just happened was something that mortals wouldn't be able to see. Even most cultivators would not have been able to see anything.

As everything faded away, the woman turned to stare at her husband, and a strange light gleamed in her eyes.

The man's face was calm, his voice cool as he said, "Surprised? You interfered a few times already, which was quite dangerous. I lectured you before, but actually, I interfered once too. I prevented some punk child from trying to mess with Xu Qing's soul."

The woman suddenly smiled. “Afraid Meng Hao would resent you if you didn’t?”

“When Xu Qing left the lands of South Heaven and entered the River of Forgetfulness, I was then truly free to act,” he continued. “She is his beloved, which makes her our daughter-in-law. That strand of divine sense will protect her in her reincarnation, all the way until we meet her in person.

“As for Hao’er... I have faith that he is a dragon among men. He’s not some spoiled brat that needs to cower under the protection of his father and mother.

“We must stay here on Planet South Heaven for 100,000 years. That was the agreement. An oath. We can’t leave, yet neither can we force him to stay with us here for those 100,000 years. His path lies much further off in the distance. In this lifetime, he relied only on himself to get as far as he has, and we can be proud of how far he’s risen. Therefore, we must have faith that in the future... he will continue to make us proud!” He spoke softly, and it was hard to tell whether he was speaking to his wife, or to himself.

Back in the lands of South Heaven, Meng Hao’s skin was now thirty percent recovered. He didn’t look as terrifying as before, although his expression was as cold as ice. He flew through the air in a beam of blood-colored light as he headed toward the next battlefield.

Of the six fronts in the Southern Domain, the third and fourth had merged together. The other four were already being pushed toward the Blood Demon Sect. Considering the incredible speed Meng Hao was capable of, it didn’t take long for him to appear in the air above the first front.

There were a few Violet Fate Sect disciples here, as well as many rogue cultivators. All of them were united to defend against more than 20,000 Northern Reaches cultivators. A bloody battle was being fought.

Desperate fighting was under way, and corpses littered the ground as far as the eye could see. It was completely shocking.

When Meng Hao appeared, he swept down like a red wind.

Among the Northern Reaches cultivators was an unusually domineering Spirit Severing expert. He was soaked with blood, although little of it was his own. His expression was merciless, and his eyes radiated killing intent as he occasionally laughed cruelly. Two human heads were hanging at his waist. One of them was a person Meng Hao recognized; it was one of the Blood Demon Sect’s two Ironblood Patriarchs.

“Southern Domain cultivators!” roared the huge man. “You act like your way of cultivation is the only way, but now you’re less than dog crap! I’ve even killed two of your Spirit Severing Patriarchs. All of you can go die!” He laughed loudly as he brandished his huge war club. Wherever he went, he left a trail of destruction.

Behind him were two giants as tall as mountains. They roared as they slammed into the virtually defenseless Southern Domain cultivators.

It was at this point that Meng Hao arrived, swathed in red. A red mist rose up around him that, from a distance, almost looked like a cloak... a cloak that covered the entire sky.

Meng Hao exuded the air of a Paragon.

The burly Spirit Severing cultivator saw him, and his expression flickered. Roaring filled his mind as an indescribable pressure bore down on him. He suddenly felt as if he couldn’t breathe. Cold sweat broke out all over. He felt like a tiny little animal facing up against a lion.

“Stop him!” cried the man, shivering. He fell back as the two giants lunged toward Meng Hao.

Meng Hao’s expression was indifferent as he closed in. He simply passed by the giants, refraining from attacking. The red mist spread out to cover them up, and then, bloodcurdling roars rang out. The giants withered up in the blink of an eye and then toppled over onto the ground.

The Spirit Severing cultivator gasped, and his eyes filled with astonishment. “You’re... you’re at the peak of Dao Seeking. Definitely the peak of Dao Seeking! Dammit, aren’t the Southern Domain’s peak Dao Seeking experts all at the central battle? How could one of them be here?!”

He had no time to think about the question. In the blink of an eye, the red mist enveloped him, like the ravenous mouth of a Devil. He was swallowed up, along with the rest of the Northern Reaches cultivators.

For a few moments afterwards, miserable screams abruptly rose up into the air.

Chapter 783: Overwhelming

A short while later, the red mist reformed into the shape of Meng Hao. His skin was now roughly fifty percent restored. He no longer looked so hideous, but the coldness of his expression made his Devilish aura even more intense.

He flicked his sleeve, and then, under the shocked gazes of the Southern Domain cultivators, pierced through the air to disappear off into the distance in a beam of prismatic light.

Of the six fronts, hostilities had now ceased on four, and only two remained.

Meng Hao flew as fast as possible. The air shattered around him and lightning crackled as he sped across the land. Soon he appeared at the fifth front. Few Southern Domain cultivators remained on this front, only a few thousand. In contrast, there were more than 10,000 Northern Reaches cultivators, battling fiercely, pushing the Southern Domain force back in constant retreat.

Shockingly, Fatty was there in the crowd, spattered with blood, his expression fierce. Although his cultivation base was not incredibly high, he abounded with magical items. Furthermore, as the Golden Prince of the Golden Frost Sect, he was constantly guarded by other members of the sect.

Even so, currently facing a dangerous situation. After coughing up some blood, he leaped out, enraged, and bit a chunk out of the enemy's flesh.

When Fatty bit things, it didn't matter if it was flesh, bone or magical items; everything would be crushed and ripped. It was an incredibly fierce and cruel sight.

The Northern Reaches forces who pursued Fatty were covered in wounds that appeared to be bite marks.

“Dammit! Is this a person or a wild beast? How can he have such sharp teeth!”

“What technique does he cultivate?!?!”

“Slay him and pry his teeth out! I'm positive that you can refine them into a shocking magical item!”

Their killing intent seethed, and the glow of magical items swirled around their bodies as they gave chase to Fatty.

“Bring it on!” roared Fatty. “Grandpa Fatty’s gonna bite you to death!”

The fighting raged, and the Southern Domain cultivators fell back again. The Northern Reaches army advanced with unbridled frenzy, and from the look of the situation, it seemed that the Southern Domain Cultivators would soon be completely wiped out.

Fatty’s eyes had long since been shot with blood. Off to the side, one of his beloved concubines received an injury, causing him to leap to her aid. He pulled her back and then lunged out, snapping his teeth at the arm of a Northern Reaches cultivator who was about to land a palm strike on her.

The Northern Reaches cultivator immediately fell back, scalp numb. Although Fatty only ended up biting air, the sound it emitted was completely shocking.

“Dammit!” cried the Northern Reaches cultivator. Shamed into rage, he waved his arm, causing a lump of bronze to appear. He tossed it out in front of him, whereupon it exploded with a bluish light that was apparently sentient; it immediately shot toward Fatty as if to consume him.

Fatty’s face fell, and a sensation of deadly crisis washed over him. He shot backward at high speed, pursued by the blue light.

Just when the light was about to slam into Fatty, a cold snort echoed out across the land. It was a mere sound, but it instantly caused the Northern Reaches cultivators’ bodies to tremble. There were some who coughed up blood and felt their minds reeling unstably.

The cultivator who was after Fatty suddenly went pale in the face. Blood sprayed from his mouth, and he turned his head in astonishment. What he saw was a blinding red light filling the sky.

The following moment, a hand stretched out from behind Fatty, grabbed his shoulder and pulled him back. It was then that Meng Hao appeared.

“Meng Hao!” cried Fatty exuberantly. Immediately, the spirits of the surrounding Southern Domain cultivators lifted.

“The exalted Meng Hao has arrived!”

“We’re saved! Meng Hao is here!”

The Northern Reaches cultivators had all heard of Meng Hao; they knew that he was the one who had wiped out the first wave army. When they heard his name, many of them gasped and subconsciously backed up.

Someone who could wipe out an army of 100,000 cultivators was clearly an astonishing figure, no matter how he accomplished the task.

As soon as Meng Hao appeared, his energy transformed into an oppressive air that sent the minds of the Northern Reaches cultivators spinning. At the same time, Meng Hao stretched out his hand and flicked the blue light that had been bearing down on Fatty.

“Disperse!” he said coolly. The blue light shuddered, then emitted a screech as it shot backward and swallowed up the Northern Reaches cultivator. Unable to escape, it then shrank back down into a lump of bronze and was pulled back through the air into Meng Hao’s hand.

The lump of bronze trembled, seemingly pleading for its life with Meng Hao, who looked at it for a moment and then put it into his bag of holding. Then he glanced around at the more than 10,000 Northern Reaches cultivators.

A dark look gleamed in his eyes, and he stepped forward. Vast quantities of red mist instantly roiled out, like countless vipers. They shot toward the more than 10,000 enemies, boring into their bodies, causing shocking miserable shrieks to fill the air.

Meng Hao still stood there, arms raised into the air, eyes closed. Rumbling sounds filled the air as one after another, the Northern Reaches cultivators transformed into desiccated corpses. Red mist poured out from their eyes, ears, noses and mouths, which then flowed back to Meng Hao. His skin grew rapidly, and in the time it takes half an incense stick to burn, the screams faded away. The corpses toppled over, and Meng Hao opened his eyes.

His skin was now over seventy percent restored. His white hair floated around him, and he emanated a fiendish air that caused the Southern Domain cultivators to feel both anxious and shocked.

“The sixth level of the Blood Demon Grand Magic... soon....” murmured Meng Hao. Eyes gleaming with cruelty, he turned to look at the Southern Domain cultivators. When his gaze fell upon Fatty, he smiled.

Yet... the smile caused Fatty to inhale sharply.

“You...” he said hesitantly.

Meng Hao didn't respond. He turned and shot up into the air, preparing to head to the final front. That was where... he would complete the sixth level of the Blood Demon Grand Magic!

Fatty looked at Meng Hao flying up into the air, and couldn't hold back from shouting out, “You're not Meng Hao! Who are you?!”

When Meng Hao had appeared, he had been filled with joy. But after a moment, he had realized that there was something unfamiliar about him. There was a coldness that hadn't been there before. Fatty suddenly got the feeling that this person was not the Meng Hao that he remembered from the past. He was different.

Very different!

It was the same feeling Chu Yuyan had experienced, except that with Fatty, it was even stronger.

The Meng Hao he remembered was not the type of person to carry out massacres. He was not so savage and cruel. He would not consume others' qi, blood, life force and souls to further his cultivation. Those techniques were the craft of Devils!

Such practices would give rise to shock no matter what era or location they appeared in.

Cruelness, ruthlessness, the ability to treat life as worthless... that was how this Meng Hao was acting. He was completely different from the con-loving Meng Hao who existed in Fatty's memories.

Meng Hao came to a halt up in midair, and Fatty's words echoed about in his mind. He paused for a moment without looking back down at Fatty, then vanished off into the distance.

The sixth front was the location of the final remnants of the Northern Reaches' second wave army. The cultivators responsible for holding them back were from the auxiliary branches of the Blood Demon Sect: the Solitary Sword Sect and the Golden Frost Sect.

