

The Heavens 1111

Chapter 1111: Fatality!

“Shut the hell up!” roared Hai Dongqing, looking extremely irritated. As an Echelon cultivator, the fact that he had ended up becoming Dao-Heaven’s follower was actually a very painful matter to him. Few people would ever dare to bring up the matter in his presence, not unless there was a blood feud between them. Even other Echelon cultivators wouldn’t provoke him in such a way.

Only Yuwen Jian dared to do so. Both of them started out in the Seventh Mountain and Sea, and had numerous conflicts going back throughout the years. They had long since reached the point where neither could tolerate the other being alive. The venomous words uttered just now by Yuwen Jian caused Hai Dongqing to give a cold harrumph and then step forward. The wave of his hand instantly caused an illusory sword to shoot forward.

It was an azure-colored sword that emanating blinding sword light. As soon as it appeared, it split apart into 100,000 separate swords, which soared through the air toward Yuwen Jian on the National Aura Mountain.

“Why the hell should I shut up, fool?” Yuwen Jian cursed. “You’re Dao-Heaven’s lackey! What, you’re afraid of people saying it out loud? I won’t shut up, and furthermore, I’ll say it again. You’re a lackey, a dog! Come on, dog, try to bite me!” He stuck his chin up into the air as if to say, what are you gonna do about it?

Rumbling filled the air as the 100,000 swords slashed toward the mountain, slamming into the protective shield and causing it to distort. At the same time, the two cultivators off to the side laughed coldly, waving their hands to cause two streams of qi to swirl out, one black and one white. They merged together in midair to form a gigantic spike, which stabbed down toward the mountain.

Booms rang out as the shield twisted. However, Yuwen Jian’s curses continued to echo through the air.

“Come on, bite me, fool!” he raged. “Motherfudging Hai Dongqing, you bitch slut! If you have the skill, come and bite me! If you dare to come at me, then I’ll screw you!”

Meng Hao remained off to the side, looking on with a strange expression. He suddenly realized that during their fight, Yuwen Jian had actually spoken to him quite respectfully. They hadn’t been

fighting to the death, but had they been, Meng Hao had the feeling that the harshness of Yuwen Jian's cursing could only be matched by the parrot.

Outside the shield, Hai Dongqing looked more furious than ever. Staring coldly at Yuwen Jian, he waved his hand, causing the number of illusory swords spinning around him to increase to 500,000, radiating brilliant light as they slammed into the shield.

The shield was weakening, and obviously these three cultivators were fully prepared to fight, even in the battles near the central temple.

"Slut! Charlatan!" roared Yuwen Jian. "You don't have any balls at all, you fruitcake! Why don't you use the same skills you use when you service Dao-Heaven! Come on!"

"Hai Dongqing, considering we're both from the Seventh Mountain, you can tell me the truth, right? Between you and Dao-Heaven, who gives it and who takes it? I'm really curious!" As Yuwen Jian let off a constant stream of curses, he took moments here and there to lower his voice and speak to Meng Hao.

"Whenever I see this slut I can't help but curse him. Sorry for getting you involved in this, brother. If your enlightenment comes quickly, then get out of here before you get killed. Just forget about me. After all, if you stick around and I get killed, then your death won't come too long after.

"But... we might stand a better chance if we stand together. AND we'll probably die if we split up!"

"Plus, if you leave, then you won't be able to take this World Seal with you. Without someone to distract them, you'd never get away.

"Besides, since you have the Seventh Nation's World Seal, if you leave with it, they'll definitely chase you down."

"Anything else you want to say?" Meng Hao said coldly.

Yuwen Jian cleared his throat. He turned to let out another string of curses at Hai Dongqing, then turned back and smiled wryly at Meng Hao.

“Of course there’s more, but there’s not enough time to explain it clearly. Anyway, go ahead and leave, brother! I’ll hold them off for as long as I can!”

Even as he spoke, a huge crack opened up in the shield. Tearing sounds could be heard as the rip expanded, causing the entire shield to ripple. Clearly, it would only be able to hold out for a little bit longer. Hai Dongqing’s bone-deep hatred for Yuwen Jian caused him to attack with increased fervor.

The male and female cultivator had profound cultivation bases. Although they weren’t in the Echelon, and the feeling they gave off couldn’t compare exactly, it was similar. They made another attack, causing two huge spikes to stab down toward the shield.

Murderous gleams could be seen in their eyes. They weren’t here to interfere with the matter between Yuwen Jian and Hai Dongqing. They were here for Meng Hao, and would surely receive an incredible reward if they killed him.

The man and the woman were both staring at him with clear killing intent, and even a gleam of avarice. They obviously wanted to take advantage of his inability to attack... to cut him down.

It was at this point that Meng Hao suddenly rose to his feet. He clenched his right hand into a fist, causing the Seventh Nation’s World Seal to fuse into his hand.

Next, he performed an incantation gesture, then waved his finger toward the shield. Immediately, numerous mountain ranges appeared outside, which smashed down toward Hai Dongqing and the other two cultivators.

“Finished with your enlightenment?” Yuwen Jian asked, eyes glittering brightly.

Meng Hao snorted coldly. Ignoring Yuwen Jian completely, he shot up into the air toward the shield. As he appeared outside, he waved his hand, summoning the Paragon Bridge.

As the Paragon Bridge descended, Hai Dongqing’s face flickered. He quickly performed an incantation gesture, causing a sword to appear that radiated an ancient aura.

The sword was broken, with only a finger-length segment of the tip remaining. However, it radiated a frigid aura that caused a huge wind to whip up as soon as it appeared. At the same time, the aura of a Paragon spread out.

This was Hai Dongqing's Paragon magic. With a roar, he shoved both hands out in front of him, causing the broken sword tip to fly toward the Paragon Bridge.

As soon as these two grand Paragon magics appeared, Meng Hao extended his right hand, within which appeared the Lightning Cauldron. His eyes glittered, and electricity danced around him. Suddenly, he switched places with the female cultivator.

In the blink of an eye, and before anyone could react, Meng Hao performed an incantation gesture with his left hand and then waved his hand toward the male cultivator.

The Essence of Divine Flame erupted out explosively, causing the man's face to fall. He tried to retreat, but before he could get very far, Meng Hao transformed into a golden roc, attacking in unison with the flames to slash violently at the man's chest.

Flames engulfed the man, and he screamed miserably. At the same time, brilliant light flickered around him, and he performing an incantation gesture, causing a suit of armor to cover him. Although it provided some bit of protection, the Divine Flame still bored in, inflicting intense pain. He gritted his teeth, forcing his mind into clarity, then began to fall back. However, how could Meng Hao possibly let him flee? The golden roc flickered as he returned to human form, then clenched his right hand into a fist and unleashed the Bedevilment Fist.

A boom rang out as he struck the man's chest. The armor exploded, and blood sprayed out. A look of shock covered the man's ashen face; he quickly crushed a pearl between his teeth, and as Meng Hao's second punch closed in, his body turned illusory, and the fist struck nothing but air.

The man fell back anxiously, screaming,

"Save me!"

That pearl was a life-saving magical item, something he hadn't used for a very long time, and normally kept concealed inside of his tongue. However, it only took a few moments of battle with Meng Hao before he was forced to unleash its power.

Everything that was happening takes some time to describe, but in truth, from the time Meng Hao unleashed the Paragon Bridge to the moment he attacked the man, only enough time passed for a spark to fly off of a piece of flint. It was so quick that no one had any time to react.

Hai Dongqing unleashed his Paragon magic a bit too slowly, making it difficult to come to the man's aid. As for the woman, she was now quite some distance away. She was about to use a minor teleportation, but apparently Meng Hao had predicted that would happen. He performed an incantation gesture with his right hand and then waved his finger at the woman.

The Eighth Demon Sealing Hex transformed into invisible ripples that caused a tremor to run through the woman; she was now incapable of teleporting, or of doing anything else to interfere.

Killing intent flickered in Meng Hao's eyes. Without speaking a word, he shot toward the man like lightning. With the wave of his hand, 123 Immortal meridians exploded with power, and 33 Heavens descended. They transformed into the paw of a beast, which slashed at the retreating cultivator.

A boom could be heard, and the man let out a miserable shriek. His chest burst into a cloud of blood and gore, and a look of complete and utter panic filled his face, as if he could sense death closing in on him. How could he ever have imagined that he would collapse like a brittle branch under the attacks of his opponent, without even the chance to fight back?

He couldn't help but think back to the fight between Meng Hao and Lin Cong, and now he knew how Lin Cong felt. He was denied any chance to do anything, and only continued to descend into further danger.

Hai Dongqing was in a rage. His body flashed as he performing an incantation gesture, causing 1,000,000 streams of sword qi to burst out, slashing toward Meng Hao to block his path to the male cultivator.

The woman's face was filled with a murderous look, and she looked incredibly anxious. She and the man were beloved partners, so at the moment, her heart was tearing apart. She even burned her life force to extricate herself from the Eighth Hex. Blood sprayed from her mouth as she charged toward Meng Hao.

"Stay your hand!" she screamed shrilly.

The man, who had just been on the receiving end of a series of successful attacks on the part of Meng Hao, gritted his teeth and fell back again. As long as he could hold off long enough for his partner to arrive, he would be saved. Only a few breaths of time would be sufficient.

However, it was in this moment that Meng Hao suddenly burst into action. He took a few steps, and his energy surged dramatically. The air around him distorted, causing Hai Dongqing and the female cultivator's minds to reel.

Heavy injuries were instantly inflicted upon the male cultivator. He let out a bloodcurdling scream as Meng Hao closed in and unleashed another fist strike onto his chest.

The man's body instantly exploded into pieces. However, he wasn't dead yet. His Immortal soul shot out intact, and quickly made to flee. However, Meng Hao let out a harrumph.

The sound contained the power of his Dao Divinity Scripture, an intense divine sense attack that caused the man's Immortal soul to tremble. In the same moment, Meng Hao's right hand made a grasping motion, and the bone-tip spear appeared, which he then hurled toward the Immortal soul. Before even waiting to see the result, Meng Hao turned and let out a punch toward the shrieking female cultivator.

Booms echoed out as blow landed. Blood sprayed out of the woman's mouth, and she was sent tumbling backward. The shockwave from the impact spread out and slammed into the incoming beams of sword qi from Hai Dongqing, causing them to stall in midair.

It was in that moment that the bone-tip spear stabbed into the forehead of the Immortal soul. It trembled, and a look of disbelief appeared on its face as the soul shattered into pieces, completely destroyed!

"NO!!" screamed the woman, trembling, her eyes filling with a look of disbelief and madness.

Chapter 1112: Goodwill!

The actual time it took all of these things to happen was only ten breaths!

Ten breaths of time earlier, Meng Hao had emerged from within the shield. Ten breaths of time later, one enemy was already dead!

That was a true fatality! Simultaneously taking on three people and killing one of them almost instantly!

It was quick and efficient, without the slightest bit of sloppiness to it. Meng Hao had anticipated every move up to the killing blow precisely and accurately. Not only did it show how ruthless Meng Hao was, and how rapidly he took control of the situation, the fact that he had used so many divine abilities in unison... left all onlookers shocked at the level of his battle prowess.

Yuwen Jian's eyes widened, and he took a deep breath. He had known before that Meng Hao was strong, but he had never imagined that he could actually be... this strong. He asked himself if he could kill that male cultivator in only ten breaths of time, and realized that it would have been difficult. And that was without taking into account the two people trying to interfere.

However, Meng Hao had accomplished it all as smoothly as flowing water. Then, he spun around and attacked the female cultivator, borrowing her power to also knock aside the incoming sword qi at the same time, even utilizing it to increase his speed.

"I can't believe it.... He's not retreating, he's attacking!" When Yuwen Jian saw what was happening, his mind spun. All of a sudden, he realized that the most shocking and terrifying thing about Meng Hao wasn't his power, but rather, his fighting style and domineering air.

Virtually anyone else in his position would take advantage of the moment to flee, to get a bit of distance from the opponent before resuming the fight. Not so with Meng Hao. He took advantage of the situation to attack. He moved with such incredible speed that, within the blink of an eye, he was almost upon the female cultivator.

The fact that he made such a choice caused Yuwen Jian to inhale sharply. In the woman's moment of emotional instability, he chose to attack her to gain an advantage.

"However, that's also the most dangerous decision. If it were me, I would go for Hai Dongqing!"

"DIIIIEEEEEEEEEE!" the woman howled madly as Meng Hao closed in. It almost seemed as if she had lost her mind, as if the only thing she could think about was killing Meng Hao, no matter the cost.

She roared as her body burst into flames, then she sacrificed her longevity, exchanging it for a momentary return to youthful vigor. She performed an incantation gesture, causing countless flower petals to swirl around her, which turned into a tempest, a sea of flowers that surged to overwhelm Meng Hao.

In the moment before he was inundated, he suddenly waved his hand, causing a host of black pods to fly out. Popping sounds could be heard as they transformed into tiny imps that sped toward the female cultivator, uttering soundless screams.

