

The Heavens 951

Chapter 951: Demon Sealers Appear Again!

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Over many generations, clan members who came to this place would prostrate themselves in front of this coffin and statue with the utmost respect. None of them had ever even thought of having designs on the offerings.

Meng Hao was the first.

His expression was somber as, after bowing deeply, he swished his sleeve in a way that made it seem like he was truly and wholeheartedly performing a service for the Patriarch. He walked up to the offerings without the slightest hesitation.

He couldn't help but let out a long sigh when he looked at the fist-sized chunk of Immortal jade.

“Patriarch, those other clan members who came to visit in the past were truly disloyal descendants. I can't believe they let so much dust pile up on this Immortal jade! To leave it sitting here for so many years is really shocking!”

“SHOCKING!” Meng Hao truly seemed angry as he stooped over and picked up the Immortal jade. In that same instant, a powerful aura suddenly shot out from the three magical items enshrined there.

Meng Hao didn't seem to be fazed in the least. He actually ignored the magical items completely. He was the type of person who dared to snatch items directly from that Immortal pavilion in the Ruins of Immortality, so how could he possibly be scared of these three magical items?

He quickly put the large Immortal jade away, and then produced a fingernail-sized piece of Immortal jade to replace it. He carefully placed it onto the tribute dais.

“Patriarch, look, this piece of Immortal jade is sparkling and crystal-clear. It's beautiful and lacks even the slightest speck of dust. Only a piece of Immortal jade like this is befitting of a Patriarch like you.” Meng Hao cleared his throat, then looked toward the other offerings and spirit stones with shining eyes.

It was at this point that the auras of the three magical items exploded out, causing incredible pressure to weigh down on the area.

“Beat it!” roared Meng Hao, glaring at the magical items. “I’m from the Fang Clan, and I have Fang Clan blood in me! If I want to tidy up the Patriarch’s grave by replacing some of the tribute items, then do you magical item spirits dare to stop me?!” The auras emanating from the magical items suddenly stopped in place.

In that instant, Meng Hao employed the fastest speed he could muster to quickly place the items and spirit stones into his bag of holding.

“How shocking! These spirit stones are all covered in dust! As a Junior member of the clan, I simply can’t tolerate such a thing!” He immediately produced some fingernail-sized, low-grade spirit stones which he somberly placed onto the tribute dais.

“Outrageous! They only placed some bamboo lamps in front of this Fang Clan Patriarch’s grave? That won’t do. As a member of the Junior generation, it is my duty to exchange these for iron lamps!” He looked at the two bamboo lamps, which glowed with mysterious light, and licked his lips.

He was just about to grab them when the auras of the three magical items exploded out again, filled with intense killing intent, seemingly incensed. It was as if they felt Meng Hao had committed an offense against morality itself.

Apparently, if Meng Hao dared to touch the bamboo lamps, the three magical items would slay him where he stood.

Meng Hao stopped, then cleared his throat in embarrassment and slowly pulled his hand back.

“What are you getting so excited for?” he said quietly. “It’s not that big a deal! I’m acting in good faith.” He eyed the three magical items covetously, then thought for a moment. Eventually, he gave up on the idea of using Karma to force a destiny connection with them. After all, this wasn’t that Immortal pavilion, in which the items had no connection to a particular master. These three magical items were clearly objects that had belonged to the fallen Patriarch, and the spirits inside of them were charged with protecting this place.

Meng Hao might be greedy, but he had principles.

“Fine then. You’re clearly very loyal to the Patriarch. I have to admire that.” Sighing deeply, Meng Hao took a few steps back. Face solemn, he clasped hands and bowed low.

Up above in midair, the Seventh Patriarch was now in a rage. Seeing Meng Hao switching out the offerings, and then hearing his words, left the Seventh Patriarch stamping with fury.

“How could the Fang Clan bloodline possibly produce such a shameless scoundrel!” he said through gritted teeth. Then he saw Meng Hao clasp hands and bow, and couldn’t help but gape again. Sensing Meng Hao’s sincerity, he looked on silently for a moment, and finally, his gaze softened. From the look of things, Meng Hao wasn’t completely beyond redemption.

“Let’s see what this little hoodlum is actually like deep down, and what sort of waves he can make in this place!” After a moment, he looked off into the distance with a wistful expression.

“The ancestral land is divided into six main areas,” he murmured. “The Dao Guardsman, the Field of Magic Enlightenment, the Quasi-Dao Patriarch Tombs, the Nine Nethermountains, the Ancient Burial Ground, and the Misty Heaven Vault!

“Those six areas are essentially arranged in a straight line. The further one goes along, the more danger they will face. However, the good fortune... also increases!

“This particular tomb lies on the border between the Field of Magic Enlightenment and the Quasi-Dao Patriarch Tombs.

“From ancient times until now, the Nine Nethermountains have been the farthest that most clan members can make it into the ancestral land. It would be easier to find a phoenix feather or a qilin horn than to find someone who could reach the Ancient Burial Ground. As far as the necropolis in the Misty Heaven Vault, not even Eldest Brother, an almighty Dao Realm expert, was destined to enter it.

“The reason, of course, is that at the end of the Ancient Burial Ground, there is no path.

“The necropolis of the first generation Patriarch is located somewhere inside the Misty Heaven Vault, along with his most powerful magical technique... the One Thought Stellar Transformation!” Finally he closed his eyes.

He had never actually seen the first generation Patriarch. The only person who actually had was the old man in the stony cavern that the Seventh Patriarch referred to as Eldest Brother.

The other six people in that cavern had been born in different generations. However, after extinguishing ten Soul Lamps, matters of seniority weren't important, and because of the bloodlines that connected them all, they called each other Brother.

“The clan has experienced three catastrophes....” said the Seventh Patriarch, sighing. Because of those three catastrophes, the small group in the stony cavern were the only cultivators in the entire clan who had extinguished more than ten Soul Lamps.

In the moment that the Seventh Patriarch sighed, Meng Hao finished bowing to the stone statue, and then sped away on the terracotta soldier.

Meanwhile, something was happening that even the Seventh Patriarch didn't notice. As Meng Hao made his way through the Quasi-Dao Patriarch Tombs, taking anything he saw that appeared to be valuable, an aura was slowly building up in the ancestral land, an aura that had never appeared there before.

The aura had actually first appeared when the terracotta soldier had caused the mountains to crumble, and then flew up into the air. When the statue then picked up all of the boulders that contained enlightenment of Daoist magics and divine abilities, the aura had grown even stronger.

Gradually, a very thin mist was building up over the lands.

Time passed. Meng Hao sat atop the terracotta soldier as it proceeded forward. As he traveled, he continued to encounter enormous tombs. Strangely, these tombs had no tombstones or writing on them whatsoever.

Meng Hao could only speculate based on what the Grand Elder had told him that this was the location where the Dao Realm Patriarchs were buried.

However, he didn't know their names, so he found the nameless tombs to be somewhat odd. It was as if they had intentionally come here before perishing, and didn't want anyone to know who they were.

“Weird...” thought Meng Hao. However, this didn’t stop him from carrying out his duty to tend to the tombs, and help the Patriarchs exchange their various offerings.

As Meng Hao swept the tombs of the Quasi-Dao Patriarchs clean, the Seventh Patriarch up above was finding it much harder to contain his wrath.

The only reason he could maintain his temper was that Meng Hao always respectfully bowed to the grave upon arriving and departing, and didn’t touch the tombs themselves.

A few days later, Meng Hao descended from above once again. This time, the sight of the coffin and statue caused his eyes to widen. He stopped in place and looked at the statue and the tombstone in front of it.

Up to this point, he had encountered seven tombs. None of those seven tombs had any writing to explain who was buried there, but the tomb he was in front of now did have a name!

Fang Pinqi!

The name was written in calligraphy that was as bold and flamboyant as dancing dragons and phoenixes, and emanated a boundless aura. Beneath the name was the Patriarch’s life story.

Meng Hao read over the life story of the Patriarch named Fang Pinqi, and it caused rumbling sounds to fill his mind.

The story described Fang Pinqi’s life from the moment he started practicing cultivation. When he stepped into the Immortal Realm, he was the foremost true Immortal of his generation. His path was always that of a Chosen, and was viewed as a blazing sun by the clan. When he entered the Ancient Realm, he summoned fifteen Soul Lamps.

He performed countless meritorious deeds for the sect, and even forged new paths in the Ruins of Immortality. He became the most outstanding member of his generation, and successfully accomplished the deadly task of extinguishing fourteen Soul Lamps, eventually becoming the Patriarch of his generation. In the end, despite having extinguished the final Soul Lamp, he failed to break into the Dao Realm, and became a Quasi-Dao Paragon.

However, he did not go mad like most others did, becoming evil and committing heinous acts. Instead, he maintained a tranquil heart, and lived out his final fifty years of life in peace.

During those fifty years, he still worked hard for the clan before finally closing his eyes and passing away into meditation.

That was why this tomb was inscribed with his name and story. It also contained a vivid introduction of the Quasi-Dao Realm, as well a clear description of how terrifying it was.

By the time Meng Hao finished reading the story, he was panting. Now, he understood the meaning of the term 'Quasi-Dao Paragon'.

He thought back to the ancient Demon Immortal Sect, and how Ke Yunhai had passed away in meditation. He also thought about Ke Yunhai's description of what it meant to be at the peak of the Ancient Realm.

"So, it turns out that between the peak of the Ancient Realm and the true Dao Realm, there is another realm called the Quasi-Dao Realm. In that Realm, one's longevity collapses, leading to certain death. As such, people go mad, and are called Paragons by others as a form of respect. It's almost as if people think using such a title will prevent those people from going fully mad." He looked at the stone tablet for a moment, and then refrained from even touching any of the offerings. Instead he clasped hands and bowed deeply.

After a moment, he left. It took a few more days to finish passing through the tombs of the Quasi-Dao Patriarchs. There were eleven of them in total, only three of which bore inscriptions.

They all had different experiences, but similar endings. The inscriptions were almost like a book of comfort written for the clan, instructing them about that Realm between the Ancient Realm and the Dao Realm. The people in that realm, the Quasi-Dao Paragons, either went mad and performed horrific deeds, or were worshiped in veneration for generations to come.

"The Dao Realm..." After passing the last tomb, Meng Hao stood there and looked back thoughtfully. "The path of cultivation is one of grave danger. Life or death crises present themselves at every step. Very few people... can make it to the very end." Meng Hao sighed, then clasped hands and bowed to the tombs of all the Quasi-Dao Patriarchs.

Just as he straightened up to leave, he felt something vibrating in his bag of holding. It was the ancient Demon Sealing Jade, which had remained silent for such a long time. The intensity of the vibration even exceeded the time when he had encountered the Sixth Generation Demon Sealer!

At the same time, Meng Hao suddenly felt an intense sensation that he was being summoned, coming from deep within the ancestral land.

“How could the League of Demon Sealers be buried in the Mountains and Seas? They tread the path of Dao Tribulation of the Nine Mountains and Seas. If they succeed... then the Mountain and Sea Realm... will return to the League of Demon Sealers!”

After hearing this, Meng Hao instantly began to tremble.

Chapter 952: Nine Nethermountains

“So, there are clues about the League of Demon Sealers here!!” Meng Hao’s mind spun; he almost couldn’t believe that the League of Demon Sealers was somehow connected to the Fang Clan ancestral land.

“Return.... That voice just now said the word ‘return’!!” Meng Hao began to breathe heavily as the ancient voice of the Demon Sealing Jade faded away. However, the summons that came from deeper within the ancestral land only continued to grow stronger.

That summons was the type he felt when encountering another cultivator from the League, and it was something that only other members of the League of Demon Sealers would be able to feel in this place.

Suddenly, a new voice could be heard echoing in Meng Hao’s ears. This voice was not ancient, but rather, sounded like that of a young man.

“The Nine Demon Sealing Hexes. The Mountain and Sea Realm. The Nine Hexes united as One. A concept unknown in all the skies.....”

Meng Hao’s heart began to pound uncontrollably, and the aura around him suddenly changed. It was as if countless streams of Demonic qi were shooting toward him, accompanied by the roars of innumerable Greater Demons.

After a while, the voice faded away, but Meng Hao could feel the summons growing stronger.

Panting, he eventually turned and looked further into the depths of the ancestral land. Far off in the distance, he could just barely make out nine enormous mountains.

The summons was coming... from somewhere beyond those nine mountains!

Meng Hao's eyes flickered as he thought about the similar summons he had felt in the Ruins of Immortality, and he felt somewhat unsettled. There was far too much about the League of Demon Sealers that he didn't understand. As the Ninth Generation Demon Sealer, he wanted to know... what was the actual origin and purpose of the League of Demon Sealers!

He thought back to what the Sixth Generation Demon Sealer had told him, and about the terrifying events in the Ruins of Immortality that had led to him being named 13th in the Echelon by the white-robed woman. There was something very strange about how that woman had looked at him.

Meng Hao would never be able to forget that.

He had the feeling that the League of Demon Sealers... was wrapped up in some Heaven-shaking, world-shattering secret, something that defied description, a secret that was connected to all of the Nine Mountains and Seas.

After standing there silently for a bit, Meng Hao managed to settle his thoughts. His eyes shone with determination and he gazed deeply in the direction of the summons. Finally, he turned and once again bowed deeply to all of the ancestral tombs behind him.

Up in midair, the Seventh Patriarch could not hear the call or feel the summons, nor could he sense the Demonic qi that swirled around Meng Hao. However, he could tell that something strange had just happened, and despite being unable to see what it was, it left him feeling shocked.

