

The Heavens 1081

Chapter 1081: Summoning Soul Lamps, Stepping Into the Ancient Realm!

The crimson Door of the Ancient Realm let out an intense rumble as it opened. Then, a wind sprang up, which swept over Meng Hao, causing his life force and his soul to hover on the verge of extermination.

In the face of such danger, Meng Hao let out a hoarse shout. At the same time, his heart started to beat rapidly, and shocking fleshly body power transformed into a surge of qi that fought back against the Realmwind!

The cultivators of the Nine Seas God World who hovered above the surface of the water were all watching as this happened.

After the wind passed, shockingly, something else appeared within the crimson Door of the Ancient Realm. That was... a bell!

“The Bell of the Ancient Realm!!”

“The Bell of the Ancient Realm has appeared! When you ring that bell, you can ignite Soul Lamps. However many times you ring the bell, that’s how many Soul Lamps you can ignite!”

“Generally speaking, it’s one Soul Lamp for every five Immortal meridians that you have!!”

“This Meng Hao... he has 123 Immortal meridians. He... he can ignite more than twenty Soul Lamps?”

“The more Soul Lamps you have, the more difficult the Ancient Realm will be for you. On the other hand, you will be that much more powerful!”

As the shouts of astonishment rang out, Meng Hao took a deep breath. He was not entering the Ancient Realm with his cultivation base, but rather, his fleshly body. He actually wasn’t sure if any Soul Lamps would appear.

Furthermore, Meng Hao had no one to follow as an example. Although his fleshly body appeared to be that of a body cultivator, he was actually different from body cultivators. Body cultivators needed to bathe in the blood of a God to be able to rise up into another Realm. Furthermore, their type of cultivation was not separated into Immortal and Ancient.

Meng Hao walked a different path, a path far removed from the norm. His was not the ancient path of body cultivators, but rather, a combination of different systems of cultivation. He was walking his own path.

“Let’s find out if I’ll get any Soul Lamps or not!” Meng Hao took a deep breath. and without any further hesitation, stepped forward into the great Door of the Ancient Realm. He saw the enormous Bell of the Ancient Realm in front of him, clenched his right hand into a fist, and punched out.

The tolling of the bell echoed out, and waves surged across the Ninth Sea. Everything blurred, and the world distorted. All the cultivators felt their minds reeling.

A tremor ran through Meng Hao, and his body showed signs of withering. His life force, as well as his qi and blood, were now being absorbed, not by the Bell of the Ancient Realm, but rather, by a black-hole-like vortex that had appeared in his chest!

Meng Hao took a deep breath and closed his eyes. Moments later, a shocking image appeared in his chest!

It was... the image of a Soul Lamp! It looked like a tiny person, a person sitting there cross-legged in the position of Meng Hao’s physical heart!

“So Soul Lamps really will appear!”

“Stepping into the fleshly body Ancient Realm also produces Soul Lamps! This Meng Hao is in defiance of the Heavens!” To the spectators, shock piled upon shock until it seemed beyond belief.

That was because they realized that the tiny person that was the Soul Lamp was actually not burning, but instead, was already extinguished!

Everyone was stunned. Normally speaking, striking the Bell of the Ancient Realm caused ignited Soul Lamps to appear. Later on, those lamps would be extinguished one by one, giving the cultivator increased power.

However, Meng Hao's Soul Lamp was already extinguished.... He was exactly the opposite of everyone else! Fleshly body Soul Lamps did not need to be extinguished, they needed to be ignited!

Godmaster's eyes snapped open, and a slight tremor ran through him. His voice hoarse, he said, "Anti-Ancient!!"

"It's... anti-Ancient!!" An expression of disbelief appeared on Granny Nine's face. Ling Yunzi gasped, and looked shocked. As for the two Demonic Patriarchs, they looked like they had been struck by lightning. They trembled as they stared at Meng Hao in astonishment.

When the Soul Lamps of the Ancient Realm fleshly body appeared, that was shocking in and of itself. However, for the lamps to appear in an extinguished state caused the Dao Realm Patriarchs to suddenly remember a legendary and terrifying stage within the Ancient Realm!

That was... the anti-Ancient Realm!

According to the legend, in the heyday of the Paragon Immortal Realm, there had once appeared a person whose Ancient Realm was the opposite of the norm. Instead of extinguishing Soul Lamps, that person ignited them.

The details of that person's life was shrouded in mystery, and subsequent generations knew little about him. All that was known was that it was forbidden to follow in his footsteps. The Paragons of the time intentionally wiped out all information about him. Later, the Paragon Immortal Realm was destroyed, and the term 'anti-Ancient' became a term known only to the Three Great Daoist Societies. No one outside of those sects had even heard of it.

In the moment that the Dao Realm experts were shaken, Meng Hao took a deep breath, opened his eyes and struck his fist out once more toward the Bell of the Ancient Realm.

That strike caused the bell to toll, and Meng Hao's body to tremble. He withered some more, and a wave of weakness caused him to shudder.

A second Soul Lamp appeared, this time in his abdomen, absorbing more of his qi, blood, and life force!

“Fleshly body Soul Lamps are so powerful....” he thought. He quickly consumed a medicinal pill, then frowned when he realized that the pill... did nothing. It was incapable of restoring him. Furthermore, his Eternal stratum was sealed, and could not spring into motion to help him recover.

His eyes glittered, and he ignored the withering of his body, striking out a third time, and then a fourth!

His body withered even more, until he looked like nothing more than a bag of bones. However, two more Soul Lamps appeared, one in each of his shoulders.

Meng Hao staggered back a bit; the sense of weakness that filled him seemed to have reached a pinnacle of intensity. However, he wasn't willing to stop with only four Soul Lamps. Gritting his teeth and growling, he punched the bell three more times! Every strike cause him to wither even more!

Instantly, two Soul Lamps appeared in his knees, and one in his forehead. By now, he didn't even look like a person, but rather, a skeleton! His life force was weak, like a candle on the verge of being snuffed out!

This was a type of weakness he had never experienced before, and it made him feel like a feeble old man laying on his deathbed. All of his life force had been handed over to the new Soul Lamps!

Heart, abdomen, shoulders, knees, forehead: a total of seven Soul Lamps!

At this point, the will of the Bell of the Ancient Realm could sense that Meng Hao had reached his limit, and began to fade away.

“I'm not finished yet!” Seeing the bell beginning to fade away, he threw his head back and roared! Both hands turned into fists, and flew toward the Bell of the Ancient Realm. His entire body appeared to have been destroyed, vanished into thin air. And yet... two Soul Lamps suddenly appeared in his eyes!

Nine Soul Lamps!

His Soul Lamps were unlike anyone else's. They even looked different. The Soul Lamps of others actually resembled lamps, but Meng Hao's Ancient Realm fleshly body Soul Lamps looked like people!

Each and every one sat there cross-legged, looking very somber and dignified. They seemed threatening without appearing to be angry, and if you looked closely, you would be able to see that they looked like exact representations of Meng Hao!

Nine Soul Lamps distributed throughout his body. They did not circulate around him, but rather... existed inside!

This was the Ancient Realm fleshly body!

In almost the same moment that the final Soul Lamps appeared, the Bell of the Ancient Realm faded away, and a fierce wind blew out from inside the huge door. When it touched him, he shook, and a majestic qi and blood power poured into him.

His body soaked it in like a rice paddy after a drought. It contained boundless nourishing power that transformed into incredible life force inside of him. It nourished his blood and flesh, grew his bones, fed his fleshly body. It caused his qi and blood to experience rapid and terrifying growth.

He could clearly sense the incredible transformations occurring. Cracking sounds rang out, and he seemed to be completely shedding his previous self. His fleshly body power broke completely past the peak of the Immortal Realm, stepping into a new level, that of the Ancient Realm!

An Ancient Realm fleshly body appeared, causing all Heaven and Earth to tremble. The Ninth Sea roared, and Meng Hao could sense the nine Soul Lamps inside of him madly absorbing all of the rushing Realmwind. It was as if... they were using that power to ignite themselves!

Meng Hao could sense that with each Soul Lamp that he ignited, his fleshly body would grow even more powerful!

As the wind blew, his Soul Lamps began to show signs of igniting. In the end, however, the wind wasn't enough to complete the job. Only the two Soul Lamps in his eyes came to life.

In that moment, Meng Hao felt like a million lightning bolts were crashing around in his mind. Shaken, he felt his fleshly body power rising explosively. The air around him distorted, and as he clenched his fists, it shattered.

It was a boundless feeling of power, giving him the confidence that he could easily slay Ancient Realm experts with numerous extinguished Soul Lamps. It made him feel like... the power of one punch could shake the entire world. Meng Hao truly felt... much more powerful!

The difference between himself now and moments before... was incredibly vast!

He took a deep breath, and his eyes began to shine with a bright light. Behind him, the great Door of the Ancient Realm slowly faded away. As it disappeared, the Ninth Sea finally returned to a state of calm.

In contrast, the hearts of the countless cultivators above the surface of the sea were anything but calm. The scene they had just witnessed was the fastest they had ever seen anyone enter the Ancient Realm, and also the most shocking!

That shock would not end, nor would it ever be forgotten. This day could be considered the day that Meng Hao truly rose to prominence in the Nine Seas God World, and was a day that would not be forgotten for countless years to come!

Meng Hao turned into a bright beam of light that shot back down into the sea, through the water, into the Nine Seas God World, and then into the golden gate stone stele to finally appear beneath the sect in the deep sea!

Great waves rolled out across the surface of the sea, and a vortex appeared deep under the water. However, the regions down below which had previously exerted massive pressure on Meng Hao now barely affected him at all.

30,000 meters. 60,000 meters. 90,000 meters. 120,000 meters....

Meng Hao surged with energy as he shot downward madly. At the same time, his name shot up in the rankings on the first golden gate stone stele. Although he was in 5th place, the name in 1st place only had a depth of 99,000 meters next to it!

Meng Hao had already vastly exceeded everyone, except in the matter of the time spent. However... not every rank of depth required time spent. Anyone who could sink down past 180,000 meters would automatically shatter the records of any other name, and would be completely deserving to stand in 1st place!

Rumbling filled Meng Hao as he sank down further. 150,000 meters.... 180,000 meters. 210,000 meters. 240,000 meters.... Finally, when he reached 261,429 meters, he caught sight of the sea floor, and was completely shaken. [1. 261,429 meters is 87,143 zhang]

Outside on the first golden gate, a bright golden light of unprecedented intensity shot up into the air as Meng Hao's name reached... 1st place!

When people saw the number next to his name that represented the depth he had reached, they were thunderstruck.

Chapter 1082: The Third Fist Strike!

“First golden gate stone stele... 1st place....”

“I once heard that the absolute limit is more than 260,000 meters, but he... actually reached the sea floor! That's a place that only truly powerful experts can see....” Murmurs of astonishment could be heard in the crowd. Fan Dong'er was in a daze, and Bei Yu was panting in astonishment.

261,429 meters!

The distance the land mass of the Nine Seas God World maintained from the bottom of the sea had always been a fixed number from ancient times until now. Furthermore, no one whose name was recorded on the first golden gate stone stele had ever reached that depth.

The rankings only contained names of Ancient Realm experts with five or less extinguished Soul Lamps. Because of that rule, no one with that amount of Soul Lamps... had ever gone so deep.

It was a position that instantly put someone at the peak, in 1st place, even if they only managed to stay there for an instant. Not even Demonic cultivators who were born in the Ninth Sea could go down so far.

The crowds outside of the first golden gate stone stele burst into a commotion. Cries of shock rang out, and the astonishment felt by the disciples of the Nine Seas God World reached a tempestuous level that swept across the entire sect.

The Demonic Cultivator Horde was equally shaken. When they saw Meng Hao's name on the first golden gate stone stele, their hearts were filled with dread.

Although they instinctively hated him, in the cultivation world, people respected the powerful. The Demonic cultivators also held this awe deep in their hearts, so despite their hatred of him, henceforth, they would no longer dare to provoke him further.

Meng Hao was using pure power to shake all hearts.

Currently, Meng Hao was now down at the bottom of the Ninth Sea. Despite the incredibly terrifying power of his fleshly body, he could still fill the indescribable pressure weighing down on him.

Because of that pressure, he would not be able to remain in this place for very long, perhaps only ten breaths of time. As he looked around, his heart was shaken to a profound level.

At the bottom of the Ninth Sea... he saw a corpse....

It was a vast, gargantuan corpse that seemed to make up the entire bottom of the Ninth Sea!

It was vastly archaic and ancient, and a huge gash could be seen splitting it apart....

Meng Hao was currently standing on the corpse's head. Visible on the forehead were... eight dim stars!