Clearly, they hoped to take advantage of her mental instability to possess her.

The blackpod imps bored into her body, attempting to forcibly possess her. She began to tremble, and then her face flickered. A miserable scream rang out, and her divine ability lost stability. In the end, Meng Hao didn't even avoid it, he simply walked through the tempest of flower petals.

Next, he turned into a golden roc. Golden light flashed as he closed in on the woman, then returned to human form and unleashed a fist strike.

A boom could be heard as blood sprayed from the woman's mouth. She flew backward, expression twisted. The blackpod imps were all failing in their possession attempts, and yet upon failure, they would burst out of her and unleash divine sense attacks, causing the already flustered woman to descend further into madness.

All of this happened in the mere time it takes a spark to fly off of a piece of flint. Hai Dongqing's face fell; he couldn't simply allow Meng Hao to kill another person. If that happened, he himself would be in danger. Roaring, he performed an incantation gesture, causing nine illusory swords to materialize around him.

"Subdue Heaven! Nine Stifling Swords!" In unison with his roar, the nine swords began to emit a droning sound. Unexpectedly, in the very middle of the nine swords, the illusory image of an old man appeared. Although his face wasn't clear, he emanated a shocking sword will that exploded out, causing the nine swords to shoot toward Meng Hao.

Meng Hao frowned slightly. At first, the nine swords hadn't seemed very intimidating. However, once the illusory old man appeared among them, they changed, as if they were suddenly intelligent. In fact, their sword aura redoubled.

He could probably dodge the incoming swords, but if he did, he would lose his chance to slay the female cultivator, giving her time to recover and force out the rest of the blackpod imps. If she and Hai Dongqing joined forces to attack together, it would be very troublesome.

These thoughts flashed through Meng Hao's mind, and then a flash of determination could be seen in his eyes. Without the slightest hesitation, he ignored the incoming nine swords, transformed into a golden roc, and shot toward the woman, slashing at her with his talons.

The woman screamed miserably as her flesh was flayed, causing blood to spurt out everywhere. Suddenly, her eyes grew clear, and more blackpod imps were ejected out of her. However, doing so caused more divine sense attacks to be levied against her, making her tremble and cough up more blood.

Enduring the divine sense assault, the woman opened her mouth, causing a blood-colored beam of light to fly out. It immediately transformed into a blood parasol, which spread out to deflect the incoming attacks.

Meng Hao didn't pause for a moment. He waved his right hand, causing a gale-force wind to spring up. A Blood Demon head appeared, roaring as it slashed into the blood parasol. Meng Hao in golden roc form then sped through the illusory Blood Demon head, clenching his right hand into a fist which he lashed out toward the woman's forehead. It was at this point that the first of the nine swords, the fastest, pierced through the void into Meng Hao's back. After stabbing into him, it vanished, transforming into a sword will that slashed around destructively inside him.

He gave a muffled grunt, and his right hand trembled, giving the woman an opportunity to try to dodge. Meng Hao gave a cold snort and continued to deliver the strike, missing her forehead, but connecting with her chest.

Blood sprayed out of her mouth, and her chest collapsed into a mass of gore. She sped back, borrowing the momentum of his blow to force out some more blackpod imps. Her eyes were now even clearer, and as she stared at Meng Hao, she waved her hand, causing a red mist to sweep out and cover her entire body. Behind Meng Hao, three more swords bore down.

Pop! Pop! Pop!

Three swords stabbed into him, transforming into destructive sword wills. Blood oozed out of the corners of his mouth, and then suddenly, his left eye glittered. The starstone therein then spread out explosively, causing him to transform into a planet that shot toward the red mist. A moment later, he had smashed through it, and was directly in front of the woman.

The female cultivator's eyes went wide, and her hands flew out, causing numerous magical items to appear. Furthermore, a suit of armor suddenly covered her. However, almost as soon as the magical items appeared, they were crushed by Meng Hao's divine abilities.

Her shields shattered and her armor collapsed into pieces. She appeared to be just on the verge of dying when, all of a sudden, a pendant which hung around her neck began to emanate a soft light.

Bright light covered her, which just barely took on the shape of a man, who then wrapped her up in his arms and flew backward.

That man was none other than the male cultivator Meng Hao had slain moments ago!

It wasn't a clone, but rather a soul fragment, branded into the pendant, which then became a life-saving magical item. It was the last memory of the man that existed for her in the whole world. Once used up, it would vanish forever.

"NO!" Tears streamed down the woman's face. Although she was retreating, her heart was already broken.

Rumbling sounds could be heard as the planet was blocked, incapable of killing the woman. Meng Hao appeared in his usual form, blood oozing out of the corners of his mouth. He sighed softly.

"I wasn't looking to kill anybody, but you people started this fight. If I didn't kill you, you would have killed me. Perhaps you two loved each other, but... why did you have to come here and provoke me?" He shook his head and advanced, forming his right hand into a fist. When he punched out, the illusory man who was protecting the woman began to vanish.

"Well, never mind. Even though we're enemies, if I don't kill you, you'll try to kill me. Considering how you feel about each other, I'll... help you out a bit." With that, he stopped punching, and instead waved his hand to cause Divine Flame to explode out. It transformed into a sea of fire, which he sent to engulf the woman and the soul fragment.

The weakened woman instantly began to be burned up by the flames. Her body rapidly turned into ash, but her Immortal soul didn't vanish. Instead, both of their souls were wrapped up by the Divine Flame, which then began to carry them up into the Heavens.

"This Divine Flame will open the river to the Yellow Springs. The natural laws of the Windswept Realm might be incomplete, but it surely still has an underworld." He then punched upward toward the Heavens, causing the sky to tremble. The Divine Flame ripped open the sky to reveal a huge illusory river, pitch-black, within which flowed numerous sleeping souls.

The souls of the man and the woman entered the black river at the same time. As they sank down into the river, the man's soul fragment turned to look at Meng Hao. There was no longer any hatred in his eyes, but instead a complicated look that eventually turned into gratitude.

Then they vanished.

Meng Hao turned to look behind him. He lifted his hands, and the five remaining incoming swords ground to a halt. They radiated killing intent, but they did not advance any further.

Meng Hao's face was pale white, his cultivation base surging. Seeing Meng Hao block his swords caused Hai Dongqing's face to darken. Forcing down his shock, he let out an enraged shout and then shot forward.

Performing an incantation gesture, he caused 1,000,000 illusory swords to combine, creating a massive, astonishing greatsword. It did not slash or swipe, but instead... stabbed through the air toward Meng Hao.

As the massive greatsword stabbed toward Meng Hao, he lifted his left hand up, clenched it into a fist, and unleashed the God-Slaying Fist, which slammed into the tip of the sword.

BOOOOMMMMMM!

Starting at the tip, the entire sword shattered. In the blink of an eye, it collapsed into millions of swords images. Blood sprayed out of Hai Dongqing's mouth, and a look of surprise filled his face.

"Too strong!" he thought, heart pounding because of Meng Hao's intense power. From the beginning of the fight to this moment, the pressure in his mind had continued to build until he was shaking. The fear that filled him that was the same type he had experienced when facing Dao-Heaven!

As for Meng Hao, after unleashing his God-Slaying Fist, he threw his head back and roared. His body began to grow, and cracking sounds could be heard as the five swords twisted and then exploded. At the same time, the other four swords which had stabbed into him were ejected out.

He was as powerful as a celestial warrior!

Chapter 1113: Killing Hai Dongqing Three Times!

Yuwen Jian was still sitting behind the shield on the mountain, and as he watched what was happening, he began to pant. By this point, Meng Hao had already made a deep impression on him.

Meng Hao looked up at Hai Dongqing, then coolly said: “And now, it’s your turn!”

His energy erupted, and the healing of his body by his Eternal stratum was plainly visible.

Hai Dongqing’s eyes went wide. He found Meng Hao’s strength to be terrifying, and his heart had long since filled with towering waves of shock. He had personally witnessed Meng Hao slay his two compatriots, using ruthless tactics and lightning-like attacks. The whole thing caused his heart to pound.

“This Meng Hao is too strong! I can’t handle him. Only Dao-Heaven could possibly take him out!” When he realized this, he immediately decided to retreat from the battle. The shadow of death seemed to fill his mind, covering every aspect of his thoughts. Without any further hesitation, and in almost the exact same moment that Meng Hao looked over at him, he turned and fled for his life.

“Think you can just leave?” Meng Hao said. He began to walk forward, and his energy spiked as he unleashed the Seven God Steps. One step. Two steps. Three steps.

With each step he took forward, his killing intent surged. Although he physically looked no different than before, the sky flashed with bright colors, the heavenly bodies trembled, and a huge wind kicked up. To Hai Dongqing, it almost felt like Meng Hao was growing larger with each step, until he was so huge he could hold up the Heavens!

Hai Dongqing’s face fell as he recognized the magic. He had personally been watching on a projection screen when Meng Hao used this art to defeat Lin Cong.

However, in this critical moment of the battle, Hai Dongqing had no time to flee very far. He quickly performed a double-handed incantation gesture, then pushed his hand down toward the ground. Immediately, his body began to tremble as countless streams of sword qi erupted out of his body. 1,000,000. 5,000,000. All the way to... 10,000,000!

10,000,000 streams of sword qi blotted out the sky, transforming into a tempest that raged across the land toward Meng Hao. It was at this point that Meng Hao took a fourth step, a fifth step, a sixth step... a seventh step!

A massive foot descended from up above, smashing down into Hai Dongqing's sword qi tempest. As it passed through, countless streams of sword qi were shattered and destroyed.

In the blink of an eye, the 10,000,000 streams of sword qi, incapable of standing up to the power of the foot, were crushed. The foot stamped through the air, destroying all resistance as it slammed toward Hai Dongqing.

His eyes went wide from the sensation of deadly crisis. He performed an incantation gesture, causing his body to wither rapidly, with the exception of his hand, which turned translucent and crystalline. Then, he waved his finger toward the foot, his expression one of ferocity and madness.

"Paragon Sky, Daoist Magic Mountain!" he roared. Instantly, a mountain of swords materialized in front of him, emanating shocking ripples as it slammed directly into the descending foot.

BOOOOOOOOOOOOOOMMMM!

The mountain of swords trembled beneath the weight of the foot. Cracks spread out, and then the mountain shattered, exploding into countless fragments.

The backlash hit Hai Dongqing, and blood sprayed out of his mouth. He looked at the foot, eyes wide with despair. It descended, unstoppable, destructive, ripping his sword mountain apart and blotting out the sky. It was a huge shadow that descended onto him with a shocking boom.

It was impossible to stop, and he was incapable of holding it up. It was as if the energy of the will of Heaven were weighing down onto him, and he was nothing more than an ant. A bloodcurdling scream rang out, and he was stamped, crushed, his body exploding into bits of blood and gore that turned into a mist. He was completely killed.

The foot faded away, and the borrowed energy and momentum Meng Hao had also dissipated. However, he didn't relax in the least. As soon as the energy faded, he transformed into a beam of light that shot toward the location where Hai Dongqing had exploded.

In the moment that he closed in, the mist of blood rapidly formed back together. In the blink of an eye, a power like that of time reversal could be sensed in the area, and Hai Dongqing once again appeared, a look of astonishment on his face. He immediately bit his tongue and spit out a mouthful of blood, which spread out to form a blood shield. At the same time, he fell back rapidly.

Terror filled his eyes, as well as an overflowing hatred.

“I can’t believe I just died! Damn you, Meng Hao, you forced me to waste one of my Echelon lives!!

“I refuse to accept this!” he roared. Despite his posturing, inside, he was shaking with fear, and retreated at top speed. Rumbling filled the air as he instantly fell back by 3,000 meters.

Meng Hao snorted coldly, but didn’t seem surprised. After fighting with Han Qinglei and Lin Cong, he had long since come to understand how the soul of an Echelon cultivator couldn’t be destroyed. That was the exact reason why he had remained so on guard after killing Hai Dongqing moments ago, and had even continued to advance.

“You don’t even deserve to be in the Echelon,” Meng Hao said. “I’ve never truly killed an Echelon cultivator before, and I’m curious to find out if there will be a reward for doing so in the Windswept Realm.” With that, he waved his right hand, causing the Blood Demon head to appear. As he shot through the air, wind buffeting his face, he took a deep breath, and the Blood Demon head slammed into the blood shield, first shattering it into pieces, and then absorbing it.

Meng Hao pierced over the lands like an arrow, passing through the Blood Demon head to appear directly behind the fleeing Hai Dongqing. As he closed in, his killing intent erupted out explosively.

Hai Dongqing’s face was ashen, and he let out a shriek as he performed a double-handed incantation gesture. His body twitched, and he opened his mouth. Shockingly, a beam of sword light shot out, which instantly transformed into five swords, each one a different color!

The five swords were all illusory, but their sudden appearance on the scene caused Meng Hao’s eyes widen.

Hai Dongqing began to chant:

“Liver constitutes wood. The Arrival of Spring!

“Heart constitutes fire. The Eve of Summer!