"The aura just now on this member of the Junior generation..." A profound gleam appeared in his eyes. As time progressed, the Seventh Patriarch continued to be filled with the sensation that Meng Hao was a person of deep secrets, secrets that he himself could not see through.

As Meng Hao made his way off into the distance, the Seventh Patriarch looked back at the Quasi-*Dao* Patriarch Tombs, and let out a soft sigh.

"All he did was switch out some offerings. He didn't disturb the tombs themselves, and even bowed in formal greeting. And he didn't touch any of the items from the tombs with inscriptions.... He might be a bit greedy, but he has a good heart, and knows how to keep himself in line...."

“One day, when the time comes for me to extinguish my final Soul Lamp, if I fail.... I wonder if I will be able to preserve my Dao heart. After I perish and am laid to rest here in the Quasi-Dao Patriarch Tombs, I wonder if they will erect a tombstone for me....” The Seventh Patriarch was well aware that the entire purpose of the Quasi-Dao Patriarch Tombs was to ensure that members of the Junior generation would clearly understand the madness of the Quasi-Dao Realm. It was to serve as a warning to any of them who had the chance to attempt to step into the Dao Realm!

After leaving the Quasi-Dao Patriarch Tombs, Meng Hao sat atop the terracotta soldier, which whistled through the air at top speed. Occasionally, motes of light would pulse out from the terracotta soldier and then melt into the surrounding air. Moments later, they would reappear and return to it, almost as if it were breathing.

It was something Meng Hao had just noticed as he controlled the terracotta soldier’s movements.

As he proceeded along, the feeling of the summons would occasionally get more intense, and at other times would fade. Meng Hao’s eyes flickered, although his facial expression remained unchanged. Inwardly, he remained as vigilant as ever.

Due to everything that had happened with the Sixth Generation Demon Sealer, he currently felt proverbial alarm bells going off in his head.

As he continued forward, Meng Hao scoured the lands below for possible good fortune, and also spent some time observing the terracotta soldier. He soon realized that it had some sort of strange connection with the ancestral land.

It was as if a resonance existed between them.

This realization caused certain speculations to form in his heart. After a while, he sighed, and looked at the terracotta soldier, thinking about how he didn’t wish to part ways with it in the future.

Days later, Meng Hao’s mood gradually stabilized. The summons continued to tug at him, but he had grown used to it and ignored it. Instead of following the pull, he did his best to scrape the area clean of any good fortune.

The more things he acquired, the wider his smile grew.

Eventually, the land in front of Meng Hao turned crimson in color, and he saw nine mountains.

The Nine Nethermountains!

This was the fourth region in the Fang Clan's ancestral land, and could be considered the depths of the lands. From ancient times until now, most people could not get past the Nine Nethermountains and into the Ancient Burial Ground.

Nine mountains towered up into the sky, and when you looked at them, it seemed almost impossible to see their tops, as if they connected the ground and the sky.

Roaring sounds could be heard drifting out occasionally from the nine mountains. They were sounds miserable and savage, shocking to the extreme.

There were many dangerous areas here, and many aspects that could easily kill you. Such fatal aspects came in the form of various beasts, as well as from the nine mountains themselves.

A thick aura of death filled the area, and from a distance, Meng Hao could see layers of gray mist swirling around the mountains. Because of the gray mists, the entire area was blurry and difficult to see clearly.

About the time that he neared the Nine Nethermountains, the parrot and the meat jelly caught up with him. Many of the parrot's feathers were missing, and it looked disheveled and out of sorts. However, its expression was one of extreme satisfaction.

As it flew over, it didn't even wait for Meng Hao to call out to it before it looked over at the nine mountains, heard the roaring coming from within them, and suddenly shivered. Looking extremely excited, it let out a few piercing squawks and then sped toward the mountains, brimming with energy. The meat jelly bell jingled the whole time.

"You can't do this! It's wrong! It's immoral! It's shameless! I'm going to convert you...." The echo of the meat jelly's garrulous chatter rang out from off in the distance.

Meng Hao glanced at the parrot for a moment and then ignored it completely. This place might be full of dangers, but the parrot and the meat jelly were capable enough, and would be very difficult to kill.

In front of the Nine Nethermountains, a stone stele rose up roughly three thousand meters tall. It emanated an archaic aura that seemed to indicate that it had existed for many, many years.

There were three lines of text on the stele.

“Nine Nethermountains, filled with endless treasures. Each one of these mountains is filled with endless opportunities. Any who challenge the mountains will have the chance to get good fortune and divine abilities!

“They are a deadly trial by fire. For those under the Immortal Realm, half a mountain is your limit. For those under the Ancient Realm, you will be able to proceed through three mountains. If you can pass through all nine mountains, you can acquire the secret magic of the Nethermoon!

“Fang Clan descendants can use their bloodline to open the path through the mountains. Whether you live or die is up to fate!”

The words were not attributed to any person in particular, but they seemed to be filled with an intense pressure, indicating that any person who entered this place would be facing grave danger.

Meng Hao looked at the nine mountains, and an odd expression could be seen on his face. Gradually, his eyes began to shine, and he licked his lips. He glanced down at the terracotta soldier, which then began to shrink rapidly. In the blink of an eye, it was only about three meters tall.

“This ancestral land really is a Blessed Land for me!” To other clan members, it was a place of extreme danger. To him, though, these weren’t nine dangerous mountains, they were nine treasure mountains.

He slapped his bag of holding, producing the bloodline jade slip. After scanning it with divine sense, he smiled.

The seven Ancient Realm Elders had all scattered in different directions. One of them was inside of the Nine Nethermountains. Obviously, he had tried to acquire some of the good fortune therein, but had ended up trapped and unable to extricate himself.

“Well, no need to get anxious. Just wait for me to track you down.” Meng Hao’s eyes began to shine brightly, and he cleared his throat. Immediately, the terracotta soldier began to walk forward into the mountains.

Meng Hao quickly flew up to sit on the statue's shoulder as it began to charge forward.

“Challenge one mountain at a time, and then clear all nine of them of treasure....” These thoughts immediately filled him with excitement.

As the terracotta soldier sped along, the Seventh Patriarch sighed and looked on helplessly. When he saw the light shining in Meng Hao's eyes, he began to murmur to himself.

“To him, these really are treasure mountains. The little scoundrel has the Dao Guardsman to protect him, leaving him free to do whatever he wants!

“Now that I think about it, if I had the Dao Guardsman to protect me when I came here for the first time, how could I possibly have left any of the treasures in these mountains to be passed on to anyone else?” There was nothing he could do, so the Seventh Patriarch calmed himself, looked at Meng Hao charging into the mountains with the terracotta soldier, and sighed.

Time passed. Meng Hao sat on the terracotta soldier's shoulder, which wielded its greatsword the entire way as they charged into the first mountain. When they encountered restrictive spells, they would simply break through them. When they encountered beasts, they would put them down. When they encountered obstacles, they would smash them to pieces.

Nothing could stand in their way and nothing could stop them!

Things weren't thrown into absolute chaos, but suffice to say, the first mountain was filled with miserable shrieks and roars.

“Whoah! That boulder actually has a carving of a magical technique! Pretty nice! I'm taking it!

“Who could be so immoral as to leave a bunch of Immortal jade laying around in this place! I'm taking it!

“So many spirit stones.... Hey, slow down, Onyx! Let me pick these things up, then we can keep going!”

Meng Hao's eyes continued to grow brighter, and he quivered with excitement. He had collected quite a bit of Immortal jade and spirit stones so far, as well as a good collection of magical items. A deafening roar could be heard as he neared the mountain's peak, heralding the approach of a two-headed giant.

The giant held an enormous cudgel in its hand, and was clearly the mountain's boss, tasked with guarding the mountain peak. When it leapt out, roaring, the terracotta soldier's aura surged.

The surging aura caused the previously overbearing two-headed giant to shiver, and immediately cease roaring. It stared blankly at Meng Hao, then at the terracotta soldier he was standing on, and cold sweat began to drip down its two foreheads.

After looking at them for the space of two breaths, the two-headed giant let out a plaintive shriek, then turned and fled back inside the mountain, vanishing without a trace.

Chapter 953: Getting the Hang of the Sixth Hex

Meng Hao looked around proudly as the terracotta soldier set foot on the peak of the mountain. From here, he could see an enormous cliff, upon which was carved a half moon.

Meng Hao's eyes widened as the same image of a half moon suddenly appeared in his mind.

He couldn't take the stone cliff away, nor could he duplicate or reproduce it physically. It seemed that the only thing he could do was to look at it. That said, a single glance would completely engrave the image inside of him. However, Meng Hao could also tell that the image would only last for nine days.

Nine days later, the image of the half moon would fade, and he would be unable to remember it.

"This is the Nethermoon...? So, I guess I need to gaze upon all nine mountains within nine days, huh?" Meng Hao smiled. To others, this would have been difficult, but to him, accomplishing such a task would be quite simple.

"This place really is a Blessed Land." He sighed, then patted the terracotta soldier, causing it to fly down the first mountain and head toward the second.

From the time the Nine Nethermountains had been created by the first generation Patriarch years ago until now, something like this had never happened. As Meng Hao proceeded forward, anything that was available for the taking was placed into a bag of holding.

All obstacles, all beasts, were like dried weeds that he could crush without any effort....

Even the mountaintop bosses would cower in hiding as soon as they saw the terracotta soldier. Meng Hao was allowed to easily pass through the second mountain, and then the third....

He acquired so many legacies and magical techniques that he lost track of how many there were. Nor did he have time to keep them organized. As long as he had an available bag of holding, he would throw his acquisitions inside.

“Blessed Land!

“Once I get out of here, I might be able to trade these things for even better stuff in the clan!” Meng Hao was only continuing to get more and more excited. For the first time in this place, he was beginning to experience the sensation of being rich.

The feeling fueled his excitement, and he quickly sped onward through the fourth and fifth mountains.

At the cliff on top of each mountain was an image of a half moon. Each time Meng Hao looked at the image, the imprint of the half moon inside of him grew clearer. Gradually, an increasingly powerful pressure began to emanate out from the imprinted image in his mind.

Time passed. By the time the third day had gone by, he was at the eighth mountain.

Meanwhile, a black-robed old man stood at a position near the top of the eighth mountain, stuck in a spell formation, looking with alarm at a certain jade slip. For the past three days, he had been observing the jade slip continuously, and could clearly see the dot of light that represented Meng Hao getting closer and closer to his own position within the Nine Nethermountains.

When he saw Meng Hao choose to start at the first mountain, he sighed with relief, and even laughed coldly. In his mind, Meng Hao most likely didn't dare to select the mountain that he himself was on. This caused him to consider chasing after Meng Hao after all.

However, his new idea was quickly shattered to pieces when he saw, to his astonishment, that Meng Hao actually... passed through the entire first mountain in only a few hours.

After that, it took him just three days to go from the first mountain all the way to the eighth mountain, upon which he stood. This scene caused his scalp to tingle so much it seemed about to explode. His mind buzzed, and he began to get jittery from fear. He wished he could simply leave the mountain and flee.

He had no idea how Meng Hao was doing what he was doing. But actually, that wasn't important. By this point, he was certain that if he ended up meeting Meng Hao, he would more than likely end up dead.

“What do I do? What do I do...?” The black-robed old man looked at the jade slip, and the dot of light that represented Meng Hao. It was now heading toward him with terrifying speed, causing the old man to begin to pant with alarm.

After several hours passed... he could see Meng Hao, barreling toward him from further down on the mountain. Then he saw... the terracotta soldier Meng Hao was sitting on. The old man let out a cry of alarm.

“That's the aura of a Quasi-Dao Paragon!!

“This... this....” As soon as the old man saw the statue, he understood everything. Then he realized that the statue looked very familiar, and it only took a moment for him to realize what it was. At that point, his legs suddenly grew weak, and the shadow of death spread out across his entire body.

He began to pant as hundreds of thoughts ran through his mind. After a breath of time passed, Meng Hao and the terracotta soldier were closing in. The old man took a deep breath, then, expression somber, clasped hands and bowed deeply toward Meng Hao.

“I am Fang Daohong!” he gushed. “Greetings, Prince Hao!

“Prince, you must be quite shocked to run into me here. That contemptible and shameless Fang Xiushan made a lot of promises to me to convince me to come here and kill you, honorable prince. However, Fang Xiushan was unaware that I am actually upright and not given to flattery, and have

always admired the exalted Fang Xiufeng! How could I possibly give aid to a villain like Fang Xiushan!?

“Therefore, I accepted Fang Xiushan’s proposal. However, my true goal was to come here and protect you, Prince! Prince Hao... um, you know, when you were small, I actually held you in my arms....”

Even as Fang Daohong spoke, the terracotta soldier came to a stop directly in front of him. It was nine meters tall, not gigantic, and yet it emanated a certain pressure, as well as a Quasi-Dao aura, that caused the old man to tremble. He swallowed hard, then forced a smile onto his face, trying to make himself look as harmless as possible.

Meng Hao sat on the terracotta soldier, looking down at Fang Daohong.

“You held me when I was a baby?” Meng Hao asked calmly.

“Yeah, that’s right!” he replied, nodding his head vigorously. “Prince Hao, I really did hold you in my arms. You were so cute when you were small! And now you’ve grown up to be so handsome....” This old man was not the type to speak flattering words, but in this situation, he didn’t hesitate at all.

Meng Hao looked at the old man thoughtfully for a moment, then nodded.

“Fine. Since that’s the case, drop your cultivation base to the Immortal Realm. I’m going to hex you with a restrictive spell. From now on, you’ll be following my orders.”