This was the only front out of them of all where... the Southern Domain maintained a superior position!

There were originally over 20,000 Northern Reaches cultivators, but now there were little more than half that. The Southern Domain cultivators fought back fiercely, and their enraged battle cries filled the area.

Chen Fan was in the middle of it all, along with Li Shiqi. The battlefield was filled with the glow of magical techniques and the power of divine abilities.

Chen Fan's cultivation base had returned to the Nascent Soul stage, and he fought with a sword. He truly looked like a sword cultivator, fighting as he did with shocking, killing blows. Li Shiqi was surrounded by a blood-colored glow. Of course, she did not cultivate the Blood Demon Grand Magic, but rather, used other magical combat techniques of the Blood Demon Sect.

Booms filled the air, and the sky suddenly turned bright red. Rain began falling, red rain. It was completely unexpected, and both the Southern Domain and Northern Reaches cultivators were astonished.

It was at this point that the falling rain transformed into a red mist that shot, swirling, toward the Northern Reaches cultivators. In the blink of an eye, it bored into their bodies.

The Southern Domain cultivators were shocked, and immediately fell back. They watched, shaken, as the Northern Reaches cultivators began to scream with unprecedented misery. Their bodies withered up and their hair fell out as their cultivation bases and souls were extracted through every orifice.

It was the same with the nearby mountain-like giants. Even the ghoulish spirit creatures that the Northern Reaches had brought were screaming. Their bodies faded as if they were being erased.

The Southern Domain cultivators gasped at the sudden, shocking turn of events. It almost seemed as if they were witnessing in a living hell.

Corpses fell to the ground one by one. The giants died, and the evil spirits screamed and faded away. After that, everything was silent.

Within the silence, the red mist surged up toward the red clouds in the sky, taking the qi, blood, cultivation bases and souls with it.

The scene left a deep impression on all of the Southern Domain cultivators. The red mist churned and rolled, and as they looked up at the red clouds, they saw someone sitting there cross-legged.

That was the person who was absorbing all the red mist!

Meng Hao's skin was now fully regrown. He was dressed like a scholar; however, his previously scholarly aura was now as cruel and merciless as a Blood Devil.

His white hair floated around him, and when his eyes slowly opened, it seemed as if red lightning were crackling within them. After absorbing all the power from the battlefield below, his body flickered, and he vanished.

There were friends down below, but he didn't want them to see him like this.

“Living sacrifices! He used some evil technique to turn them into living sacrifices!!”

“Who was that person in the clouds!?” Most of the Southern Domain cultivators made such exclamations. However, there were some people whose faces flickered as they seemed to recall a similar, although not quite as vicious, scene.

Chen Fan stood there silently, a complex look on his face as he looked up into the sky.

Not too far off was Li Shiqi, who stood there trembling. She was a Blood Demon Sect disciple, and although she did not cultivate the Blood Demon Grand Magic, she was not unfamiliar with it.

“It was him...”

Chapter 784: The Final Battle!

When the fighting stopped on the sixth front, the war of the Southern Domain finally became peaceful and quiet. However, everyone knew that this was only the calm before the true storm.

The storm was nigh!

The final, decisive battle was coming!

As to where the location of the final battle would be, many opinions were voiced by various Southern Domain cultivators. Some people had their minds set on the Blood Demon Sect. With the spell formations that were already in place, much time could be saved. Furthermore, the majority of the battle-ready cultivators in the Southern Domain were already congregated in the area.

Many others felt that the best location was the point where the Northern Reaches cultivators actually entered the Southern Domain. Doing so would prevent the Northern Reaches cultivators from razing and pillaging the rest of the Southern Domain.

In the end, Pill Demon, Patriarch Song, and Patriarch Golden Frost all agreed that time was the most valuable commodity!

Thus, the Blood Demon Sect was selected. It was far from the Milky Way Sea, but relatively close to the Black Lands, and could be considered to be on the border of the Southern Domain. Although this would cede a large amount of territory, every day that they continued to survive was another day that the Northern Reaches would not be able to completely conquer the Southern Domain.

Furthermore, the Northern Reaches cultivators would have to travel all the way to the Blood Demon Sect, which meant that the Southern Domain cultivators would have more time to prepare.

After the decision was made by Pill Demon, Patriarch Song, and Patriarch Golden Frost, all the battle-ready cultivators of the Southern Domain were marshaled. There were approximately 200,000 of them, and they were divided into multiple defensive fronts, with the Blood Demon Sect at the center.

Meanwhile, Pill Demon and the others personally went around the Southern Domain to the remaining sects and clans to collect vast quantities of supplies and treasures. They also set up enormous spell formations, ten in total, which caused shocking pressure to weigh down around them.

The atmosphere was tense. All of the Southern Domain cultivators were focused on healing and recovering their energy. Every area on the final battleground was filled with silence.

The final battle would determine victory or defeat. If the Southern Domain was victorious, they would be able to welcome in a new era of peace. After a period of rest and reorganization, they would be able to once again bloom like a beautiful flower, even more resplendent than before.

However, if they were defeated...

The Southern Domain would essentially become part of the Northern Reaches. Their core Daoist teachings and doctrines would be wrenched away. Their cultivators would be exterminated and the foundation of the Southern Domain would be lost. They would be ruled by the Northern Reaches, and years later... perhaps no one would even remember the formerly glorious Southern Domain.

This was the battle for everything!

They would live or die. There was no option for surrender.

A few days earlier, Meng Hao had returned to the Blood Demon Sect, where the final battle would soon take place. He went back to the same location where he had held Xu Qing and watched the sunrises and sunsets. Except now, there weren't two shadows falling on the ground. There was only his own.

His white hair fluttered in the wind, and his blood-red robe swayed.

His face was pale white, morbid and seemingly devoid of blood. It was a sharp contrast to the redness of his robe. However, his eyes radiated darkness.

Anyone who looked at him could sense a pulsing feeling, as if his body contained a terrifying qi and blood power. Also barely visible were over 100,000 shrieking souls that swirled around him. They seemed to spread out endlessly, and their howls were astonishing.

Apparently, these were the people Meng Hao had consumed and destroyed. They were shackled to him for all eternity, unable to enter the cycle of reincarnation.

“Qing’er,” he murmured, “are you doing well...?” His eyes were cold, and contained a trace of loneliness that made his aura seem even more desolate.

Anyone who looked at Blood Prince Gorge would feel that it was filled with blood and mysteries. The news had long since spread that Meng Hao had consumed the qi, blood, cultivation bases and souls of the enemy cultivators. Virtually all of the cultivators in the entire Southern Domain knew about it, and in fact, most had witnessed it.

Deep in their hearts, the veneration they felt toward Meng Hao was now coupled with dread.

The Southern Domain was finally rested, and their spell formations were prepared. Five days passed....

Near the border of the Southern Domain, where it touched the Milky Way Sea, the sea water roared. Massive waves surged across the surface of the water. It almost seemed as if the Southern Domain would be drowned. Up above, shockingly bright lights could be seen on the Resurrection Lily bridge; apparently, teleportation portals were in continuous use.

Slowly, people began to appear. Soon they packed the bridge, seemingly without end.

The Resurrection Lily bridge trembled as two mountain-like giants appeared. These giants were different than the ones from the second wave. They were more powerful, and wore suits of golden armor. The pressure they exuded was astonishing.

Shockingly, these giants were not comparable to the Spirit Severing stage, but rather, Dao Seeking!

It was only early Dao Seeking, but considering their enormous frames, they could clearly crush any cultivator within the same stage. Furthermore, they wore armor, and had enormous greatswords strapped to their backs, making them even more fearsome.

Behind the two giants was a monstrous, sinister death aura that took the form of an emerald-colored mist. In the region near the mist, numerous dead sea creatures could be seen floating on the surface of the water.

Inside of the mist were three 10,000-year-old wraiths!

The wraiths all emanated an air similar to Dao Seeking as they swirled about within the mist, shrieking and howling.

In addition to these, there were hundreds of thousands of Northern Reaches cultivators that composed the main military force. They were packed in tight formation atop the Resurrection Lily bridge, and anyone who saw them would surely gasp in shock.

However, what was most eye-catching was what could be seen in the very rear position of the army.

It was a gigantic iron cage, fully three hundred meters tall. It was being pulled forward by countless iron chains, and sitting inside was a monkey that had bright red eyes. It was covered with numerous magical symbols, and sat motionless in the cage, breathing heavily.

In the vanguard position of the army were three people that emanated shocking auras. They hovered in midair, looking coldly out at the Southern Domain.

In the center position among the three was an old man with red hair and a ruddy face. He wore a white robe, and a mysterious pressure emanated off of him. He was surrounded by countless bolts of lightning that formed together to make what appeared to be... true dragons!

If you continued to watch, you would see the true dragons swirl together to form something entirely different... a miniature cauldron!

Were Meng Hao here... he would instantly be able to tell that this cauldron closely resembled his own Lightning Cauldron. However, on this cauldron was engraved... a dragon with lightning bolts curling around it!

The old man hovered there, clearly emanating the power of peak Dao Seeking. And yet, the feeling of his aura was somewhat similar to that of Meng Hao's false Immortal puppet.

Yet again, further examination would reveal that his aura was even more ancient and archaic.

He seemed to possess an aura that was somewhere between a true Immortal and a false Immortal.

This old man was the most powerful person in the entire Northern Reaches, the Clan Chief of the Imperial Bloodline Clan.

On either side of him stood a man and a woman. The man was gentle and effeminate, with phoenix-like eyes and a frame as lithe as the wind. However, within his eyes could be seen what appeared to be the cross-legged image of two Immortal Divinities, reciting scriptures. A mere glance at the man would show that he was completely beyond the ordinary.

He was also at the peak of Dao Seeking, with a strange air similar and yet different to that of a false Immortal.

The woman, on the other hand, was by no means beautiful. She had a black birthmark on a face that was twisted and uncouth. Furthermore, her body was neither elegant nor appealing and she was extremely obese.

Wrapped around her neck was a crimson snake that occasionally flicked its forked tongue out. Its eyes were grim, and if you looked closely, you would see that the snake did not actually have a physical body; shockingly, it was actually composed of countless discarnate souls.

This was the third wave army of cultivators from the Northern Reaches, the final wave, and also the most powerful!

As soon as they arrived at the border of the Southern Domain, three beams of light emanating the power of peak Dao Seeking shot toward them. They were the three Northern Reaches Patriarchs that had been frightened off by Meng Hao.

When they joined the force, it increased the number of peak Dao Seeking experts in the third wave to six!

In addition, there were the two giants and three wraiths. This army of Northern Reaches cultivators was incredibly powerful.

The three newcomers did not say anything. They produced jade slips which they tossed out to the Imperial Bloodline Clan Chief and the others, who examined them closely for a few moments. Although their expressions did not change, serious looks could be seen in their eyes.

The six cultivators exchanged glances and then began to transmit a conversation.

“Meng Hao....”

