

## The Heavens 1131

Chapter 1131: Xueer!

Meng Hao's mind seemed to be reeling. Zong Wuya's voice apparently contained some sort of bizarre power, something that could interfere with Meng Hao's mental faculties, leaving him panting. Zong Wuya's words were mesmerizing, and he seemed powerless to extricate himself.

"The true Dao...." he murmured, his expression blank. He seemed to be at a complete loss, as if he had lost all powers of reasoning and judgement. It was as if one part of him was filled with everything he knew about the Mountain and Sea Realm, while at the same time, everything he believed had been turned on end by Zong Wuya.

Two trains of thought seemed to run through his mind, and they were currently battling back and forth.

Meng Hao trembled, panting, his eyes shot with blood.

"Come with me," Zong Wuya said. "Our plan is already underway, and nobody can stop us.... Come with me, and we can go to the true world. With new fleshly bodies, we can thoroughly awaken.

"Then you will understand that everything I've told you... is true. Then you will truly be able to feel... the existence of the true Dao."

Although some people could see Meng Hao and Zong Wuya chatting, no one could hear the words being spoken. Zong Wuya had ensured that all the sound was blocked.

It was at this point that a large group of black-robed men appeared, flying toward them from the direction of the Third Nation. Zong Wuya gave them a look, and they immediately stopped in place at the border. They hovered there waiting, none of them taking even a single move forward.

Meng Hao looked up at Zong Wuya. It seemed like a struggle, but he managed to say, "I need some time to think."

“I understand that you can’t make a decision about something like this in such a short time,” Zong Wuya said softly. “Well, I’ve explained the truth to you. The decision is yours to make....” He looked at Meng Hao, and deep in his eyes were complicated emotions, and hope, although no one would be able to detect those things. Perhaps what he hoped for was that Meng Hao would be like him, that he would pursue the true Dao. Or perhaps he was thinking something else....

Only he himself knew.

“I’ll give you some time to think. However, during that time, you are not to leave the region of the central temple itself. Meng Hao... please do take care of yourself.” With a final piercing look at Meng Hao, he turned back toward the Third Nation.

Meng Hao stared in shock, not quite able to wrap his mind around Zong Wuya’s actions, or why he had left just like that.

As Zong Wuya turned and floated up into the air, his gaze happened to pass across the border connecting the Sixth Nation and the central temple region. His gaze casually lingered for a moment on one particular soldier in the Sixth Nation’s army. That soldier was trembling, seemingly having forgotten all about the desperate fighting.

Zong Wuya looked away and sighed. Once again, the complicated emotions, and the hope, rose up in his eyes.

As he made his way off, he murmured, “Meng Hao, what decision will you make...?”

Meng Hao watched him leaving, and when he saw Zong Wuya look over, he automatically looked over toward the Sixth Nation as well. However, he saw nothing unusual. Before Zong Wuya could get too far away, Meng Hao suddenly called after him, “What if... everything that YOU believe is true, is actually false?”

Zong Wuya didn’t stop moving. He continued onward, responding in a calm voice, “Without looking into the matter, the answer will never be revealed. I’m a cultivator, and the purpose of my life is to pursue the true Dao. It doesn’t matter if I fail or succeed. Either way, my heart will be at peace!”

Meng Hao’s heart trembled as he watched Zong Wuya pass over the border into the Third Nation. He waved his hand, and the other black-robed men all bowed their heads and followed him back into the Third Nation.

Meng Hao had a strange expression on his face. He sat there quietly for a long time. Zong Wuya's words continued to echo in his mind, and yet, they were incapable of truly affecting his thoughts. In the very beginning, he had been slightly affected, but after that, everything had been an act on his part.

The things Zong Wuya had said seemed like the truth, and virtually any other cultivator who heard them would likely feel as if their entire world had been overturned. But Meng Hao... was the Ninth Generation Demon Sealer!

He was the true successor of Paragon Nine Seals, and also the future Lord of the Mountain and Sea Realm.

His understanding of the Mountain and Sea Realm actually exceeded Zong Wuya's. The Mountain and Sea Realm was not Paragon Nine Seals' body, but rather, one of his magical treasures. Furthermore, everything that Zong Wuya had described as being an illusion, was in fact real.