Fang Daohong was shocked to hear Meng Hao’s words. However, the terracotta soldier’s aura exploded out before he could refuse. It was like a mountain crushing down on Fang Daohong, and he was filled with a sense of deadly crisis that caused him to grow ashen, and sweat to pour down his face.

Inwardly, he was cursing Fang Xiushan to death. His hatred for Fang Xiushan had reached an indescribable level, and he was also filled with deep and profound regret.

Then he saw the cold gleam in Meng Hao’s eyes, and his heart seized. After a moment of silence, he let out a long sigh, unhesitatingly lifted his right hand up, and then smacked it down onto his chest.

Blood sprayed out of his mouth as many of his qi passageways were shattered, and his cultivation base dropped from having one extinguished Soul Lamp, down to the peak of the Immortal Realm.

Meng Hao did not seem to be moved by this action. With the terracotta soldier present, there was no question that Fang Daohong would agree to Meng Hao's requirement. However, if Meng Hao didn't have the terracotta soldier to protect him, there was no doubt in his mind that the old man's face would be as cold as ice, and he would slaughter him where he stood.

Meng Hao did not show pity to enemies; sparing the man's life was more than enough kindness.

When he saw Fang Daohong's cultivation base drop, Meng Hao extended his right hand and unleashed the Sixth Demon Sealing Hex. Instantly, streams of black and white qi began to swirl around his hand. The two streams of qi illuminated his face with flickering black and white, making him look extremely bizarre.

Fang Daohong's scalp went numb; the black and white qi left him trembling with fear.

He hesitated for a moment and then asked, "Prince Hao... what... what is that restrictive spell?"

"Oh, it's a hexing spell I learned a few days ago," Meng Hao replied, glancing at Fang Daohong. "I'm still getting used to it, but don't worry. This is the first time I'm really confident that I can succeed. In fact, if you lower your cultivation base a bit more, there's a much higher chance of success."

Fang Daohong's face fell.

"You learned it a few days ago? Still not used to it? This is the first time you've felt confident in using it?" More beads of sweat popped out on the old man's face. He was getting the increasing feeling that these two streams of black and white qi could suck his soul away. He even had the premonition that if the hexing failed, he would most likely die an agonizing death.

He watched as Meng Hao pointed at him, whereupon Fang Daohong threw his hands up in front of him and cried out.

“Wait, hold on....” He began to step backward, but then, the terracotta soldier raised its greatsword, which radiated killing intent. Fang Daohong immediately stopped in place.

His face was pale white as he clenched his jaw and then slapped his chest several times in quick succession. He coughed up several mouthfuls of blood. The severe self-inflicted injury caused his cultivation base to drop from the Immortal Realm down to something equivalent to the Dao Seeking stage. At that point, he stopped, looking up at Meng Hao with an ashen face and a bitter smile.

His sudden action caused Meng Hao to look at him closely for a moment, then point out with his right finger again. Immediately, the black and white streams of qi shot through the air and burrowed into Fang Daohong’s body. He trembled, fell to the ground, and began to shriek miserably. At the same time, gray magical symbols began to appear on his skin, where they circulated back and forth. Apparently, these magical symbols grew up from inside his body and manifested on his skin.

Meng Hao stared closely at Fang Daohong. This time, he had used a slightly different method to utilize the Sixth Hex. If this method didn’t work, then he would have to attempt some other way.

Time passed. Fang Daohong’s shrieks eventually grew weaker. After enough time passed for an incense stick to burn, he suddenly went very stiff, and all of the magical symbols faded away. The only thing left behind was a new magical symbol, on his forehead. That magical symbol then made a popping sound as it flew out from his forehead and merged into Meng Hao.

When that happened, Meng Hao could sense a warm current flowing within him. At the same time, the image of a tiny person appeared in his mind, a tiny person whose physical appearance was exactly the same as Fang Daohong.

“Did it work?” thought Meng Hao, looking a bit shocked. After so many times trying out the technique, this seemed like his first success.

Fang Daohong stared in shock for a moment, then crawled to his feet. The overwhelming pain he had experienced moments ago was now gone. He blinked a few times, then moved his arms and legs a bit. He didn’t feel the least bit different than before.

“Prince, you... you succeeded?” he asked tentatively.

Meng Hao frowned as he studied the tiny figure within his mind. Heart thumping, he imagined smacking the tiny figure with his palm. As soon as he did, Fang Daohong let out a shriek. It was as

if some enormous, invisible hand had just smacked him; blood sprayed from his mouth, and he was knocked to the ground. After struggling back to his feet, he looked around in confusion.

Meng Hao's eyes began to shine as he imagined the old man being struck by lightning.

Nothing visible happened, and yet, Fang Daohong screamed as if he were being struck by lightning.

Meng Hao's eyes shone even brighter as he imagined the old man being burned, drowned, trampled, crushed by a mountain....

Fang Daohong shrieked miserably as he felt his hair burning, his body being submerged in water, his muscles bruised, and, in the end, he lay pinned on the ground as if he were being crushed by some gigantic object. All of these things caused him to look at Meng Hao with terror. He knew of all sorts of hexing magics and restrictive spells, but he had never heard of anything as unbelievably terrifying as this.

He suddenly had the sensation... the Meng Hao was going to toy with him until he died.

"So, this is the Sixth Hex, huh.... The Life-Death Hex... is absolute control." He took a deep breath and then smiled.

His smile caused Fang Daohong to shudder. The sense of humiliation he felt at that moment was intense, and that caused his hatred of Fang Xiushan to seep down into his bones!

Chapter 954: Sun and Moon in the Nine Nethermountains!

The Eighth Hex was the hexing of the body, and could even be called Bodily Cultivation Hexing!

The Seventh Hex was Karmic Hexing!

The Sixth Hex was Life-Death Hexing!

The three Demon Sealing Hexes that Meng Hao had learned spun in his mind. Each Hex had its own unique features, and each could be considered a powerful secret magic!

The League of Demon Sealers was terrifying, and as of this moment Meng Hao could say that he had experienced it personally. In fact, he got the feeling that it was very likely the Ji Clan's Karmic Severing had actually been created by imitating the Seventh Hex.

"I wonder what type of hexing magic... the Fifth Hex is!?" Meng Hao's eyes glittered, and he took a deep breath. Ignoring Fang Daohong, he sent some divine will into the terracotta soldier, causing it to leap into the air and head toward the mountain peak. As for the spell formation that Fang Daohong was trapped in, the terracotta soldier shattered it casually.

When Fang Daohong saw that happen, he trembled inwardly, and suddenly realized that the decision he had just made was definitely the correct one. Without any hesitation, he began to follow Meng Hao.

After reaching the mountain peak, Meng Hao saw the half moon carved into the cliff face, and once again, the image imprinted in his mind grew clearer. Furthermore, the image of a half moon was now visible on his forehead.

"Nethermoon secret magic!" gasped Fang Daohong. Suddenly, he recalled how Meng Hao had charged through the seven other mountains, and then, his eyes began to fill with envy.

"Is the Nethermoon Magic powerful?" Meng Hao asked.

Fang Daohong immediately began to explain: "The first generation Patriarch left behind five great Daoist Magics and three secret magics. The Nethermoon Magic is one of those three great secret magics.

"The Nethermoon Magic becomes more destructive the higher your cultivation base gets. It can alter the sun and the moon, and can unleash power exponentially greater than your cultivation base. It's an excellent trump card in battle!

"Back in the clan, the only way to get the Nethermoon secret magic is to pay a huge amount of merit points. In fact... there are only a handful of people in the entire clan who have mastered it!" The look of envy in his eyes was becoming more and more obvious.

Meng Hao's eyes flickered, and he chuckled. He looked over at the ninth Nethermountain with anticipation. The terracotta soldier then began to speed toward the ninth mountain, with Fang Daohong flying close behind.

Fang Daohong panted the entire way. Finally, he understood how Meng Hao had been able to move so quickly from the first mountain all the way to the eighth. The clan's Dao Guardsman could sweep through anything and everything; it didn't matter what appeared up ahead, it was easily crushed.

Several hours later, Meng Hao reached the ninth Nethermountain. What he saw was a large group of luxuriantly furred beasts. They were in miserable condition, and their eyes were bright red as they chased the parrot.

The Parrot soared through the air, occasionally letting out a mighty squawk. It appeared to be incredibly excited, and every so often it would transform into a colorful beam of light that shot back into the group of beasts. When it emerged, it appeared to be incredibly satisfied, and would let out loud whoops of triumph.

The parrot's enthusiastic demeanor caused Meng Hao to feel a bit bad for the beasts of this ninth mountain. However, considering that the parrot had essentially cleared the mountain of beasts, Meng Hao was able to proceed through it very smoothly.

At the peak of the mountain was the final cliff, and the final image of the half moon, which caused Meng Hao's mind to tremble.

The half moon on his forehead glittered brightly and then faded away. However, even though it wasn't visible, the half moon seemed to be eternally imprinted into his memory. Flashes of enlightenment also appeared in his mind.

After some time passed, Meng Hao opened his eyes, and his aura seemed different than before. He lifted his left hand up, and the half moon appeared on his forehead. At the same time, a black half moon floated above his palm.

The sudden appearance of the moon caused an emotional look to appear on Fang Daohong's face. However, moments later, his eyes went wide when he suddenly saw... a sphere of light also appear above Meng Hao's hand.

The sphere was white, and looked like a sun. Its light reflected off of the black surface of the moon as the two of them circulated around each other above his palm. Black and white. The sun and the moon. At this moment, they let off a shocking pressure.

Even Fang Daohong could feel it, and was astonished.

“A unified magical technique,” he thought. “I can’t believe that he actually combined two magical techniques. Only people who have extinguished multiple Soul Lamps, who can grasp Essence transformations, and who have the image of a great Dao within them, could possibly combine magical techniques and create such powerful transformations. And yet he... he actually combined them! He isn’t even in the Immortal Realm! How can he have the image of a great Dao in his heart?”

Fang Daohong almost couldn’t believe it. To create a combination of magical techniques in this way was a very complicated matter, and even he didn’t understand much about it. All he did know was that it had something to do with the image of a great Dao, as well as the legendary Essence.

Meng Hao looked at the sun and the moon floating above his hand, and muttered to himself thoughtfully. It was at this point that suddenly, a tiny mountain appeared next to the sun and the moon.

This was none other than the projection of the Ninth Mountain, which Meng Hao had seen during his dreamlike voyage on the boat that year.

The image of the Ninth Mountain might seem incredibly powerful, but actually, it was already too weak to be useful to Meng Hao in his current state. However, its appearance now seemed to be in accord with some sort of natural law. As the sun and the moon rotated around it, it surged with even greater energy than before.

The powerful energy caused Fang Daohong to gasp, and his face to flicker.

“Th-th-that’s another sequential combination! What kind of monster is this kid!? Even with such a low cultivation base, he managed to perform two combinations of magical techniques!! How many images of great Daos does he have...?” Fang Daohong took a deep breath. He knew that images of great Daos required mysterious enlightenment. Even he, who was in the Ancient Realm, had only ever had a single great Dao appear within him. And yet, he had just personally witnessed one great Dao image after another appear in Meng Hao’s hand. It was unbelievable.

Even more shocking to him was the threatening feeling he got when he looked at the Ninth Mountain and the sun and moon!!

Fang Daohong was panting, and he looked on with wide eyes. However, it was at this point that a thoughtful expression appeared on Meng Hao's face, causing Fang Daohong's heart to start pounding.

“Could it be... that he... he's going to... make a third consecutive magical technique combination!?”
The mere idea of this virtually blew Fang Daohong's mind.

Even as the thought entered his mind, two pearls appeared outside of the Ninth Mountain and the sun and moon. The pearls were black and white, and they began to circulate noiselessly around the Ninth Mountain and the sun and moon.

The Ninth mountain was in the center, around which rotated the sun and moon, with the two pearls orbiting in an outer ring. They didn't interfere with each other, and in fact rotated in harmony, creating a resplendent image.

An even more incredibly powerful aura then exploded out.

It only lasted for the space of a single breath before the Black White pearls faded away, the Ninth Mountain collapsed, and the sun and moon went dark. Meng Hao frowned and muttered to himself for a moment.

He didn't notice the terrified expression on Fang Daohong's face, who stood off to the side, jaw hanging and mind spinning.

“Three combinations... he really did it three times....”

Moments ago, the aura he had felt had filled him with complete astonishment. He was an Ancient Realm expert, and yet was astonished by the magical technique of a cultivator who wasn't even in the Immortal Realm yet. Such a thing was completely unheard-of!

“He still isn't a true Immortal, but he will be soon.... Once he's a true Immortal, how many meridians will he open? I'd say 90 at the least!” As Fang Daohong looked at Meng Hao, he suddenly realized why Fang Xiushan had spared no cost in trying to have Meng Hao killed.

“He's not even human....”

Meng Hao was just about to make another attempt when suddenly, the summons from the League of Demon Sealers flared inside of him with incredible intensity.

He dropped his hand and looked out from his position on the peak of the ninth Nethermountain.

From where he was standing, he could see a vast region that stretched out below the mountain in front of him. The ground was pitch black, and the sky seemed to be split in two; everywhere else it was the middle of day, but this one region lay in the darkness of night.

The area where it was night was actually the center of the region of black earth. Sitting there cross-legged was a young man with a pale face and a head of long hair which floated around him. He wore a long robe, and was surrounded by innumerable corpses whose faces were twisted and distorted, as if they had experienced indescribable suffering before they had died.

There were men and women, and there were cultivators. Some of them had the bodies of beasts, and there were some with even stranger appearances, sinister and malevolent, things that didn't seem to be creatures from the Nine Mountains and Seas.