"A God...." he thought, shaken. He suddenly recalled Wang Tengfei, and great waves of shock rolled through him, causing him to stand there silently in the pressure.

He had already reached the point where he couldn't hold on any longer, and he gave one last look over the corpse. Then he turned, and prepared to head back up. However, it was in that moment in which he turned, that in his peripheral vision, he suddenly noticed that located on one of the stars on the corpse's head... was a person!

It was a woman, wearing a long, violet garment. It was... a woman that Meng Hao remembered! It was... an old friend from Planet South Heaven!!

She stood there atop the corpse, her expression complex.

“Han Bei!!” Meng Hao thought, his eyes widening.

Everything was dark, with only the corpse letting off the faintest of light. Even with Meng Hao’s intensely powerful fleshly body, and vision as sharp as lightning, he could just barely make out the image clearly.

He began to tremble, and opened his eyes widely to look closer, but by that time, nothing was visible atop the star. It was almost as if what he had seen was nothing more than an illusion.

Before he could react, the pressure at the sea bottom forced him up. He saw the corpse fading away below him, and his eyes flickered.

“I feel like what I saw... was real! It was no illusion!

“I’m not sure what caused that to happen, but that woman... was Han Bei!” Meng Hao was lost in thought as he recalled all the things that had occurred between the two of them.

“Nine ancient family names....” he thought, eyes flashing. Then he thought back to how Han Bei had gone missing back on Planet South Heaven. After everyone had returned from the Ancient Demon Immortal Sect, Han Bei had vanished completely.

Suddenly, Meng Hao recalled how strange her disappearance was. It was not simply that nobody could find her. Actually... other than him, nobody even seemed to remember her at all.

It was something he had analyzed in the past, the fact that after the Ancient Demon Immortal Sect, nobody mentioned Han Bei at all. Regardless of whether any given person personally knew her or not, all traces of her seemed to have been wiped away.

Thinking about this now, Meng Hao realized that it was more of a feeling, or a guess. There was one way to prove whether or not his theory was right, and that was Chu Yuyan. She was someone who should remember Han Bei.

When she woke up, he would ask her. Then he would know the truth!

If Chu Yuyan remembered Han Bei, then everything Meng Hao had speculated was simply overthinking. However, if Chu Yuyan... didn't remember Han Bei, then... it meant Meng Hao would definitely have to think it over some more.

"I'll know for sure when Chu Yuyan wakes up." Meng Hao glanced back down at the sea floor before shooting up toward the sect. He wouldn't forget the things he had just seen. Shortly, he reached the top, and vanished.

When he walked out of the first golden gate stone stele, he turned back to look at the list of names, and smiled. Then he sped toward the second stele.

The eyes of all the disciples were involuntarily glued to his back.

After stepping into the second golden gate stone stele, Meng Hao only needed the time it takes half an incense stick to burn before reaching 1st place. Boundless golden light erupted out from the stele.

This was his second 1st place spot.

The crowd was shouting and hollering. How could the disciples not realize what Meng Hao was trying to do...?

"He wants to take 1st place in all the steles!!"

"1st place in all of the nine stone steles?"

"It's not even worth talking about. From ancient times until now, the most 1st place spots taken by a single person has been six. And that only lasted for a hundred years before the spot was taken by someone else...."

"This Meng Hao, could it be... that he's going to pull off another miracle!?"

Rumbling could be heard as Meng Hao flew through the air toward the third golden gate. This time he was even faster; he only need thirty breaths of time before his name sailed past all the other names to the 1st place position.

The third 1st place spot!!

The crowds were shaken and in an uproar. Gasps could be heard as Meng Hao emerged and proceeded... toward the fourth golden gate stone stele!

Moments later, boundless golden light rose up, staining the entire ocean the color of gold. Meng Hao... had his fourth 1st place spot!

Four steles, all of them 1st place!

The Nine Seas God World was boiling with excitement. Meng Hao really was pulling off a miracle, and his image was being unforgettably engraved into the hearts of an entire generation.

Meng Hao chose not to enter the fifth stele. That one, he didn't need!

He shot past it toward the sixth stele, entered, and after the time it takes half an incense stick to burn, had yet another 1st place spot!

Everyone was so excited they felt like lightning bolts were crashing down all around. It had been a very, very long time since something like this had happened in the Nine Seas God World, something that set everyone's blood boiling.

Seventh stele, 1st place!

Eighth stele, 1st place!

Meng Hao went from one golden gate to another, and other than the fifth stele, which he wanted no part of, he took 1st place in all of them!

He was followed by a crowd of excited Nine Seas God World disciples. The Demonic cultivators were ashen-faced, their hearts filled with intense fear and shock regarding Meng Hao.

He... was the first person to have ever succeeded at doing something like this in the Nine Seas God World.

It was now a certainty that his name would be an eternal myth passed down through the history of the sect!

Finally, he appeared in front of the ninth golden gate stone stele. He came to a stop and stood there for a moment. Then, face solemn, he took a deep breath, and entered.

The moment he entered, the old man's voice echoed out to fill the entire world.

“Do you believe yourself to be qualified to gain the enlightenment of my third fist strike?”

“Absolutely!” Meng Hao replied immediately.

“Very well!” As the voice echoed out, the old man appeared out of thin air. He looked at Meng Hao, and his eyes shone with praise. He began to walk forward, his voice booming.

“First fist, Life-Extermination Fist!

“After extermination, one's own life must be sacrificed!

“After self-immolation, one can... slay Gods!

“My third fist strike is called... God-Slaying!” The old man's voice thrummed with energy. He strode forward, and all of a sudden, it seemed like he was the world, and the world was him!

He neared, fist swinging. It looked like an ordinary punch, not as murderous as the Life-Extermination Fist, nor as domineering as the Self-Immolation Fist. It seemed simple. However, it also filled Meng Hao with an unprecedented sensation of deadly crisis.

It was as if this one punch could suck in the energy of the entire world, and transform that energy into the power... to slay Gods!

“What are Gods?!” As the fist closed in, the old man's voice continued to echo out.

“Just another name some of the Outsiders call themselves. As for us from the Immortal World, we respect their power. Therefore, if they wish to call themselves Gods, then we approve!”

“It is only because we approve of them that... killing them feels so wonderful!”

“Remember, Immortals are above everything. And Gods... are like treasures to make ourselves stronger! In my lifetime, I slew 92 Gods. Eventually, I was killed, but my will remained behind in this stone stele, transformed into a soul of battle!” The God-Slaying Fist closed in.

Meng Hao was shaking, as he realized that he was completely incapable of blocking this fist strike. It was an entire world condensed into one fist. Despite the fact that his cultivation base was now vastly beyond his previous level, it was still impossible for him to resist it.

“Why... should I resist it?” Suddenly, his mind trembled as an idea formed. His eyes began to shine brightly, and instead of trying to block it, he clenched his own hand into a fist and chose to imitate the old man. He decided... to unleash his own God-Slaying Fist!

The old man threw his head back and laughed. When his fist connected with Meng Hao’s, all of the power of the world poured into Meng Hao. However, Meng Hao wasn’t injured at all; instead, the power guided him to a new awareness. As the power poured into his fist, the world collapsed.

“Go, you have been enlightened!” The old man’s smiling voice echoed out as the world vanished. When everything became clear again, Meng Hao was outside of the ninth golden gate stone stele.

Behind him, the name in the 1st place position, Zong Wuya... moved to 2nd place.

Meng Hao’s name shone with boundless golden light as he moved to... 1st place!

Chapter 1083: Lord Fifth’s Grand Ambition!

For years in the Ninth Mountain and Sea’s Nine Seas God World, the most 1st place spots occupied by any one person was six. That person earned honor and glory that lasted for many years before fading. Even to this day, there was some trace of that glory left behind.

The single remaining trace was on the ranking list of the ninth golden gate stone stele. That person was the previous 1st place spot holder... Zong Wuya. A thousand years before, he had been the

number one Chosen in the Nine Seas God World. Although he had become a legend, strangely, his name was not very well known in the outside world.

But now, Meng Hao had broken his record. He had eight 1st place spots, ensuring that everyone in the sect was shaken, from the cultivators watching everything that happened in person to those who were observing from afar in secluded meditation.

Conversations immediately broke out in the crowd.

“This makes me think of... Elder Brother Zong Wuya from all those years ago....”

“His performance was just as stunning and grand. So domineering....”

“Elder Brother Zong Wuya’s achievements slowly faded away over a thousand years. As for Meng Hao’s achievements... I wonder how many thousands of years will have to pass before he is surpassed... as 1st place on the ninth stele!”

As the buzz from the surrounding crowd continued to grow louder, Meng Hao took a deep breath, clasped hands, and bowed deeply to Granny Nine and the others. Then, he turned and shot off toward his Immortal’s cave.

As Meng Hao left, he heard Granny Nine’s transmitting into his ears: “Seven days. In seven days, the Windswept Realm will be opened.... Make your final preparations.”

He stopped in place, then turned and bowed again, before finally vanishing.

Soon after, he appeared in his valley Immortal’s cave, sinking down through the water.

Almost immediately, he heard shrill cries echoing about, which happened to be the excited squawks of the parrot.

“Listen up, it’s inspection time! Look lively for Lord Fifth! Come, come. We sing on my mark! Lord Fifth’s future happiness all depends on you!”

The meat jelly didn't want to be left behind, so it cried out: "And Lord Third too! Lord Third's future all depends on you!"

Meng Hao looked around, a strange expression on his face. The first thing he noticed was that the group of Demonic cultivators in the pool of water looked extremely gaunt and haggard. However, their expressions were that of mad piety, as if the parrot were truly a god to them.

Even more shocking was that Su Yan looked completely different than before. Her face was pale, and she looked dazed. Apparently, the ordeal of going through these days of indescribable torment had brought her willpower to the point of breaking. She looked like she was going through the motions on pure instinct.

The parrot gave a shout, and the singing began. Everyone belted out the song in harmony, maintaining a strange cadence. Despite having prepared himself mentally, as soon as Meng Hao heard the song, he could barely force himself to keep listening for more than a few seconds.

"I'm your little, dear little seafood dish! However you love me, it's never too much! I'm your little, dear little seafood dish! Seeeeaaafoooooood DISH!"

The parrot looked around arrogantly, especially as the final verse was sung, and the pitch of the song rose up sharply. In the blink of an eye, the sky went dim, and a huge wind kicked up.

Meng Hao's eyes went wide as he stared at all of this happening. He took a deep breath, and was unable to stop himself from admiring the parrot and meat jelly. He had handed over a troupe of hateful Demonic cultivators to the two dunces, and they had come back to him with an impassioned, fanatical singing group.

"STOP!" the parrot cried suddenly, flapping its wings to stop the singing. Not a peep could be heard from the singers. Meng Hao didn't even dare to think about what they had experienced to cause them to behave so well.

"Look, bitches, don't you remember what Lord Fifth told you!? You can't sing that way! You have to have FEELING! You need to MOVE YOUR EYES!" Enraged, the parrot flew over to a sea turtle and began to beat it viciously with its wings.

"And YOU, you giant scallop! You need to shine! You hear me!? DAMMIT! You idiot!"

“And the rest of you, what are you looking so happy for!? What the hell were you doing with that last verse, huh? What the hell? Lord Fifth wants the tone to rise. Do you understand? RISING TONE!”

After more enraged rebuking, the parrot finally flew over to Meng Hao, looking very apologetic, as if it had failed in its mission.

“Haowie, give Lord Fifth a bit more time. These morons don’t listen very well. In Lord Fifth’s opinion, if we try to sell them now, we’ll really sustain some heavy losses. Just leave them in my hands for a bit longer. Lord Fifth has a dream, and that dream is to have a really top-notch seafood song. I’m going to intensify the training immediately!

“The day will come when I take them out in the Ninth Mountain and Sea. We’ll tour the entire Mountain and Sea Realm! We’ll travel through the starry sky! Their song will become the melody of all the Heavens!” Having found its new ambition, the parrot began to glow with bright light.

Meng Hao stared in shock. Before he could even say anything in response, the meat jelly jumped in.

“Hey, you old pigeon, why are you glowing all of a sudden?! Waahhhh! How’d you do that?! I want to glow!” It suddenly held its breath, causing its face to turn red. Then it let out a mighty bellow, after which... it suddenly began to glow with bright light as well.

Meng Hao felt a headache coming on. He quickly nodded at the seemingly insane parrot, then hastily turned and flew toward his Immortal’s cave. As he neared it, he could hear the voice of the meat jelly calling out in irritation.

“Listen, you crotchety pigeon, these seafood dishes are obedient thanks to Lord Third’s contributions! Lord Third wants bullies! Lord Third wants these seafood dishes sold and exchanged for bullies! I must convert bullies!”