“Spleen constitutes earth. The Halfway Point!

“Lungs constitute metal. The End of Autumn!

“Kidneys constitute water. The Dead of Winter!”

A vicious expression could be seen on his face as he roared, performing a double-handed incantation gesture that caused the five sword lights to interlace and transform into a sword formation!

“Five organs and five elements, complementary and correspondent! The ebb of day and night, no beginning and no end!!

“Minor Five Elements Sword Formation!” He spread his hands wide, causing the five sword lights to spin around each other, transforming into a five elements sword formation that rumbled toward Meng Hao.

This was a Heavenly sword magic of Hai Dongqing’s that was equal in power to his Paragon magic. In fact, this was a special trump card that he had kept secret from everyone, up to this moment.

Not even Dao-Heaven knew that he had this technique hidden up his sleeve. In fact, the main reason he had kept it hidden was that he hoped to use it to free himself from Dao-Heaven one day in the future.

After all, no Echelon cultivator would ever willingly become the follower of another Echelon cultivator. Although he pretended not to care about the matter, he cared very much!

Meng Hao’s eyes glittered as the Minor Five Elements Sword Formation shot through the air toward him. Then, he laughed, and instead of retreating, he pushed forward faster. As he and the five elements sword formation closed in on each other, he suddenly extended his palm out ahead of him.

“Fifth Demon Sealing Hex, Inside Outside Hex!” he said coolly. The Fifth Demon Sealing Hex could break through all sorts of restrictive spells and spell formations, and as soon as he unleashed it, a rift appeared on his palm.

Usually when such a rift appeared, it would consume and absorb. However, this time, it was the opposite. Everything was switched, and as Meng Hao pushed his hand forward, a rumbling sound could be heard. The five elements sword formation began to tremble, and was then shoved backward. It was as if some incredible, invisible power were pushing the sword formation out from the inside, causing it to expand.

Meng Hao appeared in just that moment. As the sword formation was spread out thin, he passed through a gap in the middle of it, shooting forward like lightning to appear in front of Hai Dongqing.

Hai Dongqing was astonished, and could hardly believe what was happening. Just when he seemed to be on the verge of going mad, Meng Hao’s right hand snapped out and pressed down onto the top of his head.

Almost in the same moment, though, Meng Hao inexplicably shot backward, not even taking the time to perform an incantation gesture. Hai Dongqing threw his head back and laughed maniacally, and a rumbling sound could be heard coming from inside of him as he chose to self-detonate.

Rather than allow Meng Hao to kill him, he killed himself. A huge boom could be heard as he exploded, transforming into a tempest that swept out madly in all directions. Meng Hao was shoved backward by the shockwave. However, in the same spot where he had self-detonated, a mist of blood could be seen that once again transformed into Hai Dongqing.

This time, his face was ashen; without the slightest hesitation, he shot backward in retreat.

He was trembling, and the courage he had felt when he self-detonated was now gone. That was because he knew... that this was his last life. The next time he died, he would be completely destroyed in body and soul.

Echelon cultivators had two lives. When he had fought Dao-Heaven, there were special circumstances that led to Han Dongqing choosing to capitulate instead of giving up one of his lives. Were it not for that, he really would have died just now.

Trembling, he went all-out to flee, raising his right hand to slap down onto his chest. Blood sprayed out of his mouth, and his body withered. At the same time, though, his head grew larger, giving him a bizarre and deformed appearance.

Blue veins even began to pop out all over his face.

“Air Aperture!” he roared. By sacrificing his body, he was able to enlarge his head. At the same time, an explosive influx of divine sense converged on his forehead, where it then spread out to form an invisible, enormous spell formation.

It was a teleportation portal, a bit of good fortune he had obtained years ago and imprinted on his soul. He was now using divine sense to activate it and use it to escape.

This spell formation was unique, and something that could only be used by an Echelon cultivator who had been killed twice. Were it not for that stipulation, he would have used it much earlier.

Ripples from the spell formation spread out in all directions as it prepared to whisk him away.

Killing intent flickered in Meng Hao’s eyes. Seeing how hard it was to actually kill Hai Dongqing gave him a much deeper understanding of what it meant to be in the Echelon. He stepped forward and transformed into a golden roc, bursting toward Hai Dongqing with incredible speed. As the ripples of teleportation spread out, he snorted coldly, extended his hand, and waved a finger toward Hai Dongqing.

“Eighth Demon Sealing Hex!”

The Eighth Hex was the Cultivation-Body Hex, and as soon as it was unleashed, Hai Dongqing’s cultivation base was sealed. With his divine sense locked down, the teleportation portal instantly lost the power that was driving it.

“NO!!” Hai Dongqing screamed in despair.

“This time, you’re really going to die, my first time... really and truly killing an Echelon cultivator!” Meng Hao’s voice echoed out behind him.

Chapter 1114: Thou Shalt Call Me... Dao Fang!

As Meng Hao's voice reached his ears and echoed about, Hai Qingdong felt a hand pat down onto the top of his head....

BOOM!

Hai Qingdong's eyes went wide as the skin on his head ripped and tore. In the blink of an eye, his entire body collapsed into pieces.

In that moment, all traces of Hai Qingdong existing in the world vanished. The teleportation portal winked out.

Having been killed a third time in a row by Meng Hao, he was now truly and utterly dead!

In the moment of his death, as the blood and gore drifted about, his Echelon mark began to glow softly, and then floated toward Meng Hao.

"Can't believe a word that Yuwen Jian says!" he thought. "Earlier he told me that he had killed Hai Qingdong once before. From the look of things, that was complete nonsense!" That notion had occurred to him earlier when he killed Hai Qingdong for the second time. Now, he gave a cold harrumph as he reached out and grabbed the Echelon mark.

The mark instantly fused into Meng Hao, causing an intense, stabbing pain in his forehead. Now a more complicated mark had appeared on his forehead, and if you looked closely, you couldn't tell that there were actually two symbols there. It looked complicated and ornate, as if it had undergone profound transformations.

At the same time, a tremor ran through Meng Hao, and he felt something like an indescribable power flowing out of the mark on his forehead. Simultaneously, his Demon Sealing Hexing Magic spontaneously began to flow, as the legacy of the League of Demon Sealers merged with the aura of the Echelon mark.

When that union occurred, Meng Hao's body shook violently, and a massive roaring like the destruction of Heaven and Earth filled his mind. It reached out to his soul and caused an invisible beam to fly up into the sky.

Meng Hao looked up into the sky, and realized that he was surrounded by a pillar of light. The light, with Meng Hao in it, shot rapidly upward, breaking through all obstacles, emerging from the Windswept Realm and piercing out into the Heavens.

Without stopping, it rose higher and higher. In the blink of an eye it had pierced through everything to appear... in the Mountain and Sea Realm!

He now hovered at an indescribable height, looking down at nine mountains arranged together. A sun and a moon orbited around them, and there were also nine seas. Furthermore, he was even able to see all of the living things in the Nine Mountains and Nine Seas.

Beyond that, outside of the Nine Mountains and Nine Seas, seemingly attached to the Realm and yet below it, were three land masses.

One of them... was the Windswept Realm!

Meng Hao's eyes widened as he looked from the three lower land masses up to the Nine Mountains and Nine Seas. He could see Planet South Heaven, and his parents, standing atop the Tower of Tang. He wanted to call out in greeting, but no sound came out.

He also saw his sister practicing cultivation in the Emperor Immortal Sect. He saw many familiar faces in the Ninth Mountain and Sea. He saw Fatty, Chen Fan, Wang Youcai... and in the Nine Seas God World, he saw Granny Nine and the others sitting cross-legged in meditation as they waited for the Windswept Realm to re-open.

Feeling mentally shaken, he looked over at the Ninth Mountain, and on the very peak, he saw an enormous eye that suddenly turned to stare at him in confusion.

He saw Ke Jiusi sitting in meditation in the Ancient Demon Immortal Sect. He looked over at Planet East Victory, and saw the clone of the Fang Clan Patriarch.

The clone originally was sitting there like a statue, but then suddenly he raised his head and peered through the void toward Meng Hao, looking slightly startled.

Meng Hao began to pant as he looked over all of the Nine Mountains and Seas. This was not his first time experiencing such a thing. He remembered something similar happening aboard the ship in the Milky Way Sea.

Right now, he couldn't help but think of the deep impression left upon him by the old man on that ship.

As Meng Hao hovered there silently, he couldn't hold back from turning his head to look toward the Fourth Mountain. He began to tremble when he saw... Xu Qing!

Obviously, she had no way of knowing that he could see her. He felt very close to her, and at the same time, oh so far away, which caused his heart to twinge with pain.

She sat cross-legged in a river of stars, with Dharma Protectors meditating close by. She looked exactly as she had before reincarnation, simple and cold.

"Qing'er..." he murmured.

Almost as soon as the words left his mouth, a tremor ran through Xu Qing. Her eyelashes fluttered as she opened her eyes. A look of confusion could be seen in her eyes.

Some of the old women sitting next to her immediately approached.

"Mistress, what's wrong?"

Xu Qing didn't respond at first. She just stared out into the void.

Finally, she said, "It was like... someone was calling out to me." Her gaze eventually came to rest... in the direction of the Ninth Mountain and Sea.

As Meng Hao gazed at the Fourth Mountain and Sea, deep inside that very mountain, a pair of eyes suddenly focused on him for a moment, then looked away.

Meng Hao could sense it, shifted his gaze, and found himself looking at a huge statue. An incredible pressure emanated out from the statue, which Meng Hao found completely shocking. It was far, far more powerful than the pressure of any other person he had ever encountered.

Suddenly, an archaic voice projected out from the statue: “Ah, so you’re on a mental journey, Meng Hao, my young friend. There is no need to worry about Xu Qing. I’ve accepted her as a disciple. Young friend... I wish you a safe and sound mental journey.”

After a moment, Meng Hao clasped hands and bowed. Then he looked deeply at Xu Qing one more time, before turning his attention back to the Nine Mountains and Seas at large. He saw Patriarch Reliance floating through the starry sky of the Eighth Mountain, humming a little tune, seemingly without a care in the world.

All of a sudden, a tremor ran through him. He had no hair on his body, but if he did, they would all be standing on end.

“Who is it! Who’s spying on me!!” he roared.

“Dammit, it feels like... like that little bastard Meng Hao! AHHHH!!

“The Patriarch has fled all the way here, and y-y-you... you just won’t give up, huh?!?!” After looking around for a moment, he stared off blankly into the void for a while, then suddenly began to laugh heartily.

“Oh,” he roared complacently, “so you’re way over there. Come on, you bastard scoundrel. Come get me if you can!”

Meng Hao snorted coldly, but then suddenly, his eyes went wide. Because of the current state he was in, he suddenly saw something on Patriarch Reliance’s back, in a seemingly ordinary corner of the State of Zhao.

There on Patriarch Reliance’s back, right in the middle of the State of Zhao was... a door!!

That door radiated soft light, and as soon as Meng Hao caught sight of it, his heart seized. There was something very familiar about that door, something like the aura of the Ancient Demon Immortal Sect.

“The legacy of Lord Li!!” Meng Hao’s eyes widened, and his heart began to pound as he realized that apparently, the legacy of Lord Li was actually on Patriarch Reliance’s back!

He had little time to consider the matter as he found himself rising higher up within the pillar of light, flying higher and higher up into the void above the Mountain and Sea Realm.

He brought the trembling of his heart under control as he looked up into the vault of the void, and suddenly, a gleam of anticipation appeared in his eyes. He realized that all of this was most likely happening because of the Echelon. Although he wasn't sure exactly what was happening, he did know... exactly what the Mountain and Sea Realm was!

“33 Heavens, huh...? According to what I learned from the Sixth Generation Demon Sealer, breaking through the 33 Heavens is the Mountain and Sea Tribulation!” His eyes glittered as he began to speed faster and faster.

He wasn't sure how much time passed, but eventually he broke through some sort of barrier and found himself looking at a path!

A path among the stars!

There were 33 Realms on that path, which seemed like 33 layers of successive seals that completely enveloped the Mountain and Sea Realm.

The beam of light took him along the path, and he pierced through one Realm after another. Eventually, he broke through the 33rd Realm, and it seemed like he was just on the verge of being able to see the truth about what was beyond. However, in that exact moment, a beam of golden light glittered in his eyes, until that was all that he could see.

Everything shattered!

A tremor ran through him, and the light around him began to collapse. The stream of his soul that was in the light began to recede, but before it did, a Heaven-rending Earth-crushing voice boomed out.

“Thou shalt call me... Dao Fang!”

Back in the Mountain and Sea Realm, in the Windswept Realm, on the National Aura Mountain of the Seventh Nation, Meng Hao trembled, let out a cry, and then coughed up a massive mouthful of blood. He staggered backward, his face pale white.

The mark on his forehead flickered rapidly, then slowly faded. His Demon Sealing Hexing Magic also faded away.

“What was that golden light?!?!”