“I’ve already received your earlier reports about him. It seems this Meng Hao... is the greatest hindrance to our Northern Reaches’ invasion of the Southern Domain!”

“He has a peak Dao Seeking clone, and his true self can absorb life force, qi, blood, cultivation bases and souls....”

“We must eliminate him. Without him, the Southern Domain is ripe for the picking!”

After a moment, their flickering gazes came to rest on the Imperial Bloodline Clan Chief.

Lightning danced around him, and his closed eyes suddenly snapped open. He spoke for the first time, and his hoarse voice was filled with strange power.

“To deal with him, I approve the use of the ancestral statuary!”

The other five nodded in response. There was no further discussion. Moments later, the third wave army marched off of the Resurrection Lily bridge and into the Southern Domain!

In that instant, the killing intent of the Northern Reaches cultivators exploded out. The sky darkened as they shot through the air like a black cloud.

The Imperial Bloodline Clan Chief looked off into the distance. Lightning danced around him as he snorted coldly and then stretched his hand out and pointed upward. Immediately, a bolt of lightning shot up into the sky.

The air distorted, and then a fist-sized, translucent eyeball appeared up above. The lightning smashed into it, blasting it to pieces.

“The Southern Domain knows we’ve arrived,” said the old man. “Push forward at top speed. We will finish this war in one swift blow!” In response, the Northern Reaches cultivators roared and surged forward at incredible speed.

Colors flashed in the sky, and the wind screamed. Down below, the earth quaked under their killing intent!

Outside the Blood Demon Sect, Patriarch Song's face flickered as he opened his eyes.

"They've arrived!" he said. "There is an old man with lightning surrounding him, most likely the most powerful person in the Northern Reaches, the Clan Chief of the Imperial Bloodline Clan. His cultivation base is astonishing. He noticed my Arcane Scrying Eye.

"They will be here in three days at the latest!"

Pill Demon and Patriarch Golden Frost exchanged glances. Seeing the profound gleam in each other's eyes, they suppressed their anxiety and rose to their feet.

"Spread the word. The final battle is about to begin!"

Chapter 785: The Battle Begins!

Ten successive spell formations protected the Blood Demon Sect. When the 200,000 Southern Domain cultivators inside heard Pill Demon's proclamation, they opened their eyes from meditation. Their eyes were still bloodshot; their righteous ardor had by no means evaporated.

Although they had been able to rest for a few days, their minds were like taut bowstrings that had not relaxed in the least. Everyone was waiting... for the final battle to begin.

Now the moment was upon them.

No one spoke. The sound of their breathing formed a thunderous, reverberating echo. Each and every cultivator exuded a murderous air. All of it mixed together into a shocking aura that caused everything to tremble.

In this battle, there would be nowhere to retreat to!

In this battle, the ultimate frenzy of the Southern Domain would be unleashed!

In this battle, defeat meant death, and victory meant a chance for life!

No one was confident that they would be alive after the battle was over. Not even Patriarch Song and the other powerful experts had such faith. However, in a battle of this scale, between two major territories and hundreds of thousands of cultivators, anything was possible.

They sat there, taciturn. Many removed jade slips from their robes and inscribed them with their most consummate and powerful abilities, then applied blood curses to ensure that anyone who studied such arts in the future would be forced to view the Northern Reaches cultivators as their ultimate archenemies.

Some people produced magical treasures or other arcane heirlooms that represented important memories. They held them in their hands and stared at them, murmuring.

They appeared to be... making their farewells....

Meng Hao sat motionless in Blood Prince Gorge. During these days of rest, he did not practice cultivation. As for the Blood Demon Grand Magic, it was not fully complete. He still lacked some souls harvested from battle.

He sat there in the same spot where he had held Xu Qing, his mind a blank. It almost seemed as if his aura had vanished.

Time passed. On the evening of the second day since Pill Demon's proclamation, the Southern Domain cultivators' breathing had grown even louder and hoarser. It sounded like muffled thunder, echoing about. As before, no one spoke.

Finally... a black streak appeared far off on the horizon!

Soon, it became apparent that the shocking black streak was actually countless Northern Reaches cultivators!

They shot through the air, hundreds of thousands of them, bursting with energy. The clouds churned due to their passage, and rumbling echoed out across all the lands.

The ground quaked as the two giants in golden armor ran, stepping over entire mountains with each stride. The mere sight was terrorizing. The three wraiths flew through the air surrounded by swirling

emerald mist. Wherever they passed, the living things down below died, and the mountain peaks appeared to melt.

Up in front were the six peak Dao Seeking experts, led by the Clan Chief of the Imperial Bloodline Clan. They streaked through the sky, looking almost like a gigantic talon, ready to rip the sky asunder.

The Southern Domain cultivators looked up. They put away the jade slips and the precious heirlooms, and stopped thinking about loved ones. As of this moment, they cleared their minds and allowed the desire for battle to burn hot and bright.

“Fight!”

It was hard to say who said it first, but the cry spread quickly. They had been suppressing themselves for days, and now they could finally vent. The roars grew louder.

“Fight!!”

“FIGHT!!!!” One by one, the Southern Domain cultivators rose to their feet. Their roaring caused the sky to dim as an explosive murderous air surged up, passing out through the spell formations to contend with the energy of the Northern Reaches cultivators.

Rumbling filled the air as the energy from the hundreds of thousands of cultivators fought against each other. It was an invisible conflict, but casualties were still inflicted. The Northern Reaches cultivators stopped in place, and there were even some with blood oozing from their mouths. It was the same with the Southern Domain forces.

Suddenly, a cold voice echoed out from the Northern Reaches forces.

“Central regiment, advance! Flanking regiments, form into a blade! Summon the Immortal Gate to smash the entire place flat!” The voice came from a veiled woman who floated cross-legged within the green wraith mist.

In response to her words, three regiments split from the army of hundreds of thousands of Northern Reaches cultivators. The central regiment numbered 100,000, and advanced directly forward. The two flanking regiments had 50,000 cultivators each, and formed together into something that looked like sharp blades that shot forward.

Simultaneously, a rift suddenly opened up above in the sky. An enormous golden door emerged, which then smashed down toward the ground.

The two mountain-like giants in golden armor leapt forward, howling as they stretched their arms out to catch the enormous golden door, which they then hefted on their shoulders!

The door slowly opened to reveal a void of primal chaos, within which was a giant, green tree.

The tree slowly began to emerge from the door, and an ancient, archaic aura spread out to fill the land. It was shocking to the extreme.

“Activate the formations!” said Patriarch Song. Rumbling could be heard as the ten spell formations began to rotate. Innumerable illusory spirit swords flew out, blotting out the sky as they shot toward the Northern Reaches cultivators.

“Break that formation,” the woman in the green mist said indifferently.

Instantly, the two giants with the door on their shoulders began to run toward the Southern Domain’s spell formations. More of the enormous tree had emerged from the door, roughly three hundred meters worth.

The two giants possessed extraordinary strength, and were incapable of being obstructed. In the blink of an eye, they were right on top of the Southern Domain cultivators’ tenth spell formation, which they struck with the gigantic tree.

A boom rang out, and cracking sounds could be heard. The tenth spell formation was completely incapable of withstanding the attack, and shattered into pieces.

Inside the spell formation perimeter, Patriarch Song’s and Patriarch Golden Frost’s faces fell.

“What is that!?”

“It’s a Formation Breaking Tree!” said Pill Demon, his face grim. “The Northern Reaches has access to profound resources. I can’t believe they still have one of those trees left!” Even as the

words left his mouth, the two giants strode toward the ninth spell formation, followed by a massive wave that was the Northern Reaches army. Hundreds of thousands of cultivators prepared to inundate the Southern Domain forces.

At the same time, five of the six peak Dao Seeking experts up in midair flew forward at top speed toward the ninth spell formation. They reached it in the blink of an eye, and employed divine abilities as they joined the two giants in attacking it.

A moment later, the land trembled and the sky filled with rumbling as the the ninth spell formation was destroyed, and then the eighth. When the seventh formation was destroyed, a destructive power hidden within it was unleashed that transformed into an explosive shockwave which roared outwards.

The giants bearing the golden door were incapable of fighting back against the attack. Trembling, they were forced back about three hundred meters. Many of the Northern Reaches cultivators behind them were incapable of standing up to the attack and were destroyed in body and spirit.

As the attack power spread out, the five peak Dao Seeking experts immediately sprang into action. Colorful divine abilities were employed, causing the ground to tremble, and the attacking power to dissipate....

“Charge!” roared Patriarch Song. He, along with Pill Demon and Patriarch Golden Frost, flew out, followed by five Spirit Severing experts and the 200,000 Southern Domain cultivators. This was the opening salvo of the final battle!

Pill Demon and the others headed toward the five peak Dao Seeking experts. Patriarch Song and Patriarch Golden Frost could only fight one enemy at a time, but Pill Demon had two lives worth of cultivation backing him. Although the magical symbols constraining him had not been fully removed, his peak Dao Seeking power far exceeded that of the other two.

When he attacked, the song of a great Dao swirled around him. A pill furnace materialized that seemed capable of refining Heaven and Earth, which he immediately sent against the effeminate Northern Reaches cultivator. At the same time, he waved his sleeve, enveloping the white-robed man who looked like a hopping vampire.

Booms filled the air as the three Southern Domain peak Dao Seeking cultivators waded into battle.

Unfortunately, the Northern Reaches had sent five peak Dao Seeking experts. There was still one left that could not be obstructed. That was the obese woman, who grinned as she shot toward Patriarch Song with a lethal attack.

However, even as she shot forward in attack, her scalp suddenly went numb and her face fell. She stopped in place and then retreated as a wooden sword suddenly materialized and slashed through the space where she had just been. The sword glittered with the power of Time, which caused the air around it to suddenly pass through tens of thousands of years of time.

“Who is it?!” she thought.

Meng Hao’s second true self stepped out of thin air. He waved his hand, causing hundreds of magical symbols to appear, and a spell formation shaped like a parasol shot toward the woman.

The woman opened her mouth and spit out a writhing mist that transformed into the shape of a wild beast. It charged toward Meng Hao’s second true self, and rumbling sounds filled the air. The woman’s face flickered. She was not an ordinary peak Dao Seeking cultivator; she exceeded that. Normally, she could easily slay other peak Dao Seeking experts. She could never have imagined that she would meet someone here who was not weaker than her.

“So you’re Meng Hao?” she asked. She wasn’t the only one who had such thoughts. The effeminate man who was fighting Pill Demon looked over. The leader of the Northern Reaches, who had been observing the battle instead of fighting, also glanced over.

“That’s Meng Hao’s clone!” said the old man that looked like a hopping vampire.

Booming could be heard as the peak-level experts’ battle unfolded in midair.

At the same time, the five Spirit Severing experts whistled through the air down below. Unfortunately, the Northern Reaches had sent seven Spirit Severing cultivators to block their way.