The corpses were dressed in ancient garments, clothing that reminded Meng Hao of the garb worn by the people in his visions back in the Immortal Ancient Daoist Rite Temple!

He had seen things just like this in his vision of the massive Heavenly war in which nine suns and nine butterflies had appeared!

A sense of extreme ancientness emanated out from the young man, and the area around him was filled with illusory rifts that almost looked like huge mouths that occasionally opened and closed. From the look of it, there were roughly 100,000 such rifts.

The young man was completely encircled by the rifts. As Meng Hao looked over at him, the young man looked back, and a gleam of anticipation could be seen in his eyes.

"Come...." he said, his voice soft. It seemed to be transmitted to Meng Hao through the air, floating from the depths of time, boring into his ears.

A tremor ran through him. He blinked, and when he opened his eyes, the entire area up ahead was empty. There was nothing there except the rifts in the air; not even the shadow of a person was visible.

It was as if everything Meng Hao had just seen had been an illusion!

The only noteworthy thing that he could see was an enormous stone stele, standing right in the middle of the region of night. Although it was very far away, Meng Hao could still sense the stele's majestic aura, and could also clearly see... that it seethed with Demonic qi!

The reason that this region was different was due to the influence of this dense Demonic qi , which ensured that it was a land of perpetual night.

Meng Hao stood there silently for a moment, then looked over to make sure that Fang Daohong had not been able to see the images he had just seen. He continued to stand there in contemplation for the time it takes half an incense stick to burn before a look of determination appeared in his eyes.

Without any further hesitation, he sent out a stream of divine will. The terracotta soldier's eyes gleamed as he carried Meng Hao forward. Rumbling filled the air as it transformed into a shooting star that sped forward at top speed.

Fang Daohong followed along as they proceeded forward.

Several hours later, the region of night was getting closer. Meng Hao could clearly see the area filled with the 100,000 rifts up ahead. He stood at the border of the entire region, and it felt like he was standing on the edge between night and day. With a single step forward, he would be in the dark of night.

The sound of wailing rose and fell within the darkness.

Almost at the same moment that he came to stand on the border between night and day, the feeling of the summons rose up again within him. It was as if a huge hand had plunged into his chest and grabbed ahold of his heart. Panting, he looked up at the illusory rifts ahead, and once again caught sight of the young man sitting there in the middle of everything.

It was impossible to see the young man's face clearly, but his voice echoed out within Meng Hao's mind.

“Come....

“Successor of the League of Demon Sealers.... Come....

“I am... the Fifth Generation Demon Sealer....”

Chapter 955: Fifth Demon Sealing Hex

[/expand]

Few people ever made it to the Ancient Burial Ground region of the clan’s ancestral land. For most people, the Nine Nethermountains were the limit. Over the ancestral land’s countless years of existence, even the few people that did make it to the Ancient Burial Ground had been unable to proceed any further.

It wasn’t that nobody had ever passed this stage before. However, of the very few of those who had successfully challenged this region, none were able to pass the final region, the Misty Heaven Vault. Even for those in the Dao Realm, none could progress more than a few steps into it.

Meng Hao stood at the border of the Ancient Burial Ground, looking at the darkness of night up ahead. A strange gleam flickered in his eyes, and after a moment of contemplation, he sent out some divine will, causing the terracotta soldier to stride forward and enter the darkness of the Ancient Burial Ground.

In the moment that they entered, all of the illusory rifts suddenly opened wide, like huge mouths. Instantly, the entire area was surrounded.

Meng Hao could see different worlds inside the rifts, each of which appeared to be some sort of trial by fire.

There was also an incredible pressure that emanated out of them. Some of these rifts seemed to have auras similar to the terracotta soldier.

He could sense numerous terrifying auras that caused his eyes to flicker. This was the first time he had encountered an environment that would pose a danger to him even considering the presence of the terracotta soldier.

“This place is like a maze, huh.... Getting through all these trials by fire is a matter of luck, but will also depend on one’s cultivation base.” Meng Hao’s eyes shone with determination, whereas the terracotta soldier’s glittered with a cold light. It strode forward, selected a rift, and stepped in.

Meanwhile, the Seventh Patriarch floated in midair. His brow was furrowed, but a bright light flickered in his eyes. To him, there was something different about the Ancient Burial Ground.

“Something seems off....” he thought. After looking around, his gaze settled on something in the distance, and he suddenly began to tremble.

“Huh?” He sent out some divine sense, and after a moment, his expression changed to one of surprise.

He had just discovered that at some unknown point, a mist had begun to rise up within the ancestral land. It covered everything. This was something completely unprecedented, and left him astonished. After the Ancient Burial Ground was the Misty Heaven Vault, a place no one had ever been. Apparently that was the source of this mist, and apparently, the mists in the Misty Heaven Vault were growing thicker.

This change caused the Seventh Patriarch’s eyes to narrow in thought.

Fang Daohong didn’t dare to get any closer than he was. He stayed at the border of the Ancient Burial Ground, watching as Meng Hao unhesitatingly entered the rift. He paused for a moment as he considered leaving. Then he thought back to the pain he had endured, and he realized that he didn’t dare to. He sat down cross-legged to wait in silence.

When Meng Hao entered the rift, he found himself in a majestic land, in the middle of which was a huge rift that was the exit.

As soon as he appeared in this world, numerous globes of ghost fire appeared and then shot toward him. As soon as they got close, they began to self-detonate.

Booms filled the air as the terracotta soldier swung its sword. A Quasi-Dao aura exploded out, and the self-detonating ghost fire globes couldn’t even get close before they were frozen in midair.

Meng Hao's expression was the same as ever as he sat on the terracotta soldier. It proceeded forward, and before long, emerged from the rift back into another location within the Ancient Burial Ground, several thousand meters further in than it had originally been.

Once again, they were surrounded by numerous rifts. Just as Meng Hao had speculated, this place was a maze, with each of the rifts acting as a tunnel that led to another location.

"How exactly do you get to the end of a maze like this...?" Meng Hao thought with a frown. His eyes flickered for a moment before he closed them. His Demon Sealer's aura then emanated out, gradually forming a resonance with the stone stele in the central position of this region.

A moment later, Meng Hao's eyes opened. Without hesitation, he commanded the terracotta soldier to reverse direction and step into one of the numerous nearby rifts.

After entering the rift, he found himself in a world of lightning and thunder. There was no ground, only a sea, with huge waves, each dozens of meters high.

Gigantic shadows could be seen beneath the surface of the water, which would occasionally lash out, transforming into giant tentacles that attacked Meng Hao. An aura similar to the Ancient Realm emanated out from the bottom of the sea.

Meng Hao's face was calm as the terracotta soldier extended its right hand and then pushed downward toward the surface of the sea. Immediately, a blue light emanated out from its body, and ice spread out across the water. Cracking sounds could be heard as the entire sea was transformed into a chunk of ice!

The waves were frozen in place, and the tentacles were turned into statues. Even the Ancient Realm aura beneath the surface of the water was completely sealed.

The terracotta soldier proceeded onward, flying through the air until it reached the exit. They reappeared in the Ancient Burial Ground, a bit closer to the center region.

Meng Hao didn't hesitate at all. Relying on his strange Demon Sealer resonance, he entered a third rift.

A few days passed in which he went through rift after rift. Soon, he had passed through more than a hundred. Most of them contained an enemy or enemies who were comparable to the Ancient Realm.

There were three in which he encountered beings who were at the peak of the Ancient Realm.

However, the most dangerous situation he faced was an encounter with an illusory middle-aged man who, shockingly, was a Quasi-Dao Paragon.

That battle was world-shaking, and although the terracotta soldier won in the end, it did suffer damage.

The difficulty of the challenges he faced left Meng Hao shocked. Without the terracotta soldier, and relying only on his own power, he would never have been able to reach this point. Fundamentally speaking, this good fortune simply did not belong to Meng Hao!

Meng Hao might have thought that what he was doing was quite a challenge, but as for Fang Daohong, who was still waiting at the border of the Ancient Burial Ground, he was flabbergasted yet again. As an Elder of the clan, he was well-aware of how terrifying this place was.

There were 100,000 rift worlds, none of which were fixed in place. They could change at any time, and inside of each world, there could be enemies of the Spirit Realm, the Immortal Realm, the Ancient Realm and the Quasi-Dao Realm. There were even some terrifying beings of the actual Dao Realm!

Their appearance within the worlds was completely random, making passage through them extremely difficult.

This place had been constructed by the first generation Patriarch in his later years, and was a place of bizarre mysteries.

“He’s gotten through more than a hundred, and each time it seems like he picks the right one and gets closer to the center!” It wasn’t just Fang Daohong who had made this judgement. The Seventh Patriarch was also watching Meng Hao’s progress through the rifts with silent astonishment.

“The little hoodlum somehow knows which path to follow? No, that’s impossible! There is no path to follow. It’s just that his luck is way too good! Not a single choice he made is a waste; every step he takes brings him closer to the center!”

As Fang Daohong and the Seventh Patriarch looked on in shock, Meng Hao entered another rift. He continued forward relentlessly until, the following day, he emerged from a rift and found himself in the exact center of the Ancient Burial Ground!

Directly in front of him was an enormous stone stele, rising tall up into the air, emanating a mysterious light!

To Meng Hao's eyes, though, this was not a stone stele, but rather, a young man wearing a long robe, sitting there cross-legged. As Meng Hao approached, he looked up.

Their eyes met, and Meng Hao's mind filled with roaring. At the same time, the ancient Demon Sealing Jade in his bag of holding began to vibrate.

When the young man spoke, his voice was soft.

“For you to be able to stand in front of me indicates that your cultivation base is probably at the peak of the Ancient Realm, only a hair away from the Dao Realm. You probably already have a profound understanding of the Essence.

“Years ago, when I left the Mountain and Sea Realm, someone told me that I should leave a stream of divine sense behind, to give some hope to future generations of the League of Demon Sealers....

“Therefore, I left my Daoist magic behind, sending it throughout the Mountain and Sea Realm for people to acquire.... Throughout the great Nine Mountains and Seas, my magic created numerous Ancient Burial Grounds. Each and every one of those Ancient Burial Grounds contains my magic, but only members of the League of Demon Sealers can receive my true legacy.

“What you are looking at now is just one of these locations. Throughout the Nine Mountains and Seas, there are a total of more than 90,000 such locations. Anyone can be enlightened regarding my magic, but the legacy can only be passed on four times. After that, the divine will that I left behind in the Ancient Burial Grounds will disperse amidst the Mountains and Seas, never to be seen again. Currently... this is the fourth time my legacy is being passed on.

“I am not a cultivator from the Mountain and Sea Realm, and only arrived here by accident. I became the Fifth Generation Demon Sealer due to a mishap; a chance occurrence, you might say, and was only able to stay in the Mountain and Sea Realm for a thousand years. My Hex is called, Inside and Outside.

“The countless rifts around you are like the surface of a mirror. The concept of being inside or outside of that mirror is a concept which also exists in your own heart.

“There are 100,000 rifts here, and this... is my Fifth Demon Sealing Hex... Inside-Outside Hexing!” With that, he lifted his right hand, and a tiny rift opened up in his palm, which began to rotate.

At the same time, the surrounding 100,000 rifts began to spin around, a bizarre scene that caused the Seventh Patriarch and Fang Daohong to stare with wide eyes and reeling minds.

“This is the Essence of Inside and Outside,” the young man said coolly. “When I say Inside, Heaven and Earth can be consumed...” At this point, all of the rifts opened wide, causing the entire Ancient Burial Ground, as well the rest of the ancestral land, to twist and distort. Simultaneously, outside in the Fang Clan, twisting distortions could also be seen on Planet East Victory.

It was as if some invisible, terrifying force were about to swallow up the whole planet!

A terrifying hexing magic like this caused Meng Hao’s mind to reel. How could he ever have imagined that the Fifth Hex... would actually be so powerful it could shake Heaven and Earth!?

Then the young man spoke again.

“When I say Outside, the Heavens are released...” All of the rifts suddenly shrank, sealing up. The Ancient Burial Ground, the ancestral land, the Fang Clan, and Planet East Victory all returned to normal in the blink of an eye.

All of these strange transformations happened so incredibly quickly that most people didn’t even notice them.

However, deep beneath the Fang Clan ancestral mansion, in the stony cavern, the Fang Clan Patriarchs who had been asleep suddenly trembled and then began to open their eyes.

Furthermore, in the deepest recesses of the cavern, the Earth Patriarch of the Fang Clan slowly opened his eyes. The sky faded, and the lands trembled.

“Inside and Outside. Consuming and releasing. This is my Hex.... Sit in front of me and contemplate this hexing magic. In the League of Demon Sealers... when the Nine Hexes are combined, the Mountain and Sea Realm will be returned to the Demon Sealers!

“If you are destined to leave the Mountain and Sea Realm, and I, Tian Pingzi am still alive, then you can seek me out. I owe the League of Demon Sealers, and can act as your Dao Protector.” With that, the young man closed his eyes.

Chapter 956: A Struggle of Generations!

A tremor ran through Meng Hao, and he began to pant. He knew that this area was somewhere he should never even have been able to step into. Furthermore, his cultivation base should have been at the peak of the Ancient Realm before attempting to accept the legacy of the Fifth Hex.

And yet, because of the terracotta soldier, here he was!

Meng Hao’s eyes narrowed, and he didn’t immediately take action. He still remembered the sense of crisis he had felt because of the Sixth Generation Demon Sealer, and thus, he proceeded with caution and even a bit of hesitation.

He did not sense any feeling of danger from the Fifth Generation Demon Sealer, and the ancient Demon Sealing Jade hadn’t acted strangely. He muttered to himself for a bit, unwilling to give up so easily.