“And that voice. Dao Fang. Dao Fang.... Why does that name sound so familiar. Where did I hear it before!?” He began panting, and before he could recall anything more about the name, a brilliant beam of light rose up from the central temple of the Windswept Realm.

It was fully 30,000 meters wide, and it shot up into the sky as if to tear open the Heavens. Indescribable ripples spread out, and once again, that world of mountains and statues opened up.

All eyes were fixed up above, including all of the Echelon cultivators. No matter what they were doing at the moment, everyone felt their hearts pounding as they looked overhead.

The entire battlefield surrounding the central temple went silent, and everyone looked in shock at the unprecedentedly bright pillar of light.

In the world up above there was a mountain hidden in the mists behind all of the other mountains and statues. It was the tallest mountain in that world, and all of a sudden... that mountain crumbled into pieces and then reformed into a statue.

That statue looked like a celestial warrior, shocking to the extreme. As soon as everyone saw the face of the statue, they were astonished to see... Meng Hao!

At the same time, a cold, archaic voice echoed out, seemingly emotionless. It filled the entire Windswept Realm, echoing out through the sky.

“Meng Hao, Echelon cultivator from the Ninth Nation, has killed another Echelon cultivator, a criminal act--”

Before the voice could finish speaking, more words echoed out, although this time, they didn't seem to be completely devoid of emotion like before. Grim ripples spread out, and if you listened closely, you would be able to tell... that the voice actually seemed to be different than the first one!

“The reward... is an Ancient Treasure, Heavenly Champion Immortal Ax!”

Chapter 1115: Windswept Rebellion!

As soon as the voice echoed out, everything shook. Expressions of shock appeared on the faces of everyone who heard the words. It must be noted that in the Windswept Realm, the rewards given were always related to qi flow. Never before had a magical item been bestowed as a reward.

Especially not a magical item that was an Ancient treasure!!

Ancient treasures were magical items for use in the Ancient Realm. Although such objects were more common than Dao Realm treasures, they were still considered very rare. For example, as the crown Prince of the Fang Clan, Meng Hao had an Ancient treasure in the form of a jade pendant, which he could use to confirm his identity.

However, it was definitely a rare thing to encounter an Ancient treasure.

Therefore, when the words regarding a reward in the form of an Ancient treasure echoed out through the Windswept Realm, everyone who heard it was astonished. That was especially true of the Echelon cultivators, whose eyes were wide with disbelief.

After all, this entire trial by fire was focused on the Echelon, not for the purpose of them being killed, but for them to improve and develop via struggle and conflict.

Of course, it wasn't impossible for one of them to accidentally be killed. However, the fact that Echelon cultivators had multiple lives revealed the truth of the matter.

Paragon Sea Dream did not wish for members of the Echelon to be permanently killed!

Fighting was hard to avoid, of course, and naturally, deadly situations would arise. However, the reason she gave multiple lives to the Echelon cultivators was for the express purpose of ensuring that they were not conclusively slaughtered in body and soul.

The Echelon cultivator from the First Mountain, Dao-Heaven, was aware of that, and as such, when he fought people, he didn't go all out with deadly intent. Instead, he attempted to destroy his rivals in spirit.

He was well aware that Paragon Sea Dream didn't approve of actually killing other Echelon cultivators. Therefore, he wouldn't attempt to do so unless it benefited him directly, or he truly detested that person.

"The Windswept Realm seems different from the descriptions of past instances in the sect records..." Dao-Heaven murmured. He was currently in the Fourth Nation, looking up into the sky.

"So it was Dongqing who died, huh. Killed by Meng Hao.... This time, there are actually prizes for killing Echelon cultivators!

"Kill one, and be rewarded with an Ancient treasure. I wonder what the reward would be for killing two or three, or even... all of them? A Dao treasure?!" When that final sentence came out of his mouth, he began to pant, and his eyes filled with the glow of greed. Killing intent swirling around him, he threw his head back and laughed uproariously.

"Things are different this time and... I love it!" A murderous aura erupted out of him that had apparently been kept restrained for a very long time. Now that he could unleash it, he turned and headed off into the distance, bursting with killing intent.

Other Echelon cultivators watched the scene play out with flickering expressions. Ambition rose up in their hearts, but at the same time, sensations of deadly crisis arose as well. All of them began to pant.

The only exception was the middle-aged man who sat on the National Aura Mountain in the Third Nation. He smiled slightly.

"The time has come for things to begin. Unexpectedly, Meng Hao gained a bit of an advantage. However, he won't be able to escape the coming calamity."

As the other members of the Echelon, and the rest of the cultivators from the Mountain and Sea Realm, stood there in shock, something happened outside in the Mountain and Sea Realm. In the Ruins of Immortality was an Immortal's cave, where a white-robed woman sat cross-legged in meditation. Next to her was Li Ling'er, who also meditated cross-legged.

All of a sudden, the white-robed woman opened her eyes, and they glowed with a murderous light.

"Imperial Lord of the Windswept Realm, how dare you!!"

As soon as the words left her mouth, her expression flickered.

In the Nine Seas God Worlds in the various Nine Seas, massive rumbling sounds like explosions could be heard. It sounded like some massive structure was collapsing, and the sound sent massive waves surging out across the Seas.

The sounds echoing out through the God Worlds provoked instant reactions from all of the Dao Realm experts, who were currently waiting patiently for the Windswept Realm to reopen.

“What’s happening? This... this....”

“I’m suddenly unable to sense the Windswept Realm!!”

“Not good!!”

Numerous cries of alarm rose up from the various God Worlds. The Nine Seas God World in the Ninth Sea was no exception. Granny Nine and the other Dao Realm Experts, including Godmaster and the two Demonic Cultivator Horde Patriarchs, all began to tremble. Finally, they couldn’t endure any longer, and blood sprayed out of their mouths.

As their eyes went wide, the pillars of light stretching up into the sky shattered, and their connection to Windswept Realm was broken.

“Impossible!!” Godmaster’s face fell. He shot to his feet and looked up into the sky. “The Windswept Realm... has been struck by some massive upheaval!! Dammit! Our connection to it was actually severed!!”

Meanwhile, out in the vast darkness of the void surrounding the Mountain and Sea Realm, the vast lands of the Windswept Realm trembled slightly. A sound like cracking or shattering echoed out as the previous orbit of the entire Realm was suddenly changed, and it began to float up toward the 33 Heavens up above. Of course, nobody in the Realm itself could sense that!

Paragon Sea Dream jumped to her feet, a murderous aura swirling around her. “Imperial Lord of the Windswept Realm, are you looking to die!?”

She waved her right hand, and her Immortal's cave suddenly faded away. When it reappeared, shockingly, it was in the void of the Mountain and Sea Realm. Then, only after-images were left behind as it shot out of the Mountain and Sea Realm and toward the lands of the Windswept Realm.

The Echelon cultivators in the Windswept Realm were all shaken. Meng Hao's face flickered as he saw a rift suddenly open up in the sky above. A black beam shot out, within which was a shocking battle-ax!

The battle-ax emanated a boundless killing aura, and was surrounded by swirling images of vengeful spirits, who emanated soundless shrieks. Apparently, they were bound to the battle-ax, and were incapable of leaving it to enter the cycle of reincarnation.

A shocking pressure erupted from the battle-ax, and as it descended, the lands quaked, and bright colors flashed in the sky.

This was the Ancient treasure, an item that would be considered of extremely high quality even among other Ancient treasures!

Heavenly Champion Immortal Ax!

It floated down slowly to hover in front of Meng Hao, where it emanated a slight droning sound. Meng Hao's eyes went wide, and his throat went dry as he stared at the pitch-black ax. Finally, he took a deep breath, reached out, and grabbed it.

The instant his hand closed around the haft, an explosive power surged through him. He trembled, and his hair flew up around him. He then flew up into the air, his cultivation base surging.

He swung the ax, and a black beam of light shot out of it, slamming into the ground and cutting out a huge 9,000-meter long gash. The Seventh Nation's National Aura Mountain was right in the middle of that gash, and was cut directly into two pieces!

Its already weakened shield was completely incapable of standing up to such power, which clearly showed... how terrifyingly powerful the ax was!

Meng Hao's heart trembled as he sensed the incredible energy inside the battle-ax.

Yuwen Jian still sat on top of the National Aura Mountain, which had just been cut into two halves. His scalp began to tingle as he stared at the two cliffs formed by the blow. He felt like his head was about to explode, and a powerful sensation of deadly crisis rose up in him.

Several moments passed before the resulting windstorm died down. Meng Hao waved his hand, and the battle-ax disappeared. A strange light appeared in his eyes as he began to think about the circumstances in which he was rewarded with the ax.

“There were two voices just now, not one!” he thought. “The first voice was the same as the voices from before. It was cold and emotionless, presumably because it was following orders. That must be the result of the natural laws imposed on the Windswept Realm by the Mountain and Sea Realm!”

“I killed an Echelon cultivator, and according to the first voice, that was some sort of criminal act. However... a moment later a second voice spoke, and actually rewarded me with a treasure!”

“Is someone encouraging us Echelon cultivators to wipe each other out?” Meng Hao’s heart trembled. If his speculations were correct, then this turn of events surely had some connection to the way Jian Daozi and the others had looked at them when they first arrived in Mountain and Sea Realm, as well as the little tricks Jian Daozi had tried to pull off. Furthermore, Meng Hao had heard the others mention that the Windswept Realm was different this time than it had been before. He suddenly gasped.

“Could it be that some great catastrophe is about to strike in the Windswept Realm?” he thought.

His face darkened. At the same time, Yuwen Jian finally gained enlightenment of the 300th Essence from the World Seals. He then leapt to his feet and shouted at Meng Hao.

“Meng Hao, y-y-you... you just about cut me in half with that ax!”

His voice echoed out like thunder, interrupting Meng Hao’s train of thought.

Meng Hao looked down at Yuwen Jian and, voice cool, said, “My hand slipped, that was all. By the way, congratulations on achieving enlightenment. Oh, another thing. Didn’t you mention something about having killed Hai Dongqing once before?”

“I said that?” Yuwen Jian responded, sounding a bit guilty. However, he instantly slipped back into a rage. “Look, that’s not even important. You just about chopped me in two just now! Did you hear

me? It was THIS close!! I didn't do anything to provoke you! Your hand slipped? I almost lost my life! I've cowed the entire Seventh Mountain, fool! I've traversed mountains of daggers and seas of flames without getting killed, then I almost get killed because your hand slipped? You owe me for this...."

Meng Hao wasn't really paying attention. "Sea of flames," he thought. "Sea of flames.... I remember! Dao Fang! Beneath the Ancient Dao Lakes in the lands of South Heaven, the final level of the trial by fire overseen by those strange beasts, was the world of the Essence of Divine Flame...."

"There was an eye of flame there which yelled something that included the name Dao Fang!!" Meng Hao's mind trembled as he finally recalled the information he was looking for.

Instantly, his eyes widened, and a bright, intimidating gleam appeared in them.

Of course, from Yuwen Jian's perspective, he had just said a few words, only to have Meng Hao suddenly fall silent and then stare at him threateningly. He began to tremble, and he remembered how strong Meng Hao had been when he had killed the two cultivators moments ago. Then he had ruthlessly cut down Hai Dongqing.

He also thought about how terrifying that ax was, and then Yuwen Jian's face twitched with the realization of how impulsive it had been to berate Meng Hao the way he had. Meng Hao was clearly a jinx should never be provoked. A bead of cold sweat dripped down Yuwen Jian's temple, and a wide smile broke out on his face. He quickly clasped hands and bowed several times.

"Hahaha! Brother Meng Hao, let's let bygones be bygones," he said cheerily. "I was just kidding around, brother. Even if you do chop, er, chop me in two, well... no problem. I have lives left, so if you do kill me, I'll come back." Then he laughed heartily.

Chapter 1116: A Meeting in the Sixth Nation!

"Dao Fang...." he thought. "Once I leave the Windswept Realm and get back home, I'm definitely going to go back to the Ancient Dao Lakes!" Meng Hao's eyes glittered thoughtfully, and then the intimidating gleam in his eyes vanished. He looked back down at Yuwen Jian and smiled enigmatically.

How could he not have realized that Yuwen Jian could have reached enlightenment much earlier, and had intentionally dragged things out? Clearly, he had been planning something. Although Meng

Hao's use of the ax had seemed completely spontaneous, it was actually designed as a warning for Yuwen Jian.

Seeing Meng Hao's smile, Yuwen Jian felt even guiltier. Clearing his throat, he smacked his chest heroically and said, "Brother Meng Hao, you are truly courageous and extraordinary. Hahaha. Dao-Heaven's three hired thugs were all incredibly powerful. But in front of you, they were like hired clowns. You crushed them like weeds! You're definitely destined to be number one in the Mountain and Sea Realm Echelon!" Although Yuwen Jian's words were blatantly ingratiating, his expression was very sincere, as if every word were spoken from the depths of his heart.

"Well said, well said," replied Meng Hao, chuckling. Then he stared evenly at Yuwen Jian. "However, Fellow Daoist Yuwen Jian, you still need to return the World Seal I loaned to you."