Five battles quickly broke out as the remaining two Northern Reaches Spirit Severing experts heading toward the ordinary cultivators from the Southern Domain with evil gleams in their eyes.

On the battlefield, no one discriminated regarding cultivation base, not when it came to killing. Battles were won or lost depending on how many of the enemy you could kill.

It was at this point that the cross-legged woman in the mist once again spoke out coldly.

“Three Elders of the Northern Sky, please make your move.”

Immediately, the three wraiths in the mist began to cackle. Surrounded by swirling mists, they shot down toward the Southern Domain cultivators. Their eyes shone with mysterious light and bloodthirsty intent, as if they planned to consume the life forces of as many cultivators as possible.

The situation did not look good for the Southern Domain. However, there were still spell formations left standing. With that foundation, it was always possible to fall back to safety.

And yet, there still seemed little hope for victory. The most powerful expert from the Northern Reaches still hadn't made a move yet.

As the three wraiths descended like death toward the Southern Domain's main army, Meng Hao sat in Blood Prince Gorge. He saw what was happening, and the blankness left his eyes. A blood-like glow suddenly appeared, and then he vanished.

When he reappeared, he was in the middle of the battlefield!

Chapter 786: Slaying Wraiths!

Meng Hao appeared without a word or a sound. Not many people in the battle would be able to detect his sudden appearance. One of the few who did was the number one most powerful expert from the Northern Reaches, the Imperial Bloodline Clan Chief up in midair.

Meng Hao appeared just outside of the spell formation, swathed in red, his face pale white. He looked almost as if he were devoid of blood. He held the Lightning Cauldron in his right hand, which crackled with lightning as he suddenly vanished again.

Shockingly, when he reappeared, he had taken the place of a despairing Southern Domain cultivator who was being attacked by a burly Spirit Severing cultivator with wild hair.

The Southern Domain cultivator originally thought he was going to die, and was preparing to self-detonate. Then, his vision went blurry, and he switched places with Meng Hao. Even as his mind reeled with shock, Meng Hao reappeared in front of the burly cultivator with wild hair.

The burly man had already struck out with his hand. When he saw Meng Hao, his face flickered and his pupils constricted. Shocked, he was about to fall back when Meng Hao, like a soul vampire, moved forward and touched the man on the right arm.

A miserable shriek rang out from the burly man's mouth as his arm rapidly withered. The technique being used against him was like a black hole that rapidly sucked away his qi and blood. In the blink of an eye, his burly frame was nothing more than skin and bones. His cultivation base was gone and his soul was sucked away. His body fell into pieces as massive quantities of red mist were absorbed into Meng Hao.

Meng Hao didn't even pause. After casually killing the man, the lightning cauldron flickered again, and he reappeared in front of a Spirit Severing expert who was slaughtering his way through the Southern Domain forces.

The old man's scalp went numb; the speed with which Meng Hao had killed the burly man was such that he didn't even have time to react. Even as his jaw was still dropping from shock, Meng Hao appeared in front of him.

Meng Hao's profound and mysterious face was devoid of any trace of blood, and a mysterious, dark glow filled his eyes. The old man was scared out of his mind.

“NO!”

He was about to flee when Meng Hao reached out and placed his hand on top of his head. The old man screamed miserably as his body withered, sucked out through the top of his head into Meng Hao's hand.

All of this happened in the time it takes a spark to fly off of a piece of flint. Meng Hao had just appeared, and already, two people had been slaughtered. The speed with which it happened caused all the onlookers to be taken aback.

Starting with the handful of people who Meng Hao had just saved, the Southern Domain cultivators began to chant his name.

“Exalted Meng Hao!”

“Exalted Meng Hao!!”

“EXALTED MENG HAO!!!” The combined voices of all the Southern Domain cultivators turned into a massive sound wave that rolled out.

Meng Hao stood there, his blood-red robe fluttering, his white hair floating around him, his energy surging.

Up in midair, The Northern Reaches’ number one most powerful expert, the Imperial Bloodline Clan chief, looked down with wide eyes.

“That kid is seeking death!” he said. Without hesitation, he transformed into a Lightning Roc surrounding by crackling electricity that shot toward Meng Hao in a deadly attack.

Meng Hao’s expression was as cold as ever as he caused the Lightning Cauldron to flicker, and he vanished yet again.

In another location on the battlefield was one of the three wraiths, which vaguely resembled an old woman. She wore a twisted smile as she grabbed onto a Southern Domain cultivator, opened her mouth wide, and bit into the man’s head. Crunching sounds could be heard as his skull cracked open and she began to absorb his soul.

The screaming man was still alive when suddenly, he vanished and was replaced by Meng Hao. The darkness in the woman’s eyes flickered, and relying on the fact that her spirit body was illusory, she didn’t pause. Laughing evilly, she opened her mouth to bite Meng Hao.

“Well,” she said, “since you’ve delivered yourself up, let’s see exactly how strong you are!”

Her mouth opened, a mouth which could cause the soul of an ordinary cultivator to be extracted with ease. Meng Hao’s expression was cold as the mouth neared him. It was at this point that he opened his own mouth and began to inhale.

As he inhaled, the woman’s body began to tremble. An indescribable sense of deadly crisis rose up in her, and she screamed. She immediately let go of Meng Hao and began to back up.

“Dammit! Are you even a cultivator?! How could it be that you practice ghost magic!?!?”

Before the old woman could back up very far, Meng Hao inhaled even deeper, and her body collapsed. It transformed into countless motes of sparkling light which shot into Meng Hao's mouth.

It was possible to see the image of the woman in one of those motes of light. She was screaming as Meng Hao swallowed her down. His face darkened for a moment, then returned to its previous pale white, shrouded by a head of billowing white hair. Nearby, the other two wraiths were already flying away in retreat, thoroughly horrified.

Behind Meng Hao, the Imperial Bloodline Clan Chief descended, roaring. He moved with incredible speed, and in the blink of an eye, was almost upon Meng Hao.

Meng Hao's eyes glinted with coldness. He suddenly turned, then shot up into the air, spinning rapidly. A droning sound could be heard as he smashed directly into the Lightning Roc.

Boom!

The deafening roar that rippled out shocked even the peak Dao Seeking experts fighting in midair. Even as the Lightning Roc collapsed, an ancient looking hand emerged and punched down toward Meng Hao.

Meng Hao was sent tumbling backward, blood spraying from his mouth. As he fell back, the Lightning Cauldron flickered, and he switched places with a Northern Reaches cultivator off in the distance. Now he was directly in the path of one of the fleeing wraiths.

Shockingly, everything that was happening was exactly as Meng Hao had planned it.

The instant he appeared, he leaped forward without the slightest hesitation. His right hand flickered in an incantation gesture, then he waved his hand, and his body began to emanate red mist. The mist transformed into a cyclone that headed straight for the wraith.

The wraith's face fell and it let out a high-pitched shriek as it sped backward. Such action was useless, however. The cyclone swallowed it up instantly, whereupon it was shredded to pieces, destroyed both in form and spirit. As Meng Hao absorbed it, he could tell that the Blood Demon Grand Magic was becoming more refined.

“Just need a little bit more!” he thought, his eyes flashing with red.

The final wraith was now completely and truly scared to death. After sweeping across the Northern Reaches for years, he had finally been captured and transformed into a wraith. In the past he had been a powerful expert, but was then forced to consume souls as a form of cultivation. To him, feasting on human flesh to bolster his spirit was the natural order of things.

However, this was the first time he had encountered... a terrifying existence that could consume ghosts and wraiths like himself!

The wraith flew backward in complete astonishment, merging back into the green mist that hovered in midair, not daring to emerge again.

Up above, the two mountain-like giants with the golden door on their shoulders, and the huge tree, were now once again bombarding the Southern Domain's spell formations.

The sixth spell formation collapsed into pieces, and the fifth formation started crumbling.

Down below, the number one expert of the Northern Reaches, the Imperial Bloodline Clan Chief, was once again in human form, his body surrounded by crackling lightning that formed his own Lightning Cauldron. He suddenly lifted his hand and waved his finger toward Meng Hao.

A lightning bolt immediately shot out from his Lightning Cauldron. It was black, and looked like a dragon as it sped through the air.

At the same time, the old man changed shape again, transforming into a three hundred meter long dragon. This was no ordinary dragon, this was a Lightning Dragon!

“Primordial Lightning Dragon Transformation!” cried the old man, his voice thrumming with what seemed like the power of Heaven. A savage and archaic aura rose up from his body, as the incarnated Primordial Lightning Dragon charged toward Meng Hao.

Unfortunately for the old man, this was not a true Primordial Lightning Dragon, but merely the shape of one. Even still, it was shockingly powerful!

For the first time, Meng Hao's face flickered; this old man was the most powerful person he had ever encountered other than the Dawn Immortal!

Although this man didn't match up to the Dawn Immortal in terms of bizarreness, the domineering extent of his energy exceeded hers. That was especially true of this Primordial Lightning Dragon incarnation, which clearly emanated a feeling of an archaic time. It seemed monstrously aggressive, as if anything which stood up against it could be crushed like dried twigs.

"What kind of dragon is that!?" thought Meng Hao, his eyes flickering as he backed up. "That cauldron in his hand just now looked very similar to my Lightning Cauldron...." Suddenly he vanished, switching places with a Northern Reaches cultivator off in the distance.

As soon as the Northern Reaches cultivator appeared where Meng Hao had been, he was ripped to shreds by lightning.

"You can't flee!" roared the old man in Primordial Lightning Dragon form. "There's nobody who can even lift a finger against the Primordial Lightning Dragon! Lightning Transformation!" His speed suddenly increased explosively by severalfold; he was clearly not going to allow Meng Hao to have another chance to flee with his Lightning Cauldron.

"I don't plan to flee," said Meng Hao, his eyes glittering. "As for this Lightning Dragon... I'll show you what happens when I lift a finger!" As the Primordial Lightning Dragon bore down on him, Meng Hao raised both hands into the air. A vortex appeared, which was Meng Hao himself. As it pushed outward, the countless struggling souls which surrounded him screamed bitterly. Hundreds of thousands of them were under his control. They flew like raindrops, merging together into the shape of a gigantic head.

This head was the color of blood, and had a horn sticking out of its forehead. It was none other than the head of a Blood Demon!

Before the two divine abilities could slam into each other, a miserable cry rang out from the sky up above.

Over the past days, Patriarch Golden Frost's wounds had remained unstable, despite the medicinal pills provided by Pill Demon. Currently, he was in full retreat up in the air, a look of madness in his eyes.

“My longevity was already reaching its end,” he said. “I’m going to die soon anyway. The only reason I didn’t die in previous battles was because the Li Clan Patriarch saved me. And now... if I’m going to lose my life, dying as part of the Southern Domain’s struggle means my death is not in vain!” He roared, and suddenly his body burst into flames as he unleashed the flame of his life force. In the blink of an eye he was temporarily at his ultimate peak!

His legs had burned away, and his body began to dissipate. Apparently he was using every aspect of his life force to transform into... the final sword form of his entire life, a forbidden sword art!

