

# The Heavens 1031

## Chapter 1031: Trying to Control the Black Beetles

It was as Meng Hao sped away in flight that he saw Su Yan become transparent; the black beetles ignored her and began to turn their attention to him.

Su Yan wasn't completely invisible; her outline was still vaguely apparent. However, she didn't use this opportunity to flee. Instead, she followed the sea of insects, smiling. The expression on her face was something very familiar to Meng Hao.

"Profiting from my misfortune!" Meng Hao's heart went black with hatred. That was one of HIS favorite things to do, but now, the roles were reversed. He was now the subject of the machinations of others, which was something he simply couldn't accept.

"This wench is just waiting until I get tired from being chased. Then she'll try to extort things from me! She must have her eyes on my spirit-immortal stones!" When he realized this, he snorted coldly.

"Spirit-immortal stones are essentially the same as spirit stones!" he thought, grinding his teeth. For someone to try to rob his money was equivalent to targeting his life, and Meng Hao's eyes were instantly shot with blood.

As he fled, a sea of hundreds of thousands of insects whistled through the air behind him. From the look of it, they would die before giving up, and if he slowed down even the least bit, they would rip him to shreds and devour him.

That was especially true of the black beetles who were similar to the Immortal Realm or higher. They were incredibly fast and powerful, and were causing Meng Hao's head to ache. Even more nerve-wracking were the Ancient Realm black beetles.

"So, you want to profit from my misfortune huh...? Well, we'll just have to wait and see who wins in the end!" Eyes flickering coldly, he lifted his right hand, within which appeared a spirit-immortal stone.

As soon as the stone appeared, the black beetles behind him surged forward, roaring, their speed increasing slightly.

A strange light began to shine in Meng Hao's eyes as he lifted his left hand and performed an incantation gesture. Gradually, magical symbols began to appear, which began to cluster around his left hand. In the end, they completely sealed the spirit-immortal stone.

When that happened, the spirit-immortal stone flickered in an odd way.

Su Yan was still trailing behind the sea of insects, and when she saw this happening she gaped in shock. Inwardly, she began to grow wary, and slowed down a bit in her flight.

She had long since come to view the spirit-immortal stones as something very strange, and considering that she didn't know what Meng Hao was doing, it immediately put her on guard.

During the space of a few breaths of time, mysterious light began to shine up from Meng Hao's left hand. At the same time, the spirit-immortal stone began to vibrate, and the magical symbols on its surface flickered with light.

"Demon Sealing, Sixth Hex!" Meng Hao's eyes glittered with bright light. Then, he squeezed his hand down hard onto the spirit-immortal stone, causing brilliant beams of light to shoot out.

Shockingly, he had imbued the spirit-immortal stone with the Sixth Demon Sealing Hex, Life Death Hexing.

His expression that of determination, he flung the spirit-immortal stone out, causing it to transform into a beam of light that shot into the sea of insects.

It was just as if he were fishing. Fishing for black beetles!

Whichever black beetle got the spirit-immortal stone would be consuming Meng Hao's Life Death Hex. Although the likelihood of success was not large, if he kept trying for long enough, he would surely succeed eventually.

Light flashed as the spirit-immortal stone appeared in the middle of the sea of insects. In virtually the blink of an eye, countless black beetles pounced on it, going wild in their struggles to acquire it.

Soon, a rather large beetle managed to swallow it down, right in front of its countless compatriots, who glared at it covetously.

It didn't take very long for the black beetle who had swallowed the spirit-immortal stone to begin to tremble. After a breath of time passed, a boom could be heard as it exploded into pieces.

The sight of it caused the Su Yan's face to flicker.

Meng Hao frowned. However, he knew that the Life Death Hex's success rate was low, and would probably be even lower since he was using it with spirit-immortal stones as bait. However, he wasn't discouraged, and continued to make further attempts. As he fled, he threw out more and more spirit-immortal stones. Every time, a black beetle would consume it, then explode.

However, the black beetles were as crazy as ever. Despite the possibility of dying, they still wanted to eat the spirit-immortal stones.

The pink-robed Su Yan continued to follow, watching with wide eyes and gaping mouth as Meng Hao used the bizarre, wondrous black stones.

About two hours passed. Then, one particular beetle chomped up one of the spirit-immortal stones that Meng Hao tossed out, and instead of exploding, its body began to shine with brilliant light and magical symbols. Finally, one particular magical symbol appeared which shot out toward Meng Hao, then merged into him, causing his face to light up with joy.

In that instant, a tiny, illusory black beetle appeared in his mind. He knew that with a single thought, he could cause that black beetle to die.

"It worked!" he thought, licking his lips. He only had the first volume of the Laws of the Dao of Insects, which was basically an introduction on how to raise Spirit Insects. Meng Hao was already confident in the use of those methods. However, although he had looked into how to control the insects, when it came to a comprehensive understanding of the Dao of Insects, he was quite lacking.

In the end, though, that didn't really matter; he didn't need to study the control techniques. Since he had the Life Death Hex, he could essentially control them perfectly.

Now that he had succeeded, he was much more confident. He was no longer anxious to flee, but instead allowed the sea of insects to get close to him, and continuously threw out spirit-immortal stones.

When Su Yan saw this, her heart filled with amazement. Although she couldn't see any signs which would lead her to the conclusion that Meng Hao could control the black beetles, she was still getting a very bad premonition. She was even starting to feel that if she didn't take the chance to flee right now, she might find herself in serious danger.

“Just what kind of stones are those? They're so bizarre!!” She almost convinced herself to flee, but couldn't quite make herself do it. Gritting her teeth, she continued to follow, making sure she was fully on guard, even more so than before.

Time passed. Several days later, Meng Hao had already tossed out more than 30,000 spirit-immortal stones. By this point, he now had control of about 300 black beetles. He didn't summon them to his side, but allowed them to remain among the sea of insects.

However, the rest of the 30,000 insects that consumed his spirit-immortal stones all died, without a single exception.

Gradually, the number of black beetles he controlled increased from 300 to 400. And then to 500....

Of course, the number of black beetles that died also increased, to a total of more than 50,000. Finally, a rumbling cry rang out from the direction of the medicinal plant garden land mass, something that sounded almost like a summons.

Moments before....

Having seen everything that she had over the past few days, Su Yan was completely shaken. She was even wondering whether or not Meng Hao might actually kill all of the black beetles.

“What kind of inhuman creature is he!?” she thought, heart pounding. She was really starting to worry that if she kept up the chase, something bad might happen to her in the end.

From the moment she had awoken until now, she had never met a cultivator like Meng Hao, someone who seemed so mysterious and unfathomable that it filled her with dread.

Just in the moment when she finally decided to leave, a roar suddenly arose from all of the black beetles, and they stopped in place.

Meng Hao's eyes glittered. Based on his connection with the 500 black beetles he had control of, he could feel that they were being summoned back by the gargantuan king of black beetles that existed beneath the medicinal plant garden land mass.

It took only a moment for the insects to stop pursuing Meng Hao and retreat back to where they came from. Apparently, the death of the 50,000 black beetles caused their king to give up on the idea of killing Meng Hao.

Almost in the same moment that the sea of insects stopped pursuing Meng Hao, Meng Hao's eyes flickered coldly. He suddenly extended his right hand and began tossing out one spirit-immortal stone after another.

The black beetles were now hesitating. On the one hand, they had the enticement of the spirit-immortal stones. On the other hand, they had the call of the beetle king. A buzzing sound filled the air as the sea of insects ripped into two parts, one of which followed the summons, the other of which, composed of tens of thousands of black beetles, charged madly after the spirit-immortal stones.

Su Yan's face flickered. She had never imagined that Meng Hao would intentionally provoke the sea of insects.

However, after a relatively short period of time, the black beetles simply couldn't resist the repeated calls of the beetle king. Meng Hao was only able to get control of a few dozen more beetles before they turned and headed back to the land mass.

When that happened, Su Yan hesitated for a moment, then gritted her teeth and turned to leave. She got a very strange feeling after having seen everything that Meng Hao had done. In addition, she had an even more intense premonition that something bad was about to happen.

At the same time that the black beetles turned to leave, Meng Hao suddenly called out: "Come!"

More than 500 black beetles stopped in place, then returned to fly around Meng Hao. All of the beetles had Ghost Eyes on their backs, making them look especially vicious.

Su Yan, who was already some distance away, looked on with shock, and her mind spun. Earlier, she had felt as if something strange were going on, but she had never thought that Meng Hao would actually be able to control the black beetles. Heart pounding, she quickly did her best to escape unnoticed.

Meng Hao's eyes flickered coldly. He had endured deadly pursuit for days, all the while being followed by the pink-robed young woman, who he knew was just waiting to take advantage of him. How could he possibly let her get away so easily now?

"My turn to be the bandit!" He waved his right hand, using the Life Death Hex to cause more than 500 vicious beetles to suddenly fly directly toward Su Yan.

Meng Hao himself descended to sit cross-legged on the back of one of the black beetles, from which position he stared coldly at the fleeing Su Yan. She was moving quickly, but the black beetles were by no means slow. 500 of them shot through the void, and from a distance, it almost looked like 500 Ghost Eyes, radiating mysterious light and sinister auras.

"How could this be happening!?" thought Su Yan, her mind reeling. "He... he can actually control the Ghost Eye Beetles!!

"According to the legends, these beetles are very difficult to bond. The only way to do so is to personally raise them from larvae, and even then, you have to utilize special methods to have the slightest chance at success!

"In this age, though, the methods for raising them have long since been lost! And yet... he's actually controlling them!! Most important of all, what he's controlling are not larvae, but full-grown insects!" Su Yan almost couldn't think straight, and her face flickered with intense fear of Meng Hao.

What she feared was not his cultivation base; she could tell that he was merely in the Immortal Realm. What she feared were his 500 black beetles!

Chapter 1032: Chasing Down Su Yan!

Now the tables were completely turned. Su Yan fled, and Meng Hao chased her. 500 black beetles soared through the Ruins of Immortality like a black windstorm. All of them were at least a half a meter long or so, and a few of the largest were more than three meters long.

500 black beetles made a small-scale sea of insects. Although you couldn't say that they blotted out the sky, they did cause everything to shake, and sent endless ripples out as they chased after Su Yan.

If it were just a matter of black beetles, Su Yan would have numerous ways of dealing with them and escaping. However... she wasn't just being chased by black beetles; she was being chased by Meng Hao.

Meng Hao sat cross-legged on one of the larger beetles, eyes flickering coldly. His gaze only continued to get colder as he looked at Su Yan. After all, she was the one who had ruined his plan to harvest medicinal plants.

Not only did she attempt to steal his business, but she ended up making it impossible for him to even harvest the medicinal plants at all. Then she used the pursuit of the black beetles as a tool to try to kill him. Most unforgivable was that she had planned to take advantage of his misfortune to extort his wealth.

It had been a long time since Meng Hao had been victim of such plotting. Not even that old fox Fang Shoudao aggravated him as much as this. Some people might prefer to treat women with extra tenderness, but Meng Hao completely ignored that. With a cold harrumph, he extended his right hand and waved his finger toward Su Yan.

It was none other than the Eighth Demon Sealing Hex!

Even as Su Yan shot forward anxiously, she suddenly trembled. Her cultivation base completely stopped moving, and she screeched to a halt in midair.

Next, Meng Hao's Immortal meridians exploded with power, and his cultivation base surged. 123 Blood Demon heads appeared, roaring as they charged toward Su Yan.

Su Yan's eyes widened, and she bit down hard on the tip of her tongue. Pain flooded through her along with cracking sounds as she broke free from Meng Hao's Hexing magic. Then she turned, eyes flickering with fear, but more so, coldness.

Instead of trying to evade the 123 Blood Demon heads, she breathed in deeply, absorbing the power of Heaven and Earth. Then she lifted her right foot up and stamped it down violently, striding in Meng Hao's direction.

That first step caused the void to tremble. Her second step caused everything in the area to shake. The third step caused fissures to crack the ground for 3,000 meters in every direction.

Meng Hao's eyes widened with shock at the sight of this pink-robed young woman's divine ability. She took only three steps, but those three steps caused her energy to surge. Meng Hao's mind was sent reeling. Each of the steps seemed to trample upon his inner thoughts, causing his cultivation base to be thrown into chaos, and the flame of his life force to flicker.

Next, it was with a completely icy face that Su Yan took a fourth step. Rumbling echoed out everywhere!

When she took her fifth step, the entire world seemed to be turning inside out. Howling sounds could be heard in all directions. It was almost as if this area were turning into a different world altogether.

Her sixth step caused the crashing sound of thunder to fill the area for thousands of meters in each direction, along with an archaic, ancient aura.

Meng Hao's magical Blood Demon heads all trembled, and were smashed to pieces by the surging energy.

It was in that moment that Su Yan took her seventh step!

“Seven Hellgod Steps!”

Su Yan cried out the words as she took the seventh step. The void shattered, and massive roaring sounds could be heard. A huge foot appeared up above, emanating shocking energy. A boundless feeling of savagery buffeted Meng Hao as the foot stamped down toward him.

The starry sky vibrated as Meng Hao looked up, eyes wide. Then, he performed a double-handed incantation gesture and pointed toward the huge foot.

“Paragon Bridge!” He let out a muffled growl as his 123 Immortal meridians, as well as his 33 Heavens, formed into the Paragon Bridge, which shot toward the foot.