Yuwen Jian's smile stiffened, and his mind spun with hundreds of ideas. However, when he saw the look in Meng Hao's eyes, his heart began to pound, and he once again thought about the implications of Meng Hao being rewarded for killing an Echelon cultivator.

"Dammit!" he thought. "The rewards of the Windswept Realm this time are encouraging us to slaughter each other.... I can't provoke this jinx, otherwise I'll find myself in a deadly crisis!" Having reached this point in his train of thought, Yuwen Jian unhesitatingly produced the World Seal and sent it back to Meng Hao.

Meng Hao grabbed it and put it away. Smiling just as broadly as ever, he didn't say a single word about the Seventh Nation's World Seal. Yuwen Jian had intentionally sat out of the fight, and had been plotting the whole time. Had he instead joined in to fight Hai Qingdong and the others, then Meng Hao would naturally have refrained from greedily keeping the World Seal.

However, since Yuwen Jian had clearly been up to something, then Meng Hao didn't feel guilty at all about turning the tables on him.

Yuwen Jian smiled wryly. Although he was a body cultivator, the fact that he was not only a member of the Echelon, but had also managed to keep his place in it for so long, and at the same time managed to reach such a high level of body cultivation, showed that he was no fool. He might not be considered a genius, he was quite adept at scheming.

It was obvious to even him that Meng Hao had seen through his plan, and had used the ax as a warning. Not returning the Seventh Nation's World Seal was an additional punishment.

“Well, that’s fine,” he thought. “Since the Windswept Realm seems to be encouraging us Echelon cultivators to wipe each other out, then those World Seals are like signal flares. The more you have, the more likely you’ll be to get killed and have them stolen away. Since I have no World Seal, as long as I’m careful, I’ll actually be much safer.”

Yuwen Jian was now feeling a lot more confident, so he clasped hands and bowed to Meng Hao. Backing up a few steps at the same time, he smiled and said, “Brother Meng Hao, it’s getting late. My place is kind of a mess right now, so I won’t keep you any longer. Take care of yourself on your way back, brother, and when you get a chance come visit again.”

Meng Hao looked at him, and Yuwen Jian instantly braced himself for something bad to happen. After a moment, though, Meng Hao merely smiled, swished his sleeve, and turned to depart.

It was in this moment, however, that a beam of light suddenly rose up from the central temple. It was rapidly expanding, spreading out to fill the entire Windswept Realm.

Shockingly, this light was just like the light from moments before... it was 30,000 meters wide!!

The massive pillar of light shot up into the Heavens, causing non-stop rumbling sounds to echo out. The sky shook, and countless ripples expanded out, filling the entire sky. Meng Hao’s eyes went wide, and Yuwen Jian’s face fell.

As the beam of light burst up into the world of mountains and statues, the tallest of the mountains, the one which was now a statue of Meng Hao, suddenly blurred as a ghost image appeared next to it. The image then solidified into a second statue!

That second statue depicted a young man with swirling killing intent. He emanated incredible pressure that caused Meng Hao to pant. Shockingly, that statue was holding a head in its hand!

That head radiated icy coldness, despite being dead.

“Dao-Heaven!!” Yuwen Jian exclaimed. “That’s the Echelon cultivator from the First Mountain!! The head in his hand... is the head of the Echelon cultivator from the Second Mountain!!” His face drained of blood. He well knew that Dao-Heaven had long since taken the Second Nation’s World Seal from that cultivator, who had then managed to flee.

He had previously reached the conclusion that lacking a World Seal would place him in much less danger. He had never imagined that after only a few breaths of time passed, his entire line of reasoning would be overturned. The Echelon cultivator from the Second Mountain was now dead, heralding the beginning of what would no doubt be a series of bloody and chaotic battles!

It didn't matter whether or not he had a World Seal, he was still in incredible danger!

Next, that cold and ruthless voice echoed out through the Windswept Realm.

“The reward... is an Ancient treasure! Lofty Mountain Immortal Flail!”

All of the Echelon cultivators were instantly shaken. Events were unfolding too quickly. First Hai Qingdong was killed, and then moments later, Dao-Heaven hunted down and killed someone else!

Furthermore, the reward was another Ancient treasure!

Meng Hao stared at the world up above, and Dao-Heaven's statue. His eyes then began to gleam with an intimidating light. Even though he wasn't sure how strong this Dao-Heaven was compared to Hai Qingdong, from what he could sense, he was incredibly powerful.

“Dao-Heaven...” he thought, eyes glittering.

Just when he was about to leave, Yuwen Jian suddenly flew up into the air and cried out, “Brother Meng Hao! Hahaha! Look, it's getting pretty late, there's no need to hurry off. Why don't you stick around for a few days!?”

Yuwen Jian was scared, so how could he possibly allow Meng Hao to leave so easily? If Meng Hao stayed behind, then there would be two of them to fight against Dao-Heaven if he came looking for them.

Meng Hao ignored him and was just about to speed off into the distance when Yuwen Jian, thoughts racing, clenched his teeth and then blurted, “Meng Hao, I know of a way for you to get the Sixth Nation's World Seal without even lifting your pinky finger!”

Meng Hao stopped and looked back at Yuwen Jian.

Seeing that Meng Hao had stopped, Yuwen Jian quickly explained, “Listen, Meng Hao. Of the nine World Seals, Dao-Heaven now has three, and you have four. The remaining two are those belonging to the Third Nation and the Sixth Nation respectively. The Echelon cultivator in the Sixth Nation is that kid Hong Bin. We went through some dangerous situations together and became friends. How about I take you to the Sixth Nation and persuade him to give you the World Seal!

he declared, slapping his chest.

“That way, you’ll have five World Seals, and will definitely have the upper hand!

“As long as you’re not scared of Dao-Heaven, then the Sixth Nation’s World Seal is yours!”

Meng Hao stared at him coldly. He didn’t trust Yuwen Jian very much; although they hadn’t known each other for long, he got the feeling that Yuwen Jian was about as unreliable as Patriarch Reliance.

“I don’t trust you,” Meng Hao said slowly.

Looking insulted and a bit angry, Yuwen Jian said, “Brother Meng Hao, it really hurts me to hear you say that. You know what type of person I am? I’m just like the ‘jian 坚’ character in my name. I’m steadfast in conduct, steadfast in word, steadfast in action, steadfast in everything!”

Unmoved, Meng Hao coolly responded, “You told me that you killed Hai Qingdong once.”

Yuwen Jian didn’t seem the least bit embarrassed about that fact. Laughing heartily, he said, “Brother Meng Hao, I’ve been wanting to reform some of my bad habits for a while now. I really managed to make myself look like a fool in front of you, brother. I’m definitely going to make some changes!”

“Your enlightenment earlier went way too slowly,” Meng Hao said.

“Hahaha! Brother Meng Hao, there’s no need to go out of your way to give me face. I wasn’t slow, I was just distracted. For that, I must apologize. From now on, I definitely won’t daydream anymore!”

Meng Hao wasn't sure whether to laugh or cry. He looked closely at Yuwen Jian for a moment, and realized that not only were his words unreliable, but he was also extremely shameless. In terms of doing about-faces, nobody else could possibly match up to him.

Yuwen Jian's expression was extremely sincere. Smacking his chest, he declared, "Brother Meng Hao, this time, you just have to trust me. I really am friends with Hong Bin. I saved his life once!"

After a moment of silence, Meng Hao looked at Yuwen Jian and calmly said, "If you don't get me that World Seal, then you'll see what happens when I really flip out."

It was no threat. His calm words instantly caused Yuwen Jian to become nervous, and he nodded.

No more words were exchanged. Yuwen Jian led the way, and the two of them became bright beams of light that shot through the Seventh Nation toward the Sixth Nation. They moved with incredible speed, so it wasn't long before they arrived.

As soon as they entered the Sixth Nation, intense pressure weighed down on them, a warning of sorts. The boy Hong Bin, currently sat cross-legged on the Sixth Nation's National Aura Mountain, and as soon as he sensed them, his face flickered. The National Aura Mountain's shield sprang up, and Hong Bin was immediately surrounded by several followers, who formed a defensive spell formation.

"Dammit," he said out loud. "Is it Dao-Heaven? Or is it just someone passing through? Either way, keep the spell formation ready. If it's Dao-Heaven, we can teleport out of here!" Hong Bin was extremely nervous. Currently, the two people he feared most were Dao-Heaven and Meng Hao.

Both of them had killed other Echelon cultivators, and had been rewarded with Ancient treasures. How could he not be afraid? He didn't want his own life to be the price paid to get either one of them another Ancient treasure.

As he sat there vigilantly, two streaks of light pierced through the air outside of the National Aura Mountain. Yuwen Jian was in the lead position, and as soon as he got close enough, he urgently shouted, "Hong Bin, old pal, it's Yuwen Jian, come to pay respects!"

Almost as soon as the words left his mouth, Hong Bin caught sight of Yuwen Jian. Instantly, his eyes blazed with anger, and he shot to his feet.

“Dammit, Yuwen Jian, you duplicitous bastard! You conned me back then and I never hunted you down about it, but now you have the gall to come looking for me!?”

“Hey, who’s that behind you? That’s... dammit! I can’t believe you brought him here! I won’t rest until you’re dead, Yuwen Jian!!”

As soon as Hong Bin’s shrill voice echoed out, Yuwen Jian glanced embarrassedly over at Meng Hao. What he saw was Meng Hao looking back at him with an icy smile.

“Brother Meng Hao,” he gushed, “just give me the time it takes half an incense stick to burn. Don’t worry, I’ll definitely succeed!” In a flash, he sped toward the National Aura Mountain!

Chapter 1117: He’s Here!

On the Sixth Nation’s National Aura Mountain, the boy Hong Bin sat grim-faced, surrounded by nine followers. His teleportation portal was ready to be used at a moment’s notice. All it required was a bit of divine will, and then he would be teleported away.

He held the World Seal of the Sixth Nation tightly in his hand as he stared coldly at Yuwen Jian. However, he did not teleport away.

Yuwen Jian hurried over until he was right outside the National Aura Mountain’s shield. Of course, without Hong Bin’s permission to enter, all he could do was hover outside and smile wryly.

“Brother Hong Bin... listen--”

“Beat it! Whoever you call brother gets struck with bad luck!” Hong Bin had a very unsightly look on his face. He glanced over at Meng Hao off in the distance, eyes wide. Originally, he hadn’t thought much at all about this latest addition to the Echelon. However, Meng Hao’s display of power in the Windswept Realm completely swept away any cavalier attitudes toward him harbored by the other Echelon cultivators.

He had defeated Han Qinglei, routed Lin Cong, and had then gone on to slaughter another Echelon cultivator.

Such achievements in battle ensured that he rose to prominence like a blazing sun, and was a person that no one would take lightly.

Hong Bin gritted his teeth and said, "I'll let you say three more things, and after that you'd better get the hell back to wherever you came from, otherwise, I'm outta here!"

"Outta here? To where?" Yuwen Jian shouted, looking righteously at Hong Bin. "It's not like you can leave the Windswept Realm! No matter where you run to, if Dao-Heaven thinks it's worth it to track you down, do you really think he'll let you get away?"

Hong Bin grimaced. He was also aware that fleeing was not a good long-term option. However, there was really no other choice. Dao-Heaven was simply too powerful.

"You can say two more things!" Hong Bin said, his face grim.

"You're powerless to defend yourself," Yuwen Jian continued, "and so am I, all because of this damned Windswept Realm and the changes to the rules. Don't try to convince me that you haven't noticed the writing on the wall. Furthermore, don't try to get me to believe that you don't know why I brought Meng Hao here. Cooperation could be doubly beneficial for all of us, whereas splitting up would be doubly detrimental!"

"You can say one more thing!" Hong Bin said slowly, placing his right hand on the ground, which caused the teleportation portal to rev up. All the while, he stared at Yuwen Jian.

"Fudge! I didn't have three things to say, fool!" Yuwen Jian roared. "If you want to chicken out, then get the hell out of here!"

Hong Bin stared in shock, and his expression grew even more unsightly. He shifted his gaze over to Meng Hao off in the distance, then gritted his teeth after a long moment.

"Can he beat Dao-Heaven?"

"Maybe, maybe not," Yuwen Jian said bitterly. "Even if you join the two of us, we still might not be able to beat him.... But, this is the only way we'll even have a chance. The alternative is just waiting for Dao-Heaven to slaughter us all one by one!"

Hong Bin replied with silence. If Yuwen Jian had said that he was sure they could beat Dao-Heaven, Hong Bin would have teleported away immediately. Generally speaking, he didn't trust anything

Yuwen Jian said. However, for Yuwen Jian to unexpectedly respond in this way caused Hong Bin to hesitate.

“What does he want in exchange for my help!?” Hong Bin asked, looking at Yuwen Jian.

Yuwen Jian looked back silently at Hong Bin for a moment before replying, “Do you really need to ask?” After another moment, he continued, “Fellow Daoist Hong Bin, I might have conned you in the past, but you have to admit that when I did, I didn’t hurt you in any way!”