“Golden Frost Immortal Slaying!”

A power capable of devastating Heaven and Earth rumbled forward.

The golden glow of the sword rose into the heavens, and it only took a moment for it to reach the black-robed old man who looked like a hopping vampire. He was incapable of evading, and after the sword passed by, his head toppled down toward the ground.

Patriarch Golden Frost, having unleashed this final sword form, completely faded away. His soul was dissipating, and would be incapable of entering the cycle of reincarnation.

“Patriarch!!” Down below, the Golden Frost Sect disciples among the Southern Domain cultivators were all filled with grief and anger.

“If there was one mistake I could take back, it would be joining the Solitary Sword Sect to go to war with the Blood Demon Sect. It’s the biggest error I made in my entire life. Hundreds of thousands of cultivators were pointlessly sacrificed in that war, and Fellow Daoist Blood Demon was injured so badly... that he cannot awaken!

“Were that not the case, the puny Northern Reaches would never be so arrogant as to dare to invade the Southern Domain!” Regret could be seen in Patriarch Golden Frost’s eyes. Finally, he turned into nothing more than dust, and vanished from the lands of the Southern Domain.

Chapter 787: The Rise of a Blazing Sun!

Of the powerful experts of the four powers that had waged war against the Blood Demon Sect, the Solitary Sword Sect Patriarch had perished in battle, as had the Black Sieve Sect Patriarch. Now, Patriarch Golden Frost transformed his life force into a sword, which slaughtered a Northern Reaches cultivator and then became ash in the wind.

As far as he was concerned, if the war with the Blood Demon Sect hadn't occurred, the Southern Domain would currently be much stronger. Even if the Northern Reaches did have eleven peak Dao Seeking experts, they still wouldn't have dared to send troops into the Southern Domain.

After all, the five great sects and three great clans had deep Dao reserves. Although they only had eight peak Dao Seeking cultivators, they did have several other Dao Seeking experts.

When you added in the precious treasures of the various sects and clans, it would have been more than enough to make the Northern Reaches cultivators pay a heavy price for any incursion.

But now... all of that was mere wishful thinking.

"Patriarch!!" cried the Golden Frost Sect cultivators down below. Their minds were filled with grief as they watched their Patriarch fade away.

As for Patriarch Golden Frost, in his mind, he was atoning for his sins committed in the past.

Now there were only five peak Dao Seeking experts among the Northern Reaches forces. Unfortunately, the Southern Domain cultivators now only had the increasingly weakened Patriarch Song and Pill Demon, and then Meng Hao's second true self.

It was the three of them versus four peak Dao Seeking opponents!

Rumbling filled the air, and the fierce fighting continued down below. Heaven and Earth were wreathed in shadow, and the clouds churned. Miserable howls drifted through the air, as did the boom of magical techniques. In the final moments before death, some people chose to self-detonate. All of this transformed into something like a funeral dirge that echoed like thunder throughout all creation. Rivers of blood flowed wide and deep.

Down below, the number one most powerful person in the Northern Reaches, the Imperial Bloodline Clan Chief, had transformed into the shape of a Primordial Lightning Dragon. Lightning crackled out from his body, seemingly connecting all the way up to the sky. The power it contained as he shot toward Meng Hao was indescribable.

Meng Hao had rotated the Blood Demon Grand Magic to the pinnacle of its speed. Hundreds of thousands of enslaved souls, incapable of entering the cycle of reincarnation, had merged together to form a Blood Demon's head, with its vicious horn. The head was huge, and anyone who saw it couldn't help but be astonished.

This was a duel between a Primordial Lightning Dragon and a Blood Demon!

This was a battle that could possibly have actually occurred countless years in the past. Now, it was occurring again. The Primordial Lightning Dragon and the Blood Demon were once again locked in deadly combat!

In the blink of an eye, the Primordial Lightning Dragon and the Blood Demon slammed into each other. The Blood Demon Head shattered and then exploded into countless pieces.

Simultaneously, the Blood Demon's horn glittered like a sharp blade which sliced into the body of the Primordial Lightning Dragon, then slashed through it, splitting it completely in half.

A shocking boom rolled out, accompanied by the roar of the Lightning Dragon and towering Demonic qi from the Blood Demon head. It turned into a powerful blast that rapidly spread out in all directions.

All of the hundreds of thousands of cultivators on the battlefield were momentarily shaken into senselessness by the blast.

The Imperial Bloodline Clan Chief appeared in the spot where the Lightning Dragon dissipated, blood oozing out of his mouth. Veins bulged out of his forehead as he glared at Meng Hao.

Meng Hao trembled and coughed up a huge mouthful of blood. He staggered backward a few paces, and even as the Imperial Bloodline Clan Chief looked over, the lightning from his Lightning Cauldron covered him and he vanished. When he reappeared, he looked back to see a Northern Reaches cultivator standing in the spot he had just occupied.

As soon as he reappeared, Meng Hao stretched out his hands, causing vast quantities of red mist to spread out. The mist was apparently sentient, and it immediately shot toward thousands of nearby cultivators.

Miserable shrieks rang out across the battlefield as it bored into their bodies. One after another, the Northern Reaches cultivators' bodies dried up and died; their qi, blood, cultivation bases and souls emerged and flew toward Meng Hao.

The Imperial Bloodline Clan Chief was in a rage. Lightning seemed to pulse in his eyes as he took a deep breath and caused his body to expand. In the blink of an eye he had turned into a thirty meter tall giant. As his long hair floated around him, he lifted his head and roared, a roar which contained a bizarre natural law. Everything around him ground to a halt.

It almost looked like everything around him was moving slower, whereas he was moving faster!

His body flashed as he shot toward Meng Hao and punched out.

Meng Hao's eyes glittered coldly. This old man was powerful, and considering his current cultivation base and divine abilities, was difficult to fight back against.

"Unless... I could use the sixth level of the Blood Demon Grand Magic!" Meng Hao pushed his hand down toward the ground, then lifted it up, causing the thousands of corpses in the area to fly up and shoot like meteors toward the incoming Imperial Bloodline Clan Chief.

"Time to die!" cried the Imperial Bloodline Clan Chief, his voice echoing out coldly. The corpses crumbled to pieces, and he appeared in front of Meng Hao. His punch landed!

BOOM!

Blood sprayed from Meng Hao's mouth as he suddenly vanished. He reappeared some distance away, where the Blood Demon Grand Magic suddenly surged into motion. The screams of thousands of surrounding cultivators once again rose into the air.

"Dammit!!" the Imperial Bloodline Clan Chief roared, enraged. He immediately shot forward in pursuit, in state of complete astonishment because of Meng Hao's gory technique. He couldn't allow Meng Hao to just sweep freely through the Northern Reaches cultivators. If he did, it wouldn't be long before that technique absorbed all of their lives.

"It doesn't matter what age or era this evil technique appeared in, anyone would consider it Devilishly evil!" he yelled. "Everyone would rise together to destroy it! Cultivating a technique like this has doomed you to face the wrath of Heaven! You WILL meet a violent end!"

“Magic is neither good nor evil,” replied Meng Hao calmly. “That exists only in the heart. You are incapable of harming the Dao heart of Meng Hao!” He flickered to reappear in another location on the battlefield. The astonished Northern Reaches cultivators in the area tried to flee, but they weren’t as fast as Meng Hao’s red mist, which bored into their bodies and began to absorb them.

“Let’s see who’s faster, you or me!” said Meng Hao, his eyes flashing with the desire to kill. He could sense that he was just about to achieve the sixth level of the Blood Demon Grand Magic.

The Imperial Bloodline Clan Chief ’s eyes gleamed with a profound light as he ceased pursuit. Instead, he shot up into the air, his target being the location where the Northern Reaches’ peak Dao Seeking experts were fighting Patriarch Song and the others.

“You kill Northern Reaches cultivators? Fine, I’ll kill Southern Domain peak Dao Seeking cultivators!”

As the Imperial Bloodline Clan Chief shot up into the air, Meng Hao’s lips twisted into a cold smile. He stopped absorbing the life forces of the Northern Reaches cultivators and then caused the Lightning Cauldron to flicker. In response, the Imperial Bloodline Clan Chief laughed.

It only took a moment for his laughter to turn choked.

That was because Meng Hao had not switched places with someone nearby to block his path.

Instead... he reappeared next to the two giants, who were barreling forward with the giant golden door and the huge tree.

“Dammit, how insidious!” thought the Imperial Bloodline Clan Chief, his face falling. “This kid is vicious and merciless. If we don’t get rid of him, it’s going to be difficult to finish wiping out the Southern Domain!” With that, he shot in Meng Hao’s direction.

Meng Hao had reappeared directly next to one of the golden-armored giants, and a strange light gleamed in his eyes. Completely ignoring the fact that the Imperial Bloodline Clan Chief was closing in on him, he stretched his hands out. Rumbling could be heard as red mist exploded out from him.

It shot forward in the blink of an eye, boring into the body of one of the golden-armored giants, whose face then filled with astonishment. It let out a terrified howl.

Its body began to shake, and its eyes shone with an expression of unbearable suffering. Its body withered rapidly as its boundless qi, blood, cultivation base, and soul were rapidly extracted.

Its entire body withered in the blink of an eye. Cracking sounds could be heard as its legs, incapable of supporting the giant golden door, began to disintegrate. The giant then began to lean to the side, on the verge of collapsing.

It was then that the enraged Imperial Bloodline Clan Chief arrived. His fist slammed into Meng Hao, causing blood to spray from his mouth. Meng Hao immediately shot backward in retreat, his eyes shining with an extraordinary light.

“Die!” yelled the Imperial Bloodline Clan Chief, advancing at top speed. The Primordial Lightning Dragon appeared again, along with the roc, the python, as well as white tigers. The energy being unleashed was astonishing, and it all combined into a single punch.

Just when the punch was about to slam into Meng Hao....

The withered giant in the golden armor couldn't hold on any longer. Its life force vanished, and its corpse slammed into the ground. Massive amounts of red mist glittered brightly with the power it had absorbed.

The brilliance of the glow far exceeded that shown when Meng Hao had absorbed countless tens of thousands of Northern Reaches cultivators. As the red mist fused back into his body, he began to tremble.

The energy in his body was completely recovered, and the Blood Demon Grand Magic... all of a sudden reached...

The sixth level!

His energy was now vastly different than it had been moments before. Instantly, a blood colored tempest sprang up around him, stretching up high into the sky.

Within him, the Blood Demon Grand Magic was rotating at the pinnacle of speed. Meng Hao raised his hand in a palm strike that surged directly toward the incoming Imperial Bloodline Clan Chief.

A vortex appeared around the palm. At first it was only three meters across, but it rapidly expanded to three hundred meters. It looked like a huge mouth, biting voraciously toward the Imperial Bloodline Clan Chief.

For the first time, the Imperial Bloodline Clan Chief felt a sense of deadly crisis. He immediately put all the power he could muster into his own strike.