“Moron! How much do you think you could sell them for? Do you even have a brain? Well, do you? You can count, can’t you!?”

“Lord Third has a brain! Lord Third’s entire body is a brain!!”

When Meng Hao heard this, he cleared his throat and stepped into his Immortal’s cave. Moments later, more angry bickering could be heard from the parrot.

“Moron! Fool! Idiot! These seafood dishes would only sell for a trifling sum! However, after they’ve completed Lord Fifth’s training, we’ll have an incredible singing group on our hands! Whatever place we go to, we can sell out huge concerts! Do you know how many spirit stones we can make? That’s the best way to handle things long-term!”

“You mean like when Meng Hao got all those spirit stones when he went to the Medicine Pavilion in the Fang Clan?”

“Obviously! Except that Haowie doesn’t count for bird crap. If he can do that, just imagine how much better Lord Fifth can do! I’ve already figured it all out. When the time comes, the two of us will be the lead singers. Even Haowie will have to come sing too. When I think of that image, I just get so excited! We need to think of a band name! Come on, start thinking of some ideas.”

Meng Hao slipped into his Immortal’s cave and waved his hand, sealing away the outside world. He truly had no further desire to listen to the parrot and meat jelly speaking to each other. As for the song... Meng Hao believed that he would feel utmost admiration for anyone who could listen to the entire thing.

Although, if the parrot actually did succeed, and the seafood song got popular, maybe he would cooperate and sing with them... for the spirit stones.

He sat down cross-legged and patted his bag of holding. A beam of light immediately flew out, which was Chu Yuyan. As he lay her down in front of him, he noticed that her face was no longer pale, but had some color to it. She still wasn’t awake, though.

He looked at her for a long time before finally sighing inwardly. Then he reached out and touched her forehead, sending cultivation base power into her, accelerating the process of dispelling the poison.

The heart-blood of ten Sea Dragons was definitely capable of dispelling the poison afflicting her. However, it wasn’t capable of doing so very quickly. The process of cleansing her qi passageways was a slow one, in which the poison was constantly broken down and transformed into something beneficial to one’s cultivation base.

After checking her thoroughly, he sat in thought for a moment, and then decided not to force the process to go any faster. Chu Yuyan’s current state wasn’t a harmful one to her, and in fact, could be viewed as a type of good fortune.

Actually, the Sea Dragon venom was both a venom and powerful tonic. With no antidote, it would be deadly. With the antidote, it was exactly the opposite.

“This catastrophe will actually help her to make a huge advancement in terms of her cultivation base, and bring her that much closer to the Immortal Realm.” Eventually, he pulled his finger back, whereupon a tremor ran through Chu Yuyan. Her eyes opened slowly, and she looked blankly at Meng Hao. Then, her eyes went wide for a moment before she closed them again, as if she were thinking.

After a few breaths of time passed, she opened her eyes again, and they were clear and bright.

She seemed extremely calm, although her voice was a bit weak as she said, “Was it you that saved me? Thank you. What is this place?”

When he saw the expression on her face, he was silent for a moment before saying: “It was my fault you got dragged into this.... We’re in the Nine Seas God World.”

Then he proceeded to explain everything that had happened.

Chu Yuyan didn’t speak. She merely listened quietly. From the look of it, she was in a very fragile state, and would only be able to stay awake for a short period of time.

After hearing the story, she smiled slightly, as if she had forgotten about everything that had occurred between the two of them in the past, and now thought of them as merely friends. She gave a nod of understanding, doing nothing to reveal what she might actually be thinking.

“I never imagined that after all these years, we would meet again like this.”

Were it not for the words she had muttered back on Seajacket Island, Meng Hao would have had a hard time detecting that she was acting strangely. Now that he was looking for it, it was plain to see that she was putting on an act. Furthermore, within her slight smile could be seen a trace of both disappointment and pride.

Back on Planet South Heaven, she had made a decision. You have your glory, and I... I have my pride.

“It doesn’t matter how it all happened,” she said. “Thank you. I will remember the kindness you’ve shown. Maybe I won’t ever be able to pay you back, but I won’t forget.” She struggled to her feet, then gave Meng Hao a curtsying bow.

Seeing Chu Yuyan act so politely toward him caused Meng Hao to sit there in quiet reticence.

“I’ve recovered,” she said softly, “so... I’ll take my leave now. You... take care of yourself.” Supporting herself by leaning against the wall of the cave, she made to leave, but was too weak. After only a few steps, she staggered, face pale, and began to fall over.

Sighing, Meng Hao reached out to steady her.

Biting her bottom lip, Chu Yuyan smiled and said, “Well don’t I look silly. I can walk, Meng Hao. Thank you.”

Brushing away his hand, she took a few steps forward, but then her body weakened, and she toppled over. Her forehead smacked into the stone wall, and because of the weakness of her body, and her lack of any of the protection of her cultivation base, it gashed her skin and blood began to flow.

She gaped in astonishment, and tears welled up in her eyes. She struggled to rise back to her feet, but couldn’t. Meng Hao stepped forward to help her.

“Thank you, but I can do it myself,” she said with a weak smile.

“Chu Yuyan!” Meng Hao growled, reaching down and helping her up.

Chapter 1084: The Path to the Windswept Realm!

Chu Yuyan trembled and took a deep breath. Then she turned slowly to look at Meng Hao and, summoning all the energy she could muster, said: “Let. Go. Of. Me!”

He frowned.

“What, can’t keep your hands off me?” she asked derisively. “Just like that year in the volcano?”

“You’re very weak right now,” he replied calmly, releasing her arm. “Don’t be so anxious to leave.”

“Thank you for saving me,” she said, her voice even weaker than before. “As for getting kidnapped, you don’t need to feel guilty about that. It’s not like you did it personally.” She tucked a strand of hair behind her ear and then slowly edged forward, keeping her hand planted firmly on the wall to support herself.

Meng Hao did nothing to stop her.

Just when she was almost at the exit, her weakness overwhelmed her. Her vision swam, and she lapsed into unconsciousness.

Meng Hao sighed, stepping forward and grabbing her before she could fall. He then laid her down on the ground and sat cross-legged off to the side, his expression complex.

The Immortal’s cave was very quiet, which allowed Meng Hao to do a lot of thinking. One by one, various scenes of events on Planet South Heaven played through his mind.

Time passed. Two days later, Chu Yuyan opened her eyes again. By now, she had recovered a lot of her energy, but was still weak. She struggled to her feet once again, but this time, didn’t mention anything about leaving. She sat down cross-legged, gazing blankly at nothing.

“Do you remember Han Bei?” Meng Hao suddenly asked.

Chu Yuyan didn’t respond for a long time. Finally she turned and looked at Meng Hao with a slight frown.

“Who’s Han Bei?”

Meng Hao’s eyes widened. After a moment of thought, he said, “Han Bei, from Planet South Heaven. She was a disciple of the Black Sieve Sect, in the Southern Domain.”

“Doesn’t ring a bell,” she said, looking at him, “I didn’t have much contact with the Black Sieve Sect. Why?”

“Oh, nothing. I was just thinking of something that happened a while back.” His face darkened as he realized that Chu Yuyan’s answer didn’t really help him much at all. After all... Chu Yuyan never really knew much about the Black Sieve Sect to begin with!

Therefore, it made sense that she might not know much about Han Bei. The fact that she didn’t remember her now was a bit of a clue, but not true proof, nor much of an explanation about anything. After all, Chu Yuyan’s position within the Violet Fate Sect had been far different than Han Bei’s in the Black Sieve Sect.

It was even possible that she had never even heard of Han Bei, or if she had, never cared enough to take note of her.

Seeing that Meng Hao didn’t want to discuss the matter further, Chu Yuyan didn’t ask any questions. She closed her eyes to meditate. Right now, she knew that she didn’t have the energy to leave; therefore, the best thing to do was to recover as quickly as possible. Then she could leave and return to her sect. She... didn’t want to look at Meng Hao, which made it difficult to know how to interact with him. Every time she saw him, she felt unsettled.

In the days following her departure from Planet South Heaven, she had often asked herself what it was about Meng Hao that she actually liked. It couldn’t just be that one incident in the volcano. Nor could it be all the things that had happened afterward. In the end, she couldn’t find a good reason. She knew that she should hate him, but no matter how much she tried, it was as if... his image was burned into her heart. Sometimes it was Fang Mu from the Violet Fate Sect, and sometimes it was Meng Hao. Sometimes it was both.

She couldn’t get rid of those images. It was almost like some type of curse.

Chu Yuyan sighed, closed her eyes, and continued to meditate.

The Immortal’s cave was once again silent. After a while, Meng Hao’s eyes glimmered as various possibilities flickered through his mind.

“Maybe I’m just reading too much into it, but... the whole situation is very peculiar.” After more thought, his eyes began to shine. Although the matter seemed relatively simple, the more he thought about it, the more complicated it got. He was finally convinced that there was definitely something extraordinary going on.

“The easiest way to discover the truth would be to just go back to Planet South Heaven. However... the Black Sieve Sect is long gone, and it would be hard to track down any survivors.

“Well, Qing'er was there. Once we're reunited, I can ask her and I'll know for sure. If Qing'er doesn't remember Han Bei either, then that means... there's definitely something very mysterious going on!”

Due to the imminent opening of the Windswept Realm, Meng Hao took the time to make various preparations. He used spirit-immortal stones on all of his black beetles, and even increased the number he fed them in order to speed up the process. In the days that passed, he sealed them away one by one into his bag of holding.

In addition to that, he was also maintaining the peak performance of his Immortal Emperor state. He was far, far stronger than before, and also had his newly empowered divine sense. Furthermore, because of all the trials and tribulations that he had experienced, his cultivation base had experienced explosive growth.

However, those were not his trump cards. His trump card was his Ancient Realm fleshly body, and the two ignited Soul Lamps in his eyes. Because of that, his battle prowess was vastly increased.

Another thing he did was organize his bag of holding. He wanted to make sure that he was thoroughly and completely prepared for the Windswept Realm. He also took out the half-burned incense stick that he had acquired along with the spirit-immortal stones. After examining it thoughtfully for a while, he carefully put it back into his bag of holding.

“I should be able to find an opportunity to absorb my second Nirvana Fruit in the Windswept Realm!” he thought, taking a deep breath.

Soon, seven days passed. At dawn, the toll of bells could be heard, filling the entire Nine Seas God World. Meng Hao's eyes opened, and they shone brightly.

In the same moment that he opened his eyes, an ancient voice echoed in his ears. It was none other than Godmaster. “Meng Hao, the hour has arrived. Come to the mountain peak!”

Meng Hao took a deep breath and rose to his feet. At the same time, he waved his hands, causing numerous bands of black light to fly toward him. In the end, more than fifty black pods landed on his palm, which he then put into his bag of holding.

He looked over at Chu Yuyan, who opened her eyes and looked back at him.

“Take good care of yourself,” she said softly.

Meng Hao nodded and walked to the door of the Immortal’s cave. There, he stopped.

“The place I’m going to is the shattered remnant of another world. The natural laws there are incomplete, which makes investigation of them that much easier. The venom inside you will dissipate within seven days, and your cultivation base will be restored....

“At that time, you will be on the very edge of the Immortal Realm, on the verge of a breakthrough!

“Because of the chaos of natural law in the place I’m going, it’s actually a very suitable place for Immortal Ascension. However, there are also many dangers there. Do you... want to come along?”

Chu Yuyan sat there quietly, expressions of confusion and reminiscence flashing across her face. After a long moment, her expression turned to one of resolve. She had suddenly recalled something told to her once.... by Pill Demon.

Work hard at cultivation. That way... one day, if you find you’ve lost everything, you will still have a Great dao with you.

Chu Yuyan looked up at Meng Hao and said, “Thank you. I’ll go!”

He didn’t respond. He waved his right sleeve, causing an incredible gravitational force to appear. Chu Yuyan didn’t struggle; she allowed the power to pull her into Meng Hao’s bag of holding.

Finally, Meng Hao turned and exited the Immortal’s cave in a flash.

As soon as he appeared outside the door, he shot upward. As he did, he glanced down at the Demonic cultivators and Su Yan, then made a grasping motion, sealing them and pulling them into his bag of holding. “Parrot! Meat jelly! Let’s go!”

The parrot gaped in astonishment, and the meat jelly looked flabbergasted.

“Go where?”

“The Windswept Realm!”

RUMBLE!

Meng Hao shot out of the water and flew up into the sky. The parrot and meat jelly transformed into beams of light that caught up and landed on Meng Hao’s shoulder. The meat jelly was still blabbering.

“Windswept Realm? Where’s that? What kind of place is it? I’ve never been there! How do we get there, huh? Hey, why aren’t you saying anything?”