Hong Bin clenched his jaw, then waved his right hand. The Sixth Nation’s World Seal flew out, piercing through the shield and flying past Yuwen Jian toward Meng Hao.

If he was going to purchase a favor, it would be better to have Meng Hao owe him, than Yuwen Jian.

Meng Hao’s eyes glittered as he reached out toward the incoming World Seal.

“Fellow Daoist Meng Hao,” Hong Bin said, one word at a time. “I’m not sure what this shyster Yuwen Jian told you, but since this is our first time meeting, I want to make something clear.... Dao-Heaven has started killing people, and I don’t want to end up a victim. Neither does Yuwen Jian. As for you... if you want to fight Dao-Heaven, you’ll need our help!

“At the very least, you’ll need us up until Dao-Heaven is dead!”

Meng Hao caught the World Seal. After a moment of silence, he nodded. “You’re right,” he said slowly. “So. Are you guys ready?”

Such a response from Meng Hao caught Hong Bin off guard. He had assumed Meng Hao would make some sort of confident declaration, but instead, he had responded complete contrary to expectation. Yuwen Jian’s eyes also went wide. He and Hong Bin looked at each other, and then expressions of determination filled their faces.

“Fellow Daoist Meng, you’re very frank and straightforward,” said Hong Bin. “I don’t need to prepare anything. I’m ready to fight right now!” With that, he rose to his feet, his cultivation base surging. His energy soared, and a massive wind sprang up into the sky.

Yuwen Jian's eyes gleamed with resolve, and his cultivation base also erupted with power. A second tempest roared up into the sky, joining with Hong Bin's to shake everything. The shocking power caused the lands to tremble and the air to distort. They were like two burning torches in the dead of night, making a declaration to every other Echelon cultivator, even to Dao-Heaven, that they... wanted to fight!!

Meng Hao took a deep breath. He put away the Sixth Nation's World Seal and then also unleashed his power. Massive rumbling could be heard as his energy quickly surpassed Yuwen Jian and Hong Bin's, causing everything to shake violently.

These were three Echelon cultivators, simultaneously powering up, creating a will to fight that shook everything, issuing a direct challenge to Dao-Heaven!

This was no plot, scheme, or trick. This was an open and aboveboard declaration of war!

The mortals in the Windswept Realm didn't notice anything more than a sudden increase in the air pressure. However, the cultivators could detect the shocking transformations, the trembling of the lands and the chaos up in the sky.

As for the raging will to fight cast off by Meng Hao, Yuwen Jian and Hong Bin... only other Echelon cultivators could detect it.

Han Qinglei and Lin Cong were no longer in their original nations; both were hiding in random places in the Windswept Realm. In one particular mountain cave, Han Qinglei suddenly looked in the direction of the Sixth Nation, and his face flickered.

Lin Cong was sitting cross-legged at the bottom of a lake. When the lake water began to vibrate, he suddenly looked up, and his eyes flashed.

In the Fourth Nation, Dao-Heaven was flying at top speed through the air when all of a sudden, he stopped in midflight and looked in the direction of the Sixth Nation. A bright gleam appeared in his eyes, and a faint smile turned up the corners of his mouth. He could sense the will to fight in those three bursts of energy, and could tell that they were issuing a challenge to him.

"You want to fight? Well then, let's fight!" he said proudly. Then, he exploded with massive speed, transforming into a Blue Dragon that roared off into the distance.

The roaring shook Heaven and Earth, causing a massive wind to kick up, and the sky to move backward. When compared to the energy of Meng Hao and the others, his energy was actually slightly greater!

At the same time, he pushed himself with greater speed, piercing through the air and leaving behind only afterimages as he shot toward the Sixth Nation with indescribable speed.

Outside of the Sixth Nation's National Aura Mountain, almost as soon as Meng Hao and the others unleashed their energy, they felt the response from Dao-Heaven. Yuwen Jian's face darkened.

"Dammit. He's even stronger than before!!"

Meng Hao's eyes went wide. He had never met Dao-Heaven from the First Mountain, but had heard his name mentioned by other Echelon cultivators. He knew that Dao-Heaven was strong, and that, thirty years ago, he had earned the title of number one in the Echelon.

In the subsequent thirty years, other Echelon cultivators would have had the chance to catch up, putting them in the position to fight him. From the way things were playing out in the Windswept Realm, though, it seemed that Dao-Heaven... was still the number one most powerful member.

Meng Hao took a deep breath, and his eyes flickered with the intense desire to fight.

Inside the National Aura Mountain's shield, Hong Bin felt his heart beginning to pound, and he started grumbling inwardly. Now that Dao-Heaven had revealed his energy, the bravery he had felt moments ago was waning.

After a moment, though, his eyes flickered, and he said, "I'm adept with Daoist magic. I'll stay here behind the shield where I'm safe, and use magical techniques on Dao-Heaven. That is how I can support you, Elder Brother Meng and Elder Brother Yuwen."

Yuwen Jian hesitated for a moment, then gritted his teeth. Determination shone in his eyes, and it looked like he was ready to throw caution to the wind.

"I'm a body cultivator, and I have my Six Times Nine God Body," he said. "Brother Meng Hao, you might be the most powerful fighter among us, but you've never tangled with Dao-Heaven. Let me take the lead in the battle. I'll buy you some time to analyze him."

Yuwen Jian's sudden statement caused Hong Bin to stare in shock. Yuwen Jian was the type of person who seemed honest, but was actually very treacherous, so Hong Bin would never have guessed that he would choose to do as he just had.

Meng Hao also looked at Yuwen Jian with a strange expression. After a moment of thought, he nodded. "Very well. It will help to have some time to study him."

The three of them spoke no more words. They sat down cross-legged, Yuwen Jian and Meng Hao in midair outside of the shield, Hong Bin inside. All three remained in their peak states as they waited for Dao-Heaven's arrival. Eventually, Yuwen Jian took out a bottle of medicinal pills and quietly consumed one. Rumbling sounds emanated out from inside of him, and he began to shine with a red glow.

"God blood?" Meng Hao asked suddenly.

"My last drop," Yuwen Jian replied, crushing the bottle to show that it really was the last drop inside.

"How did you get it?" Meng Hao asked.

"By killing a God!" was the cool response. "Brother Meng Hao, if you're interested, then as long as I don't die in this fight, I'll take you to the Seventh Mountain one day. We can take a trip to the God Domain and slay some Gods!"

Meng Hao nodded. "Deal!"

Time passed. Soon, Dao-Heaven was shooting over the sky of the Fifth Nation, causing rumbling sounds to emanate out. The ground quaked, and rifts tore open in the sky.

All of a sudden, a crimson chain appeared, wrapped around Dao-Heaven's arm, which emanated the aura of an Ancient treasure. That was none other than his reward for killing the Echelon cultivator from the Second Mountain. Lofty Mountain Immortal Flail!

Gradually, what appeared to be images of lofty mountains appeared on the surface of the chain. Occasionally, even Immortal mountains could be seen!

Dao-Heaven shot through the Fifth Nation, face both icy and also filled with pride and self-confidence. Eventually, he reached... the Sixth Nation.

As soon as he passed over the border, incredible pressure weighed down on him.

Back on the Sixth Nation's National Aura Mountain, Hong Bin suddenly said: "He's here!!"

Yuwen Jian's eyes began to shine, and he rose to his feet, looking more serious than ever.

Meng Hao took a deep breath and looked off into the distance. In that direction, he sensed a Heaven-shaking, Earth shattering power of qi and blood, rumbling in his direction!

Chapter 1118: Fighting Dao-Heaven!

Dao-Heaven had arrived!

The sky churned and the lands shook. It was as if the king of all the Heavens had arrived. As soon as he set foot onto the lands below, a seemingly invincible energy radiated out with each step he took.

Every step caused the land to quake, and huge footprints to appear in the ground. It was as if an invisible giant were treading forth.

Dao-heaven wore a long white robe, and had flowing black hair. He was handsome, seemingly having cast off all traces of mortality. His eyes shone like stars, and anyone who looked into them would feel as if they were being sucked into their depths.

Thirty years ago... he had been named... the number one cultivator in the Echelon, its most powerful member.

He did not wear a crown, and yet anyone who looked at him would find him kingly. He wore no Imperial robes, only a white garment, and yet he appeared to represent the Heavens.

He strolled along, seemingly in no hurry, and yet filled with icy coldness. The way he looked down at Meng Hao and the others made it seem as if they were ants to him. Apparently it was only Meng Hao himself whom he seemed to find even the least bit interesting.

“So, the three of you want to challenge me to a fight?” he said coldly as he hovered in midair. His simple statement echoed out like thunder, tearing through all obstacles to pound into the ears of Meng Hao, Yuwen Jian and Hong Bin.

Yuwen Jian’s face went pale, and he trembled as he took a few steps backward. Then he threw his head back and howled, “Dao-Heaven!!”

Roaring, he suddenly shot up into the air.

Hong Bin sat behind the shield, blood oozing out of the corners of his mouth, a look of astonishment and fear written on his face. He had never imagined that a single statement uttered by Dao-Heaven could injure him so badly. It was almost as if the shield behind which he sat was useless.

Seeing that Yuwen Jian was going on the offensive, Hong Bing gritted his teeth and performed an incantation gesture. Then he waved his finger toward Dao-Heaven, causing numerous stars to materialize up above.

The stars flickered, and then smashed toward Dao-Heaven.

In addition, multitudinous complex lines spread out around Dao-Heaven, forming spinning spell formations that seemed designed to entangle and kill him.

Meng Hao took a deep breath. Although Dao-Heaven’s words didn’t affect him very much, now that he was face to face with the young man, he could sense an incredible might emanating off of him. That might was the incredible battle prowess of Dao-Heaven’s shocking cultivation base.

“Of all the people I’ve encountered in my generation, he’s definitely the strongest!” he thought, his eyes flickering. He stepped forward, unleashing the Seven God Steps, which caused his energy to begin to rise up.

It takes a bit of time to describe all of these things, but they all happened in almost an instant. Dao-Heaven smiled indifferently, as if he didn’t even care about his three opponents.

“None of you even deserve to be in the Echelon,” he said, waving his right hand through the air. Instantly, the air seemed to rip apart and then spin toward the incoming stars. Before the stars could even get close to Dao-Heaven, they were shattered into pieces.

Next, Dao-Heaven raised his right foot up and stamped it down. A boom echoed out, followed by a shockwave that spread out with astonishing attack power. As soon as it touched the spell formations, cracking sounds could be heard, and the delicate spell formations were destroyed.

After taking that single step, Dao-Heaven pushed his right finger toward the incoming Yuwen Jian.

Yuwen Jian threw his head back and roared. “Six Times Nine God Body! Ninth Transformation!”

Rumbling sounds could be heard as his body rapidly grew larger, until he looked like a giant. Incredible power radiated off of him as he sent two fists flying toward Dao-Heaven. In the blink of an eye, his fists connected with Dao-Heaven’s finger.

In that instant, the flesh was shredded off of his hands, revealing the bones underneath. Yuwen Jian let out a miserable shriek as he tumbled backward, blood spraying everywhere. Shockingly, his two fists couldn’t stand up to the swipe of Dao-Heaven’s single finger!!

Meng Hao was shaken inwardly. He had fought Yuwen Jian, and knew that in his current state, even he would be incapable of seriously injuring Yuwen Jian with a single finger swipe.

“Impossible!” Yuwen Jian howled. “Y-you... how many times have you dropped your cultivation base back down from the Ancient Realm?!?” It was a huge blow to him to have been seriously injured by a single finger swipe.

“Insects like you shouldn’t talk about things they don’t understand.”

Dao-Heaven said coolly, taking another step forward, instantly bypassing Meng Hao. It was almost like a teleportation, which placed him very close to the Sixth Nation’s National Aura Mountain shield.

“Yuwen Jian,” Dao-Heaven said loftily, “you don’t deserve to be in the Echelon. And you... Hong Bin, you deserve it even less.” He waved his finger toward the shield, causing a sun and a moon to

appear. They swirled around each other as they sped through the air and then smashed into the shield.

A vicious expression appeared on Hong Bin's face. He performed a double-handed incantation gesture, causing numerous streams of light to explode up. 10,000,000 of them spread out, creating a bright river that surged toward Dao-Heaven.

Dao-Heaven's expression was as lofty as ever as his finger touched the shield. A boom rang out, and the shield trembled, distorting even more violently than before. Instantly, cracks spread out from the point where his finger had touched it!

"Break," he said. The cracks expanded rapidly, and in the blink of an eye, the entire shield suddenly shattered. At the same time, Hong Bin's river of 10,000,000 streams of light rumbled toward Dao-Heaven with shocking power.

At the same time, Hong Bin's face went pale, and an expression of fear appeared. Without any further hesitation, he slapped his hand onto the ground, causing the teleportation portal to surge into motion. Blood sprayed out of the mouths of his nine followers as they used their life force to power the portal.