A huge boom could be heard as the bridge and the foot collided. In that instant, the void around them seemed to be torn asunder. Boundless echoes rang out as the savage foot shattered, layer by layer, transforming into innumerable motes of light that then faded away.

The Paragon Bridge also trembled and collapsed into pieces.

Meng Hao trembled, and blood oozed out of the corners of his mouth. The pink-robed Su Yan's face was ashen, and blood also oozed out her mouth as she looked at Meng Hao in shock.

She was in the Ancient Realm, and not an ordinary Ancient Realm cultivator at that. She had her own Dao; analogous to a true Immortal relative to the Immortal Realm, she was a Chosen of the Ancient Realm. Despite having only extinguished one Soul Lamp, she was by no means weak.

In her view, Meng Hao was only in the Immortal Realm, and even if he was at the peak of the Realm, he was still much weaker than her.

Before, she had merely feared his black beetles, and his mysterious, unfathomable spirit-immortal stones. Therefore, she attacked him, hoping to at least injure him, and thus be able to escape the black beetles.

However... in their first true interchange, she found that the two of them were relatively evenly matched. That filled Su Yan with fear, and she instantly fell back into retreat.

Meng Hao remained seated on the black beetle, eyes shining with a strange light at the fleeing Su Yan. Inwardly, his heart was pounding with anticipation, not because of Su Yan herself, of course, but because of... her divine ability!

Throughout his years of practicing cultivation, Meng Hao had acquired all sorts of divine abilities and magical techniques. Not many of them left him moved, or left him with a feeling that the technique was especially powerful.... However, during the times he had fought with Wang Mu and Wang Tengfei, they had used magical techniques of the Wang Clan which had left him shaken. In fact, because of those battles, he had even gotten the idea of trying to acquire some of those magical techniques. Unfortunately, the Wang Clan of the Ninth Mountain and Sea was one of the great clans, and to acquire their Daoist magics would be incredibly difficult.

Just now, the divine ability used by this pink-robed young woman also left him quite shaken.

“What Daoist magic was that? It only took seven steps to collapse my Paragon Bridge. Theoretically, it might have something to do with her cultivation base, or the fact that my understanding of the Paragon Bridge isn’t complete, meaning I can’t fully utilize it.

“However, that just goes to show that her Daoist magic of seven steps has its own unique aspects.” Meng Hao was lost in thought for a while as he chased Su Yan. Finally, he raised his right hand, performed an incantation gesture, and then pointed at her.

That wave of a finger caused his 123 Immortal meridians to materialize into a shocking Flying Rain-Dragon, which roared and beat its wings as it shot toward her in pursuit.

Su Yan’s face flickered as she saw the Flying Rain-Dragon bearing down on her. She gritted her teeth, performed an incantation gesture, and then placed her hands on top of her ears. Then she took a deep breath, using some unknown Daoist magic that caused the sounds of thunder to echo out. A huge wind kicked up, and Su Yan almost seemed to turn into a vortex that rapidly absorbed the power of Heaven and Earth.

Next... she suddenly turned her head toward Meng Hao, opened her mouth, and roared!

That roar was loud enough to tear open the Heavens and shred the earth!

The sound of it superseded all other sounds in the world. It shredded the void, causing a massive wind to kick up. Meng Hao started to tremble, and his black beetles began to rock back and forth. Blood oozed out of his ears, and his mind vibrated so intensely that it felt as if his head was about to explode.

That roar almost didn’t seem to be coming from Su Yan, but rather a giant. It was filled with intense savagery, and an unparalleled domineering air that seemed to defy the confines of destiny.

ROOOOOAAAARRRRRRRRRRRR!

Sound waves transformed into an attack that blasted toward Meng Hao. The result was that he was physically lifted up and pushed backward.

Su Yan coughed up a mouthful of blood; clearly utilizing this divine ability of roaring came at a great price. Her face was pale white as she sped forward anxiously.

“I just need to delay things a bit longer,” she muttered to herself, pushing for more speed. “If I can build up enough speed, I can break out of this place!”

Meng Hao finally stabilized himself, wiped away the blood that had oozed out of his ears, and looked at Su Yan as she fled. His eyes began to shine with an even more intense light.

“You can’t escape,” he said. “No matter what you say, I’m going to catch you!” His eyes flickered coldly, and his heart beat with excitement. As far as he was concerned, this pink-robed young woman was a treasure trove of divine abilities and Daoist magics.

It would be a big pain to try to acquire one of the Wang Clan’s Divine abilities. But he would be equally content to get his hands on some of this girl’s magic.

The wave of a hand caused all 500 of the black beetles to let out a collective roar. Their eyes were red with madness as they charged forth. Meng Hao’s cultivation base exploded with power. However, Su Yan was moving so quickly that she was already some distance off. Meng Hao snorted coldly, and extended his right hand, within which appeared the Lightning Cauldron. His eyes flickered with a Demonic glint as electricity danced about, and he vanished.

At the same time, Su Yan had almost built up enough speed to unleash another Daoist magic. Her body was beginning to grow blurry, and ripples were spreading out into the void. It was almost as if a tunnel were forming, a tunnel which she was just about to break into.

In that moment, however, countless sparks of electricity suddenly appeared all over her body. This development occurred too suddenly, and she could sense something happening that caused her face to fall.

Suddenly, she vanished, and Meng Hao appeared in her place. Of course, their speeds were different, so the moment Meng Hao appeared, the void tunnel promptly closed up.

At the same time, Su Yan reappeared in the spot Meng Hao had just been occupying... right in the middle of 500 black beetles!

The moment Su Yan appeared, the 500 black beetles immediately roared and shot toward her, radiating explosive ferocity. Su Yan was shocked to the core, and an expression of disbelief and shock instantly appeared on her face.

“That cauldron... how could it be here!?!? Is your surname Wang?”

Meng Hao’s eyes flickered almost imperceptibly, but he didn’t say anything. Instead, he sent his cultivation base rotating rapidly. The Essence of Divine Flame appeared, combined with the power of 33 Heavens, to shoot directly toward Su Yan.

The 500 black beetles all attacked with full force. In response, the shocked Su Yan performed an incantation gesture and waved her hand, causing divine abilities to shoot out. However, the Ghost Eyes on the backs of these black beetles began to glow, and were easily able to repel her attack, and even began to grow more ferocious.

As Meng Hao closed in, the Essence of Divine Flame caused Su Yan’s mind to spin. She was getting very anxious, but her face filled with determination as she raised her right hand. Instantly, light began to shine out from the creases in her palm, causing three palm prints to begin to appear in the air around her, surrounded by rumbling sounds.

However, before the palm prints could finish forming, the surrounding black beetles took advantage of the moment to attack. Su Yan fell back, blood spraying from her mouth.

It was at this point that, some distance behind Su Yan, two beams of light could be seen shooting through the Ruins of Immortality. Apparently sensing the ripples of magic, they headed toward Su Yan and Meng Hao.

Before the approaching figures could even be seen, a voice could be heard from them.

“My master is Meng Hao! Do you hear me? Meng Hao! He’s the ruler of the Ruins of Immortality, the Lord of the Nine Mountains and Seas! I was just joking with you, alright? Y-y-you... you’re being so petty! Why are you trying to kill us! You can’t blame me! Everything I did was taught to me by my master! Why don’t you go looking for him, alright? Aiya! How dare you attack us! Dammit! Lord Fifth is really getting pissed off! You just wait and see! My master definitely won’t let you off the hook!”

Chapter 1033: The Might of the Echelon!

Of those two beams of light, one contained a colorful parrot with a meat jelly in the form of a bell attached to its ankle. The bell continuously let out tinkling sounds which echoed about.

The other beam... contained a young woman. A grim expression covered her face, and blue veins popped out on her forehead. She actually looked a bit haggard, as if she were so aggravated she was about to go crazy. It was... Li Ling'er.

The parrot looked scraggly and somewhat gaunt as it flew through the air. Behind it was an enormous creature, tens of thousands of meters wide and terrifying to the extreme.

It was like a giant sphere, covered with endless amounts of fur which drifted about. It had a single eye that stared out with boundless coldness. Occasionally, the fur which covered the creature would form into tentacles that would slash around, destroying anything they touched. Currently, this bizarre creature was chasing the parrot and Li Ling'er.

Although the creature had a terrifying aura, and was physically shocking to look at, it wasn't moving incredibly fast. It was almost as if it was in conflict with the natural laws that existed in the Ruins of Immortality, resulting in constant pressure weighing down on it. Therefore, as it moved along, it was surrounded by vaguely flickering light.

"I was just messing around with you!" the parrot cried angrily. "What are you being so vengeful for!?"

"Yeah, that's exactly right! He's being immoral! That's wrong! Just wait until Lord Third gets a bit more powerful, I'll definitely convert him!"

"Shut up! Shut up! SHUT UP!!" shouted Li Ling'er, who was on the verge of going crazy. Being around the parrot and meat jelly made her feel that her sanity was crumbling away.

After being flung out into the Ruins of Immortality by Patriarch Reliance, she had spent her time exclusively with the parrot and meat jelly. They had cautiously made their way through the Ruins of Immortality, trying to figure a way out.

At first, things had gone well. She could deal with the meat jelly's constant chatter and the parrot's extreme arrogance. After all, before giving a dog a beating, one still has to consider who its master is. Meng Hao had saved her so, naturally, she had chosen to put up with his little pets.

However... for some reason, the damned parrot seemed to have some completely perverted addictions. Li Ling'er had watched wide-eyed on several occasions in which the parrot, upon

simply encountering creatures with fur or feathers, would suddenly act like a complete moron. Regardless of how powerful the creature it encountered was, the parrot would whoop with delight and speed excitedly toward it.

What happened after that was an assault on Li Ling'er's eyes, and yet she couldn't help but gape. She almost felt like her head was going to explode, and everything she had always believed was toppled over.

The most recent time it happened was when the parrot assaulted the gigantic sphere. Originally, that sphere hadn't even been moving. However, after several hundred rounds with the parrot, it got as mad as a hornet. The sphere-like creature couldn't take it any more, and let out a roar that almost shattered Li Ling'er's cultivation base.

They had fled immediately, but the sphere had apparently endured too much humiliation, and chased them in a rage.

As they fled, they had sensed the ripples of magical techniques, and had surmised that they came from people. The parrot had then suggested they go in that direction, which they did immediately, preparing to plead for aid in this moment of disaster.

Almost as soon as they got close, Meng Hao saw the parrot and Li Ling'er, as did Su Yan. However, Su Yan's attention was more drawn to the gigantic sphere following them.

"Mooneater!" she breathed. Her face fell and her heart began to pound. The sudden appearance of the Mooneater cut off her path of escape. In front was Meng Hao and his black beetles, and behind her was the Mooneater. She was caught in a dragnet, and the result was that she lost almost all hope.

"Dammit, how could this be happening? There are only a few Mooneaters in all of the Ruins of Immortality. Normally they just sleep, and wouldn't wake up even if Heaven and Earth collapsed. Even if they do awake, the natural laws are different, so they don't move around. Wh-what's going on? Why is this Mooneater chasing those people?"

"How could that woman and that parrot possibly have provoked a Mooneater into such heights of rage that it would pursue them!?" Su Yan's scalp was numb; she was well-aware of how terrifying an enraged Mooneater could be. She was just about to try to flee, when Meng Hao blazed toward her with his Essence of Divine Flame.

Su Yan immediately performed an incantation gesture, causing a divine ability to appear to fight back against Meng Hao. It only took a moment for the two of them to be locked in a raging battle. As they fought back and forth, Su Yan suffered multiple defeats. Blood sprayed out of her mouth, and she realized that although she was well-matched with Meng Hao, she was constantly distracted by the need to avoid the surrounding black beetles. This caused her to have several close calls.

At the same time, the Mooneater was getting closer and closer. The coldness in its eyes seemed capable of destroying any living thing that it encountered.

“Dammit!!” Her face flickered as blood oozed out of her mouth. She knew that she couldn’t hold on very much longer, perhaps ten breaths of time at most. Then she would be defeated.

Gritting her teeth, her expression became one of incredible resolve. She allowed Meng Hao’s Essence of Divine Flame attack to slam into her, causing blood to spray from her mouth as she was seriously injured. However, she borrowed momentum from the attack to break out of the encircling black beetles, and then head... directly toward the Mooneater.

As she sped forward, she extended her right hand, causing all of her blood to surge. Moments later, a strange, sweet odor began to emanate off of her.

No cultivator would be able to detect anything unusual about that fragrance, but it instantly caused the Mooneater to look over. All of a sudden, a huge opening appeared on its body that almost looked like a mouth.

It looked completely savage as it opened up directly in the middle of the single eye, giving the creature two eyes. The mouth was filled with rows and rows of razor-sharp fangs, tens of thousands of them, glinting coldly. It almost seemed as if the creature’s entire body was made up of fangs!

The gigantic mouth breathed in, and Su Yan tumbled forward like a kite with its string cut, heading directly toward the Mooneater.

In the blink of an eye, she had flown past the parrot, as well as Li Ling’er, who were still gaping in sight after having caught sight of Meng Hao moments ago.

Now, the two of them, as well as the meat jelly, watched as the Mooneater open its mouth. When they saw the innumerable ghastly fangs inside, their shock turned into terror.

Meng Hao frowned. Su Yan appeared to be on the verge of being swallowed up by the Mooneater. Even if he used the Lightning Cauldron to switch places with her... unfortunately, he would then be swallowed by the enormous creature.