“Shut up!” the parrot growled. Then it cleared its throat and was about to speak when Meng Hao interrupted: “There are bullies there. And also creatures with lots of fur and feathers.” Instantly, the meat jelly grew very serious, and the parrot, very excited. The two ninnies exchanged glances, then let out whoops of excitement.

Meng Hao flew over the lands of the sect at top speed. Soon, the same mountain peak where he had first met Granny Nine and Godmaster appeared up ahead.

The top of the mountain was covered with glittering white snow, just like before. However, there was also something new, a pillar of light rising up into the sky, shooting out of the sect, through the Ninth Sea, and up into the starry sky.

Next, six additional beams of light appeared from various locations in the Nine Seas God World, which also shot up into the sky. All of the Nine Seas God World’s spell formations were activated, unleashing incredible power in all directions.

As he looked over the scene, Meng Hao was shocked to find that a Dao Realm Patriarch could be seen sitting cross-legged within each of the pillars of light. Granny Nine was there, as were Godmaster and Ling Yunzi. Even the two Demonic Patriarchs were there.

In total, seven pillars of light were shooting up into the starry sky. There, distortions could be seen as a huge rift opened up.

Simultaneously, all of the cultivators in the Nine Seas God World, including those of the Immortal Realm and Ancient Realm, sat cross-legged in meditation, organized into a massive spell formation.

As they unleashed the power of their cultivation bases, the energy of Heaven and Earth descended, which in turn caused the energy of the Nine Seas God World to erupt explosively. The energy poured into the seven pillars of light, causing them to shine even more resplendently.

Soon, the full power of the cultivation bases of all the Nine Seas God World disciples was being unleashed, including that of the Demonic cultivators. The entire sect trembled, and the land quaked. Suddenly, the entire land mass began to rise. Every inch that it rose caused the seven pillars of light to grow even stronger. Massive rumbling could be heard, and the rift up in the starry sky opened wider.

That rift was apparently... the path to the Windswept Realm!

The entire land mass rose higher and higher, faster and faster. Soon, it was rising hundreds of meters with every movement. Sea water cascaded down off of it.

Meng Hao was shaken as he stood there watching all of this happen, his eyes shining with anticipation of reaching the Windswept Realm!

“Other than the fact that half of the world crumbled away, and many natural laws changed, everything else is a perfectly preserved replica of... one of the Lower Realms of yesteryear!”

“The Windswept Realm!” he murmured.

Chapter 1085: Arriving in the Windswept Realm!

RUUUUUUMMMMMBLLLLLE!

Booms like thunder filled the Ninth Sea, echoing out powerfully in all directions. The waters boiled and roared, almost as if an awakening giant were about to burst out from under the surface!

That giant... was none other than the Nine Seas God World! It rose up, 300 meters, then 3,000 meters... in the space of a few breaths, massive rumbling filled the entire Ninth Sea as a huge land mass flew up into the air!

From a distance, it looked like a gigantic island, with seven beams of light shooting up from it. The light flew up into the starry sky, causing the rift up above to grow larger and larger.

At the same time, Fan Dong'er appeared near Meng Hao on the same mountain. She was also looking up into the sky, her expression that of nervousness... and excitement!

In addition to Fan Dong'er, there were three others, two men and a woman. They looked familiar to Meng Hao, and he quickly placed them as other Chosen disciples of the Nine Seas God World.

All of them were waiting with keen anticipation.

On the other side of the mountain, more figures appeared in quick succession. Bei Yu was one of them. She stepped out slowly, flanked by three other Demonic cultivators. All of them had profound cultivation bases. One of them, Meng Hao recognized; he was none other than the burly body cultivator he had fought not too long ago.

Obviously, when the Nine Seas God World opened the Windswept Realm, it would not just be Meng Hao entering by himself. All of these people would be joining him!

Meanwhile, similar scenes played out in the Eighth Sea. There, columns of light rose up from the God World just like they had in the Ninth Sea, shooting up into the starry sky to open a huge rift. On the Eighth Sea, a huge continent appeared, upon which a group of eight people could be seen waiting in anticipation.

One of those people was extremely gaunt, and stood apart from the others. He was surrounded by countless swirling bones, and his eyes shone with a cold gleam as he smiled slightly.

“Windswept Realm. I should be able to kill to my heart's content.”

It was the same in the Seventh Sea, the Sixth Sea, the Fifth Sea, and the Fourth Sea. As of this moment, huge land masses rose up from all of them, as well as towering columns of light which tore open rifts in the starry sky.

On the Fourth Sea, laughter rang out. A young man stood there, wearing a long black robe, laughing heartily. On his forehead, an Echelon mark could be seen, glittering brightly.

A brutally cold gleam could be seen in his eyes, and as the rift in the starry sky slowly opened up, his laughter grew louder.

Countless people stood respectfully in front of him, showing incredible reverence.

By this point, each and every member of the Echelon could be seen on the surfaces of the Seas in their respective corners of the Mountain and Sea Realm. All of them were waiting... for the Windswept Realm to open. All of these people were Chosen, and any one of them could be considered similar to Meng Hao. To the other Chosen from their parts of the Mountain and Sea Realm, they were seemingly impassable mountains.

Now, all of these mountain-like figures were going to convene in the Windswept Realm, which would be the location... of the Echelon battles!

Some Echelon members had already clashed on numerous occasions. However, for Meng Hao, this would be his first time... encountering any of them!

Echelon battles were battles of life and death. They were not expressions of mere friction between members, but a method of determining... who was the most powerful among them!

As for all of the other people who entered the Windswept Realm with the Echelon, they were secondary, mere adornments really. Of course, if they were qualified, it wouldn't necessarily be impossible... for them to kill one of the Echelon members and even steal a place in the Echelon itself!

A young woman flew through the air near the Third Mountain. She wore a long, white garment, and was so immaculately beautiful that she could cause all other life forms to dim in comparison.

This was the same woman who had been playing Go with the young Echelon member from the First Mountain. She had left to search for Meng Hao after sensing his presence, hoping to play a game of Go with him and discuss the Dao. She was the Immortal Ancient successor, Xue'er!

She suddenly stopped in place and turned her head. A beautiful smile could be seen on her face, and all of a sudden, the entire world, even the entire starry sky, seemed to shine brightly.

“Looks like I can save a lot of energy and not go all the way to the Ninth Mountain,” she thought. “I’ll just look for him in the Windswept Realm.” Smiling, she headed toward the Third Sea.

She was not in the Echelon, but she was someone... who any Echelon member would view as extremely important!

In fact, anyone who could obtain her assistance would assuredly grow much more powerful than the others, and would make much more progress on the path of the Echelon. In fact, their chances of final success... would be even greater!

All of the great Seas in the Mountain and Sea Realm were boiling and roaring. Rifts opened up in the starry sky, growing larger by the moment. If there was a position in the Mountain and Sea Realm that enabled you to see all of the various starry skies, then you would be able to see that...

The rifts above all of the Nine Seas of the Mountain and Sea Realm formed a straight line. However, currently it was as if that line had been cut into nine segments, which were beginning to stretch out across their respective mountains and seas. It was obvious that soon those lines would join together to form a path... a huge rift connecting together through the entire Mountain and Sea Realm!

At that time... the Windswept Realm would be completely opened.

Everyone was waiting in anticipation.

Meng Hao took a deep breath, and his eyes glittered brightly. He could also sense that each and every one of the other Echelon members in the other Mountains and Seas was waiting just as he was.

It was at this point that Godmaster’s voice rang out over the Ninth Sea: “The will of the Ninth Sea accepts the orders once set down by Paragon Sea Dream. Let the Ninth Sea’s will... open the Windswept Door!”

Instantly, the Ninth Sea began to rumble. Huge waves surged back and forth as a sword began to rise up out of the water. It was completely formed of seawater, and in the blink of an eye, it flew up into the sky with shocking speed.

This was a sword that seemed capable of exterminating all life.

Almost in the same moment that the sword appeared, it shot toward the starry sky, where it slashed at the rift. The entire world trembled, and cracking sounds echoed out, causing the minds of all onlookers to tremble. A huge rumbling sound could be heard as the rift suddenly tore open, ripping directly toward the Eighth Mountain.

It almost looked like the starry sky was shattering. It was an assault on the eyes, causing everyone who saw it to be shaken to the verge of madness.

Simultaneously, above the Eighth Sea, countless cultivators watched as the rift from the Ninth Mountain and Sea ripped toward them. In the blink of an eye, it merged with the rift above the Eighth Mountain, whereupon a huge blade shot out from the Eighth Sea up toward the starry sky and ripped it open further!

Rumbling could be heard as the force from the blade caused the rift to rip open toward the Seventh Sea. Next, a huge pagoda flew up from the Seventh Sea, causing the rift to rip toward the Sixth Sea....

It was like a cycle. It continued on to the Fifth Sea, the Fourth Sea, the Third Sea... until the very end, when the huge rift merged with the rift above the First Sea, creating one gargantuan rift above the Mountain and Sea Realm.

In the moment that the rift opened, Meng Hao and all of the others trembled violently and felt their hearts pounding. They all knew full well that their destination was not a place in the Mountain and Sea Realm!

This trial by fire involved leaving the Mountain and Sea Realm, and going to one of the former Lower Realms!

For Meng Hao, this feeling was completely different than the feeling he had experienced when leaving Planet South Heaven and heading toward Planet East Victory.

Godmaster's archaic voice echoed out again: "The hour has arrived. Meng Hao... it is time to leave!"

"Keep in mind, you will not be the only disciple going to the Windswept Realm. There will also be cultivators from the other Eight Seas. Remember, the only person you can rely upon... is yourself!"

“Even more importantly, remember that the World Essence lies in the central region of the Windswept Realm. That is what you must acquire!

“Whoever acquires the World Essence will be the victor of this trial by fire. It is only then that the great door back to the Mountain and Sea Realm will appear and you will be able to return!

“When in the Windswept Realm, you must rely on yourself, but, you will also have the support of your fellow sect members. Whatever past grievances or grudges existed will no longer apply in the Windswept Realm. I don’t care what you do to each other after you get back, even if you start fighting immediately afterwards!

“However, in the Windswept Realm, the most important thing... is that you work together!”

Suddenly, Godmaster waved his sleeve, causing a bag of holding to fly out toward Meng Hao. Inside that bag of holding was the 300,000,000 Immortal jades he had won from the Demonic Cultivator Horde!

It was at this point that one of the two Patriarchs from the Demonic Cultivator Horde spoke:

“All of you, take heed. While you are in the Windswept Realm, forget about past matters. The most important thing is to work as a team!”

After the words echoed out, Godmaster spoke into Meng Hao’s mind.

“After you get to the Windswept Realm, it’s up to you whether or not to kill the Demonic cultivators. Don’t think that the things you have experienced recently are unique to the Ninth Sea. All of the other members of the Echelon from the other Seas have experienced similar dangers!”

Similar provocative words were spoken into the ears of the Demonic cultivators.

Rumbling could be heard as Meng Hao suddenly shot up into the air. He was followed by Fan Dong’er and Bei Yu, plus the three ordinary cultivators and the three Demonic cultivators. In total, nine streaks of colorful light shot up into the rift in the starry sky.

As they neared, a powerful gravitational force appeared, which grabbed ahold of them and pulled them into the pitch black of the rift.

Streaks of light could also be seen above the Eighth Sea, the Seventh Sea... all the way to the First Sea. In each and every case, there were nine people, no more, no less.

The only exception was in the Third Sea, where the young woman Xue'er joined the group, bringing their numbers to a total of ten.

All in all, 82 cultivators shot into the rift.

Of that entire group, Meng Hao was the first to enter!

In this instance, it was the Ninth Sea which had opened the Windswept Realm, and Meng Hao was the most qualified from that location. As such, he was the first cultivator to enter the Windswept Realm.

He was in the lead, surrounded by boundless darkness. However, a wind could be felt, a wind which grew stronger and stronger. Eventually, it was like a windstorm which swept about in all directions.

Within that windstorm, Meng Hao could see countless corpses and ruins. It looked like the remains of a battlefield, from which he could sense how terrifying the war had been which destroyed all these things.

It was even more shocking than the Ruins of Immortality!

Suddenly, an enormous gravitational force appeared within the windstorm, grabbing Meng Hao, Fan Dong'er and the others, and pulling them forward.

Up ahead was a rift that bore a strong semblance to a spell formation. It was filled with an ancient aura, making it impossible to determine how long the spell formation had stood there, surrounded by the wreckage of war.

There was no time to examine his surroundings. Despite having seen the glow of magical treasures in the surrounding ruins, Meng Hao didn't have a chance to grab any of them. He and the others from the Ninth Sea shot toward the spell formation rift, and were instantly sucked in.

In that moment, they were suddenly swept across the void and into a strange world.