“It’s too bad my second true self is still in the process of recovering after being destroyed. If he was here I could have him try it out first.” After a moment, his eyes shone with determination.

Rewards come only with risk, and it is better to take a gamble than to simply give up.

He decided to hesitate no longer. He walked up to the young man and bowed. Then, maintaining full vigilance, he gradually sent his cultivation base to rotating. If anything unexpected happened, he would use all of his divine abilities to flee instantly. Furthermore, he used divine will to have the terracotta soldier stand guard next to him.

As he crossed his legs and began to meditate, the young man slowly extended his arm and pushed down on Meng Hao’s forehead.

The two of them suddenly seemed to be connected through ages of time and distant space.

A legacy was being passed on!

They were separated by many generations, by many years, and by the distance between them. Despite that, they were both here in the Fang Clan ancestral land, performing the bequeathment of a legacy!

A massive rumbling like a Dao river or a Heavenly sea poured into Meng Hao's forehead. In the blink of an eye, he felt as if his mind would collapse, his head explode.

His heart trembled as though lightning were exploding relentlessly inside of him. His face instantly turned ashen, and blood oozed out of his mouth. An intense sense of deadly crisis appeared. There was no sensation that made him think the young man in front of him wished him dead. It was simply that Meng Hao's cultivation base was insufficient, not strong enough to support the legacy.

However, he gritted his teeth and, expression one of determination, continued to accept the legacy that he originally should not have been able to accept given his current level of power.

His body gradually came to occupy a space between illusory and corporeal. His aura weakened, as though the flame of his life force were dimming.

Up in midair, the Seventh Patriarch stared in confusion. He was able to tell that something strange was going on with the Ancient Burial Ground because Meng Hao had entered it.

He looked closely at Meng Hao, and then, his pupils constricted as if he had just noticed something. He was visibly moved and took a deep breath.

"He's accepting a legacy!"

"This Ancient Burial Ground has been here for countless years. Although not many people are capable of reaching this location, there have been a few. Those rifts are locations of trials by fire, not legacies. And yet... this kid is actually contemplating enlightenment of a legacy!" The Seventh Patriarch's mind filled with roaring.

“But whose legacy is it that he can sense?” A profound gleam appeared in his mind as he looked in the direction of the Misty Heaven Vault off in the distance.

Time passed slowly. Meng Hao’s aura grew weaker, and the flame of his life force dimmed. Anyone who could see him personally would realize that he was accepting a legacy. However, on the bloodline jade slip, it simply looked like he was dying.

Of course, there were six other black-robed cultivators in the ancestral land in addition to Fang Daohong, and all of them were checking their jade slips. What they clearly saw was that the dot representing Meng Hao was growing weaker and darker. They also saw that Fang Daohong’s dot of light was very close to Meng Hao.

This made it very easy for them to jump to the wrong conclusion.

They all thought that Meng Hao’s light was growing weaker because of Fang Daohong.

Although the remaining six black-robed men were in general being very cautious, all of them had different personalities. Some were decisive, some were hesitant, some were anxious, and some were impulsive!

About five hundred kilometers from Meng Hao’s current location was a middle-aged man in a long black robe, whose eyes were glittering brightly. “Fang Hao definitely has some sort of valuable treasure. That’s how he was able to kill two Ancient Realm Elders in a row. Most likely, he can’t utilize the power of that magical item for a long time, because his cultivation base isn’t sufficient. And now... Fang Daohong is there.... Since he’s not dead, that means we have a chance!

The man was skinny and had a long, hooked nose, making him look especially sinister.

“A precious treasure that can enable a cultivator nearly in the Immortal Realm to be able to slay an Ancient Realm cultivator...” The middle-aged man hesitated for a moment, then looked at the bloodline jade slip again. What he noticed was that two other dots were already moving in Meng Hao’s direction, which caused his eyes to fill with determination.

“I’m the closest, so as long as I’m careful, there shouldn’t be any problems!” Without hesitating any further, the man quickly shot off into the distance.

At the same time, two other black-robed cultivators were nearing from two other directions. They were thinking the same thing as the first black-robed man, and rapidly began to close in on Meng Hao.

As for the other three black-robed men, two of them wavered back and forth a bit before deciding to play it safe. The final black-robed man... was an old man who was standing at the entrance to the ancestral land, where the Dao Guardsman had once been.

He was examining the collapsed mountains; the endless amounts of ruins and rubble that filled the area caused his mind to tremble. Unable to even think of what to say, he just looked at the scene for a while before taking in a deep breath.

“The Dao Guardsman... is gone?” he thought. Great waves of shock filled him, and he began to shiver. A look of astonishment filled his eyes as he suddenly realized that the first Ancient Realm Elder who had been killed... died in this location.

He almost immediately realized why. When the answer occurred to him, he could hardly believe it. However, that answer explained everything, as unbelievable as it was.

“How could Fang Hao have possibly taken control of the Dao Guardsman!?!?” He took out the bloodline jade slip and looked at the fading dot that represented Meng Hao. Then he looked at the three other cultivators who were rapidly closing in on him. There was no way for him to get word to the others while he was in the ancestral land, so he could only watch as the three dots began to converge on Meng Hao, drawn like moths to the flame.

“If those people die, then it will confirm my speculation that Fang Hao has somehow managed to take control of the Dao Guardsman!” The old man panted, unwilling to accept that he was correct, and yet unable to come up with any other explanation.

Time passed by quickly. It was now three days later, and Meng Hao had already been in the ancestral land for about a month. Currently, he sat cross-legged in front of the stone stele, eyes closed, completely motionless.

His aura was extremely weak, and the flame of his life force was almost on the point of being extinguished. His mind crashed with lightning and thunder as the legacy of the Fifth Hex continuously poured into him. The images he saw made him feel like he was descending into some bottomless abyss.

It was as if his mind were being forcibly distended, which led to intense, tearing pain. He felt like he was stuck in a living hell.

Because he was accepting a legacy like this with such a low cultivation base, his Eternal stratum had long since gone to work, and was in a perpetual state of support, ensuring that his mind did not collapse or explode.

As for his true Immortal fleshly body, it was immense help in keeping his mind stable.

As the legacy of the Fifth Hex poured into him, it began to form a pattern like that of a hand that continuously flipped back and forth in his mind.

Sometimes it faced up, sometimes it faced down. That cycle seemed to contain Yin and Yang, as if the entire cosmos was hidden within it! It contained a great Dao of Heaven and Earth!

The 100,000 rifts that surrounded him in the Ancient Burial Ground also went into a cyclical pattern, as if they were breathing. Occasionally they would open, other times they would close. From a distance, it looked like 100,000 eyes, continuously opening and closing.

The cycle continued for three days, never ending.

Fang Daohong had long since begun to gape at the scene. He was once again completely shaken by Meng Hao, and couldn't help but view him as a terrifying figure, a cultivator essentially in the Immortal Realm, the likes of which he had never before seen.

In fact, he had never even heard of anything like this.

“If he reaches Immortal Ascension... he'll definitely shake all of Planet East Victory!” Fang Daohong's eyes shone with a strange light, and he suddenly realized that having his life or death controlled by Meng Hao, wasn't actually... a particularly unacceptable thing.

Up in midair, the Seventh Patriarch looked down at Meng Hao, and his mind trembled even more than Fang Daohong's. His eyes shone with a brilliant light as he looked at Meng Hao, and he suddenly had the feeling that he was looking at the future of the Fang Clan.

“He already has a true Immortal fleshly body, and the Immortal qi within him has almost reached the pinnacle....

“He has absolutely no aura of an Immortality Illumination Vine on him. Or perhaps his Immortality Illumination Vine has already been fully absorbed by his Dharma Idol. In that case... this kid is going to reach Immortal Ascension in less than a hundred days!

“In the future, he will definitely become a pillar of the Fang Clan!!”

Meanwhile, outside of the Ninth Mountain, in the boundless sea among the stars, the Ninth Sea, a shocking aura suddenly exploded out.

That aura caused vast mists to roil up from the surface of the sea, which formed into the shape of countless figures that seemed to dance about gracefully. Lightning crackled up above, and a Tribulation Cloud began to form.

At the same time, an enormous Door of Immortality gradually came into view above the Ninth Sea!

The Ninth Sea had countless islands, many of which were inhabited by cultivators. Currently, all of those cultivators' minds filled with shock, and they looked up into the air. No matter how far away they were, they could sense the Immortal qi that was roiling out.

“That's... a Door of True Immortality!!

“Who is about to reach true Immortal Ascension!? Who is about to batter open the Door of Immortality!?!?”

As the cultivators on the various islands in the Ninth Sea were all shocked, a massive rift opened up in the surface of the sea below the Door of Immortality. From within that rift appeared another massive door, which rose up from inside the water.

Inside the door was a young woman, behind whom floated a female corpse. The woman didn't hesitate for a moment before flying up into the air toward the Door of Immortality.

At the same time, more than a thousand cultivators also flew out of the door in the sea. There were men and women, and all of them wore extremely somber expressions as they fanned out in every

direction to form a huge spell formation. Next, a hundred enormous sea dragons shot out of the door, roaring as they circled about the area to act as Dharma Protectors for the young woman. Ten old men also appeared, each one of whom emanated astonishing auras. All of them were at the peak of the Ancient Realm, and each one had extinguished a minimum of thirteen or fourteen Soul Lamps!

These... were the cultivators of the Nine Seas God World! The Three Great Daoist Societies had deep reserves, as was plainly visible now!

The last person to appear was an old woman who wore a sea-blue robe. Her aura superseded the auras of all the other cultivators present, as if her presence could cause even the Heavens to acquiesce to her.

“Dong’er, your day of true Immortality has arrived,” the old woman said coolly. “Open that Door of Immortality, accept the Immortal qi, and achieve true Immortal Ascension!”

Fan Dong’er took a deep breath and then shot toward the Door of Immortality.

Lightning crashed and thunder boomed, and yet, it could do nothing to cause Fan Dong’er to even pause. Her body suddenly exploded with an energy that could rival the Immortal Tribulation itself.

A great event was beginning, heralding the arrival of a new generation of Chosen. Among them was someone who had suppressed her cultivation in the previous era just for the sake of becoming a true Immortal in the current era. A cultivator of the Ninth Mountain and Sea, the second to follow in the footsteps of Pill Demon and achieve true Immortal Ascension... Fan Dong’er!

As of this moment, people in sects and clans all over the Ninth Mountain and Sea used a variety of methods to observe as Fan Dong’er achieved Immortal Ascension above the Ninth Sea!

Meanwhile....

In the underworld of the Fourth Mountain, next to the Bridge of Reincarnation, a cold woman stood there, looking over her shoulder profoundly at what seemed to be the direction of the Ninth Mountain. It was as if she hoped to get one clear look at the Ninth Mountain so she would never forget it. Her long, black hair danced in the wind. She looked as graceful as a butterfly as she stepped forward into Reincarnation.

In her previous life, her name had been Xu Qing.

Chapter 957: Inner Devils of the Chosen!

The Door of Immortality appeared above the Ninth Sea, and Fan Dong'er rose up into the sky. In the instant in which she slammed into the door, the various clans and sects throughout the Ninth Mountain and Sea could sense a sudden change in the Heavens.

The change was not drastic; it was merely a slight strengthening in the Immortal qi of the Ninth Mountain and Sea. However, the change was like slight ripples on a glassy surface of water, and was detectable by many.

It was most obvious in the areas around the Door of Immortality in the Ninth Sea. There, the Immortal qi surged as a great Dao descended. Rumbling filled the air, Tribulation Lightning crackled, and mists churned.

Fan Dong'er was surrounded by Tribulation Lightning as she slammed into the Door of Immortality. Her eyes were filled with determination, and her heart was filled with one thought.

“Meng Hao, I absolutely must surpass you!”

Fan Dong'er was the second person in this generation after Pill Demon to attack the Door of Immortality. At the same time, the other Chosen who were in secluded meditation were preparing to emerge and attempt to break through to the true Immortal Realm. They could sense the change in the Immortal qi, but they ignored it. Eyes shining with determination, they continued with their secluded meditation.

Zhao Yifan currently sat cross-legged in a secret chamber in the Sublime Flow Sword Grotto.

“The age of true Immortal Ascension has arrived,” he murmured. “The Three Great Daoist Sects, the Four Great Clans, the Five Holy Lands, the Three Churches and Six Sects... have been building up power and resources for years, all for the Chosen who will become true Immortals.

“They all plan to use their collected resources and dammed-up cultivation to surge forth into the true Immortal Realm. It will be like the saying ‘The bird is silent, but its first song amazes all men!’” Zhao Yifan's eyes suddenly opened.

“Opening 70 meridians is average. 80 meridians qualifies one to be Chosen. Opening 90 meridians... makes you the blazing sun of a generation!

“Fang Mu... I wonder if you will be able to enter this age of true Immortality!?” Zhao Yifan’s eyes gleamed brightly. He had long since recovered from his injuries, as well as from the psychological blow he had suffered. However, he knew that deep within his heart, a shadow lurked, weighing down on him. It had become something like an inner Devil.

Meng Hao, in his guise as Fang Mu, had become Zhao Yifan’s inner Devil!

It was with his true identity of Meng Hao that he had become Fan Dong’er’s inner Devil!

Similarly, all of the other Chosen he had encountered in the Ninth Mountain and Sea had inner Devils because of him!

On Planet East Victory, in the Fang Clan’s ancestral mansion, Fang Wei was trembling. His life force aura occasionally glittered brilliantly, and occasionally went dim. Sometimes his features twisted savagely, while at other times he wore a smile. Strange ripples undulated off of him as he absorbed Immortal qi from the nine withered old men who surrounded him.