“What a clever plan!” he thought. He instantly realized what Su Yan was trying to do. She had obviously incited the creature into trying to swallow her up. Presumably, she had a way to get out of the creature’s mouth even if it did swallow her. She was using this as a way to escape, and also to ensure that Meng Hao couldn’t use his Lightning Cauldron. “Well, you still won’t be able to get away!”

Meng Hao was too entranced with Su Yan’s Daoist magics. Despite the sudden turn of events, his eyes still flickered as he slapped his bag of holding to produce a Nirvana Fruit!

This was not his Nirvana Fruit, it was the Nirvana Fruit of the first generation Patriarch of the Fang Clan!

Without the slightest bit of hesitation, Meng Hao shoved the fruit into his forehead. Rumbling filled his mind as it sank down into him. At the same time, he felt something swelling up inside of him.

RUUUUMMBLE! As Meng Hao looked up, he could clearly sense his Immortal meridians exploding with power, growing stronger as his cultivation base climbed higher.

33 Heavens collapsed, transforming into boundless Immortal light that poured over Meng Hao, transforming into an Imperial robe. As Meng Hao hovered there in the void, he no longer looked like the Immortal Realm Paragon. He was a step beyond that... he was the Immortal Emperor of ancient times!

Li Ling’er’s eyes went wide. She had observed this same thing happening before, although on a screen. Meng Hao was now bursting with a powerful energy that made him capable of killing even Ancient Realm cultivators with three extinguished Soul Lamps.

However, this was her first time sensing what it was like in person, and it sent her heart pounding. Her cultivation base trembled, and her Immortal meridians felt compelled to acquiesce to Meng Hao.

Su Yan was terrified. She could never have imagined that Meng Hao would have a trump card like this. Her scalp was tingling as she pushed with everything she had to fly toward the Mooneater. She was well aware that reaching it was her only hope.



An indescribable energy rose up from Meng Hao as he stared coldly over at Su Yan nearing the Mooneater. Face expressionless, he took a step forward.

That single step took him past Li Ling'er and the parrot. He then flicked his sleeve, causing a gentle power to push Li Ling'er and the parrot backward, far away from the Mooneater.

His second step caused him to vanish and then reappear between Su Yan and the Mooneater.

Su Yan was now filled with hopelessness. She exploded out with all of the magical techniques and divine abilities she could muster. However, Meng Hao's hand snaked forward, shattering them all before... clamping onto her neck.

His hand was icy, and as soon as it touched Su Yan, her cultivation base was locked down by Meng Hao's Immortal power.

"We don't have enough enmity built up between us for me to kill you," he said. "So be a good girl, and I won't slaughter you."

Simultaneously, one of the Mooneater's tentacles shot toward them. Just when Meng Hao was about to dodge out of the way, the tentacle suddenly stopped moving. It was almost as if it had sensed something on Meng Hao, causing it to instantly shrink back.

Meng Hao's eyes glittered, and he turned to look at the Mooneater and its gaping maw, which was now only about 30 meters away. The Mooneater was actually so terrified it was trembling, and... it gradually began to back up. Slowly, its huge mouth closed.

Within its solitary eye was a terror that caused Su Yan to be filled with astonishment!

It was almost as if the thing was afraid of Meng Hao.

Meng Hao's eyes shone brightly. Just now, when he had been on the verge of dodging to the side, he had felt something inside of him... the sealing mark placed on him by the white-robed woman when she had made him 13th in the Echelon!

The mark suddenly appeared on Meng Hao's forehead, flashing brightly.

Meng Hao began to think about the white-robed woman's status as a Paragon, and his heart trembled. Continuing to hold Su Yan with his left hand, he raised his right hand and made a dismissive gesture toward the Mooneater.

"Get out of here," he said experimentally, all the while preparing to back up if necessary.

The gigantic Mooneater was trembling visibly, and Li Ling'er, Su Yan, the parrot, and the meat jelly were all watching with eyes wide. The Mooneater almost seemed to nod in response to Meng Hao before backing up and disappearing off into the distance.

Li Ling'er gaped at Meng Hao, hovering there clad in his Imperial robes of Immortal light, energy surging. He was almost like a Paragon of Heaven and Earth as he waved his hand, causing an enormous, terrifying creature to back down. That image was almost like a scene from a painting, becoming something firmly implanted in Li Ling'er's mind, and would never go away.

The parrot blinked, and the meat jelly stared in shock.

As for Su Yan, a complex expression suddenly appeared on her face regarding Meng Hao.

"You're... in the Echelon?!"

Chapter 1034: We're Not Suited

The Mooneater slowly faded away into the sky of the Ruins of Immortality. Meng Hao hovered in midair, the energy of the Immortal Emperor slowly receding. Eventually, the Nirvana Fruit emerged from his forehead, which he then put into his bag of holding. He also placed numerous restrictive spells onto Su Yan, sealing her so that he could throw her into his bag of holding as well.

Before she disappeared, a cold smile could be seen on her face. However, the shock and other complex emotions in her eyes could not be concealed.

Meng Hao ignored that, however. Next, he turned to face the parrot and Li Ling'er.

Li Ling'er subconsciously avoided his gaze. Her past impressions of Meng Hao still remained in her mind, and currently, her heart was filled with conflicting emotions, including confusion.

She was very certain that, in the past, she had hated him to the bone. That was especially the case considering how he had humiliated her. When she had learned that it had been arranged for the two of them to be married, her initial reaction had been that she would rather die.

She hadn't been able to even imagine how to handle being paired with Meng Hao as a beloved partner. To her, it would have been like a living nightmare.

Therefore, she had chosen to flee the marriage. Of course, she had never expected that she would end up being rescued by the very person she was fleeing.

Meng Hao could sense the conflict inside of Li Ling'er, and he looked away with a light sigh. He knew that she should have been back in the Li Clan at a time like this. The fact that he found her being pursued by Yi Fazi clearly indicated that she had left her clan.

It was easy to guess why. Considering the imminent marriage alliance, the fact that Li Ling'er had left her clan indicated that she had chosen to flee, just like he had. There was no other conclusion that he could come to.

It was at this point that the parrot cleared its throat. "Haowie, why are you butting into other people's affairs?" it said, sounding as wise and proud as he could. "That was Lord Fifth's beloved concubine! Lord Fifth wasn't afraid of it! It was just my way of getting it to come out of its shell.

"Well, now that you made it go away.... Ai. Well, forget about it. Just never mind. I guess it just goes to show that there was no destiny between us."

Currently, the five hundred black beetles were swirling around in the air around Meng Hao, and the drone of their wings echoed out in all directions. Because of that, Meng Hao still gave off the feeling that he was someone that shouldn't be provoked, despite the fact that he no longer emanated the energy of the Immortal Emperor.

Each and every one of the insects in the small army had a Ghost Eye on its back, which emanated a sinister coldness. The bugs themselves had cold, emotionless eyes, causing a harsh aura to slowly exude.

Even an Ancient Realm expert would feel fear when looking upon these black beetles.

Meng Hao glanced back at Li Ling'er and asked, "So, that old turtle left already?"

Before Li Ling'er could answer, the bell-form meat jelly attached to the Parrot's ankle suddenly roared, "That old bastard is completely immoral! Evil to the max! It deserves a horrible death! Lord Third solemnly swears an oath to convert it! That damnable old bastard of a turtle actually had the nerve to toss me aside and run off by himself!!

"I, Lord Third, was a fool to take pity on it earlier, and give it so much advice. Grrr! Lord Third is so pissed off! That thing is shameless! Misguided! A complete bully!!" As the meat jelly raged, it was clear that it was infuriated at Patriarch Reliance, and even felt that it had been subjected to a great injustice.

Hearing the meat jelly raging, the parrot then chimed in: "That's totally right! That bastard pushed things too far. Dammit!" However, the parrot went a bit further, going on to make a declaration of a further aspiration. "Next time I see it, Lord Fifth is going to make sure it knows how awesome I am! I'm gonna turn it into one of my beloved concubines!"

Ignoring the two buffoons, Meng Hao's body flickered as he moved to a nearby black beetle and sat down cross-legged. After glancing around, he looked back at Li Ling'er and then cleared his throat.

"Fellow Daoist Li," he said, "I think there have been some misunderstandings between us in the past...."

Li Ling'er looked up at him. The word 'misunderstanding' caused her to think about many things, especially Meng Hao's multiple usages of his palm. When she thought about that, she still felt humiliated and angry. She could almost sense a lingering numbness and pain in her buttocks.

"However, I did rescue you, right?" Meng Hao continued. "Although, you still owe me some money...."

Li Ling'er frowned. "That's because you forced me to write a promissory note!" she said, word by word.

“Right, right. Well, the process isn’t important. We’re talking about Karma, so you definitely owe me money.” When he saw the look on Li Ling’er’s face in response to this, Meng Hao quickly added, “But don’t worry. You don’t need to pay me back anymore!”

Based on Meng Hao’s personality, it took quite a bit of effort for him to force those words out.

“Look, neither of us have it easy in life, so why make things harder for each other? Our clans want an alliance, and they’re willing to sacrifice us to get it. It seems obvious that the only reason we ran into each other here is because we’re both trying to get away from that marriage.

“In that respect, I think we’re both in the same boat!” A bright glow appeared in Meng Hao’s eyes as he continued, “Look, I rescued you. I also happen to know that I’m quite handsome, and a lot of girls like me. For example, take that wench that I captured earlier. She made a move on me too, but I turned her down. Then she tried to do all sorts of evil things to me. Stuff like that can’t be forgiven!” Meng Hao said, without even a hint of shame coloring his face. It was a good thing Su Yan couldn’t hear what he was saying, otherwise she would have been so angry that blood would have sprayed out of her mouth like a fountain.

“Although...” he continued somberly, “Fellow Daoist Li, you must not under any circumstances continue to misinterpret my feelings. Trust me, nothing’s going to happen between the two of us. I have absolutely no intention of pursuing you! Besides, I’m already married. The two of us... just aren’t suited for each other.”

In response to these words, the parrot stared, the meat jelly blinked, and Li Ling’er gaped in shock. She had never, ever seen someone praise themselves with such a straight face.

“YOU!” she cried, eyes wide.

“Seriously,” he said, taking a careful step backward. “We’re not suited for each other. Fellow Daoist Li, I know that the image of me surging with energy earlier definitely left you with a deep impression of me. However, you really need to control yourself. Don’t let yourself fall for me!

“Women must learn to conduct themselves with dignity in life. The two of... just aren’t meant to be.”

“Don’t worry, Meng Hao!!” Li Ling’er growled through clenched teeth. “If I had to choose between you and a pig, I would chose the pig!”

“You really mean it??” said Meng Hao, his eyes shining brightly.

“You.... Meng Hao, I, Li Ling’er, always follow through on my word!” Li Ling’er was feeling very vexed. Meng Hao was making it seem like she couldn’t wait to marry him. That was even more the case when, in response to her words just now, Meng Hao appeared to be sighing with relief. That caused Li Ling’er’s rage to flare even hotter.

Meng Hao then let out a hearty laugh. Smiling, he waved a finger at a nearby black beetle.

“Fellow Daoist Li, now that our misunderstandings have been straightened out, I’d like to express my condolences. Come come, have a seat on this bug. I’ll escort you safely out of the Ruins of Immortality.”

When Li Ling’er heard this, her fury burned uncontrollably, and she looked at Meng Hao with gritted teeth and said, “Condolences? Meng Hao, are you even able to talk without being crass? What the hell do you mean, ‘condolences’? Don’t tell me you actually believe that I, Li Ling’er, thought of you as the love of my life or something? You think that you refusing me necessitates condolences?”

Meng Hao scratched his head and sighed, his expression one of helplessness.

“Very well, then, I rescind my condolences.”

“What do you mean you rescind your condolences!?!?” Li Ling’er felt like she was about to go crazy.

“No condolences!” he replied quickly. “Even though I refused your expression of love, even though I crushed all the good feelings you had toward me. Even though from now on, all you’ll be able to do is gaze at me silently from a distance. Despite all that, I really offer no condolences! Alright? Happy?”

Li Ling’er threw her head back and howled. She gripped her hair in both hands and tugged it hard. It was almost like it was impossible to talk to Meng Hao without going absolutely crazy.

Trembling, she thought about everything that had happened since she had left the clan, and the grief that welled up from her heart caused tears to flow out. She said nothing further. She simply sat down on the beetle's back, tears rolling down her cheeks.

Meng Hao didn't say anything more either. The parrot and meat jelly looked at each other, then began to whisper back and forth. Occasionally, they would look over at Meng Hao and Li Ling'er, and the meat jelly's expression would be one of puzzlement. In contrast, the parrot's was one of worldly-wise understanding as it apparently explained certain matters to the meat jelly.

The meat jelly nodded its head several times empathetically.

Everything quieted down. The black beetles buzzed along as Meng Hao escorted Li Ling'er off into the distance. Because of the beetles, their journey through the Ruins of Immortality went along with few hitches. Meng Hao would look around occasionally and, based on his past experiences in the Ruins of Immortality, was able to gradually lead them out from the depths of the ruins, and toward their border.

Several days later, the broken remnants of the Ruins of Immortality grew more and more sparse. Not far off in the distance, the border was visible, and beyond that, a sea.

It was not a true sea, but rather, a body of dense mists that grew so thick that they eventually sank downward, forming into a sea of mist. Meng Hao was able to sense that at its very depths, the mist was so thick that there might actually be a true sea there.

This place... was none other than the Ninth Sea!

Meng Hao's eyes glowed brightly as he stood up on the black beetle's back. The entire army of beetles didn't slow down a bit; they continued to speed along, getting closer and closer to the border.