Before any of them could even see clearly, Meng Hao heard trembling, awe-struck voices echoing out around him.

“We respectfully welcome all Grand Immortals!”

Chapter 1086: Desire in the Windswept Realm!

The Windswept Realm!

Once one of the 3,000 Lower Realms, it was called the garden of the Immortal World, and was regarded as one of the one hundred most important Realms!

Many, many cultivators appeared here who eventually ascended to the Immortal World, where they occupied numerous positions of Immortal authority. In fact, there was even an Imperial Lord who had arisen from there!

An Imperial Lord was a venerable stage that existed between the Dao Realm and the Paragon Realm!

That was in the heyday of the Windswept Realm, when it was filled with countless lands and seas, and experienced an endless baptism from the Immortal River of the Paragon Immortal Realm.

Back then, the Windswept Realm was even called Little Immortal World. Its skies were bright blue, touched with occasional Immortal Rain that virtually bathed the life forms of the lands in an Immortal will.

The enormous Immortal River in its sky was like a waterfall that fell down onto the lands below, causing an endless wind to gust. That wind would catalyze the life force flames of all living things, making the place extremely suitable for cultivation. Even mortals who lived there had extremely long lives, and it was not uncommon for them to live longer than two sixty-year-cycles.

That was how the Windswept Realm got its name.

To the cultivators of the Windswept Realm, the Paragon Immortal Realm was a fear-inspiring place. They were both inspired by its power, and at the same time, feared it. They showed extreme respect to any Immortal who descended from the Paragon Immortal Realm. To them, even the slightest word uttered by an Immortal was something of profound importance. In fact, any expression or tone of voice that could cause displeasure to an Immortal was not tolerated in the Windswept Realm.

Of course, not all Immortals were so easily displeased. Most Immortals were revered, but not intensely feared. After all, the Windswept Realm had existed for an eternity, and many Patriarchs or other members of the various sects or clans there eventually ascended to the Immortal World.

Unfortunately, all of that changed during the great catastrophe. The Windswept Realm as a whole collapsed, and more than half of its lands were lost, as if they had been swallowed up by some great beast. The fires of war swept about, and as a result, it no longer seemed like a celestial paradise, but rather, was reduced to ruins.

Most importantly of all, the Immortal River was cut off. Like the other Realms, the Windswept Realm was cut off, leaving it in isolation. As the years went by, the world slowly recovered, but that obstacle always remained.

Therefore, the people of the Windswept Realm were unaware of everything happening outside of their world. They thought that the Paragon Immortal Realm was still as eternally powerful as ever. Therefore, any Immortal who visited their Realm was met with a deferential respect that was ingrained in their blood, and was as strong as ever.

Furthermore... it had been a very, very long time since anyone from the Windswept Realm had ascended to the Immortal World. That led to hesitation on their part. As for their cultivation bases, they were limited to the Cauldron Seeking stage, making it impossible for them advance further into Immortal Ascension, which would make it possible for them to leave their world.

Because of all of that, any Immortal who arrived was treated with incredible respect, and was even feared. It also caused the cultivators of the Windswept Realm to thirst for the good fortune which might be available from the Immortals.... Therefore, to the people of this generation of the Windswept Realm, the recently arrived cultivators from the Mountain and Sea Realm... were like deities!

Meng Hao and Fan Dong'er, as well as the other three ordinary cultivators, plus Bei Yu and the three Demonic cultivators, all arrived in the southeastern region of the Windswept Realm, in the middle of a desert.

Rolling sands spread out in all directions, and the heat was so intense that it caused everyone to sweat profusely. Despite that, there were nearly ten thousand cultivators present, packed together tightly, prostrated on the ground in the shape of a spell formation.

There was no attacking power built into this spell formation; it was merely ceremonial, a show of respect.

It was made of men and women, children and old folks. They all prostrated on hands and knees, their expressions that of awe and reverence. Their heads were bowed, and not a single one dared to look up.

In the middle of this group of people was a huge altar, covered with numerous carvings that emanated what seemed like an eternal, untouchable power.

As of this moment, nine beams of light could be seen illuminating the sky as they shot down toward the altar, which let out rumbling booms. All of the magical symbols on the altar began to shine and glow, as if to receive the incoming guests.

The rumbling sounds grew more intense, and the surrounding cultivators began to tremble even harder. None of them dared to even lift their heads. One of them, an old man who was located in the ring of cultivators closest to the altar, called out in a loud voice:

“We respectfully welcome all the Grand Immortals!”

His words echoed out for the time it takes about ten breaths of time, after which, brilliant pillars of light shot up from the altar to connect to them. Then the light slowly faded away to reveal... nine cultivators!

Meng Hao was one of them. All of the people from the Nine Seas God World shone with golden light, making them look completely sacred and inviolable. Furthermore, because their cultivation bases vastly exceeded that of the cultivators of the Windswept Realm, they emanated incredible pressure which pushed down on the surrounding crowd and caused them to tremble.

Meng Hao looked out of sorts for a brief moment before recovering. His eyes swept about, taking in the altar they were standing on, and the more than 10,000 cultivators prostrated respectfully. He also saw that past the cultivators were even more people, tens of thousands all prostrated on the ground, not daring to lift their heads.

Up in front of those tens of thousands of people was a middle-aged man wearing an Imperial robe. He was also trembling as he prostrated himself. From the look of it, he was the emperor of this region or nation.

Neither Meng Hao, nor the others with him, were used to having such a large group of people prostrating in deference.

The old man who stood among the 10,000 cultivators was the first one to lift his head and look at Meng Hao and the other eight. He seemed incredibly ancient, as if he had lived for countless years. However, his cultivation base was only at the Cauldron Seeking stage.

“Grand Immortals,” he said, “it is the inestimable honor of our Ninth Nation to welcome you here today! It has been over a thousand years since any Immortal has arrived here to bestow good fortune. Please accept the worship of our Ninth Nation’s seven great sects and three great clans!”

Behind him were ten old men, who were apparently the Patriarchs of the sects and clans he had just mentioned. They radiated respect as they slowly raised their heads to look at Meng Hao and the others, whereupon they once again bowed in worship.

“I am your servant Jian Daozi,” said the oldest of the old men, the first one to speak. “Grand Immortals, now that you have descended to our Lower Realm, anything you need or want will be provided to you. We will do anything in our power to satisfy your every desire!” His eyes burned with passion as his voice rang out.

“If we asked all of you to end your own lives, would you?” asked one of the Demonic cultivators standing with Bei Yu, his voice cold.

Meng Hao frowned in response to his words, and even Bei Yu looked displeased.

However, the old man named Jian Daozi didn’t hesitate for even a moment.

“Unless another of the Grand Immortals interfered, all you would have to do would be to speak the word!”

The Demonic cultivator hesitated for a moment. However, both Meng Hao and Fan Dong'er, as well as all of the others, could hear the decisiveness and resolve in Jian Daozi's words, as well as the fanatical passion.

It wasn't just him who had such an attitude, all of the old men, and apparently all of the other cultivators... were exactly the same. Although not every single individual appeared to be madly fanatical, the reverence that shone in their eyes, the type that an inferior person would show toward a superior, caused Meng Hao's heart to tremble.

All of a sudden, a young cultivator among the crowd couldn't seem to hold back any longer, and lifted his head to look at Meng Hao and the other eight. When his eyes fell upon Bei Yu and Fan Dong'er, the youth seemed to be struck breathless.

Almost in the same instant that the young man looked up, the aged Jian Daozi's face flickered with anger. Similar looks appeared on the faces of all of the other old men.

"How dare you!!" roared Jian Daozi.

The young man's face went ashen, and a look of panic appeared on his face. He quickly bowed his head, but it was too late.

"Blasphemy against deities is a violation of the laws of the Windswept Realm!" Jian Daozi said coldly. He waved his finger toward the young man, causing a stream of air to slam into his forehead. The young man trembled and then died instantly.

This caused Meng Hao's eyes to widen. Everyone else stared in shock.

However, that simple action didn't finish things. One of the ten old men behind Jian Daozi immediately raised his right arm into the air and severed it. His face was pale white as he lifted his severed arm into the air and dropped to his knees.

"That young man was a member of my humble sect," he said. "I did not instruct him well, and am thus implicitly involved. I hope my severed arm will lessen the wrath of the Grand Immortals!"

Bei Yu was panting, and Fan Dong'er was completely shaken. Meng Hao stared in shock at everything that had happened. Even his willpower was rocked by the behavior of these people of the Windswept Realm.

The feeling was indescribable, as if, in the briefest of moments... they had all suddenly turned into true Paragons!

It would be impossible for them to experience such a feeling in the Mountain and Sea Realm, because there would always be cultivators above them who were far more powerful. Although the number of such higher powers was nothing compared to the people who were weaker than them, the Mountain and Sea Realm was simply too vast a place.

The Mountain and Sea Realm had its rules and etiquette, which were like layer upon layer of nets that entangled everyone. Such things formed natural law that didn't permit unbridled actions.

However, the Windswept Realm was not only cut off from any other Realm, the highest cultivation bases there were not even in the Immortal Realm. Therefore, Meng Hao and the other eight... really and truly were deities!

Power, wealth, and anything else they desired... could be had by merely asking!

If it was wealth, a single sentence could cause the riches of an entire nation to be handed over!

If it was power, then in an instant, they could be crowned an emperor!

Wherever they went in the Ninth Nation, if they fancied someone, they could take that person away at any time. They could do exactly as they pleased, and the people below them would not only be incapable of refusing to comply, they would actually feel honored to serve.

This was true from the moment they arrived. Something as astonishing as this caused the minds of Meng Hao and the others to reel. Finally, they were able to experience... what it was like.. to be completely unconstrained by any rules or customs.

In this place, they made the rules!

At this moment, similar scenes were playing out in all of the other districts of the Windswept Realm. Everyone who had arrived was shaken to the core!

The Echelon members and other cultivators from the Nine Seas of the Mountain and Sea Realm all went to different locations. However, each and every one of those locations belonged... solely to those people who occupied it.

In total, the Windswept Realm had nine nations; therefore, each of the Nine Seas occupied one of those nations.

In the center of the nine nations was the location of the World Essence, an ancient temple.... That was the goal of all of the people who had just arrived.

Chapter 1087: Eradication!

The Windswept Realm had nine regions, which were occupied by the Nine Nations. All of them together formed a huge ring shape.

In the center of the ring created by the Nine Nations was... the temple!

Between each of the nations was a massive windstorm that stretched from the sky down to the land, keeping all of the Nine Nations separated, and making passage between them very difficult.

Because of the windstorm barrier, the Nine Nations were essentially sealed. Only the Cauldron Seeking cultivators could pierce through, and even then, it required a steep price.

The barriers acted like a protection, allowing the Nine Nations to slowly grow and become more powerful.

But now that the cultivators from the Mountain and Sea Realm had arrived, the barriers separating the Nine Nations were trembling, and the eternal winds were showing signs of dissipating.

Currently, Meng Hao stood on the altar in the desert of the Ninth Nation, heart thumping. He watched as the young man was executed for simply looking up, and then saw the old man sever his own arm. The old man acted with complete decisiveness, such that blood was still spurting out of the wound as he dropped to his knees in worship.

Apparently... unless one of the Grand Immortals spoke, the man would not stop the blood from flowing.

Fan Dong'er was inwardly shaken, as was Bei Yu. The other ordinary cultivators and Demonic cultivators had similar reactions. They... could count as nothing more than the Junior generation in the cultivation world, and had not seen or experienced all the trials and tribulations that the old-timers had. The shocking scene left Fan Dong'er and the others mentally shaken.

Meng Hao stood there silently for a moment before waving his right finger. A medicinal pill flew out and landed on the stump of the old man's severed arm. In the blink of an eye, the wound healed, and the missing arm gradually began to grow back.

The old man trembled as he looked appreciatively at Meng Hao. Inwardly, he sighed with relief, and then once again bowed deeply.

“Many thanks, Grand Immortal!”

The oldest man among all of the Windswept Realm's cultivators was Jian Daozi. Wisdom flickered deep within his eyes as he casually turned to look over at Meng Hao. Then he clasped hands and said, “Grand Immortals, we invite you to enter the temporary Imperial residences we have set up here in the Ninth Nation. Grand Immortals... do you plan to reside together, or... live separately?”

As he finished speaking, he waved his hand, causing glittering light to rise up from the ground in front of him. Shockingly, a map of the entire Ninth Nation suddenly appeared.

The various areas on the map were clearly labeled to indicate which ones had spiritual energy, and which ones had abundant cultivation resources. All locations that were suitable for habitation by cultivators were clearly marked.

Furthermore, the various advantages and disadvantages of each location were explained clearly.