A shocking, thunderous boom echoed out!

The Imperial Bloodline Clan Chief was consumed by the vortex. A moment later, an enraged roar could be heard, and the vortex collapsed. From within, a blood-soaked figure flew out.

It was the Imperial Bloodline Clan Chief. He was severely wounded, with blood spurting out of various wounds. An expression of astonishment could be seen on his face as he realized that twenty percent of his power had been withered away in the brief moment that had just passed.

The collapsed vortex immediately flowed back into Meng Hao. A tremor ran through him as his fleshly body grew even more powerful. In fact, even a bit of Immortal will could be detected!

His cultivation base also surged with rumbling power.

He hovered in midair, the blood-colored tempest raging around him, the Lightning Cauldron crackling with electricity, his hair whipping around. He looked like a Paragon!

He glanced down coldly at the Imperial Bloodline Clan Chief, and the aura of a Paragon grew even more intense. Colors flashed in the sky and the wind screamed. The hundreds of thousands of cultivators on the ground, even the peak Dao Seeking experts locked in combat up above, were all completely shocked.

Meng Hao looked like a blazing sun, rising up with infinite splendor!

Chapter 788: Suppression!

The number one most powerful expert in the Northern Reaches, the Imperial Bloodline Clan Chief, stared at Meng Hao with wide eyes. Earlier, Meng Hao had been pestering him, but now, the feeling he gave off was like that of some primordial wild beast. His gaze, his aura, the blood-colored tempest, all caused the Imperial Bloodline Clan Chief to feel incredibly shocked.

His expression was grave as Meng Hao walked forward, eyes glowing with coldness. It only took him a moment to reach the Imperial Bloodline Clan Chief, after which he waved his hand, causing a blood-colored light to spread out. In the blink of an eye, the two of them had exchanged dozens of blows.

Booms echoed out. Around them, the fierce fighting continued, and up above, the battle of the peak Dao Seeking experts continued.

Originally, the Southern Domain had been in the weaker position, but now that Meng Hao had risen up with his Blood Demon and the sixth level of the Blood Demon Grand Magic, everything... had been turned around!

If Meng Hao could just kill the Imperial Bloodline Clan Chief, then the Southern Domain... would probably... have a chance to eke out a victory!

The morale of the Southern Domain cultivators surged, and they lashed out with increasingly vicious attacks.

Outside of the spell formations, one of the golden-armored giants had been killed, and the other stood there trembling, completely terrified of Meng Hao. The huge golden door, having lost one of the giants that had been supporting it, was now tilting awkwardly to the side.

The giant watched in horror as Meng Hao fought the Imperial Bloodline Clan Chief, and its scalp began to grow numb. Finally, it threw the huge door down and turned to flee.

After all, it was not a cultivator, but rather, a giant descended from an ancient bloodline. The thought of fighting Meng Hao struck terror into its heart.

However, in the same instant that it turned to flee, the cold, detached woman who floated in the churning green mist looked over with flashing eyes. Her beautiful hand stretched out and pointed at the giant.

“Fleeing before the battle is finished? I’ll exterminate your bloodline to the ninth degree of kinship!”

Immediately, the giant began trembling, and a sealing mark appeared on its forehead. The mark began to burn, deep into its skin, all the way to the bone. The giant let out a miserable shriek, and madness appeared in its eyes.

“I shall erase your mind,” said the woman calmly, “send you into insanity, replace your life force with madness. Kill a hundred thousand enemies, and the curse will be lifted.” The giant howled, and its expression twisted into one of insanity. Its eyes were blood-red as it leapt toward the Southern Domain army.

Any Southern Domain cultivators it encountered were ripped to shreds before they even had a chance to flee. The giant crushed them with its feet, then picked them up and tossed them into its mouth. Blood flowed down its chin, and it seemed to be completely mad.

To the Southern Domain forces, a mountain-like giant with strength similar to Dao Seeking was a huge influence on the battle as a whole. In the blink of an eye, hundreds of Southern Domain cultivators were killed.

It was virtually impossible to stop. The only way to faze it would be for tens of thousands of cultivators to all attack it in unison. Unfortunately... there was no way the Northern Reaches cultivators would give the Southern Domain the opportunity to do such a thing. Under the direction of the woman in the green mist, the Northern Reaches cultivators began to push forward in an offensive.

An endless sea of people surged forward like the tide in a general charge.

In the battle between the Dao Seeking experts up above, Patriarch Song and Pill Demon were anxious, and yet were incapable of doing anything to provide assistance to the Southern Domain. All they could do was watch as the flow of battle once again reversed.

Booms filled the air as Meng Hao fought back and forth with the Imperial Bloodline Clan Chief. The number one figure from the Northern Reaches had powerful energy, an incredible cultivation base, and wild, vicious attacks. That, along with Meng Hao’s sixth level of the Blood Demon Grand Magic, made it seem as if the ground itself were about to explode up into the sky.

As they struggled back and forth in combat, Meng Hao saw the giant going crazy, and could sense the sinister woman hovering in the green mist.

“Time to die!” he said to the Imperial Bloodline Clan Chief. Killing intent flickered in his eyes as he lifted his right leg up and then began to spin around rapidly. He turned into a cyclone that shot forward and slammed into the Imperial Bloodline Clan Chief’s incoming fist attack.

A huge boom echoed out, and blood sprayed from the mouths of both opponents. However, it was at this point that Meng Hao suddenly vanished, then reappeared in the place of a Northern Reaches cultivator next to the charging giant.

“You’ll die for that!” roared the Imperial Bloodline Clan Chief. Meng Hao’s nimble manipulation of the battlefield was giving him a headache. He was just about to give chase when Meng Hao decisively waved a hand, causing a gigantic red mist to appear. The mist instantly churned into a vortex that swallowed up the roaring giant.

A crunching, chewing sound could be heard. The sound was grating to the ears, and anyone who heard it couldn’t help but be shocked.

Blood flowed out from the vortex, along with miserable screams. Rumbling could be heard as the vortex then faded away. The red mist within flowed toward Meng Hao, fusing into him, making him... even stronger!

He turned and punched directly at the incoming Imperial Bloodline Clan Chief. A huge boom could be heard as, for the first time, the Imperial Bloodline Clan Chief was sent tumbling backward. His expression showed first shock, and then fury. Then his body flickered as he changed shape into a three-legged golden crow!

Brilliant light shone off of him, making him look like a sun. Intense heat blasted against Meng Hao’s face.

At the same time, the woman in the mist looked on with coldly glittering eyes. She stretched out her hand, causing nine magical symbols to fly out at top speed. They swirled together in midair to form a huge sealing symbol!

The shockingly powerful sealing symbol immediately flew directly toward Meng Hao.

“Suppress!” said the woman lightly, her voice cold and devoid of any emotion. Her face was pale to begin with, but unleashing the nine magical symbols left it even paler.

Meng Hao’s eyes flashed with killing intent. His cultivation base surged as he raised his left hand, within which appeared a shocking black claw, roughly the same size as a human fist.

As soon as the claw appeared, a brutal aura exploded out. At the same time, something that resembled the shriek of a cat echoed out, causing everything to shake.

This claw was none other than one of the items Meng Hao had acquired during the eruption of the ancient Dao Lakes! After refining it for some time in the past, he was finally able to use it!

It was not the claw of some wild beast, but actually, a cat!

It was a cat’s claw!

The claw was black, and the cat it had come from was also completely black.

As soon as it appeared, a brutal aura filled the air, and the astonishing shriek of the cat shook the minds of everyone in the area. It almost seemed to be an attack levied against the soul. Catalyzed by Meng Hao’s cultivation base, the claw flew up into the air and expanded. It grew larger and larger until it was dozens of meters wide. Instantly, the claw slashed toward the incoming three-legged golden crow.

The three-legged golden crow trembled, but was incapable of evading the strike. The claw slashed into it, and its three legs instantly exploded. It let out a miserable shriek as it morphed back into the Imperial Bloodline Clan Chief. Blood sprayed out of his mouth, and his arms were slashed to pieces. He shot back in astonishment, simultaneously using a magical technique to instantly regrow his lost arms.

His face was ashen and his voice weak as he said, “Nine Hells Burial Cat!”

At the same time, the sealing symbol continued to barrel toward Meng Hao. He looked up at it, and the Blood Demon Grand Magic vortex rumbled up around him, transforming into a tempest, and then a Blood Demon head. Its expression was savage as it shot toward the sealing symbol, surging with a shocking energy that seemed capable of ripping everything apart.

“Disperse!” said Meng Hao, his voice echoing out. The huge sealing symbol shuddered, then began to split apart. Cracking sounds could be heard, and then it exploded, transforming once again into nine magical symbols. Three of them were now dark, and gradually faded away. The other six flew back to the woman in the mist.

Then, Meng Hao began to slaughter his way toward the woman.

“Your turn to be suppressed!” he said. “Ninth Mountain!” He pointed out with his index finger, and everything shook. The Ninth Mountain appeared, followed by the Blood Demon Grand Magic, which fused into it, turning it bright red. It then shot directly toward the woman in the mist.

As it descended, a huge fissure opened up in the ground below, which consumed no small amount of Northern Reaches cultivators. The woman’s face flickered, and she suddenly reached out and grabbed the remaining trembling wraith, then hurled it up into the air.

The wraith transformed into a shooting star which shot toward the Ninth Mountain. At the same time, the woman performed an incantation gesture, which caused her six remaining magical symbols to fly up at top speed and form a halo that joined the wraith as it slammed into the Ninth Mountain.

BOOOOOMMMMM!

Shockingly, the descending power of the Ninth Mountain seemed to have been obstructed.

“Black White Pearls!” Meng Hao said coolly. A black and white mist appeared around the Ninth Mountain, which then turned into two pearls. As they rotated around the Ninth Mountain, a rumbling could be heard, and the mountain began to descend once more. The wraith was shattered into pieces, and the halo exploded in a brilliant flash of colors. They were incapable of blocking the Ninth Mountain as it continued to descend toward the shocked woman.

Colors flashed in the sky and rumbling filled the air. The green mist was blasted to bits. The woman, as well as quite a few of the Northern Reaches cultivators in the area, were all completely crushed under the mountain.

As of this moment, there was a new mountain in the land!

Everyone in the area was shocked, including the Imperial Bloodline Clan Chief. His eyes were shot with blood. Because of Meng Hao, the Northern Reaches had sustained far too many losses in this difficult battle.

Originally, victory had been a certain thing for the Northern Reaches, but now... all because of Meng Hao, the tide had turned! If they couldn't handle Meng Hao, then the Northern Reaches... would lose!

Having reached this conclusion, the Imperial Bloodline Clan Chief's eyes flickered with determination. Originally, he wanted to avoid using the ancestral statuary, as it would waste a significant amount of qi reserves. That was why he had first attempted to handle Meng Hao himself.

Now he could see... that he had made a mistake.

"I should have used the ancestral statuary from the beginning, regardless of the cost!! However, it's still not too late!