However, it was at this point that, all of a sudden, a person appeared out of thin air up ahead.

It was a woman, wearing a white robe, and when she stepped out of the void, it seemed as if the entire Ruins of Immortality went dark. It was like the whole world, including all the light of the stars, was gathered on her person. Even the Ninth Sea off in the distance went still.

This woman seemed to be matchlessly supreme, as if in front of her, even natural law would cease to operate.

She hovered there quietly, looking at Meng Hao.

As soon as he laid eyes on the woman, Meng Hao's mind rumbled. He instantly sent a message to the black beetles to stop moving. However, he didn't actually need to do so: all of them were trembling, and didn't dare to approach the woman.

"Meng Hao offers greetings, Senior!" he said, quivering, clasping his hands and bowing very deeply. This woman was the same one who had placed him in the Echelon... the female Paragon!

In that instant, the parrot ducked its head like it was trying to hide, and it looked scared. The meat jelly was uncharacteristically silent, and didn't even open its mouth.

Li Ling'er could sense the terrifying aura emanating out from the white-robed woman, and immediately stood up and gave a curtseying bow.

The woman's gaze passed from Meng Hao and Li Ling'er to come to rest on the meat jelly. "I recently recalled a matter from the past.... Do you still remember me?"

The meat jelly quivered.

"NO!" When it responded, its voice was archaic but light. When it spoke, Meng Hao couldn't help but think that something was wrong. He had never, ever heard the garrulous meat jelly only speak a single word.

Chapter 1035: The Meat Jelly was the Lightning Emperor?

The white-robed woman remained silent for a moment, looking at the meat jelly with a complex expression, as if she were recalling the past. Meng Hao wasn't sure why, but for some reason it almost looked like an expression of... bitter resentment.

All of a sudden, Meng Hao's scalp began to go numb, and he subconsciously looked over at the meat jelly, then back at the white-robed Paragon. He had hoped that he had been mistaken, and that there was not really a look of bitter resentment on her face. And yet, when he looked back at her, he was even more certain than before, causing him to blink.



After a moment of silence, the white-robed Paragon slowly asked, “Is it that you don’t remember, or that you’re not willing to admit it?”

“Don’t remember,” the meat jelly replied, its voice hoarse, but lacking the slightest trace of its usual long-windedness.

“Years ago, there was a cultivator whose name was Lei Daozi

He was a lightning cultivator, and one of the nine Emperors. He was known as the Lightning Emperor. Did you know him?” The white-robed woman expression grew more and more complex as she looked at the meat jelly. Sometimes she remembered things clearly, other times things were a blur. However, recently, she had begun to recall many things about the past.

“Never heard of him.” The meat jelly’s voice was as ancient as ever, and yet, now seemed to contain a hint of pain.

The white-robed woman looked deeply at the meat jelly for a moment, then sighed and softly said, “If it weren’t for the great catastrophe, he was the most likely to have become the fourth Paragon. Back then he and I... had an agreement.”

The meat jelly maintained its silence, saying not a single word.

The white-robed woman closed her eyes for a while, and when she opened them again, they were looking at the parrot. Her expression was one of revulsion, and in response, the parrot lowered its head even further and glanced around furtively. From Meng Hao’s perspective, the parrot looked very nervous, perhaps even scared.

Finally the woman turned from the parrot to look at Meng Hao. Her voice cool, she said, “Well, you’re doing well. Once you enter the Ancient Realm, you will definitely become part of my plans!” Finally, she turned to leave.

Meng Hao was not a newcomer to the world of cultivation. He was used to schemes and counter-schemes, and knew not to take everything people said at face value. Therefore, it was obvious to him that something was going on beneath the surface here. Clearly, she had only paid perfunctory attention to himself and the parrot. The true reason she had shown up was because of the meat jelly!

It almost seemed like, she had only shown up to ask it those few questions. He had long since known that the parrot and meat jelly had extraordinary backgrounds. However, he could never have imagined that they were wrapped up with the white-robed Paragon. As for the meat jelly, apparently, its past involved some inspiring and tragic tale.

Just when the white-robed woman was about to leave, she suddenly stopped in place, looked at Li Ling'er, and said, "Eee?"

As she peered over, and her eyes filled with a strange gleam.

"You look just like..." she murmured softly. She waved a finger, causing Li Ling'er to involuntarily fly through the air to hover in front of the white-robed woman.

"Are you willing to practice cultivation under me?" she asked, her tone serious.

Li Ling'er stared in shock. Based on how Meng Hao had treated and talked to the woman, she could tell that there was something unfathomably mysterious about her.

As she hesitated, she looked over and happened to see the shocked look on Meng Hao's face. With a cold, inward harrumph, she ceased any hesitation and clasped hands toward the white-robed woman.

"Junior is willing!"

The white-robed woman nodded slightly, then turned. As she did, a cloud appeared beneath Li Ling'er's feet, which carried her alongside the woman as she left.

Li Ling'er looked a bit apprehensive, but when she turned and saw Meng Hao's astonished expression, she suddenly felt a great sense of contentment, and glared into his eyes.

Meng Hao truly was shocked, and had the feeling that he had been neglected. The fact that the meat jelly had a mysterious background was one thing. However, he had practiced cultivation to the level of becoming the Immortal Realm Paragon. When he absorbed the Nirvana Fruit, he could even reach the level of the Immortal Emperor. And yet, from what he could tell, Li Ling'er seemed to attract even more attention from the white-robed woman than he did.

And then there was the 'peasant-become-king' attitude she exuded as she stared at him hatefully. It was as if she was trying to convey that when they met again in the future, their relative positions would be very different.

Rolling his eyes inwardly, he clasped hands and bowed deeply to Li Ling'er, a solemn expression on his face, as if he couldn't hold back from expressing his condolences to her.

"Ling'er, I apologize. It doesn't matter if you have a new position, I still can't take you as a wife. I'm already married, and you and I just don't suit each other. I wish you all the best, and hope that you can someday find your own happiness." Meng Hao sighed, and his eyes shone with an expression of condolence.

As soon as Li Ling'er heard his words, she trembled. "Shut the hell UP, Meng Hao!!"

Glaring at him, she gritted her teeth and stamped her foot. With that, she ignored Meng Hao and followed the white-robed woman off into the distance.

After they disappeared, sighs of relief could be heard coming from the mouths of both the parrot and the meat jelly.

"Now THAT was scary!" Lord Fifth exclaimed. "So, the old Demongranny has gotten some of her memories back!!" It patted its chest with its wing, as if it had just survived some harrowing experience.

"Thankfully, it seems that she only got some of her memories back, not a lot," the parrot murmured. "Otherwise, she wouldn't have just looked annoyed when she saw me. She would have plucked me and roasted me for dinner." It seemed truly surprised to still be alive.

The meat jelly let out a long sigh, after which its face lit up with excitement and it said, "How was my acting!? Hahaha! Meng Hao, and you, you old pigeon, tell the truth. Was Lord Third's acting good or not, huh? Good or not!?"

"Hahaha! Hey, I almost forgot that we had a bet! Lord Third wins! Lord Third's acting ability is incredible! However, it seems a bit wrong and immoral. Pidgeon Fifth, don't you agree?" Now that the meat jelly was speaking, it blabbered on, apparently having held its tongue for far too long earlier and was now looking to make up for it.

“Your acting is worth a fart!” said the Parrot, smacking the meat jelly. “You almost gave it all away! You said way too much! Next time, remember that when you talk to the Demongranny, you should only say one word!”

Meng Hao stared at the meat jelly in shock. The meat jelly had now reverted to behaving like it always had in the past, and from their dialogue just now, it seemed that it and the parrot had been betting with each other about something.

Meng Hao felt a headache coming on, and wasn't sure what to say to the two ninnies.

However, he couldn't forget the 'Lightning Emperor' that the white-robed woman had mentioned. He looked thoughtfully over at the meat jelly, but didn't ask any further questions. On many occasions in the past, he had tried to pry out information about their past, but to no avail. He had gotten used to that. Finally, he sent out his divine will, causing the black beetles to speed forward.

Several hours later, Meng Hao, along with the five hundred or so black beetles, and the incessantly bickering parrot and meat jelly, all emerged from the Ruins of Immortality. They hovered in the starry sky, and out in front of them was the Ninth Sea.

Thinking about everything that had happened recently, Meng Hao turned back to look through the Ruins of Immortality in the direction of Planet East Victory. His eyes then gleamed with determination as he turned and headed toward the Ninth Sea atop his black beetle.

“The Nine Seas God World will most likely finally give me all the rewards I earned during the Three Great Daoist Societies' trial by fire.” A thoughtful expression appeared in his eyes as he mused about it. The Three Great Daoist Societies had all agreed to accept him as a disciple because of his being in the Echelon, and had also expressed the intention of giving him some good fortune.

He also knew that he wouldn't be spending a lot of time in the Nine Seas God World. After picking up his prizes, he would practice cultivation for a bit, and then head to the other two Great Daoist Societies.

“The good fortune they will provide me is most likely something to help me get to the Ancient Realm as quickly as possible!” His eyes glittered. According to what the white-robed Paragon had said, it wouldn't be until he stepped into the Ancient Realm as a member of the Echelon that he would figure into her plans.

As for the Ancient Realm, he had his own path to tread.

“Absorb the Nirvana Fruits!” he thought with a frown. After leaving Planet East Victory, he had tried to absorb the Nirvana Fruits on multiple occasions. However, he couldn’t permanently fuse with any of them, not even his own Nirvana Fruits.

Actually, not even Fang Wei had been able to stay fused with his Nirvana Fruits for very long. That was something he had been able to sense during their battle.

Meng Hao maintained his silence as he got closer to the Ninth Sea. Occasionally he would pass traveling cultivators, but when they saw him and his five hundred black beetles, they would fearfully avoid him, not daring to get close.

He didn’t want anyone to recognize who he was, so he used the black feather to change his appearance. Therefore, nobody who saw him had any idea that he was actually the preeminently famous Meng Hao of the Ninth Mountain and Sea.

As he neared the Ninth Sea, he gradually heard crashing sounds like that of ocean waves. Up ahead, the sea of mist roiled unceasingly, and an indescribably boundless energy shook everything in the starry sky.

Meng Hao didn’t waste any time. Occasionally, he would attempt to absorb the Nirvana Fruits, and he occasionally brought Su Yan out of his bag of holding. He would try to have casual and friendly conversations with her in the hope of convincing her to give him some of her Daoist magics in exchange for her freedom.

However, Su Yan would only look at him derisively and make piercing, uncompromising comments.

After several attempts, it was clear that no matter what line of reasoning he attempted, Su Yan would never agree. Finally, he had no more patience. Waving his hand, he covered her with restrictive spells, sealing her completely, whereupon he stuffed her into a bag of holding.

“I bet that if she goes through a bit of suffering, she won’t be so uncooperative!” Unless absolutely necessary, Meng Hao didn’t want to use Soulsearch. That was a very vile method, and there was no sort of unresolvable enmity between the two of them as of yet.

The best outcome, and his first choice, would be for her to cooperate and hand over some of her Daoist magics.

Several days later, Meng Hao, atop a black beetle, finally entered the border region of the Ninth Sea. That black beetle was the only one he kept outside of his bag of holding as he looked out at the mists of the Ninth Sea, a strange gleam in his eyes.

The Ninth Sea seemed boundless, almost completely without end. Mist stretched out as far as the eye could see. Everything seemed damp, leading Meng Hao to the conclusion that there really was a huge sea at the bottom of all the mist.

“Such a huge sea...” he breathed. Back in the Fang Clan, he had seen a map of the Nine Mountains and Seas, and was aware that if he passed all the way through the Ninth Sea, he would end up in the region of the Eighth Mountain.

“The Ninth Mountain and Sea is not the end of the road for me!” As he looked off into the distance, his heart filled with lofty aspirations. On his path of cultivation, he wanted to be free and unfettered. He wanted true freedom and independence.

Heaven could not block his path, and Earth could not obstruct his way!

He patted his black beetle, which let out a roar as it transformed into a black beam of light that shot into the mists of the Ninth Sea.

Almost in the exact moment that he entered the Ninth Sea, countless eyes suddenly snapped open, both in the mists that surrounded him, and the blackness of the depths of the sea.

Those eyes belonged to numerous sea beasts and Sea Demons that inhabited the Ninth Sea. Normally speaking, they did not have conflicts with cultivators, but as of this moment, for some reason they all opened their eyes and roared, and their expressions were that of murderous intent.

It was as if there was something about Meng Hao’s aura that roused all of the sea beasts and Sea Demons of the Ninth Sea into a rage.

Chapter 1036: Nine Seas God World!

Almost in the same moment that the sea beasts and Sea Demons opened their eyes, some of the sea beasts closest to Meng Hao began to charge toward him through the mists of the Ninth Sea at top speed.

As they sped along, they caused the mists to seethe, and faint rumbling sounds to echo out. Meng Hao sat on his black beetle, bursting with lofty aspirations. Suddenly, his eyes narrowed, and he looked up ahead into the mists.

Without any warning, a roar exploded out, and the mists surged away from him as a huge seal burst onto the scene.

The seal was fully nine meters long, with razor-sharp teeth. It almost looked like a dog except that it had no fur, only scales. It sped out of the mists toward Meng Hao, bursting with energy comparable to the Immortal Realm. In the blink of an eye, it was upon him.