Also, when Zong Wuya mentioned butterflies having something to do with the supposed 'real' world, Meng Hao couldn't help but recall the vision he had experienced in which he saw nine butterflies dragging a land mass.

"Give up my current fleshly body and go to the supposed real world to get a new one? Gain enlightenment of the true Dao? It sounds really incredible, but... it's completely preposterous!"

"It's a pack of lies, just like the lies used to incite the 3,000 Lower Realms into rebellion. That was why they joined forces to topple the Paragon Immortal Realm!"

"Perhaps the words they used were even the same... the true Dao...."

"Or, perhaps that saying is another one of the traps of the Windswept Realm to incite one's desires!" Meng Hao's eyes glittered.

"However, Zong Wuya was being very obvious that he deliberately gave me time to think. It even seemed like he was doing it on purpose.... But why?" When it came to true or false Daos, Meng Hao was by no means at a loss. His Dao heart was steadfast, and any talk about fabricated or true Daos was simply a matter of the perspective of the person speaking.

Such talk was a method of inciting rebellion in the 3,000 Lower Realms of long ago. It was something to confuse and bewilder the cultivators from the Mountain and Sea Realm who came to the Windswept Realm. Perhaps others might believe such talk, but Meng Hao... would not!

The reason he wouldn't believe it was not only because he was the future Lord of the Mountain and Sea Realm, or his vision of the nine butterflies dragging a land mass. There was another reason. The supposed true Dao that Zong Wuya spoke of, the true Dao which could dispel fabricated Daos... was completely destroyed by Meng Hao when he was an Allheaven Immortal.

The supposed true Dao could do nothing to shake the Allheaven Immortal Realm; if it were the actual 'true' Dao as Zong Wuya described, then how could that be explained away?

Meng Hao was not confused in the slightest about any of these things. The only thing that confused him was Zong Wuya's attitude.

What he actually felt towards Meng Hao was a complete mystery.

"Now that I think about it, only when the Blood Mastiff flew out from the renegade spirit chamber did the person on the Third Nation's National Aura Mountain that Zong Wuya called Emperor sense that the renegade spirit had been possessed....

"Something is off about that...." He began to pant, and his eyes glittered as he recalled all the details.

"The Emperor on the National Aura Mountain sensed that someone trespassed into that chamber... That was the first thing Zong Wuya said!" Meng Hao murmured inwardly. Suddenly a tremor ran through him. Then he thought back to how bursting out of the crater with the mastiff felt like breaking out of some sort of seal.

"Seal... there was a seal in place, and when the mastiff flew out, the seal was broken. That's when the Emperor on the National Aura Mountain could sense that there was a change to the renegade spirit....

"In other words, the fact that he sensed nothing before then indicates that someone didn't want him to know!

“And that person, the person who put the seal in place... was Zong Wuya!!” Meng Hao looked toward the Third Nation, panting. All of a sudden, he put all the pieces together.

“He’s helping me!” he thought, shaking inwardly.

“He chased after me, and his cultivation base is clearly far greater than mine. And yet he didn’t attack me, but instead, talked about illusions and the true Dao. Then he even gave me time to think about the matter.

“It would be more accurate to say that he didn’t give me time to think, but rather, that he gave me time to recover from my injuries!

“Besides, his arguments about the fabricated and the true Daos could actually... have been made in a completely different fashion. There was no reason to just blatantly state those things out loud. He could easily have used a more subtle approach. That would have been a much more effective way to sway the listener.

“But he didn’t do that. He just said things out plain and simple. Furthermore, he spoke in a way that deliberately revealed the flaws in his argument....”

Meng Hao took a deep breath. He suddenly flew up into the air, following the exact same path Zong Wuya had taken moments ago. He made sure to do things exactly as Zong Wuya had done, both in his flight trajectory and his posture and body movement. He also turned to look back at the Sixth Nation in exactly the same way.

From this vantage point, he could see the central temple area, as well as the Sixth Nation’s army, and the soldier Zong Wuya had looked at. The soldier wore a thoughtful expression, like that which might appear when contemplating enlightenment.