"That's all you've got?!" Dao-Heaven asked calmly, not even looking at the incoming river of light. As it neared, he shot forward through the river, appearing directly on the Sixth Nation's National Aura Mountain. Just when Hong Bin was about to teleport away, Dao-Heaven lifted his right foot up and stomped down onto the mountain.

ROOOOOAAAARRRRRRRRRRRR!

A massive energy erupted out from him, causing the entire National Aura Mountain to shatter and collapse. Countless rocks and rubble tumbled out in every direction, and Hong Bin's nine followers exploded into bits. The teleportation portal was also shattered, and Hong Bin was sent flying back, blood spraying out of his mouth, an expression of shock and terror on his face.

"Save me!" he screamed. He was in the Echelon, and was a proud person. But in this moment of critical danger, he abandoned all pride and fled.

Yuwen Jian let out a bellow of rage and attacked again.

Meng Hao also fell back. The level of power on display by Dao-Heaven had already struck him deeply. He had fought many people of his generation with cultivation bases similar to himself, but none of them could even compare to Dao-Heaven.

“So, is this the real Echelon...?” he thought, feeling shaken. After having defeated Han Qinglei, Lin Cong, and then Hai Dongqing, he had started to look down on the Echelon. As of this moment, all such feelings vanished.

“Nobody can save you now,” Dao-Heaven said casually, then laughed and transformed into a blur that shot over to Hong Bin. He raised his right hand and pointed a finger toward Hong Bin’s forehead.

The speed was so incredible that before Hong Bin could even do anything, the finger was about to tap onto his head.

It was at this point that, all of a sudden, the Lightning Cauldron appeared in Meng Hao’s hand. Electricity danced around him, and then he vanished. When he reappeared, shockingly, he was directly in front of Hong Bin. As for Dao-Heaven, he was now in the position that Meng Hao had just occupied.

Despite how powerful he was, he gaped in shock.

In that moment of shock, Meng Hao’s voice echoed out, filled with killing intent.

“Paragon magic, Paragon Bridge!!” He waved his hand, causing his cultivation base to surge with power. 123 Immortal meridians and 33 Heavens formed into the Paragon Bridge, which smashed down toward the astonished Dao-Heaven.

As for Hong Bin, there was really nowhere for him to flee to. He had just been snatched out of the jaws of death, and now he hesitated no longer. He performed an incantation gesture, causing his forehead to split open and two fish to fly out.

One of the fish was black, and the other was white. They spun in a circle, head-to-tail, creating a circle in midair. Black and white light shone out as they spun, gradually forming into a spell array. Shockingly, this spell array was Hong Bin’s Paragon magic!

“Paragon magic, Dao of Yin and Yang!”

Yuwen Jian threw his head back and roared, and brilliant red light surged up from him. By now, he had fully absorbed the drop of God blood that he had consumed earlier. Now, he could unleash his own Paragon magic.

“Paragon magic, God-Extermination Tattoo!” Yuwen Jian waved his hand, causing half of his clothing to transform into nothing but ash. Shockingly, blood swirled on both his chest and back to form a tattoo of blood!

The tattoo depicted numerous gigantic Gods being massacred in one scene after another. A murderous aura exploded off of Yuwen Jian and, astonishingly, the area around him seemed to transform into the scenes from the tattoo. The sky turned the color of blood, and a multitude of shocking illusory figures could be seen everywhere.

All in one moment, Meng Hao, Yuwen Jian and Hong Bin all unleashed their Paragon magic.

Dao-Heaven’s face flickered, and he suddenly lifted his right hand up and smacked it down onto his chest. Immediately, the sound of a thumping heart began to echo out.

Ba-dump. Ba-dump. Ba-dump.... Nine heart beats boomed out like thunder, shaking the world. Furthermore, with each heartbeat, Dao-Heaven’s energy shot higher and higher, until he was emanating an aura of the Ancient Realm!

After nine heartbeats, his power was almost indescribable. This was the aura of nine breakthroughs into the Ancient Realm, turning him into a fiendish divinity. When he threw his head back and roared, strange colors flashed in the sky.

“I have stepped into the Ancient Realm nine times before. Nine times, I forced myself back down to re-cultivate and break through again. Do you really think that weaklings like yourself could compare to me? You’re DEAD, ALL of you!” Dao-Heaven’s voice echoed with shocking pressure, weighing down heavily onto Meng Hao and the others.

Meng Hao’s eyes glittered, and he immediately said, “You stepped into the Ancient Realm nine times, but then forced yourself back down and started over? That means you made nine mistakes, picked nine wrong paths. If your path was correct... the one time would be enough!”

Then, he sent his Paragon magic rumbling out.

Chapter 1119: Hong Bin Dies in Battle!

Dao-Heaven faced off haughtily against the Paragon magics of Meng Hao and the others. Suddenly, he took a breath, and his energy surged as he stretched his right hand up and waved it around.

“As for my Paragon magic, I have come to call it... Paragon Painting!” Even as the words left his mouth, the air in front of Dao-Heaven distorted and was ripped apart as a scroll painting flew out.

The scroll painting was pitch black and emanated a boundlessly ancient feeling. It seemed like something that had existed for countless years, and before it even opened, it emanated an incredible, murderous aura.

The power of that aura instantly caused bizarre colors to flash everywhere, and the wind to churn. It was impossible to even describe the level of power; this type of murderous aura was something that Meng Hao hadn't encountered in his entire life.

It seemed like an aura of someone who had ended countless lives, who had exterminated worlds upon worlds, who had proven his Paragon status by means of endless slaughter!

The air rumbled and distorted beneath the power of this aura of murder. The sky turned dark, as if it were being completely covered up, as if the whole world were turning black.

The ground quaked, and the murderous aura caused fog to spring up and roil out in all directions. In a brief moment, the entire world changed.

Meng Hao's heart was pounding, and it was the same with Yuwen Jian and Hong Bin, whose faces had fallen.

It was as if within this scroll painting hid a shocking, fiendish beast whose mere aura could suck away all the light of the world!

“Paragon Painting, open!” Dao-Heaven said proudly, performing an incantation gesture and pointing at the scroll painting. Noiselessly, the scroll painting began to open up, not fully, only about thirty percent. However, the thirty percent that was revealed gave a glimpse of the scene depicted. It was a bizarre world, a world of pitch black, and if you looked closely, you would see... a land that seemed to embody death.

Nothing else was visible except for that land, nor would it be, unless the scroll painting was opened further.

However, that tiny portion caused an indescribable power to surge out, which spread out in all directions along with the murderous aura.

Heaven and Earth seemed to be on the verge of collapse. The world seemed about to fall apart. Massive power rumbled out, sweeping toward Yuwen Jian and completely shattering his Paragon magic. When the blood-colored images of Yuwen Jian's Paragon magic collapsed, he was flung backward, blood spraying out of his mouth.

Meng Hao felt as if a mountain had slammed into him. His body trembled, and blood oozed out of his mouth. He staggered backward thirty meters, and as he looked at Dao-Heaven's terrifying Paragon magic, he realized that it was something he couldn't even fight.

"Just what is painted inside of that scroll!?" he thought, heart trembling.

The worst off of the group was the boyish Hong Bin. He screamed and then coughed up a mouthful of blood as he shot backward. Before he could get very far, a blur sped through the air, which was none other than Dao-Heaven. His face was pale; apparently, the Paragon magics unleashed by Meng Hao and the others were not things that he could simply ignore, as he had their previous attacks.

They had forced him to the point of using Paragon magic to fight back. If any of his followers were present, they would surely be astonished by this. Dao-Heaven's pride was such that he had never actually unleashed his Paragon magic during battle with members of his generation. In fact, he would only use it to suppress powerful experts of the Senior generation.

But now, Meng Hao and the others had forced him to use it. Facing their combined attack had actually filled Dao-Heaven's heart with a sense of deadly crisis.

However, that sense of crisis led to the unleashing of his Paragon magic, which instantly turned the tide of battle in his favor. He suddenly appeared directly in front of Hong Bin, his eyes flashing with killing intent as he waved his hand in an attack.

The simple wave of a hand unleashed explosive power, transforming into a will of slaughter that slammed into Hong Bin.

Seeing that he was about to be overwhelmed, a crazed look appeared in Hong Bin's eyes. He threw his head back and roared, choosing to self-detonate in the same moment that Dao-Heaven went in for the kill.

His eyes were bright red as his cultivation base exploded with mad power. As Hong Bin's body detonated, Dao-Heaven's pupils constricted. He flicked his sleeve, using his robe to defend himself. Hong Bin exploded, his body transforming into a tempest that swept out in all directions.

The massive blast shattered the sky and crushed the land. Dao-Heaven's will of slaughter was bashed away by the force of the explosion, and Dao-Heaven's face went pale. He was slightly injured by the impact, and yet he didn't cough up any blood.

Hong Bin took advantage of the moment to reform from the haze of blood. When he reappeared, he shot backward at top speed.

"Save me!" he screamed. He had died once before during his time in the Sixth Mountain, and if you coupled that with the self-detonation just now, it meant that he could no longer rely on being able to come back. The next time he died, he would die for good.

In the same moment that Hong Bin cried for help, Meng Hao and Yuwen Jian went on the offensive. Meng Hao unleashed the Essence of Divine Flame, and Yuwen Jian roared as red light swirled around him. His fist shot out, causing a figure of blood to appear, a towering giant who pounced toward Dao-Heaven.

Dao-Heaven snorted coldly as Yuwen Jian's blood-colored giant closed in. He performed an incantation gesture with his left hand and pointed out. Suddenly, the Immortal Flail on his arm vanished, then snapped out from his finger, slamming into the blood-colored giant. A huge boom echoed out as the giant exploded. As for the Immortal Flail, it didn't stop, but rather, continued straight on toward Yuwen Jian.

The person Dao-Heaven was actually the most concerned about was Meng Hao, whose Divine Flame was currently bearing down on him.

"Essence.... I have that too!" he suddenly said. He spit something out of his mouth, and the flash of lightning could be seen. It was a red lightning bolt that seemed to summon lightning from Heaven and Earth. Countless lightning bolts began to fall, transforming into a sea of lightning that shot toward Meng Hao's Essence of Divine Flame.

When the two forces slammed into each other, the flame Essence and the lightning Essence both collapsed with a massive boom.

All of this takes a long time to describe, but the truth of the matter is that in the same moment that Dao-Heaven blocked Meng Hao and Yuwen Jian, he didn't pause for even a moment before chasing after Hong Bin.

“DIE!” he said, his voice cool. His right hand clenched into a fist, and he punched out. That blow contained an indescribably wild wind, an explosive tempest that bore down onto Hong Bin.

The light of despair flashed in Hong Bin's eyes, and he performed a double-handed incantation gesture, causing numerous spell formations to appear in front of him. He also waved his hand, sending various magical items flying out of his bag of holding. He even used life-saving magical items.

He didn't spare a single thing in his defense. However, all of his spell formations and magical items were crushed by Dao-Heaven as easily as if they were dried weeds. Everything collapsed, and just as the tempest was about to slam into Hong Bin, Dao-Heaven suddenly transformed the fist into a claw, which latched onto Hong Bin's forehead.

Dao-Heaven then coldly spoke out three words: “Heavenly Demon Devouring!”

Hong Bin immediately let out a bloodcurdling scream. His fleshly body rapidly withered away as his life force was absorbed by Dao-Heaven. Instantly, all of Dao-Heaven's injuries were healed.

Blood sprayed out of Hong Bin's mouth, and as death neared him, a spell formation suddenly appeared on his forehead. The spell formation then exploded, shoving Dao-Heaven's hand away. Hong Bin was transformed into nothing but ash, with only his Immortal soul left behind. He let out a piercing cry, and a look of madness could be seen on his face.

“Yuwen Jian, Meng Hao, it would be better for you to get the reward for killing me than to let me fall by Dao-Heaven's hand! Swear to me that you'll avenge me by cutting him down!” Hong Bin feared death, but he was still a member of the Echelon. Echelon cultivators were proud, and when faced with death, they rarely acted indecisively. Without the slightest hesitation, he shot toward Yuwen Jian.

Yuwen Jian's heart trembled, as did Meng Hao's. They had all miscalculated. Dao-Heaven was so strong that even the three of them together weren't strong enough to take him down.

"The only person who will be killing you... is me," Dao-Heaven said with a cold laugh. His right hand made a clawing motion toward Meng Hao and Yuwen Jian. Instantly, rumbling echoed out as the air between them was shattered, transforming into an obstacle-like distortion that separated them completely.

Then, Dao-Heaven shot like lightning toward Hong Bin, his eyes shining with anticipation.

"I wonder what reward I'll get for killing you, Hong Bin? Prepare to die!" Dao-Heaven raised his hand and grabbed out toward Hong Bin, upon whose face appeared a look of despair. Hong Bin was incapable of fleeing, and couldn't even self-detonate. It was as if his body was completely sealed off.