Its eyes were filled with incredible killing intent, as if it simply couldn't live under the same sky as Meng Hao.

Meng Hao gaped, flabbergasted. This was his first time ever visiting the Ninth Sea, and as far as he could remember, he had never offended anyone from here, unless you counted Fan Dong'er.

The sudden appearance of this seal was completely unexpected, causing him to frown. A fishy aroma blasted into his face as he glared back coldly at the seal. When it was less than a meter away, seemingly on the verge of latching its jaws onto him, his right hand snaked out and clamped onto the seal's throat.

The seal let out a whimper as it screeched to a halt. It struggled violently, but no matter how it howled, Meng Hao's vice-like grip did not budge in the least. By now, his fleshly body strength was at the very peak of the Immortal Realm, meaning that only a handful of people were qualified to force him to use magical techniques. Most enemies in the Immortal Realm would be easily crushed by the power of his fleshly body alone.

Meng Hao's eyes flickered with coldness as he squeezed down with his hand. Cracking sounds rang out, and the seal spasmed a few times before its meters-long body went limp, its neck having been crushed by Meng Hao, and its soul completely exterminated.

As it died, it glared at him with a look of vicious madness.

He frowned and loosened his hand, allowing the seal's corpse to drop down into the sea below. It was at this moment that, all of a sudden, more roars could be heard as more sea creatures began to charge toward him from all directions. In the blink of an eye, he was completely surrounded by dozens of sea beasts.

There were all sorts of creatures, each one completely vicious-looking. As soon as they appeared, they shot through the air toward Meng Hao, staring at him with madness and hatred.

There were even the ripples of magical techniques emanating out from them, causing Heaven and Earth to rumble, and the Ninth Sea to seethe.

Meng Hao's frown deepened. Something definitely felt off. With a cold harrumph, he lifted his right hand, causing his five hundred black beetles to emerge. They instantly spread out toward the sea beasts, causing buzzing sounds to fill the air.

In the blink of an eye, roaring filled the air as the sea beasts and the black beetles began to fight. However, no matter what the sea beasts did, their divine abilities were useless against the black beetles.

When they bit viciously at the black beetles with their sharp teeth, not even a scratch was left behind. In contrast, the beetles chomped at them voraciously; in the space of only about ten breaths of time, the entire area was stained red with blood, and nothing remained of the sea beasts except for corpses. What was left behind of their bodies was quickly devoured by the black beetles.

It was a bloody scene, but when it came to scenes of carnage, Meng Hao had seen much worse. Something like this wouldn't cause him to feel ill at ease. However, the frown never left his face.

He proceeded along, sending the black beetles ahead of him. In the short span of a few hours, numerous sea beasts from the Ninth Sea attacked him with reckless abandon, almost as if they were insane.

First it was a few at a time, then a few dozen at once, then hundreds attacked him simultaneously. There was even a Sea Dragon that rose up with them from the sea floor, roaring, filled with madness and hatred as it tried to consume Meng Hao.



“This isn’t because of Fan Dong’er,” he thought, killing intent flickering. The black beetles slashed at the sea beasts in a frenzy, causing miserable shrieks to ring out. As for the Sea Dragon, which was over thirty meters long, Meng Hao simply stepped forward and punched its head. It instantly began to fall apart into pieces, after which its body shattered.

Soon, Meng Hao’s mind was trembling. He was now surrounded by seething fog, and as he sent out his divine sense to scan the area, he could tell that almost a thousand sea beasts were charging toward him.

Some of those sea beasts were pitch-black and humanoid. Based on their aura, it was obvious that they were not ordinary sea beasts, but rather, something exceptionally vicious.

When they looked at Meng Hao, it was with towering hatred.

If that were all there were to it, it might not matter. But gradually, Meng Hao began to sense that it wasn’t just the sea beasts who hated him. It was almost as if, for some inexplicable reason, the Ninth Sea itself was trying to expel him.

Off in the distance, Meng Hao saw even more sea beasts charging toward him from all directions. Nobody truly knew how many of them existed in the boundless Ninth Sea. However, he could tell that if things didn’t end soon, he would become embroiled in a huge battle, and would continue to attract the attention of even more terrifying sea beasts, which caused his scalp to go numb.

If a creature appeared that was similar to the latter stages of the Ancient Realm, he might very well die.

“Dammit, what’s going on here!?” he thought, sending the black beetle flying upward, away from the surface of the sea itself. Behind him, more than a thousand sea beasts flew out in pursuit, roaring. It was at this point that he retrieved a command medallion from within his bag of holding.

Raising it high above his head, he cried out at the top of his lungs, “Disciple Meng Hao has returned to the Nine Seas God World and requests an escort from the sect!”

As his voice echoed out, he crushed the jade medallion. Ripples immediately spread out, carrying his voice echoing out into the depths of the sea.

By now, the swarm of attacking sea beasts was very close to him. Meng Hao was no pushover. Naturally, he couldn't simply ignore so many sea beasts. Snorting coldly, he caused his Immortal meridians to explode with power, then lifted his left hand, summoning tens of thousands of mountains and sending them crushing down toward the sea beasts.

However, it was at this point that a cold voice suddenly echoed out from the bottom of the sea.

“You're Meng Hao?” Even as the voice rang out, rumbling could be heard, and the surface of the sea parted as a figure appeared. He stepped out to hover on the mist above the sea.

It was a man, but he had a very strange appearance. His skin was pitch-black, and although it was not covered by scales, he did have a golden fish scale on his forehead.

He was clothed in the garb of a disciple of the Nine Seas God World, just as Fan Dong'er had been the first time Meng Hao had seen her.

As soon as he appeared, he glanced around at all the sea beasts, resulting in them instantly stopping in place. Then they backed off and then vanished into the waters.

Meng Hao scanned the area with divine sense and could tell that although they had calmed down, they hadn't actually left. Furthermore, their eyes were filled with just as much hatred as before.

“Many thanks for getting me out of trouble, Fellow Daoist,” Meng Hao said, sighing with relief. He clasped hands and bowed toward the man. “Sir, I am Meng Hao, ordered by the Three Great Daoist Societies to come to report for duty at the Nine Seas God World!”

From the look of it, this man was not a cultivator, but rather some being that was somewhere between a sea beast and a human. It had cultivated some unique magical technique that allowed it to take human form.

It seemed like a Demon, and yet was different from Demons.

The man stared grimly at Meng Hao, hatred flickering in his eyes, as well as revulsion, all of which he seemed to be fighting to control.

“Come with me,” he said coldly. An instinctual killing intent seemed to rise up within him that he intentionally suppressed as he turned and flickered toward the bottom of the sea.

Meng Hao’s face darkened. He didn’t care much about sea beasts, but as for this being that was neither a human nor a Demon, he didn’t understand why it hated him and wanted to kill him. After all, he had never done anything to offend the Ninth Sea.

Remaining completely on guard, he watched as the man headed down into the sea, then collected his black beetles, and followed along with a cold harrumph.

The two of them proceeded along in single file, not talking, moving at top speed. Meng Hao could sense even more types of sea beasts as they neared the sea floor, and all of them seemed to view him as an enemy.

“Why exactly are they acting like this?” he thought. Gradually, they went deeper and deeper, until Meng Hao’s face finally flickered with shock. The pressure weighing down on him as he went deeper only continued to grow more intense. However, his cultivation base automatically rotated to push back against it.

The pressure was not because of some sort of sealing magic, but rather pressure that simply pushed down from the Ninth Sea itself. Because of that, his cultivation base was restricted, much the same as if he had been carrying something very heavy. At the same time, magical techniques that would be easy to unleash on the surface, would be much harder to use here.

The deeper they went, the greater the pressure. Meng Hao was shaken as he realized that his cultivation base had already been reduced to about seventy percent of its normal level.

Finally, his eyes started to glow with excitement as he suddenly realized why the Nine Seas God World was so terrifying. If you spent long periods of time practicing cultivation there, then when you went out into the outside world, your cultivation base would explode up, and be even more powerful than before.

“The Three Great Daoist Societies really are incredible. There have to be special reasons why they have survived for so many years. Even just the special benefits provided from practicing cultivation here are enough to make the cultivators of the Nine Seas God World much stronger than those of most other sects.” At this point, he stopped fighting back against the Ninth Sea, and instead focused all of his efforts instead on enduring it.

After enough time passed for an incense stick to burn, the man led them to... a place that Meng Hao found completely shocking.

Here, at the bottom of the sea, was a land mass!

It was not the seafloor, but rather, floated in the middle of the waters. It stretched far out into the blackness, making it impossible to see where it ended!

It looked enormous, like the fabled undersea palace of the Dragon King. Ornamental rocks could be seen everywhere, placed next to sprawling buildings. Bizarre and exotic flowers could be seen, as well as mountain ranges, and even rivers and cities.

There were innumerable cultivators, flying around in beams of light. Sea Dragons could be seen swimming about, causing the entire world to overflow with the sensation of life.

Nine golden gates marked the entrance to the sect, and erected above the top of the foremost gate was a sign with four words.

Nine Seas God World!

Chapter 1037: Hostility!

This was the Nine Seas God World, one of the Three Great Daoist Societies of the Ninth Mountain and Sea!

It had existed for tens of thousands of years, stretching back into ancient times, seemingly eternal. Apparently, it had existed for as long as the Nine Mountains and Seas themselves. People who practiced cultivation here for a significant amount of time, and then left for the outside world, would experience an explosive rise in their cultivation base.

In all of the Ninth Mountain and Sea, the only sect which was so amazing that they could practice cultivation in the Ninth Sea itself, and even lower their sect to the bottom of the sea... was the Nine Seas God World!

Because of cultivation practices like that, it was no exaggeration to say that it was a God World. That was even more so when you considered the power of Heaven and Earth which existed there. In all of the Ninth Sea, this location had the most terrifying concentration of it.

In addition, the deeper you went in, the more boundless that energy became.

Meng Hao's mind trembled. He had been to many sects, but none of them had left him as shaken as he was now that he was looking at the Nine Seas God World.

He looked at the land mass spreading out in front of him like a continent, and he saw, not just cultivators, but other bizarre beings. They had humanoid bodies, but they were clearly another type of life form.

Each one had a life force that was reminiscent of a sea beast. Meng Hao's eyes flickered as he realized that these were unique Demonic Cultivators of the Ninth Sea!

They were not true Greater Demons, but had transmogrified during the course of their cultivation, gradually assuming their current appearances.

Even more shocking to Meng Hao was that the Nine Seas God World actually floated some distance away from the bottom of the sea itself, separated by a mass of pitch black darkness.

The further down one went from there, the greater the pressure was, and the more energy of Heaven and Earth could be found. It could be said that to cultivators... the pressure exerted by the Ninth Sea made this place like a Holy Land for cultivation.

"Nine Seas God World...." he murmured, eyes shining with a strange light as he sensed the vast majesty of the place. He could feel the pressure from the Ninth Sea, and the fact that his cultivation base was limited to seventy percent of its normal power.

His eyes slid across the nine glittering gates that marked the entrance to the Nine Seas God World. Above the main gate were the words 'Nine Seas God World,' and as for the other golden gates, they were actually more like stone steles than actual gates!

Furthermore, the surfaces of those golden gate stone steles were packed with names, each one of which glittered with golden light that was visible to all cultivators in the Nine Seas God World. The names formed a list, and on each of the stone steles, the list included 10,000 names.

On one of the stone steles, Meng Hao saw Fan Dong'er's name, and it was listed in the 94th position. Next to the golden characters that made up her name, a string of text could clearly be seen. It said, ... 24,000 meters down, 54 hours!

There were many other names that had the number 24,000 meters next to them, with a variety of different times.

Other name lists could be seen on the other stone steles, as if these were records of various trials by fire.

Meng Hao's heart began to pound. The golden gate stone steles reminded him very much of the Medicine Pavilion and the Pill Pavilion back in the Fang Clan, as well as the stone stele he had seen in the Ancestral Land. The names all belonged to disciples of the Nine Seas God World, and their presence here indicated great honor and glory for those disciples.

A strange light began to gleam in Meng Hao's eyes as he followed the cold-eyed man, who completely ignored him as he led the way into the sect.

Occasionally, they would encounter disciples of the Nine Seas God World. When they saw the man leading the way, they would smile and nod, and then their gazes would turn to Meng Hao.

Some of those people were Demonic cultivators, and when they saw Meng Hao, they would gape in shock. But then, just as quickly, their eyes would be shot with blood, and murderous auras would surge up from them.

Meng Hao frowned as he followed the cold-faced man into the Nine Seas God World. Almost as soon as they set foot onto the land mass, it seemed like all of the Demonic cultivators in the entire Nine Seas God World, regardless of what they were doing at the moment, simultaneously looked up and stared at Meng Hao.

Very quickly, killing intent rose up in their eyes, as well as towering rage and disgust.

There were tens of thousands of these Demonic cultivators, and the feeling of having them all stare at him was something impossible to describe. Meng Hao's face flickered, and his eyes went wide.

That was especially so when he realized that some of the Demonic cultivators had Ancient Realm cultivation bases. When their cold gazes of hatred fell upon him, his heart began to pound.

If that were all there were to it, it might not be a big deal, but suddenly, streams of divine sense shot out from many of the residences that were visible, filling Meng Hao's heart with terror.

From the look of things, the tens of thousands of Demonic cultivators were just barely able to keep themselves under control. In sharp contrast, the human cultivators of the Nine Seas God World were looking curiously at Meng Hao. Immediately, people began to recognize him.

“That's Meng Hao!”