“Fang Hao... true Immortality is upon me. If I fail, then there will no longer be a Fang Wei under the Heavens. However, if I succeed... then the instant I become a true Immortal, I will cut you down and sever this inner Devil of mine!”

On Planet North Reed, in the restricted area in the Li Clan, there was a lotus pond. The pond waters were clear, and fish could be seen swimming to and fro. Birdsongs filled the air, along with the fragrance of flowers. It was like a miniature utopia. Li Ling’er sat there cross-legged atop a lotus. Her skin was clear and delicate, and slightly flushed. She wore a simple, plain robe, but it still managed to accentuate her exquisite and alluring body.

She was also about to break through to the true Immortal Realm!

At the same time, Wang Mu, Song Luodan, Taiyang Zi, Sun Hai, and many others were in their respective sects and clans, all preparing to break through to the true Immortal Realm.

As all of these people made their breakthroughs, Meng Hao’s image floated in their minds. Meng Hao... had become the inner Devil of an entire generation of Chosen.

Meanwhile, a young man sat cross-legged on an asteroid floating in the starry sky of the Ninth Mountain and Sea. He wore a black robe, and had long white hair. His features were handsome, and at the same time, ancient.

Immortal qi swirled around him, and shockingly, he held an Immortality Illumination vine in his hand.

“In the Wang Clan... Wang Mu is the blazing sun, and I have been forgotten. That doesn’t matter. The only thing I need is this Immortality Illumination Vine.” The young man lifted the Immortality Illumination Vine above his head and looked off into space.

“Meng Hao, I very much look forward to the day when you and I can meet again....” This young man was none other than Wang Tengfei!

At around this time, Wang Youcai, Fatty, Cheng Fan, and all of Meng Hao’s other companions from Planet South Heaven who had scattered out to the various other sects, were all being informed by Senior members of their respective organizations about the matter of true Immortality. All of them were looking up into the Heavens.

“I wonder where Meng Hao is right now....” Fatty murmured, sounding a bit depressed.

In the Kunlun Society, Chu Yuyan quietly sat there cross-legged. No Immortal qi swirled around her, but she wasn’t anxious. She had a whole thousand years after true Immortal destiny appeared in which she could achieve her own true Immortal Ascension.

Although she couldn’t keep up with the first wave, she was confident that she would be able to reach true Immortality in those thousand years.

“The age of True Immortality is here....” murmured Pill Demon, who stood on a nearby mountain boulder. He looked up into the stars.

At the same moment, another person spoke those same words.

It was an old man who stood there on Planet South Heaven, in a mountain in the Eastern Lands. He looked up into the Heavens and muttered the exact same sentence.

That man... was Shui Dongliu.

Meng Hao was unaware of the stir that had been caused in the Ninth Mountain and Sea due to Fan Dong'er's Door of Immortality. He continued to sit cross-legged in front of the stone stele in the Ancient Burial Ground, accepting the legacy of the Fifth Hex.

His aura was incredibly weak, and the flame of his life force seemed to be on the verge of being extinguished. The 100,000 rifts around him were trembling slightly, their cycles of opening and closing becoming more rapid. The Ancient Burial Ground was starting to look even more bizarre than usual.

Gradually, mist appeared on the ground; it grew thicker as it spread out through the ancestral land, into all of the regions and areas.

The mist also collected in the Ancient Burial Ground, and was especially thick in the area around Meng Hao. It covered the terracotta soldier, making it invisible even to divine sense.

Meng Hao's figure began to grow blurry.

Fang Daohong was extremely frightened. He worried that if Meng Hao died, then because of the strange hexing magic, he would also die.

As he continued to grow more and more frightened, a beam of prismatic light appeared off in the distance. It was another of the black-robed men, who shot in his general direction. Initially, his speed was not particularly fast, but at about thirty thousand meters away, the man seemed to catch sight of something that caused him to accelerate explosively.

Fang Daohong's eyes flickered as he turned to look at the man in the beam of light. He shot forward with incredible speed, coming to a stop about three hundred meters away. The man's face was grim as he looked over.

"Elder Daohong, we're all in this together, if one of us hogs everything for himself, it will be difficult to explain to the others." The man's eyes glittered as he looked further into the Ancient Burial Ground. He saw Meng Hao sitting cross-legged in meditation, mostly covered by mists. He didn't notice the terracotta soldier, which was now completely enveloped by the mists.

His eyes sparkled with avarice, then he looked back at Fang Daohong and smiled insincerely.

“If you want to go in there, I won’t stop you,” Fang Daohong said loftily. “However, there’s no need to play with words.” He snorted coldly, acting as he would under normal circumstances.

The other black-robed man’s eyes flickered as he turned from Fang Daohong to look at Meng Hao. Inwardly, he was a bit hesitant. However, Meng Hao’s current state made it seem like he was on the verge of death; the man was unable to see that he was accepting a legacy.

“Well, never mind then. Since you’re waiting patiently, Elder Daohong, then I’ll just wait with you.” With that, he smiled and then sat down cross-legged.

Fang Daohong showed no reaction whatsoever to this. Inwardly, though, he breathed a sigh of relief. His life was now under Meng Hao’s control, and even if he appeared to be on the verge of dying, Fang Daohong wasn’t about to take any risks. In fact, he was even more nervous than Meng Hao would be; he feared that Meng Hao’s death would result in his own soul dispersing.

After enough time passed for an incense stick to burn, Meng Hao trembled. Blood oozed out of his mouth, and only a tiny spark remained of his flame of life force. His body was now stiff, and he looked as pale as a corpse.

The rifts around him flickered rapidly as they opened and closed. They were like 100,000 eyes blinking, and left Fang Daohong and the other black-robed man feeling incredibly shocked.

One of them was nervous. The other one waited in anticipation.

Around this time, two more beams of light sped along, apparently having detected Meng Hao’s abnormal state. They shot forward with explosive speed until they appeared at the border of the Ancient Burial Ground, where they turned into two black-robed men.

As soon as they appeared, Fang Daohong’s eyes narrowed. One of the men didn’t pause at all, but rather, instantly shot into the Ancient Burial Ground. Taking advantage of a moment when the rifts were closed, he shot forward about three hundred meters.

Fang Daohong’s heart began to thump, and the black-robed man who had arrived earlier frowned. After a moment, he also waited until the rifts were closed and then stepped forward into the Ancient Burial Ground.

The third black-robed man also flickered forward, advancing toward Meng Hao.

“Fang Hao has a valuable treasure! Let’s kill him and get the treasure. We can decide what to do with it afterward!”

“Excellent plan!” After coming to an agreement, the three men waited until the 100,000 rifts closed again, and then advanced at top speed.

Fang Daohong watched in silence, coldly eyeing the three men as they proceeded into the Ancient Burial Ground. Finally, he decided to join them, although he moved slowly, ensuring that he was bringing up the rear.

Four men walked in a line, heading ever closer to Meng Hao in the center of the Ancient Burial Ground.

Enough time passed for an incense stick to burn, in which time the 100,000 rifts opened and closed. Eventually, the two fastest men reached a position about six hundred meters from Meng Hao.

Another tremor ran through Meng Hao at that point, but instead of just a trickle of blood oozing out, Meng Hao coughed up a huge mouthful of blood, and all color drained out of his face. At that point, the flame of his life force actually winked out.

In that moment, the rifts in the area all shuddered and closed, leaving a clear path all the way to Meng Hao.

With the exception of Fang Daohong, who was still extremely anxious and feared that he was about to die, the black-robed men’s eyes all glowed with greed. They had been acting very cautiously before, but that seemed to be forgotten as they exploded with speed. Rumbling filled the air as they closed in on Meng Hao.

However, when the two black-robed men in the lead were only about thirty meters away, Meng Hao’s eyes suddenly snapped open. They were bloodshot, and his gaze was as sharp as a blade, filled with naked savagery.

An indescribably terrifying aura suddenly exploded out from Meng Hao. In that instant, all of the closed rifts in the area suddenly opened simultaneously.

It was like 100,000 eyes had instantly opened and were looking at the four men!

Chapter 958: Strolling Through the Immortal Kingdom!

Being glared at by 100,000 cold eyes is something that would cause many people to be so terrified their hair would stand on end. These black-robed men had profound cultivation bases, and might have been able to disregard the phenomena, were it not for the fact that Meng Hao had opened his eyes at exactly the same time.

There was also a brutality that seemed to surround Meng Hao. Add the fact that he had just recently killed two Ancient Realm experts, and it caused the faces of the nearest two black-robed men to flicker.

However, they were decisive people. Killing intent flashed in their eyes. Having come this far and having no path of retreat, they decided that they might as well attack!

“He’s as weak as an arrow at the end of its flight! Killing him will be easy!”

“His precious treasure is probably difficult to activate! Considering his current state, he definitely can’t use it! Kill him!”

Their eyes flickered coldly, and their killing intent raged. Their cultivation bases surged as their nine Soul Lamps, eight burning and one extinguished, caused the aura of the Ancient Realm to swirl about. The natural law in the area was affected, and ripples spread out.

They also pulled out magical items. One of them had a jade cauldron; the other, a piece of green bamboo. Inside the jade cauldron were several flying swords engraved with dragons, and the bamboo was surrounded by arcs of crackling lightning. Both objects were clearly extraordinary.

They waved their sleeves, causing the magical items to speed toward Meng Hao, as they sped close behind. Bolstered by the power of their Soul Lamps, their killing intent surged, and their greed was impossible to conceal.

In almost the same moment that they attacked, the terracotta soldier, which was still covered by the mist, suddenly stepped forward.

The ground quaked, and some of the mist dissipated from around the terracotta soldier, making it mostly visible.

A ring-shaped ripple surged out, with the terracotta soldier and Meng Hao at the center. When it passed over the jade cauldron, the swords inside shattered as if they were nothing more than dried up twigs. The cauldron itself cracked and then collapsed.

As for the green bamboo, it was the same; it shattered into countless pieces that became nothing more than flying ash. The lightning in the bamboo was also snuffed out, and vanished without a trace.

As the ripple spread out, the pressure it emanated caused the two black-robed men's hearts to tremble. Blood sprayed out of their mouths as they fell backward in retreat, almost falling into one of the rifts behind them.

When they finally came to a stop, they looked at the terracotta soldier, and their faces fell as they were almost struck speechless.

The greatsword it held in its hand, the suddenness with which its aura had burst out, as well as the familiarity of its figure, immediately caused the men to feel roaring in their minds, as if an enormous, shapeless hand were ripping apart their psyches.

“That’s the aura of a Quasi-Dao Paragon!!”

“There’s actually a statue here!!”

“That statue looks so familiar...”

“That’s... that’s... the Dao Guardsman!!” The two cultivators’ eyes went wide with disbelief. They felt as if a mountain were crushing down onto them; their minds reeled as they realized their lives were about to meet an uncertain end.

“This is impossible!!” They were thoroughly astonished, and now that they could sense the terracotta soldier’s aura, they had no doubt in their mind as to how the other two Ancient Realm elders had suddenly died.

“He... he can actually control the Dao Guardsman!” They no longer had any desire whatsoever to engage in battle. Their scalps were numb, and they were scared out of their minds. They thought back to how they had bravely charged into this situation, and they suddenly realized that doing so was potentially the most foolish and stupid thing they had ever done in their lives. They backed up at top speed, cursing their weak cultivation bases, and cursing all of the rifts in the area that made it impossible to escape.

The other black-robed man was also looking on with wide eyes, panting in disbelief.

Fang Daohong was the only one whose facial expression was calm. Inwardly, he heaved a sigh of relief, and his eyes began to flicker. His cultivation base had long since recovered, and he was now trying to decide how he could perform some meritorious service in aid of Meng Hao.

In the exact moment that the two black-robed men up front began to retreat, Meng Hao’s eyes flickered with killing intent. The terracotta soldier raised its greatsword and then slashed it down toward one of the two men. In the blink of an eye, everything went still and quiet. Scintillating, blinding sword light appeared, slashing toward the black-robed man’s throat.

“Bring him to me, alive,” Meng Hao murmured weakly.

The world returned to normal. The terracotta soldier’s blade twisted, turning the strike from a slash into a slap. Blood sprayed from the black-robed cultivator’s mouth as his body crumpled. The terracotta soldier reached out, grabbed him, and pinned him down on the ground in front of Meng Hao.

Meng Hao’s face was pale white as he reached out and pushed his hand onto the black-robed man’s forehead. He took a deep breath, and his eyes shone with the glow of blood as he utilized the Blood Demon Grand Magic.

The black-robed man’s eyes went wide, and he let out a bloodcurdling scream. When the other people present heard the scream, their minds trembled because of the indescribable tragic wretchedness therein.

The black-robed man's body withered. His cultivation base rapidly faded away. Even his soul was absorbed by Meng Hao. Everything, even his life force, was used by Meng Hao to aid in his recovery.

It took only a moment for the screams to fade away. The only thing that remained behind was a terrifying desiccated corpse that lay motionless beneath Meng Hao's hand.

Meng Hao's face was no longer as pale as death. His skin had a bit of color, and his breathing was steady. His eyes shone brightly once again.

As he thought back to how he had accepted the legacy of the Fifth Hex, Meng Hao realized that he had narrowly escaped from death. He really should have died, and had only managed to survive by a fluke.

Considering the level of his cultivation base, he was really incapable of acquiring the Fifth Hex. The price he had paid was actually his life. The flame of his life force really had been extinguished, leaving him hovering on the brink of death. Thankfully, just as he was about to die... these black-robed men came, giving him a second lease on life.