Just when he was on the verge of being killed, Meng Hao suddenly pulled out the Lightning Cauldron. Electricity danced, but at the same time, Dao-Heaven let out a roar. Suddenly, a red glow spread out, covering both him and Hong Bin. Unexpectedly, Meng Hao's Lightning Cauldron didn't work!

That didn't cause Meng Hao to pause for even a moment, however. He raised his left hand and waved a finger toward Dao-Heaven.

The Eighth Demon Sealing Hex was unleashed!

Dao-Heaven could be on guard against Meng Hao's Lightning Cauldron, but could do nothing to stop the Eighth Demon Sealing Hex!

As soon as the Hexing magic was unleashed, Dao-Heaven suddenly lurched to a stop. For the second time, his face fell, and a feeling of astonishment rose up inside of him.

He was only locked down for the space of about one breath of time. However, to Hong Bin, that one breath of time was enough for him to escape the shackles of being sealed.

However, he didn't take advantage of that moment to flee. He knew that getting away was an impossibility. Laughing bitterly, and eyes shining with determination, he flew directly toward Dao-Heaven in an attack.

“Get revenge for me!” he said, throwing his head back and roaring.

Yuwen Jian urgently cried out, “Hong Bin!!”

Meng Hao’s heart trembled.

It was at this point that Hong Bin’s Immortal soul closed in on Dao-Heaven. At the same time, Dao-Heaven was beginning to recover from the Eighth Demon Sealing Hex. A vicious smile appeared on the face of Hong Bin’s Immortal soul as he... self-detonated!

BOOOOMMMMMM!

The detonation of an Immortal soul alone would not unleash the same power as if the fleshly body exploded along with it. However... Hong Bin was in the Echelon, and as such, the detonation of his Immortal soul transformed into a power far beyond the ordinary. More importantly, the damage was increased because of his close proximity to Dao-Heaven, who was incapable of putting up a solid defense because he still hadn’t fully recovered from Meng Hao’s magical technique.

A huge, shocking boom echoed out as Hong Bin’s Immortal soul exploded into nothing more than ash. Dao-Heaven was shaken, and tumbled backward, coughing up blood. This was the first time during the fight that he coughed up blood, which splashed down onto the ground and formed a lake of blood.

“Meng Hao!!” Dao-Heaven roared, screeching to a halt in midair. His face was pale as he turned to look at Meng Hao, a murderous gleam in his eyes.

The two moments of danger he had experienced so far, had both been because of... Meng Hao!

This time, because Hong Bin had died by means of self-detonation, Dao-Heaven got no reward for killing him!

Chapter 1120: The Light of the Allheaven!

Yuwen Jian stared at the spot where Hong Bin had just died, his face ashen, hardly daring to believe what he had just seen.

“This is my fault....” he murmured.

“No it’s not,” said Meng Hao, grabbing him by the arm. “If we didn’t come, he still couldn’t have escaped from Dao-Heaven!” He pulled Yuwen Jian back. “We can’t keep fighting here, let’s go to the Fifth Nation!”

As Meng Hao backed up, Yuwen Jian’s expression returned to normal. Burying his guilt and self-blame deep in his heart, he looked over at Dao-Heaven, and the desire to kill flickered stronger than ever in his eyes.

He said nothing, though, and simply joined Meng Hao in retreating.

Dao-Heaven glared at Meng Hao and said, “Flee to the ends of the earth and I’ll still kill you today!”

He had been placed in mortal danger twice, all because of Meng Hao. Currently, his desire to kill Meng Hao had reached unprecedented heights. Without a moment’s hesitation, he shot after them in pursuit.

Meng Hao and Yuwen Jian fled, and Dao-Heaven pursued.

The three of them shot through the air in beams of light, sending rumbling sounds out in all directions. Dao-Heaven snorted coldly, and the air beneath his feet folded in on itself as he apparently borrowed power to gain a sudden burst in speed. This was clearly the unleashing of some secret magic. In the blink of an eye, his speed increased several-fold, and he was getting closer and closer to Meng Hao and Yuwen Jian.

Meng Hao’s eyes suddenly glittered, and he said quietly, “Yuwen Jian, you go on ahead!”

Then he spun and shot back toward Dao-Heaven. Yuwen Jian’s eyes flickered; he was an intelligent person, so after a moment of thought, he continued to flee.

Meanwhile, Meng Hao waved his hand, unleashing the Mountain Consuming Incantation. One mountain after another rumbled down, forming together into a mountain range that crushed toward Dao-Heaven.

Dao-Heaven's eyes flickered with killing intent as he waved his hand, causing an explosive, violent wind to spring up. It was a black wind that contained biting coldness, and when it slammed into the mountains, they shattered. Dao-Heaven once again burst forward with incredible speed, nearly ten times as fast as before, to appear directly in front of Meng Hao. He grinned viciously as he jabbed his finger toward Meng Hao.

"DIE!" The finger moved with incredible speed until it was just about to stab through Meng Hao's forehead. However, in that moment, Dao-Heaven's eyes widened, and Meng Hao became nothing more than a ghost image.

Off in the distance, a flash of golden light could be seen, which was Meng Hao speeding away lightning-fast, in golden roc form. He had long since made his escape.

"How devious!" Dao-Heaven said with a cold harrumph. He originally thought that he could succeed with a single attack. He had never imagined that Meng Hao would have prepared in advance to flee in golden roc form, using the Mountain Consuming Incantation as a distraction.

The only thing he had left behind for Dao-Heaven was a fleeting ghost image.

"You can't get away!" he said, licking the blood from his lips and once again shooting after Meng Hao at top speed.

Meng Hao's face had an unsightly expression. He had never encountered anyone of his generation who was as strong as Dao-Heaven. He had to admit that, even in the Immortal Emperor Realm, he was still not a match for him.

"What kind of cultivation does he practice to get so strong? He entered the Ancient Realm nine times, and then pushed himself back down...?" Meng Hao frowned. Seeing that Dao-Heaven was chasing after him, he waved his hand to summon a Blood Demon head, which roared as it shot back toward Dao-Heaven.

Dao-Heaven snorted coldly and did nothing to evade. As the Blood Demon head closed in with gaping maw, he pushed both hands out in front of him and grabbed onto the upper and lower jaw, then began to rip it apart.

The Blood Demon head let out a miserable shriek; it was no longer a mere illusory form, but even still, it was powerless to stop Dao-Heaven. This was the first time Meng Hao had ever seen anyone deal with the Blood Demon head in such a way.

However as soon as the Blood Demon head shattered, a blood mist spread out in all directions. Just as Dao-Heaven was about charge through it, his eyebrows suddenly shot up, and he unhesitatingly shoved his hand out in front of him.

As he made the motion, a fist shot out from within the mist of blood, which instantly made contact with Dao-Heaven's palm.

A huge boom rang out, and Dao-Heaven's face fell. He felt an incredibly powerful force surging out of the fist. He roared, and his body surged with red light as he pushed back against the fist.

The blood mist parted, revealing Meng Hao. The fist strike from just now had been his, and now that Dao-Heaven was resisting it, blood oozed out of his mouth. He backed up a bit, and his eyes went wide as he prepared to pursue. However, Meng Hao did not flee. Instead, he unleashed another punch.

One punch! Two punch! Three punches!

Meng Hao had seemingly gone mad. In rapid succession, he unleashed over ten Life-Extermination Fists toward Dao-Heaven.

The two of them flew through midair, zig-zagging back and forth as they got closer to the border of the Sixth and Fifth Nations.

Blood oozed constantly out of Meng Hao's mouth. After reaching the seventeenth punch, his eyes flickered, and he switched to the Bedevilment Fist.

The punches were delivered with incredible speed, and even as Dao-Heaven countered with his palm, his expression flickered for the third time. His face was even paler than before, and as Meng Hao unleashed yet another punch, he fell back a pace.

As he fell back, Meng Hao shot forward, seizing the initiative. The Bedevilment Fist was once again unleashed with explosive force, once, twice, three times.

Dao-Heaven's face was extremely unsightly. He had now been forced back by two paces, and as Meng Hao's momentum built, he stepped back a third time.

"Are you looking to die!?" Dao-Heaven said coldly. After falling back a third time, he forced himself to step forward again. He lifted both hands into the air, stretched them out toward Meng Hao, and then ripped them apart!

"Heavenly Sundering!" he roared. As he jerked his hands apart, intense pain ripped through Meng Hao; it felt as if some intense power had entered his body and transformed into two massive hands that were trying to rip him into two pieces, starting with his chest.

In this moment of crisis, his eyes were shot with blood. He thought about using his second Nirvana Fruit, but decided against it. Now was not the time. He endured the pain, then sent his divine sense out into the area and, without any more hesitation, clenched his right hand into a fist, merging everything in the area into... the God-Slaying Fist!

God Slaying!

Rumbling could be heard as he growled and punched out. The blow caused Heaven and Earth to tremble in shocking fashion. It was as if all the heavenly bodies had been covered up, and even Dao-Heaven couldn't help but stare wide-eyed in shock.

RUUUUUUMMMMBLLLLLE!

The blow screamed toward Dao-Heaven, smashing into the power of his Heavenly Sundering with a boom. Blood sprayed out of Meng Hao's mouth, and he tumbled backward.

Blood spurted out of Dao-Heaven's mouth. As the blood fell to the ground, it turned into another lake of blood. Dao-Heaven then waved his hand, causing it to bubble and boil, and then shoot toward Meng Hao. As for Dao-Heaven himself, his face was extremely unsightly, and his hands had actually been numbed.

"Thankfully I saw you use that fist strike against Lin Cong, and was able to prepare for it," he murmured. "Otherwise, it would have been difficult to deal with." The killing intent in his eyes flickered stronger than ever as he stepped forward to pursue Meng Hao.

Meng Hao sped backward, producing medicinal pills, which he immediately consumed. His Eternal stratum was also hard at work restoring him. Soon, he was near the border of the Sixth Nation. The Nine Nations of the Windswept Realm all had an invisible border region that existed between them.

Any time you passed through the border, your vision would swim, and you would feel pressure weighing down on you.

Meng Hao's eyes flashed as he caught sight of traces of Yuwen Jian's aura near the border region.

Without the slightest hesitation, he shot in the same direction as Yuwen Jian's aura, Dao-Heaven hot on his heels. The several-hundred-meter distance between them was rapidly shrinking.

Soon, Meng Hao passed through the border region, leaving the Sixth Nation and entering the Fifth Nation.

The pressure from the Fifth Nation instantly increased dramatically. Yuwen Jian was waiting just inside the border of the Fifth Nation, and as soon as he saw Meng Hao, he needed no prompting to guess at the plan Meng Hao had in mind. He threw his head back and roared, and his body rapidly increased in size. After a moment of preparation, he began to charge forward, passing Meng Hao and heading toward the barrier region.

Almost in that same instant, Dao-Heaven roared into the same area.

“So you're ambushing me in the border region between Nations, where the pressure is different! Parlor tricks!” Dao-Heaven laughed coldly, and without any hesitation, performed an incantation gesture and pointed out. Immediately, a black lotus appeared, which instantly exploded.

Black fog roiled out, along with an incredible force that slammed into Yuwen Jian. Blood sprayed out of his mouth, and yet, he didn't fall back, but punched out. Dao-Heaven strode forward, waving his right arm, which caused the Immortal Flail to appear on his arm again. He instantly lashed it out toward Yuwen Jian.

Yuwen Jian's eyes flickered as the Immortal Flail closed in. Suddenly, he stretched his hand out and made a grasping motion. Rumbling could be heard as a battle-ax appeared in his hand! It was none other than the Ancient treasure that Meng Hao had acquired!

Meng Hao had delivered it surreptitiously when he had pulled at Yuwen Jian's arm earlier, completely unbeknownst to Dao-Heaven. Yuwen Jian threw his head back and roared, then slashed at Dao-Heaven with the ax, unleashing power that could crush Heaven and Earth.

Dao-Heaven's eyes went wide; this was something that exceeded his powers of prediction. He waved his hand in defense, and yet, almost at the same time, his face fell, not because of Yuwen Jian, but Meng Hao!

After entering the Fifth Nation, Meng Hao slapped his bag of holding and pulled out his second Nirvana Fruit. Even as Dao-Heaven and Yuwen Jian began to fight, he slowly lifted the Nirvana Fruit up and pushed it down onto his forehead.

It sank into him, and he trembled as a terrifying aura erupted out from him.

This was what caused Dao-Heaven's expression to fall yet again.

ROOOOOAAAARRRRRRRRRRRR!

Meng Hao threw his head back and roared as his body grew larger. 9 meters. 18 meters. 27 meters.... all the way to 45 meters. 60 meters.... 72 meters!

He was like a giant, with blue veins popping out on his head, his energy bursting up. He now had only one Immortal meridian, and the power of his qi and blood, as well as his cultivation base, caused azure light to shine out from him!

That azure light was a color that embodied respect. That was... the light of the Allheaven!

Dao-Heaven's face fell, and his eyes filled with disbelief. He was panting, and inwardly, he felt the most intense sensation of deadly crisis that he had ever felt in his entire life!!