“I heard that he was accepted as a disciple by all of the Three Great Daoist Societies....”

“In the battle of Planet East Victory, virtually the entire Ninth Mountain and Sea saw him rise to prominence. He's the Immortal Realm Paragon!” The cultivators all wore different expressions. Some were surprised, some wore cold looks, and others looked derisive.

However, regardless of the various cultivators' expressions, when they sensed the strange behavior of the Demonic cultivators, they were all shocked.

The strange feeling of disquiet in Meng Hao's heart continued to grow even more intense. He was more on guard than ever as the cold-faced man led him through the air across the Nine Seas God World. As they wound their way deeper in, the killing intent and ferocity of the Demonic cultivators only continued to grow stronger.

It was around this time that, all of a sudden, a cold snort echoed from among a group of Demonic cultivators, followed by a bright beam of light that shot toward Meng Hao.

It was a middle-aged man, extremely handsome, with a fish scale on his forehead. He wore a white robe, and had two red horns growing out from his forehead. He radiated a powerful, murderous aura, and moved with incredible speed. As he closed in on Meng Hao, he extended his right hand, causing ripples to spread out that formed into nine flying swords.

In the blink of an eye, the nine flying swords took on the appearance of nine crimson loaches. They roared, expressions vicious as they shot through the air. As for the middle-aged man, he had a murderous aura and an explosive cultivation base. The power of Immortal meridians emanated out, not quite 100; nevertheless, they had at least 90.

Upon seeing him attack, the faces of all the other Demonic cultivator disciples of the Nine Seas God World flickered with even more killing intent.

As for the Demonic cultivator who had escorted him thus far, the man hesitated for a moment, but didn't berate the other Demonic cultivator or attempt to block his way. He acted almost as if he didn't see, proceeding along as if he didn't care whether Meng Hao was able to catch up or even got killed.

Meng Hao frowned and backed up by several paces. He waved his hand, causing a chain of mountains to appear and block the nine loach swords.

"Fellow Daoist, what's the meaning of this?" he asked as he backed up. He really didn't want his initial entrance into the Nine Seas God World to be marked by conflict with the cultivators here.

His opponent didn't say a single word in response. He smiled coldly, as if he believed that speaking to Meng Hao would sully his own mouth. He performed an incantation gesture, and the air behind him rippled as a huge red hand appeared. Shocking ripples spread out as the hand shot toward Meng Hao.

The man's cultivation base exploded with power. Despite being suppressed somewhat due to being in the Ninth Sea, it was still incredibly shocking. His killing intent was also incredibly intense.

"Fellow Daoist," said Meng Hao, falling back further, his frown deepening. "Please inform me as to exactly what has happened. If you want to try to kill me, you must at least give a reason."

However, the middle-aged man didn't slow down at all. He advanced, waving his hand, causing the scale on his forehead to glitter. Instantly, he was surrounded by over a thousand fish scales, all of which glittered with cold light as they screamed toward Meng Hao in the form of a windstorm.

"Scale Slaughtering!" the man said coldly, his killing intent continuing to rise up. Apparently he wanted to slice Meng Hao into tens of thousands of pieces.

Meng Hao was so enraged that a smile broke out on his face. After arriving at the Ninth Sea, he had instantly been treated as an enemy, for inexplicable reasons. Then he got to the Nine Seas God World, and the Demonic cultivators there treated him even worse.



To put it rather bluntly, Meng Hao was the type of person to defy laws and principles, even of the Heavens. His was the Dao of freedom, something that could not accept outside fetters or grievances. Although he was retreating from his opponent, that opponent was not holding back, and was instead more intent on killing him.

“Give them an inch and they take a mile!” thought Meng Hao, his face darkening. He stopped moving backward, and instead took a step forward. He allowed the fish scales to close in on him, and to slam into his body.

Clanging sounds could be heard, and numerous disciples of the Nine Seas God World stared in shock as the fish scales did absolutely nothing whatsoever to Meng Hao. In fact, many of them shattered under the backlash of striking him.

Meng Hao’s eyes glowed coldly as he took three steps forward. A massive windstorm sprang up, and as the nine loach swords closed in on him, he lifted his right hand and struck out with a palm.

The nine swords immediately began to tremble.

“Scram!” he said calmly. That one word transformed into nine claps of thunder that sent the nine loach swords spinning away, after which they exploded.

An unmatched energy exploded up from Meng Hao, causing his opponent’s face to fall. Blood oozed out of the man’s mouth as he was forced backward by the energy attack. However, he clenched his jaw and once again performed an incantation gesture. At the same time, Meng Hao snorted coldly, waving his right hand to summon a Blood Demon head. Although his cultivation base was somewhat suppressed, he was still incredibly powerful within the Immortal Realm. He waved his hand, causing the Blood Demon head to roar, a roar which caused the blood of many surrounding cultivators to shiver beyond their control, as if it wanted to rush out of their bodies.

The ferocious Blood Demon head shot forward toward the middle-aged man, who instantly fell backward, his facial expression flickering as an intense sensation of deadly crisis rose up in him. He had the powerful feeling that if he was even the slightest bit too slow, he would be dead.

Unfortunately, his speed obviously didn’t match up to that of the Blood Demon head, which was instantly on top of him. The man’s expression was despondent, and his eyes glittered with hatred as he screamed, “Why haven’t all of you attacked yet!?”

Immediately, a dozen or so of the surrounding Demonic cultivators stepped forward, cultivation bases surging as they attacked the Blood Demon head.

There were even more who let out bellows of rage and shot toward Meng Hao. Fully a hundred Demonic cultivators all attacked simultaneously. Killing intent was like a flood that exploded out, causing that area of the Nine Seas God World to seem like it had descended into a chaotic riot.

All of the non-Demonic cultivator disciples of the Nine Seas God World looked on with flickering faces, and some began stepping forward to stop the fighting.

However, Meng Hao unexpectedly smiled, a smile filled with killing intent. He opted to stop trying to figure out why all this was happening; after all, his opponent had tried to kill him, and therefore... things were now simple. That man would die!

This was Meng Hao's chance... to establish his place in the Nine Seas God World!

His eyes flickered coldly as he suddenly raised his hand, within which appeared the Lightning Cauldron. Electricity danced, and a huge boom could be heard as he suddenly switched places with another of the Demonic cultivators next to his middle-aged opponent.

The man's face fell in shock and alarm as Meng Hao reached out and tapped his finger toward his forehead.

That single finger surged with a murderous aura, and it was obvious that if he touched the middle-aged man, he would be instantly killed in body and soul, dead beyond the shadow of a doubt.

At that point, an enraged voice shouted out from off in the distance.

“How presumptuous!!”

Meng Hao's expression was the same as ever, almost as if he hadn't heard the voice. His finger continued to descend until it landed on the man's forehead. A boom rang out... and the man trembled violently. His meridians were shattered, and his body exploded into a cloud of gore. Meng Hao waved his hand, dispersing the blood, then turned to face the newcomer.

“Do you mean that I'm being presumptuous, or that he was?” he asked coldly.

## Chapter 1038: I Promise Not to Kill You!

In the time it takes a spark to fly off of a piece of flint, surrounded by a crowd of Demonic cultivators, he killed his opponent with precision and determination!

The surrounding cultivators of the Nine Seas God World looked on with shock, and the Demonic cultivators' eyes narrowed. Everyone was astonished by Meng Hao's lightning-like attack.

For countless years, it was extremely rare for a Nine Seas God World disciple to have been attacked and killed within the Nine Seas God World itself. Even during the insurrection caused when the Ji Clan sleeper cells revealed themselves among the forces of the Three Great Daoist Societies, all they did was sow chaos.

As for Meng Hao, although he was technically a disciple of the Nine Seas God World, the other cultivators hadn't approved of him yet, and essentially viewed him as an outsider.

His methods were vicious, and he attacked to kill. Then he simply waved away the resulting cloud of blood, leaving the cultivators of the Nine Seas God World completely stunned.

When Meng Hao turned and spoke, his words echoed out into the ears of everyone present. All disciples, both Demonic cultivators and regular disciples, could clearly hear them, and could sense the domineering arrogance within them.

They sounded like words intended to defy laws and principles, even those of the Heavens. As of that moment, everyone was left with a deep impression of Meng Hao.

At the same time, a bellow of rage echoed out from off in the distance. Meng Hao's eyes were cold as he watched a black-robed old man approaching. He strode through the air, bristling with rage, cultivation base surging. Shockingly, an enormous illusory image could be seen behind him.

The image was that of a Sea Dragon, pitch black with four sets of razor-sharp talons. Its whiskers were long, and floated around its head, making it look especially vicious as it glared at Meng Hao with cold eyes. A wild wind kicked up, disturbing the energy of Heaven and Earth in the area.

As for the old man, at first glance he looked like a cultivator, except that on his forehead there was a black fish scale. Furthermore, two black, coiled horns grew out of the top of his head, which radiated a flickering glow that made him seem terrifyingly powerful.

“You ruthless rascal! How dare you act presumptuously in the Nine Seas God World!” he said, his voice ancient and thunderous. The sound of his voice turned into massive pressure which crushed down toward Meng Hao.

Even more shocking, Soul Lamps began to swirl around him, five of which were extinguished.

“That’s Elder Hai Sheng!”

“Greetings, Elder Hai Sheng!” The old man’s appearance on the scene immediately energized the Demonic cultivators, all of whom offered greetings. The old man ignored them, and focused completely on Meng Hao. As he approached, killing intent swirled around him, a will of hatred that seemed to ooze out from his bones, as if he couldn’t bear to live under the same sky as Meng Hao.

As he closed in on Meng Hao, he didn’t hesitate for even a moment. Ignoring the surrounding Demonic cultivators, he stretched his right hand out and made a clawing motion. The Sea Dragon behind him roared, then shot past him, flying gracefully toward Meng Hao and then slashing at him with its claws.

It was a vicious attack filled with killing intent, clearly designed to rip him to pieces.

The claws even seemed to embody natural law, as if they could borrow from the power of the Ninth Sea itself. It transformed into a sealing mark which caused everything in the area to shake. The seafloor quaked, and boundless ripples spread out.

Meng Hao’s eyes glittered coldly as a sense of crisis filled him. Shockingly, he transformed into a golden roc, which let out a piercing cry as it shot toward the Sea Dragon.

Moments later, the roc and the dragon collided, and a huge boom echoed out.

That one interchange caused Meng Hao in golden roc-form to spit out a mouthful of blood, increasing his speed rapidly to evade the first slash of the Sea Dragon’s claws.

As he retreated, the Sea Dragon swept its mighty tail toward Meng Hao, ripping the air violently as it neared him.

If that tail strike landed on Meng Hao, it wouldn't matter that he had a true Immortal fleshly body. If he wasn't killed, then at the least, he would be seriously injured. After all, this was the attack of an Ancient Realm cultivator with five extinguished soul lamps.

All of this takes some time to describe, but occurred in only a brief moment. The tail, filled with bursting power, was just about to slam into Meng Hao. Meng Hao, face grim, transformed back from a golden roc into human-form, then waved his right hand. Instantly, buzzing filled the air as 500 black beetles appeared in front of him, using their backs to form a huge shield.

BOOOOMMMMMM!

The tail smacked into the black beetle shield, which trembled violently and then collapsed into 500 parts. However, despite being dispersed by the blow... the force of the blow had been split amongst the black beetles such that not a single one was killed.

With the help of the black beetles, Meng Hao retreated roughly 3,000 meters. Waving his right hand, he caused the 500 black beetles to swirl around him as the illusory Sea Dragon prepared a second slashing attack.

The speed of the attack caused the surrounding disciples of the Nine Seas God World to gasp. They could never have imagined that Meng Hao, who had an Immortal Realm cultivation base, could fight back against the attack of an Ancient Realm Elder.

The black-robed old man frowned, and his killing intent grew more intense as he advanced again.

Meng Hao took a deep breath as he glared at the old man. His Ancient Realm cultivation base was not ordinary. However, they were still at the bottom of the sea. If they were outside, he would be even more powerful.

Meng Hao had his speculations that if he successfully absorbed his own Nirvana Fruits, the explosive power of his Immortal Realm cultivation base might be strong enough to fight back. However... that would only be if the Ninth Sea wasn't suppressing his cultivation base.

His eyes glittered, and as the pressure from the old man crushed down on him, he snorted coldly. However, he did not retreat. Instead, he took a step forward, then spoke out, his voice booming, "Presumptuous!?"

“I, Meng Hao, am a conclave disciple of the Nine Seas God World! After returning to my own sect, I was inexplicably attacked! You, an Elder, didn’t even stop to inquire about who was in the wrong, but instead attacked with deadly force. And you say that I’m presumptuous!?”

“The person I killed was the presumptuous one! I’m a member of the Fang Clan, a disciple of all of the Three Great Daoist Societies! He wanted to kill me? I bet he was actually an agent of the Ji Clan!”

“I heard that not too long ago, the Ji Clan had sleeper cells in the Three Great Daoist Societies that sowed a lot of chaos. That man must have been a cultivator of the Ji Clan!”

“He attacked me impulsively, and then even called on a bunch of accessories to aid in his treason! Killing me would earn him a lot of credit in the Ji Clan! Killing me would destroy the reputation of the Daoist Societies! Killing me would accomplish his mission!” Meng Hao’s words were as sharp as daggers. With each sentence he spoke, he took a step forward, taking every opportunity to embellish his words, trumping up the gravity of the situation.