In the very center of the Ninth Nation, not too far from its capital city, was a mountain, half of which was covered with snow, and at the foot of which could be seen a lake. Furthermore, it was possible to see that much of the vital energy of the Ninth Nation at a whole was gathered there.

In addition to that mountain, there were two other locations which could be considered superb. As for the others, most were ordinary in nature.

After glancing over the map, Meng Hao's eyes flickered almost imperceptibly, and he looked back at Jian Daozi. Once again, he was able to perceive the wisdom and foresight which the old man possessed.

To Jian Daozi and the other cultivators, Meng Hao and his companions were all Grand Immortals. Although they venerated all of them, it was impossible for them to determine which of the nine... maintained the most superior position.

Not only did they have no way of ascertaining such matters on their own, they could not afford to make any mistakes. If there were any misunderstandings about the seniority of the visitors from the Mountain and Sea Realm, it could lead to dire consequences. This map, and the process by which the Immortals dealt with it, would be one way to get some instant clues.

Fan Dong'er looked over the map, then glanced at Meng Hao. Afterward, she extended her right hand and pointed at one of the two lesser areas, opting not to take the most optimal location, the mountain with the National Fate.

Bei Yu hesitated for a moment, then subconsciously looked over at Meng Hao. Her eyes glowed for a moment, and she didn't immediately make a decision.

The other three ordinary cultivators with Fan Dong'er were well-aware of their place, and picked other locations. However, with the exception of the burly body cultivator, the other Demonic cultivators looked at the map with glittering eyes. They edged slowly over to Bei Yu's side, then looked over coldly at Meng Hao, as if they were itching for a fight.

This scene immediately revealed how much friction existed between them, something that Jian Daozi and the others instantly picked up on.

Fan Dong'er said nothing. She backed up a few paces, unwilling to get involved. The other three ordinary cultivators hesitated for a moment before also backing up, apparently maintaining neutrality as they tried to ignore the increasing tension building up between Meng Hao and the Demonic cultivators.

The burly Demonic body cultivator seemed to be inwardly conflicted. He gritted his teeth hard before giving an angry glance at the other Demonic cultivators and then backing off. He, too, chose not to get involved. He was already... incredibly frightened of Meng Hao.

Among the nine new arrivals, five chose to remain neutral. Three Demonic cultivators remained behind, including Bei Yu, all of whom glared murderously at Meng Hao.

Meng Hao's expression was the same as ever, although inwardly, he maintained vigilance. These three Demonic cultivators obviously knew exactly how powerful he was, and yet they still were brave enough to bare their teeth. That indicated... that they were confident enough to go up against him, and were obviously... completely prepared.

Jian Daozi and the others watched what was happening with calm expressions. However, inwardly, they already had an answer to their original questions, causing their eyes to flicker toward Meng Hao.

Although Meng Hao didn't look like anything particularly special when compared with the others in his group, everyone's actions clearly showed his position and status.

"My Demonic Cultivator Horde has taken a liking to that mountain," Bei Yu suddenly said. She pointed at the mountain with the collection of vital qi.

Anyone could look at that mountain and tell that it possessed National Aura. Furthermore, that was obviously the best place to practice cultivation, and most likely the optimal location to gain enlightenment regarding the Windswept Realm.

"What a coincidence," replied Meng Hao, smiling. "I happened to take a liking to the same mountain." Although he was smiling, it was a cold smile. He had done nothing to cause any problems with the Demonic cultivators; they took the initiative to provoke him. Although they might have their trump cards, Meng Hao didn't mind showing them that no matter how powerful their secret weapons were, he could still sweep over them.

If he was willing to make a huge scene in the Nine Seas God World, then here, in a place like the Windswept Realm, with no rules or limitations, he would act even more flamboyantly!

Killing intent flickered in Bei Yu's eyes, and the two Demonic cultivators flanking her smiled coldly. They were just about to step forward when all of a sudden... Meng Hao's expression flickered. He backed up a few steps and looked up into the sky, apparently too busy to pay any attention to Bei Yu and the others. Fan Dong'er and all the other cultivators also seemed to sense something, and also looked up. The two Demonic cultivators' faces flickered with confusion, and they ceased any attacks as they looked up into the sky.

In almost the exact same moment that they looked up, an indescribable pressure suddenly exploded downward, crushing down onto everything with destructive force. The entire land quivered, as if the whole Realm were trembling.

The aura seemed to be weighing down from the sky, but in fact, that was not the case. It was actually coming... from the very center of the Windswept Realm, from... the Windswept Realm's temple!

That temple contained the World Essence of the Windswept Realm, and as of this moment, the arrival of all of these people was causing an eruption of that very aura. That eruption was weakening the barriers between the Nine Nations to the point of collapse, and at the same time, was causing a very strange aura to fill the entire world.

The wind was growing stronger, and the sun in the sky was changing color. The plants were swaying back and forth, and the animals of the Windswept Realm were howling into the sky.

Numerous fissures snaked across the sky, only to rapidly close again. Apparently, a natural law that was originally difficult to detect... was suddenly awakened by the arrival of Meng Hao and the others.

“That’s... Essence!!”

“I can sense Essence aura!!”

“This is the true Windswept Realm! I was wondering earlier why I didn’t sense much of anything different after arriving here!”

Meng Hao took a deep breath as he sensed the natural law of the world. He closed his eyes, and felt as if he could feel Essence itself.

That feeling was completely unprecedented. It almost seemed like all he had to do was reach his hand out to acquire the Essence. It was like the single move of a hand could cause ripples in the natural laws. If you likened the Mountain and Sea Realm to a solid wall, blocking everything, then the Windswept Realm... was like a net, full of holes. Because of all of those holes, the natural laws and Essence were easily visible to everyone present.

Of course, anyone whose cultivation base was not in the Immortal Realm... would be unable to detect these things!

At the same time that the World Essence of the Windswept Realm erupted, intense pressure swept out over the entire world. The pressure weighed down almost as if the entire world had been submerged at the bottom of the sea.

Thankfully, all of the people who came here from the Nine Seas God World were used to such pressure. Despite its intensity, it didn't affect them very much, Meng Hao included.

However, Meng Hao was also aware that were it not for the three months he had spent acclimating himself to the Nine Seas God World, then he would only be able to utilize a small portion of his cultivation base.

As the pressure rose, and the vast power of natural law and Essence revealed itself, the Immortal's caves that were the temporary Imperial residences in the Ninth Nation, all began to change.

That was especially true of the mountain which possessed National Aura. As of this moment, it seemed to transform into a Golden Dragon. Apparently... that mountain was the center of all of the natural law and Essence of the Ninth Nation!

Gradually, a windstorm began to build up around the mountain. Thunder boomed as the winds swept about. Anyone could sense that this mountain was extraordinary, and that if you practiced cultivation there, the benefits would be extreme.

Earlier, Meng Hao hadn't been dead set on acquiring that mountain. But now, it was something he had to have. Eyes flickering, he looked over at Jian Daozi, and noticed that a very faint smile could be seen on his face.

"What a cunning old fox!" he thought. Meng Hao didn't mind. Without sufficient intelligence and wisdom, the weak could never survive for long in the cultivation world.

Many times, the ability to scheme was the greatest type of power.

"There's something else fishy going on," he thought. "It would be far too simplistic if Jian Daozi's scheming were limited to this." As Meng Hao stood there thinking, Bei Yu and the other two Demonic cultivators exploded with killing intent, and began to close in on Meng Hao.

However, it was in that exact moment that, all of a sudden, a clap of thunder could be heard. The sky exploded, and Meng Hao's face flickered as he suddenly sensed Chu Yuyan, Su Yan, and all of the Demonic cultivators in his bag of holding, spit up blood!

“NINE!! Nine is the limit!” a voice rang out. “Every Sea can send nine people into the Windswept Realm!!

“Anyone who exceeds that number cannot stay in the Windswept Realm, and will be wiped out!!”

Instantly, Meng Hao understood.

Chapter 1088: The First Death in the Windswept Realm!

In the moment that Meng Hao's face flickered, the same reaction could be seen on the faces of Fan Dong'er and her group of cultivators, as well as Bei Yu and the Demonic cultivators who had been roiling with killing intent.

Only the burly body cultivator's expression was the same as ever, as if he hadn't even noticed anything. Everyone else, on the other hand, could sense reactions from things within their bags of holding.

Furthermore, a shining red sealing mark appeared on the hands of all nine of them, marks that seemed to indicate that they possessed certain qualifications.

“Dammit!!” Fan Dong'er had an extremely unsightly look on her face, as did all the others. The two Demonic cultivators were no longer even thinking about Meng Hao. They stopped in place and used every possible method available to brace themselves for what was about to come.

Obviously... Meng Hao was not the only other person to have brought others with him into the Windswept Realm!

Meng Hao's eyes flickered and he backed up a few steps. He sent some divine will into his bag of holding and quickly sealed the Demonic cultivators who the parrot and meat jelly had been training to sing.

However, despite being sealed, when the second clap of thunder rang out, the Demonic cultivators coughed up more blood, and their bodies withered. Obviously, the sealing did no good. Thankfully, the parrot and meat jelly were not affected at all.

Meng Hao frowned as the third clap of thunder rang out. This time, he unleashed the Life Death Hexing!

RUUUUUUMMMMMBLLLLLLE!

In the blink of an eye, the Demonic cultivators inside of his bag of holding were protected by the Hexing magic. Although their faces went pale, they were unaffected, and were not in danger of being wiped out.

However... Chu Yuyan and Su Yan had nowhere to flee to. The two women coughed up blood, especially Chu Yuyan, who was already injured. Despite being more than half recovered, she was now on the verge of being exterminated by the thunder. Her injuries were aggravated, and the Life Death Hexing could not be used on her or Su Yan. After all, if Meng Hao used it, and failed... they would be killed, and he would be powerless to do anything about it!

Su Yan wouldn't be too big a loss, and Meng Hao didn't really care much about her, anyway. However, he couldn't simply risk Chu Yuyan in that way.

Everyone else had reactions to Meng Hao. Fan Dong'er's face was pale white as she slapped her bag of holding. Two people flew out, both of them young men who wore looks of surprise and shock on their faces.

As for the three cultivators behind Fan Dong'er, they all slapped their bags of holding; in total, they had brought eight people with them, all of them disciples of the Nine Seas God World!

It was the same with Bei Yu, from whose bag of holding flew two old women. Both were Demonic cultivators, with cultivation bases in the Ancient Realm, with five extinguished Soul Lamps each.

As for the other two Demonic cultivators, five people emerged to stand next to them.

At a single glance, you could see that the current group vastly exceeded the limit of nine. However, there was one aspect which was shared by all of the newcomers. None of their cultivation bases... exceeded five extinguished Soul Lamps!

Perhaps their true cultivation bases were higher than that, but at the moment, they had suppressed themselves down to the Ancient Realm with five extinguished Soul Lamps. That made it such that a single peal of thunder was strong enough to wipe them out!

“What’s going on!? The natural laws here are different than last time! Before, we could always bring extra people, as long as they had five extinguished Soul Lamps or fewer!!”

“As long as we didn’t bring too many, the Windswept Realm would never cause any interference. Why are things different this time!?”

As everyone cried out in alarm, Meng Hao’s eyes glittered. He had never imagined that virtually everyone would try to bring more people into the Windswept Realm. Granny Nine and the others hadn’t mentioned anything about the subject, nor had they provided any warnings. After a moment of thought, Meng Hao realized he had nothing to complain about.

“I’m an outsider to the Nine Seas God World,” he thought, “and everything that has happened has been for the sake of mutual gain. They need my Echelon status, and I... need that status to get more powerful.

“To prevent me from bringing a bunch of my own clan members in here, they didn’t mention the subject, which I suppose is fair play.” As he backed up, he frowned. Although he could ignore the actions of the Nine Seas God World, he was getting very nervous because of the threat to Chu Yuyan.

Meng Hao’s eyes flickered as he looked at the mark on the back of his hand, and he instantly understood the situation.

“Nine is the limit... well in that case... as long as we don’t exceed the number of people allowed into the Ninth Nation, then there shouldn’t be any problem.” Suddenly, another peal of thunder rang out, and blood sprayed from the mouths of everyone who didn’t possess a mark. At the same time, Meng Hao flashed across the altar toward one of the Demonic cultivators with a mark on his hand, one of the ones who had been on the verge of attacking him earlier.

“That mark is the crux of things! If you have that mark, you’re qualified to be here!” Killing intent swirling, he shot forward as fast as lightning. With the wave of a hand, rumbling filled Heaven and Earth, and chains of mountains descended, sweeping across everything.

The ten thousand cultivators who were prostrated in worship surrounding the altar all remained there with heads bowed, with the exception of Jian Daozi and the other old men. Everyone else didn't even dare to move.