It was as if this person had heard the words exchanged between Meng Hao and Zong Wuya, and was now contemplating them and, at the same time, coming to a similar conclusion as Meng Hao.

Almost in the same moment that Meng Hao looked at the soldier, the soldier looked up, and their gazes met.

Meng Hao found himself staring at a pair of beautiful eyes. They seemed to contain heavenly bodies, even a starry sky. Anyone who looked into those eyes would want to be lost in them, and to never return.

When their gazes met, Meng Hao's mind reeled. He quickly blinked his left eye several times in quick succession, utilizing his Celestial Vision technique. He rotated his cultivation base, and his perception of the world changed. The soldier's appearance also changed; an illusion was dispelled, and the soldier suddenly looked like a young woman.

She wore a white robe and had skin like snow. She was spectacularly beautiful, with a sweet, charming smile and stunning features.

A moment later, the image of the woman vanished, to be replaced by that of the soldier. The soldier seemed shocked to have been noticed by Meng Hao. She blinked, thought for a moment, and then began to walk over.

No one noticed her passage, almost as if they couldn't even see her. Not even the other cultivators could detect her. It was as if to Fan Dong'er and the others, this soldier didn't even exist.

"I was just thinking about whether or not I should finally introduce myself, Elder Brother Meng, considering the circumstances...."

"But since you sensed me, then I guess it would be appropriate to do it here." As the soldier approached, her appearance changed yet again, turning into the same beautiful young woman he had seen with his Celestial Vision.

She covered her smile with a hand, and looked at him with sparkling eyes. She seemed completely beyond ordinary, as if she had stepped out from a celestial realm. Her snow-white skin and exquisite features didn't even seem human. A white robe covered a lithe body, a body that could cause any man who saw it to drool with desire. Because of her, all living things in the area seemed to fade and darken.

Meng Hao was dazzled, but he recovered quickly. A moment later, his eyes flashed like lightning as he gave the young woman an icy stare.

"I've been waiting for you for quite some time, Fellow Daoist Xue'er," he said coolly. A flash could be seen as he flew down to the ground and calmly watched her approach.

The mastiff remained behind him. It could also sense the woman's existence, and it stared at her with brutal, icy eyes.

The young woman looked deeply at Meng Hao. In response to him immediately addressing her by name, she simply smiled, seemingly haven taken no offense.

Her seemingly cavalier attitude caused Meng Hao's eyes to widen.

"It seems you've been shadowing me for quite a while," he said coolly.

His previous words had only provoked a slight smile from her, but this statement caused her to stop in her tracks. She looked at Meng Hao with a trace of a lively glint in her eyes, her expression gradually turning serious.

"A mere glance at my reaction led you to such a conclusion?" she said softly. "It seems I've underestimated you, Elder Brother Meng." With that, she clasped hands and bowed.

Chapter 1132: Shamed Into Rage!

Meng Hao frowned. For some reason, he instantly disliked this woman Xue'er. She might be beautiful, perhaps more beautiful than any other woman he had ever met. But the feeling he got from her was that she was far too manipulative.

She had obviously used some special technique to secretly shadow him for who knew how long. She might just call it 'observation,' but her methods went far beyond the ordinary definition of the word.

Such methods left Meng Hao feeling coldly derisive. Back when he fought with Dao-Heaven, he could tell how important he thought she was. He had tried to hide it, but Meng Hao easily saw through the facade.

She was the type of woman who, even if you knew wasn't plotting against you, would still make you want to be careful. And once you put your guard up, you wouldn't want to relax. Xu Qing was the exact opposite. When he was with Xu Qing, he felt completely relaxed. She did not plot or scheme, and when she looked at him, all he wanted to do was smile softly back at her.

Although these thoughts ran through his head, they did not change his facial expression.

“I’m from the Immortal Ancient Daoist Rite,” Xue’er said. “Not the Immortal Ancient Daoist Rite you’ll find in any of the Mountains and Seas. I’m the one and only true successor of the real Immortal Ancient.” She smiled at Meng Hao, a radiant smile like a blooming lily, filled with self confidence. It made her and everything around her even more eye-catching.