"Meng Hao, to be suppressed by my clan's ancestral statuary will be your good fortune!" The Imperial Clan Chief's eyes radiated determination as he pointed one finger up toward the sky and another down toward the ground.

"Ancestral statuary, please reveal yourself!"

Chapter 789: A Huge Crisis!

As the Imperial Bloodline Clan Chief's voice rang out, Meng Hao's eyes flashed, and an ineffable sense of deadly crisis abruptly rose up inside of him.

Meng Hao did not retrieve the Ninth Mountain, but rather, left it there towering above the land, emanating incredible pressure.

The Imperial Bloodline Clan Chief pointed up at the sky and down toward the ground. A bolt of blue lightning suddenly appeared, piercing Heaven and Earth....

Some distance away from the battlefield was an area that had previously been completely cloaked, but was now suddenly visible. It was as if a curtain had been pulled back to reveal... an enormous cage!

Inside the cage was a monkey, its body completely covered with magical symbols, and its eyes as red as blood. It seemed to be filled with a madness that could consume the Heavens.

As soon as Meng Hao caught sight of the cage and the monkey, his mind reeled. Even he... had been completely unable to detect the existence of the cage.

That indicated that the intense power of the cage exceeded Meng Hao's cultivation base by a huge amount!

Right now, even a false Immortal would be incapable of completely evading Meng Hao's detection. Thus, it indicated that the cage... was comparable to a true Immortal!

Furthermore, the Imperial Bloodline Clan would never use anything less powerful as their ancestral statuary!

It was a precious treasure formed from countless years of collected qi reserves.

The cage slowly rose up into the air, surrounded by lightning which stretched from the ground all the way up into the sky. The Imperial Bloodline Clan Chief immediately dropped to his knees in worship, raised his hands into the air, and began to chant a bizarre spell.

The air suddenly filled with the music of a great Dao. It sounded like the chanting of countless voices, droning dully in a way that made it impossible to hear clearly. However, the surrounding cultivators who did hear it were shaken mentally. The peak Dao Seeking Patriarchs up in midair looked on with shock.

Meng Hao took a deep breath. The sense of deadly crisis had reached a pinnacle inside of him. He lifted the Lightning Cauldron up, and lightning spread out to cover his entire body. He suddenly switched places with a cultivator close to the Imperial Bloodline Clan Chief. He flew up into the air, performing an incantation gesture that caused the Blood Demon Grand Magic to appear as he sped toward the clan chief.

He could not allow the man to continue to perform his magic; the strange, ancient cage was something that filled Meng Hao's heart with fear.

BOOM!

His divine ability slammed into the Imperial Bloodline Clan Chief, who didn't do the slightest thing to evade. He knelt there in worship just as before, the spell's words pouring from his mouth. As Meng Hao's divine ability reached him, it was blocked by some invisible power, and then... dissipated.

Meng Hao's face fell.

It was at this point that, inside the cage, the monkey's eyes suddenly flickered. The countless magical symbols on its body began to squirm and wriggle, and then flew into motion across the surface of its body. Golden light emanated off of the monkey, along with an aura like that of an Immortal Divinity.

Meng Hao's scalp went numb, and his sense of deadly crisis rose even higher. Seeing that he couldn't attack the Imperial Bloodline Clan Chief, he began to back up, preparing to leave this area of the battlefield and the terrifying cage.

However, even in the moment that he began to back up...

The Imperial Bloodline Clan Chief looked up, and his expression was one of madness. "Ancestral statuary," he cried out in a loud voice, "please slaughter this person!"

Lightning descended to dance around the cage, making it like a sun of lightning in midair.

The magical symbols on the monkey's body began to move even faster than before. Then, all of the magical symbols on its right arm suddenly vanished, scattering to other parts of its body.

The magical symbols were like seals that kept it under constant suppression. Now... the right arm had been unsealed.

Next, one section of the cage in front of the monkey rippled and twisted into an opening!

A ferocious gleam appeared in the monkey's eyes, and it suddenly roared: "The world of Immortals is the root of all evil! Immortals... must be suppressed!"

As its voice echoed out, it stretched out its right hand, passing through the gap to appear outside the cage as it reached toward Meng Hao.

Meng Hao's scalp was numb. The Lightning Cauldron crackled, and he vanished, reappearing some distance off, where he immediately transformed into a shooting star that sped away.

In the instant that he took to flight, however, the arm stretching out of the cage began to expand. In the blink of an eye it was three hundred meters long. Another blink, and it was three thousand. Then thirty thousand!

An enormous hand shot after Meng Hao. It was huge, filling up the sky, blocking the light, exceeding mountains and rivers as it closed in on Meng Hao.

It was impossible to tell exactly what type of divine ability was involved. Meng Hao was astonished, as were the peak Dao Seeking experts.

Meng Hao spat out a mouthful of blood as he pushed himself forward at indescribable speed. However, the enormous hand seemed to have no limits. It was like a continent unto itself as it shot after him. It spread out to completely encompass him. Up ahead of him, what looked like five gigantic mountain peaks were descending from up above!

Meng Hao's eyes went wide from astonishment regarding this ancestral statuary. However, a cold gleam then appeared in his eyes, and the image of a roc appeared on his forehead. He burst forward as the image of a fish appeared in the air around him, its flapping tail shattering the air around him as he propelled himself forward. The war chariot appeared, and he circulated the qi of Immortal Shows the Way. Rumbling filled the battlefield as he shot forward.

Utilizing the power of the war chariot, he was able to pass through one of the gaps between the five descending mountains.

Behind him on the battlefield, the Imperial Bloodline Clan Chief spat up a mouthful of blood. Immediately, the magical symbols reappeared on the arm of the monkey in the cage. The chief was enraged; how could he ever have imagined that the ancestral statuary would be incapable of capturing Meng Hao?

“Dammit, this is unbelievable!” The Imperial Bloodline Clan Chief bit the tip of his tongue and spat some more blood out. Then he took out a skull fragment, which he pushed down onto his forehead. His body began to tremble, and rumbling sounds could be heard. A boundless radiance shone out from him, and countless voices spoke in unison.

“Ancestral statuary, please seal this person!”

As the Imperial Bloodline Clan Chief’s roar echoed out, the monkey’s eyes flickered. No longer did they glow with red light; instead, they began to darken, as if the flame of its life force were burning out. It was at this point that the monkey transformed into a stone statue.

When that happened, the cage began to shine with brilliant light, simultaneously increasing in size. Then, it abruptly vanished.

Meanwhile, Meng Hao was speeding off into the distance, utilizing all the possible power of the war chariot. In the blink of an eye, he was far, far away. He turned to look behind him, and when he could see no enormous hand, he sighed with relief. Then, killing intent flickered in his eyes, and he was about to return to the battlefield, when suddenly, his mind reeled with shock.

Everything around him was flat and drab. The whole world looked peaceful and calm. In fact, there seemed to be no life present at all.

He looked up, and could see a mountain range off in the distance.

“Considering the power of the war chariot, and how hard I pushed it just now, I should be able to see the Milky Way Sea from here...” His mind spun, and a bad feeling welled up in his heart. Eyes flashing, he sped forward toward the mountain range he had just seen. Then, his face fell.

Those... were no mountains! Instead, they were enormous pillars!

Meng Hao’s scalp tingled. He turned again and, shockingly, found himself looking up at a gargantuan statue.

It was a statue of a monkey, and the expression on its face was one of derision.

A thunderous roar filled Meng Hao's mind. If by this point he didn't understand what had happened, then he wouldn't be Meng Hao.

"I'm inside that cage!" he thought with disbelief. He had just employed the top speed he could muster, and had clearly outrun the monkey's palm. Panting, he again sped off into the distance. It only took a bit of flying around for him to determine that he was definitely not in the lands of the Southern Domain, but rather, a square-shaped world.

In each of the four directions, he ran into pillars. In the center of all of them was the gigantic stone monkey. Finally, Meng Hao's face fell.

It was at this point that chanting sounds began to pulse toward him from all directions. The voices seem to contain some unspeakable power. As they floated about, the world began to tremble. What happened next was clearly visible to Meng Hao. The entire world... began to shrink!

At the same time, a shocking pressure weighed down.

The more the world shrank, the more intense the pressure became. It was a suppressing force that made Meng Hao tremble; it felt as if a mountain were crushing down onto him.

Meanwhile, in the outside world, Pill Demon, Patriarch Song, and the others hovered above the battlefield, shaken. Down below, the cultivators of the Southern Domain looked hopeless.

Everyone could see that the cage up in midair, which was covered by countless lightning bolts, now contained a figure inside that was Meng Hao!

However, he seemed to have been shrunk down to a tiny size, and was being suppressed by some power within the cage.

A ruthless gleam appeared in the eyes of the Imperial Bloodline Clan Chief. He put away the skull fragment, then spit out a mouthful of blood. His body aged visibly; manipulating the ancestral statuary in the way he just had come with a steep price.

"This campaign has been fraught with setbacks. However, Meng Hao has finally been suppressed. At long last, the war of the Southern Domain shall end. The Northern Reaches will now control this territory!"

“The Immortal destiny will definitely appear within a Northern Reaches cultivator!” He lifted his head up and laughed. The heavy price he had paid was worth it considering that the result was that Meng Hao was suppressed.

Killing intent flickered in his eyes as he shot up into the air, heading directly toward the battle with Patriarch Song and Pill Demon. After killing them, the battle would be completely in hand.

Down below, the Southern Domain cultivators were in a state of hopelessness, whereas the Northern Reaches cultivators were enlivened. Roaring, the Northern Reaches cultivators charged in attack; in the blink of an eye, the Southern Domain suffered heavy casualties, and were pushed back. The only thing they could do now was fall back behind the protection of the spell formations.

The spell formations were strong, but not strong enough that they could block an entire army of hundreds of thousands of maddened cultivators. The enormous golden door was once again hoisted up by tens of thousands of cultivators. The fourth spell formation was destroyed, then the third. Although some Northern Reaches cultivators died in the process, the second spell formation was also broken.

The Ninth Mountain still hadn't faded away. It remained there, emitting rumbling sounds, as if someone was inside trying to break out!

The Southern Domain was in a huge crisis!

Chapter 790: He Once Said....

Up in the air was another crisis!

Blood sprayed from Patriarch Song's mouth. He had lost another eye, ripped out by the Imperial Bloodline Clan Chief. Were it not for Meng Hao's second true self interfering with the Time Sword, he would surely have perished.

Patriarch Song, having lost both his eyes, was in a sorry state. Suddenly, his forehead tore open, and a brilliant glow appeared, which was his Nascent Divinity. Since he had no fleshly eyes, he would use his Nascent Divinity as his eyes so that he could continue to battle.

He couldn't afford to self-detonate. If he self-detonated in this moment of grave crisis for the Southern Domain, it would not only ensure that Pill Demon and Meng Hao's second true self would

be defeated even sooner, it would also be a crippling blow to the morale of the Southern Domain cultivators.