Jian Daozi stood there watching silently. However, deep within his eyes could be seen a flicker of derision. As for the other old men, they stood in place without saying a word.

Similar scenes played out in the other eight nations. Apparently, virtually all of the visitors from the Mountain and Sea Realm had brought people to tag along.

However, the natural laws of the Windswept Realm had changed, causing widespread shock. Nobody was prepared for the sudden onslaught of thunder. The pressure intensified, and the people who had been brought along felt grave senses of crisis filling them. They knew that this force, intent on wiping them away, would not stop.

Chaotic fighting would soon erupt as everyone realized that each Sea could only have a maximum of nine people in the Windswept Realm!

Without some extraordinary exception, the limit could not be exceeded by even one!

Apparently the Third Sea contained an exception. Xue'er had apparently used some unknown technique to ensure that she would be permitted to stay.

Though they had just arrived, the cultivators of the Mountain and Sea Realm began to fight each other. Bitter battles erupted, and the peals of thunder continued to echo out.

"Since this trifling Windswept Realm wants to eradicate me, I'll just leave!" cried an enraged old man on the altar in the desert of the Ninth Nation. He was bursting with the power of five extinguished Soul Lamps as he flew up into the air to leave the altar.

As he rose up into the air, others on the altar similarly took to flight. However, as soon as the old man left the altar, a huge bolt of lightning struck down from up above.

The lightning bolt was not complete, and yet it contained natural law and Essence. It moved with incredible speed that made it impossible to evade. It slammed into the old man, and a boom rang out. Before the man could even scream, he was completely wiped out in body and soul, transformed into nothing more than ash.

The scene caused everyone else to gasp, and the cultivators who had just flown into the air suddenly stopped in place, expressions of astonishment covering their faces.

Meng Hao's eyes flickered, and he smiled slightly.

"I like this place," he said, extending his right hand and causing the chains of mountains to rumble. Blood Demon heads materialized as he began to fight. Booms rang out, and he turned into a huge golden roc. With a flash, he was slashing the Demonic cultivator's head, after which he turned and unleashed the Life-Extermination Fist on one of the other two howling Demonic cultivators who had leaped to attack him.

The fist struck nothing but air, and yet blood sprayed from their mouths, and booms rang out. One of them exploded into pieces, and the other was sent tumbling off of the altar, after which a bolt of lightning fell and exterminated him.

Simultaneously, a stream of red qi rose up from the dead Demonic cultivator. Eyes glittering, Meng Hao reached out and grabbed it, then sent it into this bag of holding, toward the back of Chu Yuyan's hand. It turned into a sealing mark, which instantly put her out of danger. She now had the qualifications to be in this place. He quickly sent her a large quantity of medicinal pills to help her recover.

"Meng Hao, what are you doing!?!?" cried Fan Dong'er. The altar was instantly thrown into chaos. The fact that Meng Hao had instantly resorted to violent fighting caused the older cultivators and Demonic cultivators to guess about the natural laws of the Windswept Realm, and they also began to attack.

"Can't you see?!" Meng Hao said. "Only nine people are allowed to be here! If we don't kill them... then they'll kill us! It doesn't matter which of us dies... as long as only nine remain alive, everything will be fine!"

"Even if you don't attack... those stowaways will continue to grow weaker from the thunder! Therefore... their only option is to kill us and take our places!" Meng Hao waved his hand, causing his Divine Flame Immortal meridian to erupt with power. Flames rolled back and forth, a mass of destruction.

In response to Meng Hao's words, the two young men behind Fan Dong'er suddenly launched attacks, not against Fan Dong'er, but rather, against the other three cultivators who had arrived in the Windswept Realm by the correct method.

Booms echoed out. Fan Dong'er was helpless to stop anything that was happening. Both the Demonic cultivators and ordinary cultivators devolved into even more chaotic fighting. Bei Yu looked extremely nervous as the two old women next to her looked around angrily and then began to levy vicious attacks in all directions.

Of course... the stowaways were the most nervous of all. As the thunder continued to boom, they received continuous injuries. Their current situation was like a sword hanging over their heads!

They could see the red marks on the hands of Meng Hao and the others, and knew that they represented the qualifications to be in this place, to be immune to the peals of thunder. If they didn't quickly earn themselves qualifications, they would die without a doubt!

Bloodcurdling screams rang out constantly, and fierce fighting raged. As more people died, more chances were presented to survive. Under such pressure of life or death, it was a matter of this isn't about you dying, it's about me living!

"Don't blame me! I don't want to do this, but... I have to keep living!" The Demonic cultivator who had brought up the idea of all the local cultivators ending their own lives, ended up dying at the hands of one of the other Demonic cultivators that he had brought along. He could only watch helplessly as he heard similarly cold words spoken to him, and then saw the red mark fade from his hand.

"DIE!!" The cultivators brought by Fan Dong'er were also killed by fellow sect members. They died, eyes wide with regret.

Miserable screams rang out constantly as the number of people on the altar slowly grew smaller and smaller. At the same time, the booms of thunder grew more intense and more frequent!

Chapter 1089: Who's Fighting and Who's Watching?

Meng Hao was in the middle of it all, fighting fiercely whoever he encountered.

The viciousness on display caused Jian Daozi and the others to go cold with fright. Jian Daozi himself gasped and stared at Meng Hao with renewed fear and awe.

Because of a unique reason, Jian Daozi had lived for a very long time, and seen many Immortals. Although his cultivation base was not very high, he was intelligent and discerning, and could tell that Meng Hao possessed strength that the other Immortals simply did not.

“He must be in the Immortal World’s feared... Echelon!” he thought, his eyes widening.

Blood flowed off of the altar in bright red rivulets, even streams, which spread out into the desert sands. The reek of blood spread out, filling the air, even covering some of the magical symbols on the altar, causing them to cast bizarre light into the air.

Fewer and fewer people could be seen on the altar. Originally, there had been more than twenty, but now, there were only eleven!

Fan Dong’er and Bei Yu were still there, but the other cultivators who had originally joined them had all been replaced, with the exception of the burly body cultivator, who managed to cunningly avoid all attacks levied against him.

Fan Dong’er was no longer flanked by three people, but two. They were both young, their faces pale white, with blood seeping out of the corners of their mouths. Pools of blood could be seen beneath their feet.

Originally, Bei Yu had been accompanied by two other Demonic cultivators. Now, there were five. Two were old women, plus three other Demonic cultivators. Those who had brought them here had been killed by other cultivators, and these were the ones who had managed to hold out until the very end.

However, thunder still boomed, and as for the number of people present... there were still two too many!

Among the eleven people present, eight had red sealing marks on the backs of their hands. Those who didn’t included one ordinary cultivator and two Demonic cultivators. All of them had ashen faces, and absolutely no sealing marks!

Those sealing marks were like a seal of life, a mark of approval from the Windswept Realm. Anyone who had that sealing mark would not be wiped away by the Heavenly thunder.

Blood flowed across the altar as everyone stood there silently, staring at Meng Hao. Fear could be seen deep in their eyes; in the battle just now, more than half of the people slain had been killed by him.

Down below the altar, Jian Daozi and the others were shocked to the core. The image of Meng Hao slaughtering his enemies was burned deep in their hearts, leaving an indelible impression.

After a few short breaths of time, fighting broke out once again; virtually everyone attacked at the same time, trying to wipe out the three cultivators with no marks on their hands.

Those three knew that if they couldn't get one of the sealing marks, they would be wiped out by the thunder, completely eradicated!

Thunder boomed, and blood sprayed out of the three cultivators' mouths. There was no need to mention the severe internal injuries they had sustained; they were growing so weak that it seemed any of the subsequent thunderclaps could wipe them out. They began to go mad, roaring, burning life force, exploding with all the power they could muster.

It was with utter madness that they attacked the fellow sect members who they thought they could defeat!

Booms echoed out as the fierce fighting raged. The cultivators of the Windswept Realm continued to keep their heads bowed, not daring to even peep at what was happening, although Jian Daozi and his group looked on.

Meng Hao waved his hand, and the Essence of Divine Flame erupted out. He pushed his hand down onto the shoulder of one of the Demonic cultivators with no sealing mark, and instantly, the man was consumed by Divine Flame. A miserable shriek could be heard as Meng Hao pulled his hand back, and the Demonic cultivator transformed into nothing but ash.

Simultaneously, the other two with no sealing marks were killed, reducing the number of people on the altar... to only eight!

In addition to Meng Hao, there were two ordinary cultivators and five Demonic cultivators, all of whom had marks on their hands!

All of them breathed sighs of relief.

“It’s finally over....”

“I can’t believe the natural laws in the Windswept Realm have changed....”

Even Jian Daozi and the others below the altar assumed that everything was over. However... thunder continued to boom! Everyone’s faces fell, but no one coughed up blood. However, the fact that the thunder had not ceased indicated only one thing.

There was still someone without a sealing mark! Furthermore, that person was not present on the altar itself!

“Impossible! We’re obviously the only ones left! Why is there still Heavenly thunder!?!?”

“Someone must still be hiding people in their bag of holding!!” Everyone began to look around suspiciously. Fan Dong’er gritted her teeth as she realized that there were more Demonic cultivators than ordinary cultivators, which was not to her advantage. After a moment of hesitation, she opened her bag of holding and let everyone see that it was empty of people.

The other cultivators behind her didn’t hesitate to do the same, and eventually, even the Demonic cultivators, including Bei Yu, did the same. Eventually, Meng Hao was the only one who hadn’t opened his bag of holding.

At that point, all eyes fell on Meng Hao.

“Meng Hao already got one of the other sealing marks and put it in his bag of holding!” Thunder boomed, and everyone looked at Meng Hao with vigilant eyes.

Meng Hao was the most powerful among them, a fact which had been made very clear in the fighting moments ago. At this moment, Meng Hao... was the greatest threat to all of them.

Another clap of thunder could be heard, but this time, it wasn’t just a noise. A bolt of lightning fell from the sky, slamming onto the altar with incredible destructive power. The entire altar shook, and Meng Hao dodged to the side to avoid being hit.

“Meng Hao, what are you doing!?! Open up your bag of holding and kill that person!”

“If you don’t do something, then don’t blame us for joining forces to kill you!” Everyone was shocked by the booming thunder, and the bolt of lightning that had fallen. From their perspective, if Meng Hao didn’t open his bag of holding and kill the person inside, then all of them would end up dead.

Meng Hao’s eyes widened. Currently, Su Yan was inside his bag of holding, trembling. Her fear was a bit surprising to Meng Hao; originally, she had been completely unafraid of dying. Now, however, she seemed terrified of it, a total change that couldn’t help but cause a bit of suspicion to well up in his heart.

“Could it be that she has some sort of reincarnation magic, so that if I kill her, she’ll be able to resurrect herself, but if she’s killed by the thunder of the World Essence, she’ll actually die?!” Meng Hao’s eyes flashed, and then he thought about Su Yan’s other unique divine abilities, and realized that such a thing wasn’t impossible.

As he stood there thinking, the other people on the altar were increasingly shocked by the thunder and lightning.

“Let’s join forces! Even if we can’t kill him ourselves, we can at least force him off the altar. Then the thunder will help us kill that person in his bag of holding!”

People began to call out: “Attack together!”

The Demonic cultivators already hated Meng Hao, so they immediately joined together and attacked Meng Hao.

At the same time, even Fan Dong’er and the other ordinary cultivators joined together to charge Meng Hao. Meng Hao’s actions now affected all of their lives, so how could they not take action?

Meng Hao’s eyes glittered. Instead of attacking, he fell back, buying time to send divine will into his bag of holding to yell into Su Yan’s ear.

“Give me one of your divine abilities, and I’ll get you a spot in the Windswept Realm!” He was determined to give this tactic a shot.

Su Yan's face fell. Blood sprayed out of her mouth, and her expression was one of unprecedented fear. She could sense the deadly attacks from the outside, but she still wasn't willing to give one of her divine abilities to Meng Hao.

"I'll die first!" she responded.

"I don't want all of them, just one will do! You have to give me some reason to help you avoid being wiped out by the Windswept Realm!" Meng Hao continued to back up as everyone attacked him. He danced back and forth, expression calm as he used divine will to try to persuade Su Yan.

Thunder struck again, and it was even more intense than last time. Two bolts of lightning fell, causing everyone's minds to reel. Meng Hao's face fell, and the sensation of deadly crisis grew stronger. It was as if... the next volley of lightning would definitely hit him.

Meng Hao's eyes glittered. The best option right now would be to simply kill Su Yan, which would cause the lightning to dissipate. If he pushed things too much further, he would be putting himself at grave risk.

"Chances like this aren't easy to come by... it would be a big shame to give up now." His eyes flashed as he once again sensed Su Yan's fear of the thunder and lightning.