“Of all the Echelon cultivators I’ve met,” she continued, “the only one that came close to meeting my requirements was Elder Brother Chen from the First Mountain, and he only measured up by half. I was going to select him, but in that very moment, I felt you suddenly appear, Elder Brother Meng.

“And that’s why I came looking for you to play a game of Go.” She waved her hand, causing a game board to appear between the two of them.

The black games pieces were sitting on one side of the board, the white pieces on the other.

She didn’t say a lot, but Meng Hao could easily detect the profound haughtiness in the words, a haughtiness that was rooted in her bones. She didn’t intend for that haughtiness to come across, but it was revealed nonetheless.

“Elder Brother Meng, please, after you,” she said softly.

“I don’t do Go,” Meng Hao responded coolly.

“Elder Brother Meng, please just cooperate. I’ve come here to bestow you with some good fortune.” She looked at him earnestly.

Meng Hao frowned, and then suddenly smiled, although it was a cold smile. His eyes were filled with a profound gleam.

“I don’t know what sort of decision it is that you’re making, nor do I know why the other Echelon cultivators want to get close to you. But as for me, I’d actually like to ask you a question. What makes you think you can get me to play Go with you? Also, what gives you the confidence to secretly follow me around, then suddenly saunter up and start yakking away? Is it just because you’re some sort of successor?” He took a step forward, stamping his foot down, which caused everything to tremble. A wave of powerful pressure surged out toward Xue’er.



“Elder Brother Meng, please, calm yourself down,” she said coolly. “Attacking me would be pointless. Furthermore, you’re still injured.”

Meng Hao’s eyes flashed with coldness. “Even if I am still injured, I can still hurt you!”

He took a second step forward. Behind him, the mastiff threw its head back and roared, causing a murderous aura to spring up. The longer it glared at Xue’er, the more intense the murderous air became. Suddenly, it pounced toward her.

In that same moment, Xue’er frowned and waved her jade-like hand. Immediately, a beam of white light shot out that transformed into a white crane. It let out a melodious cry, along with the fluctuations of an Ancient Realm cultivation base.

“Elder Brother Meng,” she said coolly, “please, just sit down and play this game of Go with me, alright?” In response, Meng Hao slapped his bag of holding, and the parrot flew out. As soon as it laid eyes on the white crane, it let out a whoop of excitement and shot toward it.

The white crane stared with wide eyes and moments later, an agonized shriek could be heard. Simultaneously, Meng Hao took a third step, and his energy shot up. He clenched his right hand into a fist and punched.

“Shameless!” Xue’er said, her eyes flashing icily. When she saw the miserable situation the white crane was in, she performed an incantation gesture and then waved a finger toward Meng Hao. However, even as she waved her finger, Meng Hao’s right index finger extended, and he also waved his finger.

The Eighth Demon Sealing Hex was unleashed. Xue’er trembled, and her face fell. Meng Hao took a fourth step, a fifth step, and then unleashed a punch.

Rumbling filled the air as Xue’er suddenly dodged backward. As she did, Meng Hao snorted coldly and said, “Get back here!”

His right hand opened from a fist into a palm. He made a snatching motion toward Xue’er, using the Star Plucking Magic to grab her. Xue’er’s face fell as she felt herself being dragged toward Meng Hao. She quickly performed an incantation gesture, causing a snowy tempest to appear around her.

Meng Hao's expression didn't change at all as he took his sixth step, then his seventh. His energy surged as a huge foot appeared up in the sky, which then stamped down toward Xue'er.

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Xue'er was panting. She had never imagined that Meng Hao, despite being injured, would still be so strong. At the critical moment, she extended her right hand, within which appeared a bell. She quickly rang the bell, causing a tinkling sound to float out. A murderous aura exploded up, and behind her, a gigantic, illusory image appeared.

It was an old man, gigantic, ancient, wearing a Daoist robe. He seemed infinitely wise, and was apparently in the middle of delivering a sermon about the Dao. He lifted his right hand into the air and waved a finger toward the incoming foot.

The Seven God Steps' gigantic foot collapsed into pieces. Ashen-faced, Xue'er waved her right hand, causing the illusory figure behind her to wave his finger again, this time toward Meng Hao.