“A fight to the death! What’s the big deal in that?!” Laughing, Patriarch Song continued to battle on.

Pill Demon coughed up blood. He was fighting against two opponents, and considering how powerful the Imperial Bloodline Clan Chief was, he couldn’t hold his own. Thankfully, Meng Hao’s second true self intervened, pinning down the Imperial Bloodline Clan Chief as well as the obese woman.

“I already suppressed your true self, you trifling clone!” said the Imperial Bloodline Clan Chief with a cold laugh. “Screw off!”

He waved his hand, and the Primordial Lightning Dragon appeared. Roaring, it bore down on Meng Hao’s second true self.

Meng Hao’s second true self looked coldly at the dragon. After his true self had been sealed, the connection between the two of them had been lost. Although he was incredibly nervous about the matter, there was nothing he could do about it except stall against the enemy.

The ground shook, and cracking sounds could suddenly be heard from the Ninth Mountain. A rift appeared on its surface, as if the person it was sealing would soon be freed. It was in that moment that a huge boom rang out; the Southern Domain’s final spell formation was destroyed.

The backlash attack that it unleashed sent the Northern Reaches cultivators flying backward in retreat. However, it was only moments later that they charged once again, eyes bloodshot, faces covered with ferocious, cruel expressions.

The Southern Domain cultivators had been pressed down to the limit. Of their original force of 200,000, less than half remained. Now, they were prepared to put everything on the line in a final, brazen charge.

“Kill them!!”

The ground quaked, rivers of blood flowed, and fierce fighting raged.

There was so much blood that the sky itself reflected it, turning red. The killing field that was the final battle for the Southern Domain shook violently.

Back inside the cage, Meng Hao was also experiencing deadly tribulation. His body trembled underneath the pressure, and he coughed up blood. It seemed that... the Southern Domain... would inevitably suffer a huge defeat!

The cultivators were in a disastrous situation. The Dao Seeking experts were in sore straits. The Imperial Bloodline Clan Chief's eyes glittered ruthlessly; the battle seemed moments away from being won.

However, it was at this point that....

“South Cleaving!” An ancient voice rang out to echo through the land. It was like a windstorm that swept out in all directions.

“South Cleaving!!” A second voice rang out, uttering the same words. It was an equally archaic voice that swept out to fill Heaven and Earth.

“South Cleaving!!”

“SOUTH CLEAVING!!!” More voices rang out, until finally it was impossible to tell how many there were. Everything shook, and the sky flashed. Looks of shock began to appear on the faces of the Northern Reaches cultivators. The Southern Domain cultivators looked equally confused.

Up in the air, Patriarch Song and Pill Domain stared in shock. The Northern Reaches' Dao Seeking experts turned to look off into the distance.

As for the Imperial Bloodline Clan Chief, his face flickered.

“South Cleaving!” Amidst the rumbling, 10,000 figures suddenly appeared, striding through the air. They wore green armor that brimmed with an ancient air. It was as if these figures had existed for countless years; many were even dilapidated and broken down.

Inside the armor could be seen expressionless faces that appeared to be completely lifeless. They were puppets! Green-armored Demon guardians!

Every one of the green-armored Demon guardians had a core formation cultivation base, and the ground trembled as they advanced. Behind them were ninety additional figures wearing black armor.

Pitch black and circulating Demonic qi, these were... black-armored Demon guardians!

Each one had a Nascent Soul cultivation base, and possessed shocking power. As they advanced, it could be seen that behind them were six figures in violet armor.

Each of those six figures emanated Spirit Severing auras and shocking energy. As soon as they appeared, the ground trembled and the sky dimmed.

Behind those six figures were three old men wearing bronze battle armor. Their hair was white and floated about them, and their facial features were ancient. They seemed to have existed for many, many years. These old men were also puppets, no longer cultivators. However, the auras they emanated were that of the peak of Dao Seeking!

As these more than 10,000 people appeared, they all shouted the same thing.

“South Cleaving!”

As the sound rose up into the sky, the Southern Domain cultivators began to think about an ancient legend.

According to the legend, the Southern Domain and the Western Desert had not always been on stable terms like they were now. In fact, there had been lots of friction, including several instances of war.

In one of those wars, the Western Desert had been in the weak position, whereas the Southern Domain was much more powerful. The Southern Domain invaded the Western Desert, which prompted the Western Desert cultivators to join forces to create the South Cleaving Sentinels. Supposedly, all of their peak Dao Seeking cultivators volunteered to give up everything and become puppets. They created a mountain range to cleave the south from the west; it completely and thoroughly separated the Western Desert and the Southern Domain.

From that time forward, those boundless mountains were called... the South Cleaving Mountains!

Within those mountains existed eternal guardians of the Western Desert, which was the former legion... of the South Cleaving Sentinels!

Afterwards, the Western Desert declined in power, and then the Violet Sea arrived. No more Dao Seeking experts had arisen there, and so, relations with the Southern Domain gradually stabilized.

“South Cleaving Sentinels!”

“Those are the Western Desert’s South Cleaving Sentinels!!” The appearance of this new force left the Southern Domain cultivators completely shocked. That was especially because they weren’t sure if the South Cleaving Sentinels came as enemies or allies!

The Northern Reaches cultivators were in the same position. The sudden appearance of a third party left them astonished.

It was at this point that a group of tens of thousands of people could be seen charging out from behind the South Cleaving Sentinels. They wore simple clothes, and looked rough and coarse. They had barbarous expressions, and their hair flung about wildly like savages.

They also gave off an archaic air, as if within their veins pulsed blood that had existed for countless ages. These people were... the Golden Crow Clan, the great Wild Flame Tribe, the great Demon Butterfly Tribe, and the great Cloud Sky Tribe!

The Western Desert had become the Violet Sea, the great tribes had migrated to the Black Lands, and these people were the warrior tribes of the Black Lands.

“Fellow Daoist Pill Demon, we are indebted to you for your kindness all those years ago. Fellow Daoist Meng Hao, we are here to join you in battle!!”

“Patriarch Meng Hao, we’re here!!”

“We might have had our differences with the Southern Domain in the past. However, when the Violet Sea Apocalypse came, the Southern Domain permitted the Western Desert to occupy the Black Lands, and did not interfere with us. Nor did you take advantage of our situation to harm us. Such kindness... will be repaid by the Western Desert cultivators on this very day!”

“We have already consulted with South Cleaving Pass on this matter, and the Patriarchs agree. We will aid the Southern Domain to drive out the Northern Reaches!”

As the voices rang out into the ears of the Southern Domain and Northern Reaches cultivators, everyone was shocked.

The Southern Domain cultivators were trembling. They had never imagined that at the eleventh hour, the Western Desert... would actually send troops to their aid!

The Northern Reaches cultivators were also trembling. Just when the battle seemed to be clinched, another setback occurred!

It was at this time that behind the Western Desert Cultivators could be seen hundreds of thousands... of wild beasts!

Although the beasts were not incredibly strong, their speed and numbers were enough to darken the sky. Numerous Dragoneers could be seen controlling the beasts as they charged toward the battlefield, forming a pincer formation with the Southern Domain cultivators to completely surround the Northern Reaches forces!

The Southern Domain cultivators' spirits were instantly raised, and they began to fight passionately.

Trembling, Patriarch Song lifted his head and laughed. Next to him, Pill Demon also appeared to be moved. He had treated the Western Desert well in the past, often providing them secret assistance. That was because long ago, Reverend Violet East had once been on good terms with the Western Desert.

Now that the Western Desert cultivators had arrived, the Southern Domain had been given a new lease on life from its imminent crisis!

This was especially true considering the presence of the South Cleaving Sentinels. As soon as they reached the battlefield, the old men in the bronze armor immediately shot toward the peak Dao Seeking experts' battle.

“Dammit!” roared the Imperial Bloodline Clan Chief. “You Western Desert barbarians are looking to die!” He was immediately pulled into fighting with one of the three peak Dao Seeking Western Desert puppets from the South Cleaving Sentinels. Fierce fighting caused everything to shake.

Three great territories were now locked in battle! The Western Desert! The Southern Domain! The Northern Reaches!

As the battle raged, the sky grew dark. The land was shattered into pieces, and the air itself was rent. The sky above was torn, revealing a peek of what appeared to be a different set of stars up above. Even the whole of South Heaven seemed as if it had been tilted on its axis, and the entire planet trembled.

Originally, the Ji Clan would have stepped in to prevent these three territories from going to war like this, and from shaking the very foundation of the lands of South Heaven. But now... the Ji Clan was acting as if they didn't even notice. Not a single Ji Clan member appeared.

Within the rumbling of battle, beasts and cultivators slashed murderously at each other. The Southern Domain, the Western Desert and the Northern Reaches all fought with madness. Currently, it was actually difficult to tell who was in the winning position.

No one was confident of clinching victory, neither the Southern Domain and Western Desert, nor the Northern Reaches.

The lands flowed with blood, and fierce fighting raged everywhere. Miserable screams drifted about, and countless corpses fell to the ground. Everything was stained with blood. The sky was dark. Everyone seemed to have become mired in a bloody slaughterhouse. The only thing to do was kill... and keep killing!

Up in midair, the five Northern Reaches Dao Seeking experts were fighting against three Southern Domain cultivators and three Western Desert experts, a total of six. Their battle thoroughly shook the sky up above, dissipating the Ji Clan's sky and revealing the true starry sky of ancient times.

On any other occasion, the Ji Clan would never have allowed such a thing to happen. But now... the Heavens of Ji were severed. They had lost their protector, making it so that the current sky distorted into a massive vortex.

The spinning vortex looked like a huge eye, within which spun a starry sky!

The Violet Sea churned and the Milky Way Sea roared. The massive quaking was such that, in the area where the two seas bordered each other, it was possible to see that the Violet Sea was now leaking out into the Milky Way Sea. Instantly, shocking transformations began to occur.

The transformations were astonishing by themselves, but what was even more astounding was that... the blood that inundated the battlefield did not soak into the ground, but rather, began to slowly flow into the Milky Way Sea.

The lands which had once been the Blood Demon Sect were awash with blood that now poured into the Milky Way Sea. Considering that the Violet Sea was also flowing into it, the Milky Way Sea... erupted.

At this point, a faint voice rose up over the Milky Way Sea.

“He once said... when the vortex eye appears in the sky, when the lotus transforms, when there is a gap between Immortal and Devil, the Blue Lotus will appear.... And now...”

“The stars can be seen, the blood of millions of cultivators flows freely, and the vortex eye can be seen in the sky.

“The Western Desert Apocalypse and the boundless Violet Sea concealed the transformations of the lotus.

“On the day the Heavens are numbed
filled with legions of grieving ghosts, I desire... to see the Blue Lotus!

“I will turn the blood of millions of cultivators into mud! I will transform all the wronged souls into a sludge. I shall... emerge spotless and unblemished from within that sludge of endless bloody mud! I shall... cast off the body of the Resurrection Lily and become the Blue Lotus!”