He had only slightly recovered, but this caused the other two black-robed men to feel an even greater sense of deadly crisis.

“W-what technique was that!?!?”

“Damn you, Fang Xiushan! For sending us in here to kill this kid... you deserve to die a horrible death!!”

The two men retreated, looking back in fear at Meng Hao.

However, they were surrounded by rifts that made it impossible for them to escape.

Up above, the Seventh Patriarch watched with a serious expression. He slowly retracted his hand, and looked over thoughtfully at Meng Hao.

“Is that the legacy technique he just acquired?”

Back on the ground, Meng Hao slowly rose to his feet. His face was mostly back to normal, and a profound look gleamed in his eyes. He seemed to be filled with a sea of power that caused anyone who looked at him to feel as if their souls would be absorbed.

“Grab me another one,” he said calmly.

In response to his words, the terracotta soldier immediately strode forward toward the nearest black-robed man. The man howled and, having no other options, leapt into the nearest rift.

The third of the black-robed men was a bit further away from Meng Hao. He gritted his teeth and was about to jump into a nearby rift, when Fang Daohong suddenly blocked his way. The man roared in rage, and the two of them began to fight.

Booms echoed out in all directions. The terracotta soldier stepped into the rift in pursuit and emerged after the space of only a few breaths, holding the black-robed cultivator who had been trying to flee.

The man was trembling, and his face was pale. Even as he looked over at Meng Hao, Meng Hao raised his hand, causing an illusory rift to appear. That slight movement, though, caused the bit of his life force that had been painstakingly restored to be sucked towards the palm of his hand. This caused Meng Hao to immediately stop what he was doing. After a moment of analysis, Meng Hao realized why.

“Although I’ve accepted the legacy, I’m incapable of actually using the Fifth Hex. Considering the level of my cultivation base, if I try to force it, even if I use all of my cultivation base to cast it, I still can’t form the Inside-Outside rifts of the Fifth Hex!

“Perhaps I’ll be able to after I reach the Immortal Realm! This Fifth Hex is similar to the Paragon Bridge. I’ll be able to use it as a trump card when I reach the Immortal Realm!” With that, he pushed his hand out toward the black-robed man, who was then surrounded by blood-colored light.

Miserable screams rang out as the man was transformed into a desiccated corpse. Meng Hao’s face finally looked normal, and he was completely recovered. He then closed his eyes and rotated his cultivation base.

In response to this, the black-robed man who was fighting Fang Daohong looked terrified. What he was seeing was far beyond any other deadly crisis that he had ever experienced.

“This guy can’t be a near-Immortal Realm cultivator,” he thought. “How could someone of that level have such a terrifying divine ability!?!? Fang Xiushan, if I don’t die in here, then after I get back to the clan, you and I are going to have a reckoning!!”

Fang Daohong’s expression was the same as ever, but inwardly he was trembling. The mysteries surrounding Meng Hao only seemed to grow deeper. After a moment of hesitation, he looked over at the man he was fighting with.

“Fang Linhe, if you want to get out of here alive, then listen to me and don’t fight back!” These words caused Fang Linhe to gape in shock. Then he thought back to how Fang Daohong hadn’t died despite being near Meng Hao for so long. Suddenly, the hope for life appeared in his heart. Gritting his teeth, he allowed Fang Daohong to strike him in the chest.

Blood sprayed out of his mouth as Fang Daohong struck him over and over, seriously injuring Fang Linhe and causing his cultivation base to drop. Soon, it was comparable to a Spirit Realm cultivator, whereupon Fang Daohong stopped his attacks. Giving a meaningful glance to Fang Linhe, he immediately turned and bowed respectfully to Meng Hao.

“Prince, it would be quite a waste to let this man die. Why not use your restrictive spell on him? Once we get back to the clan, he and I will both want a chance to get revenge on Fang Xiushan.”

Meng Hao’s eyes opened, and he looked coldly at Fang Daohong, then at Fang Linhe, who was acting very subserviently. Without another word, streams of black and white qi appeared in his hand. After rotating around each other for a moment, he sent them flying toward Fang Linhe’s forehead. Fang Linhe screamed, then began to shudder. Sweat soaked him almost instantaneously as magical symbols appeared all over his body. Eventually, they converged on his forehead into the form of a single magical symbol that flew out of his forehead and then merged into Meng Hao. Fang Linhe then let out a weak sigh.

Meng Hao looked up at the rifts in the area, and now, they seemed familiar to him.

It almost seemed as if he could control their opening and closing.

“Let’s go,” he said. “We’re going to find out what else is past this Ancient Burial Ground.” With that, he stepped forward. Immediately, the rifts all closed, allowing him to walk directly off into the distance.

Meng Hao strode along like a monarch to these rifts that contained the Fifth Hex. He looked like he was simply taking a stroll through his own Immortal kingdom.

Chapter 959: A Lamp!

The scene playing out in front of Fang Daohong and Fang Linhe left them shaken mentally. They immediately followed behind, staring at the terracotta soldier next to Meng Hao. When it came to the statue, Fang Daohong was slightly less surprised, whereas Fang Linhe was completely astonished.

Up in midair, the Seventh Patriarch looked closely at Meng Hao, his expression growing more serious by the moment. Based on everything Meng Hao had done along the way, and all his unprecedented accomplishments, as long as he didn’t lose his life, he would surely shake the entire Ninth Mountain and Sea one day.

“In the future, he will be the main pillar of the Fang Clan!”

Meanwhile, Fan Dong’er was still in the midst of her Immortal Tribulation, battering her Door of Immortality. In the Fang Clan Ancestral Mansion, Fang Xiushan was staring pale-faced into a crystal, observing what was happening in the Lifeslip Hall.

One after another, without even half an incense stick of time between them, the lifeslips belonging to two Ancient Realm Elders emitted cracking sounds and then shattered into pieces....

The other jade slip that he had been watching this entire time remained completely unchanged.

“Impossible.... The deaths of the previous two could be chalked up to dangers in the ancestral land. But... but a whole month has passed, Fang Hao is still alive, and two more Ancient Realm Elders are dead!

“What exactly is going on in the ancestral land? How could this be happening? What’s going on!?!?” Fang Xiushan’s eyes were completely bloodshot, and his hair was in disarray. He sat there trembling, having long since moved from his own residence to a hidden chamber.

This chamber was very close to where his son Fang Wei was in the middle of secluded meditation. At the moment, Fang Xiushan didn't dare to set foot outside. Currently, he had no way of resolving the situation, so he had no choice but to conceal himself here.

“As long as Wei'er becomes a true Immortal, the Grand Elder will handle everything according to the clan rules. The clan is most important, so he won't make things too difficult for me. Plus, I have father to help take care of things. This matter will soon be a thing of the past.

“Fang Hao, you shall die! If you don't die in the ancestral land, then you'll die at Wei'er's hand!” Fang Xiushan's expression twisted, and he gritted his teeth. Apparently, that outcome was the only one which could release the shock and anxiety he felt in his heart. However, he still couldn't understand why the nine Ancient Realm Elders he had hired couldn't kill a solitary Fang Hao. In fact, over the course of a month, four of them were now dead, while Fang Hao was still alive.

Just what had happened in there to cause this unforeseen turn of events? This was currently the source of his greatest confusion.

Even as Fang Xiushan sat there thinking, the Grand Elder was in another location in the Fang Clan ancestral mansion. He was in a rage, his face twisted in anger over what was happening in the Lifeslip Hall. He, of course, was well aware of exactly why all the Elders had died.

His eyes glinted coldly when he summoned Fang Xiushan, only to receive a reply that Fang Xiushan was in secluded meditation near Fang Wei. That caused the Grand Elder to hesitate for a moment.

At the moment, Fang Wei's Immortal Ascension was the most important matter in the whole clan. All other matters were of secondary importance.

“Fang Wei. Fang Hao.... Let's see which of the two of you... is the true Chosen.” After another moment of thought, the Grand Elder flicked his sleeve and left.

Back in the ancestral land, Meng Hao proceeded along. The rifts closed wherever he went, all the way until he reached the end of the Ancient Burial Ground. After having passed through regions of 100,000 rifts, he was now surrounded by thick mist.

The mist didn't just exist in this place. The entire ancestral land was filled with it, something that was completely unheard of. Even the Seventh Patriarch was shocked.

Meng Hao stood at the edge of the Ancient Burial Ground, looking at the thick mists up ahead of him. Compared to the mist in his immediate vicinity, the mists up ahead seemed boundless, as if they covered everything, even the Heavens.

Everything was covered in endless, majestic mists.

Off to the side was another huge stone stele, upon which was written three shocking characters....

Misty Heaven Vault!

Beneath the three characters were lines of text, each one being the name of a person.

Next to each name was a number.

The first name on the list was Fang Shoudao, and next to it was the number 39.

There were nineteen names in total, and the last few names on the list all had the number 1 next to them.

The names emanated an ancient feeling, as if they had existed on the stele for many years. When Meng Hao reached the ninth name on the list, his eyes widened in surprise.

The name was Fang Danyun!

He was the Dao of Alchemy Division's current Pill Elder!

Fang Daohong stood next to Meng Hao explaining the location in a low voice. "There is no path through the Heavenly Mist Vault.

"This is the last section of the ancestral land.... The first generation Patriarch's necropolis is located somewhere inside, although nobody knows exactly where.

“From the moment of its creation, this place has been the end of the line for the clan members who come here. According to the rumors, nobody has ever found the necropolis within the mists. The reason for that, of course, is that there is no path inside.

“From ancient times to now, only nineteen Senior clan members have ever made it to the Misty Heaven Vault, and those numbers next to their names are how many steps they were able to take inside.”

Meng Hao’s eyes focused intently on the stele.

“Nobody’s ever been able to step into the necropolis?” he asked. As he looked at the list of names and numbers on the stele, he sent his divine sense out into the mists. As soon as it entered, it encountered an intense repelling force, and was expelled. These mists truly seemed to be like an impenetrable fortress that did not allow anything to enter.

“Prince,” Fang Daohong hurried to say, “you really shouldn’t try to go in.... This is a place where people under the Immortal Realm can’t even enter. Not even the Dao Guardsman can go in.

“If you want to enter the Misty Heaven Vault, you have to meet two conditions. First, your cultivation base has to be in the Ancient Realm or higher so that you can use your Soul Lamp to guide the way. The second requirement is that you have to possess a corporeal body.”

Meng Hao didn’t respond. He sent some divine will into the terracotta statue, and sent it forward toward the mists. However, as soon as it touched the border, the same force shoved back, making it impossible for the terracotta soldier to move forward. When he tried to force it to do so, a terrifying pressure exploded out from within the mists.

Meng Hao’s mind was shaken, and he immediately pulled the terracotta soldier back.

“Prince, your... your cultivation base isn’t in the Ancient Realm, and you have no Soul Lamp. You simply can’t proceed.” Fang Daohong glanced over at Meng Hao and stepped toward the mists.

As he did so, he inhaled deeply and nine Soul Lamps appeared around him. As they rotated around him, they slowly merged together. When they had combined into a single lamp, they floated forward to make contact with the mists. As soon as the lamp touched the mist, it sank back by a centimeter.

“Look, Prince,” said Fang Daohong, sighing slightly and stepping back to stand next to Meng Hao. “This is my limit, only a single centimeter. If you had a powerful Soul Lamp, you would be able to resist the mists and get much further in.”

Meng Hao frowned. Having gotten all the way to this point, he just couldn't resign himself to leaving. If this was the first generation Patriarch's necropolis, then it meant that the Fang Clan's most powerful Daoist Magic, the One Thought Stellar Transformation, would be inside.

It was like standing in front of a mountain of treasure and being incapable of reaching it. To Meng Hao, it was a very intolerable feeling.

However, he was not the type of person to be easily convinced by what could be fallacious information. He stepped forward and, as he stood there in front of the mists, extended his right hand and pushed it forward. Immediately, a powerful force pushed back, as if there were an invisible barrier which prevented him from pushing his hand in at all.

Meng Hao tried pushing a few more times before letting out a resigned sigh. He was just about to retract his hand when his eyes then went wide as he suddenly sensed his Immortal meridian pulsing wildly in a way it never had before. It was almost as if it were reacting to something that existed inside the mists, something that was attracting his Immortal meridian.

Meng Hao had experienced such a sensation before; it was the same sort of feeling he got when the Immortal meridian had strengthened itself by consuming the massive quantities of energy from the stone steles in the Three Great Daoist Societies' trial by fire.

Meng Hao started panting, and his eyes began to glitter brightly. He had an intense premonition that if he could get into the Misty Heaven Vault, then perhaps... he could break through to true Immortality right here in the ancestral land!

Meng Hao immediately began to attempt numerous methods to succeed. After two hours passed, he finally had to admit... that it was a place he really wasn't able to enter.

“Prince,” said Fang Daohong, “there's no need to keep trying. We still have less than a month before the ancestral land opens up again. There are still other places with good fortune, places that you can easily get to with the Dao Guardsman. As for this place here... without a Soul Lamp, you might as well just forget about it.”

Meng Hao stood there silently.

Up in midair, the Seventh Patriarch was currently paying close attention to what was happening. He watched Meng Hao make his repeated attempts, then sighed, and his eyes flickered with disappointment.

“I guess I set my expectations too high,” he thought, shaking his head. “The Misty Heaven Vault requires an Ancient Realm Soul Lamp. That’s something the Dao Guardsman can’t help out with. The more powerful the Soul Lamp, the further into the Heavenly Mist Vault you can get. However, not even Eldest Brother, the Earth Patriarch, could get more than 39 steps in.”