Gritting his teeth, he fell back again, and once again sent out some divine will.

Su Yan could sense the will of death in the lightning, and it caused her to tremble. She didn't fear Meng Hao killing her, but she definitely feared being eradicated by the lightning!

The sensation of imminent death grew more intense, and she could tell that another round of thunder and lightning was coming.

"If I die, you'll die too!!" she cried. In response, Meng Hao slapped his bag of holding and pulled Su Yan out. Thunder boomed, and seven bolts of lightning coalesced up above; at the same time, he made as if to throw her out in front of him,

"I'll only give you one divine ability!!" Su Yan shrieked as she looked at the lightning; she couldn't hold on any longer.

“Fine! I want your Seven God Steps!” Meng Hao’s eyes glittered, and he pushed his divine will toward her. Su Yan knew that she didn’t have much time. Although it irked her, she had no other choice, and so she allowed his divine will to enter her mind and take the Seven God Steps Daoist magic.

In the moment that Meng Hao acquired the Daoist magic, the seven bolts of lightning began to fall. Suddenly, Meng Hao spun, and the Lightning Cauldron appeared in his hand. Electricity danced, and he switched places with one of the old Demonic cultivator women. As soon as he reappeared, next to one of the other Demonic cultivators, he unleashed the Life-Extermination Fist.

He moved so quickly that nobody had time to react. In the blink of an eye, thunder boomed, and the Demonic cultivator exploded into a cloud of blood and gore.

As soon as the Demonic cultivator died, the mark on his hand vanished, transforming into a red qi that then solidified on Su Yan’s hand.

In that same instant, the seven bolts of lightning vanished without a trace, and the thunder faded away.

There were now only eight people on the altar again, one less Demonic cultivator, and an additional trembling Su Yan.

If you added in Chu Yuyan, who was still in his bag of holding, that made a total of nine cultivators!

All of them had marks on their hands, indicating that they qualified to remain in the Windswept Realm!

As of this moment, the fighting stopped. No one continued to attack Meng Hao. They all backed up, looking around vigilantly, quietly, expressions of sorrow on their faces.

As they looked down at the ten thousand cultivators below the altar, and the tens of thousands of other humans arranged further off, Fan Dong’er and the others suddenly didn’t feel at all like superiors. Instead, they felt like cage fighters, with the people surrounding them being the audience, despite the fact that they didn’t even lift their heads to look.

The superiors were the show, and the inferiors were the audience. Therefore, just exactly... who were the superiors?

Chapter 1090: The Echelon's Declarations of War!

At this point, it was hard to say who was actually the superior in this situation.

On the Ninth Nation's altar, Meng Hao stood off to the side, looking up into the sky. He had already re-sealed Su Yan and tossed her back into his bag of holding. Now he stood there in the desert wind, which sent bits of dust blowing into his hair and onto his robes.

Behind him, the others stood by quietly, looking at his back, feeling fear and other complicated emotions. Even Fan Dong'er was no exception.

Meng Hao's fierce fighting had placed him above the others in terms of power, securing his position of utmost seniority within the Ninth Nation.

Down below, Jian Daozi and the others were also looking at Meng Hao, and their eyes were filled with reverence for Immortals. Finally, they lowered their heads and dropped to their knees in obeisance.

They knew that, as of this moment, they didn't need to worry about any order given by any of the other Immortals. Until Meng Hao left the Ninth Nation, or was supplanted by someone else, his words... were the only orders to be followed.

Meanwhile, the altar in the Eighth Nation was littered with bones. An aura of death towered up into the sky, and eight cultivators could be seen, trembling as they prostrated themselves toward a black-robed young man up in front, who sat on a pile of bleached bones. He was none other than the Echelon cultivator from the Eighth Mountain and Sea.

"You people didn't bring many guests with you. Why didn't you bring more? I... feel like doing some more killing." His eyes gleamed with a brutal light as he looked at the trembling cultivators around him. Suddenly, a murderous aura exploded up from him. He was completely surrounded by corpses, none of which remained intact.

Blood stained the altar red.

In the Seventh Nation, a young man stood there with a long spear, surrounded by eight trembling cultivators. Shockingly, seven heads were impaled kebab-like on the spear.

“I don’t want to kill all of you, but who said that you could try to steal my Echelon status from me, huh? In the Seventh Mountain and Sea, I don’t dare to act too excessively, but here... you people are nothing!” The young man smiled, seemingly brimming with complete confidence in himself.

In the Sixth Nation, a boy sat cross-legged on the altar. He appeared to be only seven or eight years old, and he looked around through squinted eyes at the people who surrounded him, eight burly fellows, all of whom had cold faces.

The Sixth Nation was special. Because no one had brought any extra visitors, no thunder had appeared.

The strangest of all was the Fifth Nation. The altar there was soaked in blood, and only one person remained alive, standing on the edge of the altar. He was a bit overweight, and wore a perpetual smile on his face. However, hidden within that smile was icy coldness.

All of the other people who had arrived with him were now dead; he was the only survivor.

“Wanted to snatch my position in the Echelon?” the young man murmured. “You people simply didn’t qualify.”

Silence reigned in the Fourth Nation. Lin Cong stood there, wearing a long white robe, looking around proudly. Directly behind him were four cultivators, all of whom had vicious expressions on their faces. They were surrounded by numerous corpses.

From beginning to end, Lin Cong never made a single move. However, his four followers had directly slaughtered the other four cultivators who had come with them, as well as any stowaways they had brought along.

“I hope things get a bit more interesting here,” Lin Cong said with a slight smile.

Rivers of blood ran in the Third Nation. However, there was something different there; among the nine people present, not a single one was a member of the Echelon! Among those nine people was a middle-aged man who wore Imperial robes. He stood there with a slight smile that contained contentment and anticipation.

“I’ve been waiting for far, far too long.... At long last, the day has come. The words spoken by the Imperial Lord turned out to be true!” Even as he spoke, he looked off into the distance, toward a figure speeding through the air.

It was a woman, the tenth person to appear on the altar!

None of the ten thousand cultivators beneath the altar had their heads bowed. Instead, they were looking at the man in the Imperial robes, their eyes burning with fanaticism.

On the Second Nation’s altar, everything was quiet. In fact, it was so quiet, the mood was terrifying. There was no reek of blood, but rather, icy coldness spread out, turning the entire altar into a chunk of ice.

In the middle of that ice was a man in a blue robe.

His eyes were closed, and eight unmoving corpses lay on the ground around him.

The First Nation’s altar was the strangest scene of all. None of the figures beneath the altar were bowing their heads. No, they had been ordered to raise their heads up. They stood there, trembling with fear as they looked at a white-robed man floating above the surface of the altar.

His expression was calm, as if he were contemplating enlightenment. He was staring at his right hand, within which could be seen, shockingly... a bolt of lightning. The lightning looked extraordinary, and if Meng Hao were here, he would instantly recognize... the Heavenly lightning of a type of Lightning Cauldron!

The white-robed man appeared to be contemplating it, as if he were determining a way to control it.

With his cultivation base and his level of power, this man could be only one person: the Echelon cultivator from the First Mountain, widely acknowledged to be one of its three most powerful members!

Behind him were eight other cultivators who had arrived from the First Mountain and Sea. All of them were his personal followers; not a single one was a disciple of any other organization in the First Mountain and Sea.

These were people he had forced to capitulate during the many battles he had fought. Afterwards, they had become his followers, and even fought for him. Most surprising of all was that of these eight people who had chosen to become his followers, one of them was another member of the Echelon!

To join the Echelon, and yet choose to follow that white-robed young man, showed how incredibly powerful he was.

“So it turns out that gaining enlightenment of the Essence of lightning is much easier here than in the Mountain and Sea Realm.” After a long moment, the white-robed young man clenched his hand into a fist. Crackling sounds could be heard, and the lightning vanished, disappearing into his body. His eyes suddenly began to glow brightly.

“The Windswept Realm has been opened many times, but this is my first time here. What do you all say? Do you think I’ll be able to collect some people and items that might satisfy me? Will I be able to truly take away the World Essence?”

“Although, what I’m actually looking forward to most... is searching for another member of the Echelon, most preferably a male!” The white-robed young man chuckled. He turned to a woman who was standing behind him, and ran his finger down her jaw. The woman lowered her head and smiled. As for his other followers, two were women and five were men. All of them smiled in response to the young man’s words.

The sky in the Windswept Realm gradually cleared. After the space of ten breaths of time, a cold voice suddenly rang out from the Heavens into the First Nation and all the other nations in the Windswept Realm. Apparently, the inhabitants of the Windswept Realm itself could not hear this voice, only the newcomers.

“Let the trial by fire... begin!”

“The central temple is where the final decision will be made. Immortal cultivators may not enter there now. Use the Nine Nations as the game board, and the soldiers and cultivators of the Windswept Realm as the game pieces. Let the Grand War of Nine Nations begin!”

“Each nation has a Seal of the Windswept Realm. Whoever acquires the most National Seals will be able to enter the central temple!”

“And now... the barriers between the Nine Nations shall be removed!” The voice that spoke was ancient, and yet seemed somewhat numb, almost emotionless, as if it were a puppet. Even as the voice boomed out, the windstorm barriers separating the Nine Nations of the Windswept Realm all vanished!

Now there was nothing sealing or protecting any of the nations; they were all connected....

Furthermore, the ground began to quake as all of the natural laws and Essences of the Windswept Realm was unleashed. Spiritual energy surged, and the natural laws went into flux. Essence was revealed in a way that made gaining enlightenment seemingly simple.

Heaven and Earth lost color, and a mighty wind sprang up which screamed out in all directions.

On the First Nation’s altar, the white-robed young man laughed heartily. As the windstorm barriers fell, he could instantly sense the other Echelon auras in the Windswept Realm.

To his senses, those auras were like bright lamps in the darkness of night, clearly visible.

As he laughed, the white-robed young man’s energy surged, merging into Heaven and Earth. His cultivation base erupted, sending an incredibly powerful aura sweeping out.

He was making a declaration of war... against all of the other eight nations in the Windswept Realm!

At the same time, amidst the iciness of the Second Nation, the blue-robed man’s eyes snapped open. He looked at the corpses around him for a moment, and their eyes opened to reveal a gray glow. Cracking and popping sounds could be heard as layers of ice shattered. Energy also surged out of the blue-robed young man, another declaration of war!

In the Third Nation, the middle-aged man in the Imperial robes laughed eerily. Although he clearly had no sealing mark on him, he still emanated the energy of a sealing mark, which rose up into the sky.

In the Fourth Nation, Lin Cong looked around proudly, and his energy spiked. As of this moment, no one was willing to reveal any bit of weakness. They were all members of the Echelon, Chosen of the Mountain and Sea Realm. In the Windswept Realm, where they were completely free and unconstrained, any show of weakness would be sensed by others... and would no doubt lead to their respective nation being the first to be eradicated, and to the loss of their National Seal.

In the Fifth Nation, the smiling young man smiled even wider, and his energy flew up.

In the Sixth Nation, the boy laughed piercingly as he rose to his feet. Shockingly, his energy rose up rapidly, causing the wind to surge and the Heavens to shake.

In the Seventh Nation and Eighth Nation, the Echelon also declared war!

Meng Hao trembled and looked up into the sky. The other cultivators from the Mountain and Sea Realm could hear the words spoken by the ancient voice. However, they had no way to detect the surging energy and domineering auras of the Echelon cultivators in the other eight nations.

It was as if all of them were sending notices to the other Echelon members that they were on their way.

“A declaration of war, huh....” thought Meng Hao, his eyes glittering. He had long since left the other members of his generation of the Ninth Mountain and Sea behind. He was like an enormous mountain in their path. All of the important Chosen owed him money, and were bound to him by Karma with promissory notes.

He had long since come to the conclusion that it would be a difficult thing to find any more Chosen to get promissory notes from. But now that he could sense the energy of the other Echelon members... Meng Hao’s eyes began to shine brightly.

“These guys ought to be even richer than the people from the Ninth Mountain and Sea!” he thought, taking a deep breath and getting even more excited. Finally, he caused his own energy to surge, causing it to blaze like a signal fire. At the same time, he looked slightly embarrassed as he added A Writ of Karma into his surging energy, creating an opportunity for an initial contact of Karma, laying down the first Karma Thread connection.

You declare war? I declare a season of promissory notes!

I will make all members of the Echelon owe me money and give me promissory notes!

Meng Hao was determined to stick to his path of promissory notes, and not waver!

As of this moment, the energy of all of the members of the Echelon surged in their respective areas, then spread out until they clashed with the others.

Colors flashed in the sky, and the wind seethed. Rumbling filled the air as the energy of the Echelon members clashed.