When the surrounding Demonic cultivators heard his words ring out, they were instantly enraged, and began to shout out angrily.

“YOU!!”

“You’re shameless! SLANDERER!!”

“He wasn’t a Ji Clan agent, and we definitely aren’t accessories to treason!” Their killing intent grew even stronger, as if they wanted to chomp Meng Hao up and swallow him. Some of the more irascible ones clenched their fists and began to walk forward.

As for the ordinary cultivators, they looked hesitant. Quite a few had already pressed down on jade slips to notify Elders within the sect. The disturbance was also attracting the attention of disciples from other areas in the sect, who were now flying over to watch the events play out.

Meng Hao’s expression was the same as ever, but inwardly, he was laughing coldly. When it came to battles of oratorical wit, he had never been defeated. Not in the Violet Fate Sect, not on Planet South Heaven as large, and not in the Fang Clan. It would be impossible to say how many people would grudgingly describe him as sharp-tongued.

“If you’re not from the Ji Clan, then why would attack me as soon as you saw me?!” he retorted, glancing around coldly at all the infuriated Demonic cultivators. Then he turned to the black-robed old man and coolly said, “And now, you even have an Elder joining you! It’s a classic case of the big bullying the small! Elder Hai Sheng, could it be that you want to start your own version of the torture chamber right here!? You want to use the greater power of your Ancient Realm cultivation base to kill me?”

“That’s because you--” The Demonic cultivators’ eyes went bright red, but before they could finish responding, Elder Hai Sheng gave a cold harrumph, and his expression became incredibly dark. Meng Hao was speaking very loudly, causing his voice to boom out in all directions and attract a lot of attention. Elder Hai Sheng wanted to attack him, but didn’t dare to be so obvious. Therefore he could only secretly wallow in his fury that Meng Hao had blocked his previous two attacks.

When he spoke, his voice was like thunder, pushing down oppressively on everyone in the area:

“It doesn’t matter what happened. Killing people here cannot be tolerated. Men, arrest him and take him to the sect court to be held accountable!” Elder Hai Sheng could see that the crowd was only growing larger, making it impossible for him to attack Meng Hao again. He knew that, as of now, it would be impossible to kill him. Inwardly, however, he was sneering coldly.

He looked at Meng Hao, flicked his sleeve, and thought, “I might not be able to kill you this day, but I will most certainly humiliate you! Your reputation among the disciples of the Three Great Daoist Societies will be ruined! Furthermore, this will ensure that all other powers in the Nine Seas God World know that our Demonic Cultivator Horde and YOU... are irreconcilable enemies! With the Demonic cultivators taking the initiative, more and more people will be unable to suppress their ill feelings, causing more trouble for you!”

“That way, you will only find yourself facing more and more enemies in the Nine Seas God World! Even if the Grand Elders and Patriarchs approve of you, they are not your Dao protectors. Eventually, sooner or later, it will reach a point where... you’ll definitely die here!”

“That is the only way to give vent to the blood enmity that exists between us! That is the only way that we Nine Seas God World Demonic cultivators can ease the stench of your vile aura!”

“And if you want to know the reason why... well, too bad! I’m not going to tell you!” Elder Hai Sheng’s face was as cold as ice, and his eyes were shot with blood, causing Meng Hao’s heart to sink.

Meng Hao was still trying to figure out why all of this was happening, but he couldn't be certain. What exactly was it that had caused such deep-seated enmity between him and the Demonic cultivators?

“Is it the spirit-immortal stones? Or perhaps me being part of the League of Demon Sealers? Or maybe me showing up here threatens the interest of some unknown party? An old foe of the Fang Clan?” Meng Hao felt a headache coming on. Even after pondering the matter from every angle, he was still perplexed about the situation. After Elder Hai Sheng finished speaking, seven or eight disciples flew through the air toward Meng Hao, killing intent seething.

Meng Hao's eyes glittered coldly. He had already started killing people, so he didn't mind killing a few more. Although... if he could get some more promissory notes, that would be even better!

“Since they're not going to provide any explanation,” he thought, “I'll just force them to owe me more money than they'll ever be able to pay back!”

“Furthermore, I can't believe that this disturbance has gone unnoticed by those old fogies of the Nine Seas God World. They have to know what's happening!” He was irritated, and seeing how much the Demonic cultivators wanted to kill him, he found the whole situation to be very annoying.

“Don't you worry. As long as you do what I say, I won't beat you to death!” he said coolly. Lifting his left hand, he caused tens of thousands of mountains to crush down from above.

Chapter 1039: I Have Proof!

Of the eight Demonic cultivators, three were female. They were extremely beautiful and charming, as it seemed most female Demonic cultivators were. Despite the murderous looks that currently warped their faces, they were extremely attractive.

Although they all had various body parts that clearly belonged to sea beasts, that wasn't distracting, and if anything, enhanced their beauty.

The rest of the male Demonic cultivators were all equally handsome.

Currently, all eight of these Demonic cultivators were now closing in on Meng Hao.



His eyes glittered as he waved his right hand, causing rumbling sounds to echo out as the Mountain Consuming Incantation materialized into the form of a mountain chain which crushed down onto the incoming cultivators.

The eight Demonic cultivators were prepared, however. Echoing booms rang out as they performed incantation gestures, causing Immortal qi to surge out. Each and every one was in the Immortal Realm, although none were true Immortals; they were all false Immortals. They fought back against the mountain chain with divine abilities and magical techniques, as well as with their Dharma Idols.

Booms rang out in all directions. All of these Demonic cultivators were at the peak of the Immortal Realm. It was with cold harrumphs that they fought back against the Mountain Consuming Incantation, causing the mountain chain to collapse. Furthermore, they arranged themselves in a magical formation, allowing them to swap locations and increase the power of their divine abilities. In the blink of an eye, the Mountain Consuming Incantation's mountain range collapsed into pieces.

The eight Demonic cultivators continued to charge forward, led by a beautiful woman who had no scales at all, and looked almost exactly like a normal cultivator. The only difference was that she stood inside of a gigantic shell that was far larger than her own person.

She moved with incredible speed, nearing Meng Hao, eyes flickering with killing intent. She lifted her hand to reveal, shockingly, a beautiful pearl, which was emanating glittering light.

“Solidify!” she said. Although her voice was beautiful, it instantly caused the surroundings to grow colder.

The glittering light of the pearl emanated strange power as it threatened to lock down Meng Hao.

His eyes shone with a bizarre light as he lifted his right hand in response, then pointed up into the air.

“A Writ of Karma!” Instantly, black and white light appeared on his hand, which transformed into threads that shot out. Simultaneously, Karma Threads appeared over his head.

Almost as soon as the Karma Threads appeared, Meng Hao took a step forward. Instantly, he was directly in front of the shelled female Demonic cultivator. Her expression flickered as Meng Hao's hand reached out to tap her forehead.

The woman's face fell as an intense sensation of crisis rose up in her heart, and her shell rapidly snapped shut to protect her.

However, Meng Hao snorted coldly, which shook her mentally and sent her cultivation base into chaos. The shell stopped in place, and Meng Hao's finger shot into the shell like lightning to land directly onto the female Demonic cultivator's forehead.

It was a light touch, but it was enough to bind her Karma Threads. He lifted his hand up and tied the Karma Threads that no outsider could see into a knot, linking them together. The knot then turned into a brilliant light in the middle of his palm, which was then transformed by the magical technique into a promissory note!

The female Demonic cultivator's body trembled, and she felt as if something inside of her had been taken away without her volition. Shocked, she tried to retreat, but it took only the blink of an eye for Meng Hao to wave his hand, causing a wild wind to sweep over her. Her body was beyond her own control as she was grabbed by Meng Hao, sealed, and stuffed into his bag of holding.

"It worked!" he thought, falling back and taking a moment to examine the Demonic cultivator he had just captured. His eyes rapidly began to glow even brighter. "Demonic cultivators are great! I can sell them off as pets or even mounts. Anything people will buy!

"Their entire bodies are treasures; I could carve out random chunks if I wanted and refine them into qi and blood medicinal pills. That giant shell also has a Demon heart!!

"Excellent. Excellent. This is much better than all that seafood from the Milky Way Sea." Meng Hao appeared to be delighted. As far as he was concerned, if the Demonic cultivators viewed him as an enemy, then he might as well treat them as seafood. All of a sudden, he felt intense regret.

"Dammit, I shouldn't have killed that one earlier!" Even in his moment of pain, his body flickered to appear in front of one of the other Demonic cultivators. This time, it was a man whose back stuck out so far it almost looked like a camel. Actually, it was no hump, but a turtle shell. Shockingly, this Demonic cultivator had started practicing cultivation as a turtle!

"I hate damned turtles most of all!" Meng Hao murmured. The Demonic cultivator's face fell, and Meng Hao extended his right hand. A Writ of Karma appeared again, along with intense rumbling sounds, as he forced ties of destiny. The Demonic cultivator trembled and tried to flee, but Meng Hao instantly caused a huge hand to appear and snatch toward him.

The Star Plucking Magic rotated as he grabbed the man, sealed him, and stashed him away.

He moved with incredible speed, following the same pattern. In a very short period of time, he had captured four Demonic cultivators!

This scene caused the surrounding disciples to stare with wide eyes.

“What is he doing?”

“Oh, I remember. This Meng Hao has a strange hobby of getting people to write promissory notes. He even created a divine ability that can... can force people to be tied to him via Karma!!”

“He just captured Junior Brother Jin and Junior Sister Shui!”

As for the Demonic cultivators, when they saw what was happening, they were enraged. Roars of fury could be heard as dozens of them charged toward Meng Hao.

Apparently, Meng Hao’s actions spurred all of the Demonic cultivators into a rage. After the first dozen charged him, they were followed by hundreds more, all of whom flew into the air straight toward him.

Elder Hai Shen’s eyes were bright red, as if new hatreds were being piled onto old ones. Gritting his teeth, he was just about to attack when, all of a sudden, he stopped in place and remained silent.

Even if he didn’t attack, there were hundreds of Demonic cultivators attacking. Even though they were all false Immortals, there were hundreds of them attacking at the same time, an attack that even an Ancient Realm cultivator would be forced to avoid. Energy surged, shocking magical techniques were unleashed, and killing intent filled the area.

Meng Hao might be powerful, but the sight of it caused even his scalp to tingle. He grabbed a fifth Demonic cultivator, and then began to back up. The man struggled and howled, but Meng Hao quickly sealed him and continued to retreat.

BOOM!

The place he had just been standing in shattered. Ripples spread out, and hundreds of Demonic cultivators continued chasing Meng Hao with frenzied attacks.

“Damn those old farts from the Nine Seas God World!” Meng Hao thought. “Why haven’t they shown up yet!?” He backed up under the onslaught of hundreds of maddened Demonic cultivators, sure that the old bastards were currently watching the spectacle from the sidelines.

“I killed someone before, and they still didn’t make an appearance....” he thought as he backed up. Finally, he snorted coldly.

“Well, I was in the right. If something really bad happens, the old fogies will have to take responsibility. In that case... I’m going to force them to show their faces!” Eyes flickering, he raised his right hand, within which appeared the Lightning Cauldron.

He might fear the combined attacks of all of the Demonic cultivators, but in truth, Meng Hao wasn’t the least bit frightened of fighting outnumbered. In fact, as long as he was careful, such large-scale fighting was the best type of battlefield for him.

Electricity danced, and a rumbling sound could be heard as he vanished. When he reappeared, he was right in the middle of all the Demonic cultivators, having switched places with one of their number. In the moment that he fully appeared, and before anyone could react, he reached his hand out and shoved out forcefully. A Demonic cultivator whose body was half covered with scales had its Karma tied up, and was captured.

Next, the flash of lightning could once again be seen, and Meng Hao disappeared. He showed up in another location, causing the Demonic cultivators to roar in frustration. Meng Hao was like a loach, virtually impossible to pin down. No matter how much force the Demonic cultivators used in their attacks, they were never able to keep Meng Hao in one place.

Of course, in all the chaos, Meng Hao received some injuries. Blood oozed out of his mouth, and yet, his eyes shone as brightly as ever. Often, it would only take one flash of light before he had captured yet another Demonic cultivator.

10. 15. 20....

Not much time passed before Meng Hao had captured over 30 Demonic cultivators. Finally, there was someone who couldn’t endure the situation any longer. A cold snort echoed out from the very depths of the Nine Seas God World.

It was accompanied by Heaven-shaking, Earth-rocking pressure, a pressure which changed natural law and caused the entire Ninth Sea to seethe and roar.

When that sound echoed out, Meng Hao's face fell. Shocking pressure rumbled down as a giant finger materialized in midair, which then pushed down toward Meng Hao.

Essence aura also roiled out.

“Dao Realm!” Meng Hao's eyes went wide. He had absolutely no way to fight back against the terrifying might of the Dao Realm. However, almost as soon as the finger appeared, a dry cough echoed out.

At long last, the old-timers from the Nine Seas God World couldn't sit still any longer. The dry cough echoed out to cover everything, transforming into a mighty pressure that prevented all of the Demonic cultivators from attacking.

An old man appeared out of thin air. A single step forward, and he was in front of the giant finger that was pushing down toward Meng Hao. He waved his hand out to touch the finger.

Rumbling echoed out in all directions as the hand and the finger made contact. The finger trembled and then faded away. As for the old man, he staggered backward a few paces, his face a mass of white and red lines, as if his qi and blood were in chaos.