Suddenly, Meng Hao looked up at the Misty Heaven Vault, and his eyes began to gleam with light of curiosity.

“You need a Soul Lamp.... A Soul Lamp to lead the way.... A lamp.... I have a lamp!” Meng Hao began to pant as he glanced back at the Soul Lamps circling around Fang Daohong. Just now, a completely preposterous idea had formed in his mind.

It was a completely absurd plan, and it involved an object he had never before thought to associate with the Soul Lamps of Ancient Realm cultivators.

Even now, it seemed like something completely improbable.

Finally, though, it reached the point where he couldn’t hold back. He just had to try, so, eyes flickering, he slapped his bag of holding... causing a bronze lamp to suddenly fly out!

This bronze lamp was none other than the one he had acquired from the temple hall in the ruins of the Immortal Ancient Daoist Rite Temple, the same treasure from which he had acquired his Immortal meridian, that now contained a flame from the Essence of Divine Flame.

Holding the bronze lamp in hand, Meng Hao took a deep breath and then slowly walked toward the wall of mist up ahead. When Fang Daohong and Fang Linhe caught sight of the bronze lamp, they gaped in shock. Were it not for the fact that Meng Hao held their lives firmly in his hand, they would most certainly be incapable of holding back from laughing at Meng Hao’s apparent insanity.

However, their expressions quickly changed to ones of open-mouthed astonishment, and they began to tremble uncontrollably.

As Meng Hao neared the mists, rumbling sounds suddenly filled the air. Strange colors flashed as everything shook. The mists began to fall apart, churning in an unprecedented fashion. All of the mists inside of the ancestral land seemed to be going crazy, and immediately, more mist began to surge out from every nook and cranny, making it so that the entire ancestral land became just like the Misty Heaven Vault.

The mist was trembling, almost as if in fear!

Meng Hao's bronze lamp seemed to have cast the entire ancestral land into a state of awe, and the mists almost appeared to be prostrating themselves in worship!

As for the mists directly in front of Meng Hao, as soon as the bronze lamp neared them, they seemed to be torn apart with domineering force. It didn't matter who this place previously belonged to, or who used to dwell here, as of this moment, everything was submitting to the bronze lamp.

Amidst the rumbling, the mists were torn apart... and parted down the middle!

A path was carved out... which led straight ahead!!

It was a huge path, at the end of which, shockingly... was an enormous, pitch-black temple hall!!

This sight caused Fang Daohong's and Fang Linhe's minds to reel, and their hearts to lurch with enormous waves of shock. They trembled violently, filled with unspeakable astonishment. Even knowing that Meng Hao had taken control of the Dao Guardsman hadn't turned their world upside down as much as the scene that was playing out in front of them right now!

The Seventh Patriarch had been on the verge of turning away and leaving.

"Impossible!!" he said, voice quavering.

He began to tremble, and his mind filled with roaring and he almost fell out of the sky in shock. Even his cultivation base was now somewhat unstable.

Chapter 960: Whose Soul Lamp Is It!?

He panted, staring dead at the bronze lamp in Meng Hao's hand. The lamp caused his scalp to grow numb, and terror washed through him as a shocking question filled his mind.

“That Soul Lamp... whose is it?!?!”

The mist in the Misty Heaven Vault seethed, spreading out to fill the entire ancestral land. The Ancient Burial Grounds, the Nine Nethermountains, the Quasi-Dao Patriarch Tombs, and even the Field of Magic Enlightenment were all submerged in endless mist.

The lands almost looked like they had become a sea of mist, concealing all, casting everything into shadow. The area around Meng Hao was the only area of light, which was illuminated by the glow of the Essence of Divine Flame.

Meng Hao was panting, and his heart pounded even more strongly than Fang Daohong and Fang Linhe, or the astonished Seventh Patriarch.

Taking out the bronze Soul Lamp had been a simple experiment, and in fact, even Meng Hao had assumed the idea to be laughable and virtually impossible.

He had always thought that it was nothing more than an ancient bronze lamp.... He had never, ever thought to compare it to the Soul Lamp of an Ancient Realm cultivator.

But now, as he looked around at the churning mists, at the path that had been ripped open in front of him, and the tunnel leading toward the pitch-black temple up ahead, his heart pounded with unprecedented intensity.

“This Soul Lamp... whose is it?!?!” That was the mind blowing question that rolled around in Meng Hao's mind as he thought back to that year in the temple hall when he had acquired the bronze lamp.

How many years had it been there...?

He had kept the lamp alive with his own blood, and when it was extinguished, he had absorbed the black smoke that it emitted. That was what... had caused him to become different than everyone else, to have a true Immortal meridian inside of him.

“It’s actually a Soul Lamp. A mere lamp contains such shocking, domineering power that even this Fang Clan ancestral land has no choice but to submit to it!

“If this lamp is so powerful... then whatever almighty being created it must be unbelievably powerful!!” Meng Hao was panting at this unbelievable turn of events. It truly was a matter that couldn’t be pondered too deeply, for the more he thought about it, the more it astonished him.

“Immortal Ancient Daoist Rite Temple....” Meng Hao’s eyes glowed with intense light as a new sense of determination filled him and he made a firm resolution. “I definitely need to go to the Immortal Ancient Daoist Rite!” The only clues to the story behind this lamp, which he had found in the temple hall in the ruins of Planet South Heaven’s Immortal Ancient Daoist Rite, seemed to lay in the four words ‘Immortal Ancient Daoist Rite’.

From the way things looked, grabbing this bronze lamp that year had changed his entire fate in life!!

Nearby, Fang Daohong and Fang Linhe were looking on with numbed scalps, and minds that felt as if they were being struck by lightning. Their jaws hung open and their eyes were wide.

They simply couldn’t believe or even think of words to describe what they were seeing. It was as if they had been struck dumb. Then, they saw Meng Hao take a deep breath, tightly grasp the bronze lamp in his hands, and step toward the path. That image seemed to shake them to their senses.

“How could this be happening...?” thought Fang Daohong as he quietly watched Meng Hao walking toward the path in the mist. He felt like he was in an illusion, a dream or fantasy in his own mind.

Fang Linhe punched himself hard in the chest, and the resulting pain caused his eyes to widen with surprise. He felt like the world had been turned upside down. Up ahead was the necropolis of the first generation Patriarch, a place no one had ever entered, and yet Meng Hao... had casually pulled out a bronze lamp, and then... walked right into the mists.

Fang Linhe shuddered, and he was suddenly struck with a feeling of rejoicing, rejoicing at the fact that he had attacked someone as terrifyingly inhuman as this, and yet was still alive.

Up in midair, the Seventh Patriarch was also panting. In terms of both his inward disposition and his external expression, he was incapable of maintaining his calm. It didn’t matter that his cultivation base was at the peak of the Ancient Realm, he was still profoundly shaken by Meng Hao.

“Eldest Brother has a 1 Essence Dao Realm cultivation base and the status of Fang Clan’s Earth Patriarch, and yet he could only advance 39 steps into the mists. However, the lamp that kid is holding can actually scrape a path clean through the Misty Heaven Vault all the way to the necropolis!

“If you calculate that path based on the number of steps that can be taken, it must be at least 1,000!!

“It’s just a soul lamp, and yet it even exceeds the power of 1 Essence. What was the cultivation base of the person who formed that Soul Lamp? In terms of level, were they a 6 Essences Paragon? Or perhaps a 9 Essences Paragon?!

“Impossible, in all the Nine Mountains and Seas, there aren’t even any 9 Essences Paragons at all! The only people who ever entered the 9 Essences level of the Dao Realm were those three Paragons from the legendary age of the Immortal Ancient, during that Heaven-shaking, Earth-rocking war!

“I shouldn’t even be thinking about 9 Essences. Even 7 Essences Paragons don’t exist in the Nine Mountains and Seas. The highest cultivation base in this day and age is only 6 Essences!” The shock roiling in the Seventh Patriarch’s heart was impossible to describe. He looked at the scene of Meng Hao striding down the path in the mists with lamp in hand. Then, he took a deep breath, and his eyes began to shine with a strange light.

There was no greediness that arose within him. Since Meng Hao possessed the bronze lamp, he was qualified to enter the Misty Heaven Vault. To others, however, this would be the end of the line.

Although the Seventh Patriarch couldn’t help but look covetously at the bronze lamp, he did not attempt to snatch it away. He was an elder of the Clan, and furthermore, he was one of its guardian entities. Besides, he had his principles when it came to objects belonging to the members of the Junior generation.

Those were the clan rules!

They were rules that allowed the clan to multiply and grow, and to withstand the test of time!

Members of the same generation could fight and steal destiny from each other. Such things were permitted. But even if the Heavens did not care whether members of the Elder generation stole from the Juniors, it was something that was completely prohibited by the clan rules.

Although some people might brave the risks and do such things, the Seventh Patriarch was not that type of person.

“From the time the ancient first generation Patriarch passed away in meditation until now, this is... the first time his necropolis has become visible! Could it be that the One Thought Stellar Transformation will make a reappearance in the Ninth Mountain and Sea!?” The Seventh Patriarch looked at Meng Hao’s back as he walked off into the distance. He suddenly felt a premonition deep within him.

“His future prospects might not just be limited to the Ninth Mountain and Sea! Perhaps he can lead the Fang Clan to new heights of glory!”

Back on the path in the Misty Heaven Vault, Meng Hao’s heart was pounding. He held the bronze lamp in his hand as he slowly walked forward through the mists. Although it appeared as if there was an empty void beneath his feet, the ground was as solid as ever as he trod upon it.

The light of flame flickered out from the bronze lamp, and the mists on each side of him churned. Any obstructions ahead dissipated as Meng Hao continued onwards.

As he passed in further, the mists closed up behind him, blocking off the path. Any outsider, including Fang Daohong and Fang Linhe, and even the Seventh Patriarch, gradually lost sight of Meng Hao as he disappeared into the mists.

Fang Daohong and Fang Linhe exchanged a look, and could see the shock in each other’s eyes, as well as... the astonishment.

Their life or death was in Meng Hao’s hands, so to them, the more powerful Meng Hao got, the less chance they ever had to escape. However... as he increased in power, their future prospects... actually grew even more limitless.

“Perhaps Fang Xiushan has inadvertently given the two of us a chance to achieve a meteoric rise to success!!” Fang Daohong said hoarsely.

Fang Linhe took a deep breath and nodded. “If Fang Hao can get some good fortune in the necropolis, if he can become the only person in the clan who can cultivate the One Thought Stellar Transformation, then his future prospects are limitless!”

Their eyes shone with determination as they sat cross-legged outside of the Misty Heaven Vault, acting as Dharma Protectors as they waited for Meng Hao to emerge.

Back in the Misty Heaven Vault, the pitch-black temple at the end of the long path didn't seem to be very far away. However, Meng Hao ended up walking for a long time.

One day. Two days. Three days.

On the third day, Meng Hao finally began to get close to the pitch-black temple. Although the temple was still about three thousand meters away, he knew.. that he was in the region of the necropolis!

Rising up above the pitch-black temple was an enormous statue of a middle-aged man. He wore a Daoist robe, and had an expression that was lofty and imposing, yet exposed no trace of anger, and even contained a hint of debonaire. He sat there cross-legged, eyes closed as if he were doing breathing exercises. It was merely a statue, but when you looked at it, it almost looked alive.

He looked somewhat similar to Meng Hao, or perhaps it would be more accurate to say that all members of the Fang Clan had some features similar to this statue.

That was because he was none other than the first generation Patriarch.

He was the peerless, breathtaking man who had risen to become the first Patriarch of a clan!

Eighteen enormous coiling dragons could be seen on the steps leading up to the temple, each of which emanated an archaic feel. It almost looked like those eighteen dragons were actually supporting the entire necropolis with their bodies.

Simply put, it was a majestic sight!

Meng Hao's heart trembled as he looked at the huge temple; he knew that this was the final resting place of the first generation Patriarch!

The first generation Patriarch was how the Fang Clan had come to be. It was because of him that the powerful Fang Clan currently existed in the Ninth Mountain and Sea, and there was no end to the legends and myths about him that circulated in the clan.

There was a legend that the first generation Patriarch acquired the bloodline power of the Fang Clan in the Ruins of Immortality, and had followed Lord Li in his campaign to subjugate the Ninth Mountain and Sea to quell the chaos and unify all!

There was another story that the first generation Patriarch didn't actually die, that he had lived a fifth life, in which he disappeared to live a carefree existence.

There were various legends that spun in Meng Hao's mind. He took a deep breath as he passed the 3,000-meter mark, approaching the necropolis itself. When he neared the steps, he looked up at the huge temple doors and bowed deeply.

“Junior generation Fang Clan member Fang Hao extends greetings, first generation Patriarch!”

As his words echoed, the temple began to tremble, and the ornately decorated temple doors began to slowly open!

It was in that exact moment that... outside of the ancestral land, outside of Planet East Victory, Fan Dong'er slammed into the Door of Immortality above the Ninth Sea, causing the door to slowly begin to open. Boundless Immortal light was set free, washing over Fan Dong'er, causing her to gradually become translucent. The holiness that she exuded grew even more intense.

She was already beautiful, but as of this moment, her beauty was beyond compare.

The cultivators of the Nine Seas God World stared at her intently, for they knew... that the critical moment had arrived.

Now was the time to see exactly how many Immortal meridians Fan Dong'er would open!

It wasn't just the Nine Seas God World cultivators who were watching closely. All the other sects and clans were using various methods to observe exactly what happened with Fan Dong'er!

The old Dao Realm woman stood there quietly, looking up at Fan Dong'er with a slight smile, eyes gleaming with anticipation.