“Elder Brother Wu, there's no reason to act thus,” said the old man. Meng Hao immediately recognized him! It was none other than Ling Yunzi! He wasn't the only one to appear. He was followed by seven or eight disciples of the Nine Seas God World, including Fan Dong'er.

She looked coldly at Meng Hao, inwardly rejoicing at his misfortune.

As soon as Ling Yunzi showed up, all of the disciples of the Nine Seas God World clasped hands and bowed. Even the black-robed Elder Hai Sheng bowed his head.

At this point, a cold and ancient voice echoed out in all directions, replying to Ling Yunzi: “He killed a member of my Demonic Cultivator Horde!”

“Meng Hao didn’t attack first,” answered Ling Yunzi slowly. “In fact, he evaded twice. Any member of the sect who attacks a conclave disciple has committed a grave offense that cannot be absolved even if they are killed in the counterattack. Even if he had not died, he would have been immediately expelled from the sect.”

“I didn’t see any of my Demonic cultivators attack of their own initiative,” replied the cold, ancient voice. “I just saw this kid killing my people. Furthermore, he captured 33 disciples of my Demonic Cultivator Horde. Shouldn’t he immediately set them free?!”

This time, Meng Hao didn’t wait for Ling Yunzi to respond. He wasn’t worried about causing a huge ruckus. After all, he was the Crown Prince of the Fang Clan, and was a disciple of all of the Three Great Daoist Societies. If the Nine Seas God World allowed anything unfortunate to happen, it would cause a massive conflict within the Ninth Mountain and Sea.

Therefore, full of confidence and courage, he flickered to appear next to Ling Yunzi, then cried, “Those 33 seafood dishes owed me money. HUGE amounts of spirit stones! They can’t pay me back, so they sold themselves to me to pay off the debt! I have PROOF!!” Even as he spoke, he lifted up his hand, within which were a stack of promissory note formed by A Writ of Karma.

#### Chapter 1040: Don’t Provoke Me!

Ling Yunzi gaped in response to Meng Hao’s words. The other disciples of the Nine Seas God World behind him also stared with wide eyes. Fan Dong’er gasped.

The other cultivators in the area felt their jaws drop and their minds reel. All of that was because Meng Hao had said the words... seafood.

Simultaneously, the surrounding Demonic cultivators’ eyes went bright red, and their desire to kill rocketed up, transforming into a tempest within the Nine Seas God World.

“He actually dared to call us seafood? He MUST be killed!!”

“Kill him NOW! I haven’t eaten a cultivator for a long time, and I want to eat HIM!!” Roaring sounds raged up into the air, echoing out in all directions.

Meng Hao laughed coldly, and his expression was the same as ever. His words had been uttered intentionally, of course. He did not believe for a moment that if he spoke politely, the Demonic cultivators would suddenly stop viewing him as an enemy that needed to be killed.

For whatever reason, they hated him and wanted him dead, a situation that didn't seem possible to resolve. Therefore, since he didn't have the power to fight back physically, he would use fatally destructive words as his weapon.

Sometimes, the power of one's words were of more use than the strength of one's cultivation base.

For example, calling the Demonic cultivators 'seafood dishes' was something that no other person would dare to do. In fact, because of the history and roots of the Nine Seas God World, it was most likely a term that no one had even thought to associate with the Demonic cultivators. However, Meng Hao said it, and the words echoed out for everyone to hear.

On many occasions a single sentence, or even just two words, can completely change the situation.

A perfect example was this very moment, in which the non-Demonic cultivators of the Nine Seas God World were looking around with strange expressions on their faces. Normally speaking, they viewed the Demonic cultivators as fellow sect disciples, but right now, when they looked at them, they couldn't help but think about seafood.

"Lies upon more lies!" raged the ancient voice. Massive killing intent bore down, materializing into a huge hand that rumbled down toward Meng Hao.

From the look of it, that hand was capable of completely crushing the entire land. As it descended, the air shattered, and natural law collapsed. It was as if the fury of the Heavens were crushing down, causing Ling Yunzi's face to flicker. At this point, a soft sigh echoed out as an old woman appeared in midair. She waved her finger toward the huge hand, causing the hand to collapse, whereupon it transformed into a huge tentacle. A muffled grunt echoed out, but the tentacle didn't fade away. Instead, it swerved around the old woman and continued on toward Meng Hao.

The old woman did nothing to intervene this time. She merely said, "Enough, Junior Brother Wu. You know how important Meng Hao is. Don't force me to damage our friendship."

As she spoke, a stream of divine sense shot out from thin air. Although no physical body was present, the aura of the Dao Realm appeared, radiating intense pressure. The threatening nature of the aura was plainly evident.

This aura merged with those of the old woman and Ling Yunzi, creating a towering energy that swept out in all directions, causing all the surrounding regions of the Ninth Sea to seethe.

Almost as soon as the stream of divine sense appeared, a second stream of divine sense also exploded out from within the depths of the Nine Seas God World. This divine sense radiated a sense of madness and ferocity, and was filled with Demonic qi. This was clearly a Dao Realm Demonic cultivator!

However, even with that divine sense merging with that of the cultivator named Wu, they were no match for the old woman's faction.

Things weren't over yet, though. Almost as soon as the Dao Realm aura appeared, two more Dao Realm auras appeared from two different directions. The streams of surging energy actually formed into four factional powers.

The tentacle paused in midair, as if they all were now in the middle of a standoff.

The surrounding disciples of the Nine Seas God World looked on with flickering faces. Neither Demonic nor non-Demonic cultivators could ever have imagined that they would be witnessing a shocking scene like this.

There were only a few disciples who watched with glittering eyes; clearly, they were already aware of the complex nature of the relationships between the various factions within the Nine Seas God World.

Meng Hao's eyes widened. This brief probing on his part had already revealed the depth and caliber of the Nine Seas God World.

"I can't believe they have seven Dao Realm experts! They definitely deserve to be one of the Three Great Daoist Societies!" Meng Hao's mind trembled. He could now see that the faction represented by the old woman was the strongest within the Nine Seas God World. That was also the same faction which had insisted on accepting him as a disciple.

After a long moment, the archaic voice echoed out from within the tentacle, cold and filled with killing intent: "We can forget about the person he killed. If he just hands over my disciples that were captured, and kowtows to admit his wrongdoing, then we can put the matter to rest."



The old woman frowned. As far as she was concerned, handing over the captured Demonic cultivators would be fine. However, the matter of kowtowing to admit fault was a bit excessive. She was just about to open her mouth to respond, when Meng Hao began to laugh.

“Put the matter to rest? After arriving in the Ninth Sea, I was hunted murderously by numerous seafood dishes! Then I arrived at the Nine Seas God World, and even more seafood inexplicably attacked me! There was even one seafood dish which tried to kill me!

“After I killed him, an old seafood dish shamelessly used his Ancient Realm cultivation base to try to murder me!

“After that, a whole army of mini-seafood dishes joined forces to attack me! Then in the end, in an unbelievable turn of events, a Dao Realm expert actually tried to make a move on me! Even I have limits to my patience! You think you can just put the matter to rest? Like hell we can put it to rest!” Meng Hao’s wording was sharp and incisive, his voice cold.

As soon as the words left his mouth, the surrounding disciples frowned. Many of them believed Meng Hao to be ignorant of the height of the Heavens and the depth of the Earth. His voice didn’t match up at all to that of an almighty member of the Dao Realm.

As for the Demonic cultivators, they began to chuckle coldly, believing Meng Hao to have vastly overestimated himself.

“Screw off! You don’t qualify to speak in this situation!” said the ancient voice, which echoed about like thunder.

Even though Meng Hao stood next to Ling Yunzi, blood began oozing out of his eyes, ears, nose, and mouth due to the vibrations of the voice. However, his expression was one of ferocity as he threw his head back and laughed.

“I’m not qualified?”

“I’m the Crown Prince of the Fang Clan, and in the future I’ll certainly be the Clan Chief. The Fang Clan has Fang Shoudao, the Earth Patriarch, along with Patriarch Yanxu, AND the first generation Patriarch. In the battle of Planet East Victory, they cut down Dao Realm experts as easily as

slaughtering chickens. You want me to kowtow to you? That's like having the whole Fang Clan kowtow to you! Even if I did kowtow, would you dare to accept it?!"

His words echoed out like thunder into all ears. Even the owner of that ancient voice, who had not appeared in person, but remained hidden in secluded meditation, was speechless.

He could afford to disregard Meng Hao, but he couldn't afford to disregard the Fang Clan. That was especially true after the first generation Patriarch of the Fang Clan put on such a display of might in the battle of Planet East Victory, and had even cowed the Ji Clan into retreat. How could he even compare?

This Dao Realm expert had personally witnessed the first generation Patriarch on the attack, and it left his scalp numb and mind spinning. Suddenly, the legends about the Fang Clan's first generation Patriarch all seemed to rise up into his mind.

He was from a generation of fierce experts, a contemporary of Ji Tian. According to the legends, in the great war in which Lord Ji became the Heavens, the first generation Patriarch of the Fang Clan was the number one killer, bathing the entire Ninth Mountain and Sea in blood!

However, Meng Hao wasn't finished yet!

"By the way, I'm not just a disciple of the Nine Seas God World. I'm also a conclave disciple of the Immortal Ancient Daoist Rite, AND the Sublime Flow Sword Grotto! Did you ask the Immortal Ancient Daoist Rite and the Sublime Flow Sword Grotto whether or not you could mess with me!?"

"You want me, their conclave disciple, to kowtow? That's the same as having the entire Immortal Ancient Daoist Rite and the entire Sublime Flow Sword Grotto kowtow to you! Well then, let me ask you the same thing as before. If I did kowtow, would you dare to accept it?"

As Meng Hao's words echoed out, Ling Yunzi stood there silently. As for the old woman, she smiled slightly. She had been planning to interfere in the matter, but now, it seemed there was no need to do anything. Her eyes glowed with amusement as she watched Meng Hao.

As for the old Dao Realm expert who represented the Demonic Cultivator Horde, he continued to hesitate.

“Do you think your crappy Seafood Horde is the only power structure among all the Three Great Daoist Societies?”

“You think I don’t qualify? Well then let me ask you, who DOES qualify?”

“If you don’t give me an explanation right now, do you really think that the Fang Clan, the Immortal Ancient Daoist Rite, the Sublime Flow Sword Grotto, and these Elder Patriarchs of the God World, couldn’t completely wipe out your Seafood Horde?” Meng Hao’s voice grew clearer and clearer, his wording sharper and more incisive. All of the surrounding disciples were gasping, and the faces of the Demonic cultivators fell.

As of this moment, Meng Hao was now the center of attention of all of the Nine Seas God World.

He stood there, jaw tilted up, his domineering will raging for all to see.

“You know what? I don’t even need to call on all those people to help. If you say the word ‘kowtow’ one more time, how much are you willing to bet that I won’t crush this jade slip and summon the first generation Patriarch of the Fang Clan himself to slaughter you where you stand?!” With that, Meng Hao held a jade slip aloft for everyone to see.

His words immediately caused an uproar. Not only did the faces of Ling Yunzi and the old woman flicker, so did the faces of the two Dao Realm Patriarchs from the Demonic Cultivator Horde.

The other two almighty Dao Realm experts from the other power factions were equally shaken. As of this moment, Meng Hao’s words were absolutely the most powerful weapon he could possibly wield.

“I know you’re probably wondering if I’m bluffing. Well let me explain it to your sorry ass: My first generation Patriarch personally gave me this jade slip, and then promised to appear at my side at any time, because I’m the successor of the One Thought Stellar Transformation!”

“I’m also the only one in the Fang Clan to ever successfully concoct the first generation Patriarch’s three Holy pills!”

“Plus, I did something that almost no one else has ever done! I corroborated the Dao on my own, and I opened the maximum possible 123 meridians!”

“And in fact, I’m also... in the Echelon!”

Meng Hao listed out one fact after another. The result was dead silence that lasted only for a moment before complete tumult took over. For all the years that the Nine Seas God World had existed, Meng Hao was the first person to ever excoriate a Dao Realm expert!

Furthermore, his venomous words were like a sharp sword; anyone who heard them would feel their mind rumbling.

Meng Hao had decided he might as well go all out with his words, in much the same manner as he had killed the Demonic cultivator earlier. He wanted to firmly establish his position among the various factions in the Nine Seas God World, with their complex relationships.

He didn’t just want to unnerve the ordinary disciples, he wanted to awe the almighty Dao Realm experts. His words contained nothing truly secret; the Dao Realm experts could easily do some investigating and confirm the truth of what he was saying.

One of the reasons he wanted to establish his position in this way was that he did not intend to stay in the Nine Seas God World for very long. Therefore, the more domineering he could make himself, the easier and smoother things would be. Instead of starting out by being bullied, he would unsheathe his sword, making himself a giant mass of bristling spikes!

As far as whether or not people believed everything he said, that didn’t matter. The important thing was that they knew that he was important to the Fang Clan, the Immortal Ancient Daoist Rite, and the Sublime Flow Sword Grotto. That would be enough.

Amidst the uproar, the tentacle up in midair suddenly vanished. A cold harrumph echoed out, but was accompanied by no words. The two Dao Realm auras from the Demonic Cultivator Horde vanished.

In that moment, the two other almighty Dao Realm auras from the other two factions stared deeply at Meng Hao, and then slowly faded away.

Just as Meng Hao had guessed, the truth of his words weren’t important. Everyone could now see how deeply he was backed by the powerful forces in Ninth Mountain and Sea, and also understood the main point of all of his words.

Don't provoke me!