The attack struck through the air toward Meng Hao, who trembled in response. However, the figure of the old man then faded a bit, completely astonishing Xue'er.

Seeing that Meng Hao was continuing to advance menacingly, she gritted her teeth. Suddenly a medicinal pill bottle appeared in her hand.

"Here, take these pills as compensation!" she said, throwing the bottle toward him.

Meng Hao's eyes flickered as he grabbed the bottle.

"That's an Immortal Pill," she gushed, "concocted, not from medicinal plants, but from the Essence of a great Dao. Consume that pill, and all of your injuries will be healed; you'll completely recover. This is a show of good faith! I'm not your enemy."

"Eee?" he said, looking at the medicinal pill bottle, his eyes glowing with a strange light. He examined it closer for a moment, then opened the top, closed his eyes, and took a whiff. After a long moment, his eyes snapped open.

"A Time Pill!" he murmured.

Xue'er's face was just starting to look calm again when she heard Meng Hao's words, and once again appeared to be astonished.

"I never would have thought that your skill in the Dao of Alchemy had reached such a high level, Elder Brother Meng. You're the first Echelon cultivator... to ever recognize that pill. You're right, it is indeed a Time Pill. Since you can identify the type of pill it is, then you surely know that such a pill can heal all of your injuries. As you can see, I'm not deceiving you."

"A medicinal pill that adds at least a year of body transformations is indeed something very rare in modern times." Meng Hao put the pill bottle away and ceased any aggressions. Then he called the parrot back, although the parrot didn't seem to be too happy about that. The trembling white crane immediately fled back to Xue'er.

Next, Meng Hao floated over to the Go board, picked up a black game piece, and placed it onto the board.

Xue'er's eyes glittered, and inwardly, she breathed a sigh of relief. This Meng Hao was a handful to deal with, and really pissed her off. However, there was nothing she could do about it. Seeing Meng Hao play a black game piece, caused her to frown slightly. She walked over to the game board, picked up a white game piece, made her move and then waited for Meng Hao to continue.

"I lose," he said, waving his sleeve. Not giving another glance at the game board, he turned and headed toward the mastiff.

"YOU!" she roared, blue veins popping out on her forehead. She had never, ever met anyone like Meng Hao before. "I'll have you know that forfeiting the game is also forfeiting the good fortune I have for you!"

"I'm not interested!" he said coolly, completely ignoring her.

Her frown deepened. Balling her hands into fists, she shouted, "You might not be interested now, but let me tell you, if you win, then you'll get my help! With my help, your path in the Echelon will be much smoother!"

“It was already easy enough even before meeting you,” he replied. He slapped his bag of holding to produce the medicinal pill bottle. His eyes glittered for a moment, but he quickly put the pill bottle away. He couldn’t quite bring himself to consume the medicinal pill inside before duplicating it.

Unable to hold back from listing all the benefits, Xue’er continued: “Y-you know, other Echelon cultivators all want my help! I’m the successor of Immortal Ancient, and my whole purpose in life is to help the Echelon. If you win, you can even have me as your beloved partner!”

“I’m already married.” Meng Hao turned to look thoughtfully in the direction of the Third Nation. He wasn’t sure how much time Zong Wuya had bought him, nor how he would resolve the overall situation with the Third Nation.

“I can make you stronger! I can make you the strongest in the Echelon! I can help you accomplish Paragon Sea Dream’s plan successfully!” Xue’er stamped her foot angrily. If Meng Hao continued acting like this, it would be impossible to accomplish the tasks laid out by her Master. She was starting to get nervous. She had traveled throughout the Nine Mountains and Seas, and had encountered an entire generation of Echelon cultivators, some of them haughty, some of them gentle, some of the domineering, some of them sinister.

However, regardless of their personalities, she had ways to deal with them. Even the most unwilling would eventually agree to play a game of Go with her. Meng Hao was completely different from everyone else. From what she could sense, the only reason he had agreed to even make one move... was to get the medicinal pill.

“Just what do I have to do to get you to play a game of Go with me?” she said through gritted teeth. “You can’t even imagine what kind of help I can give you!”

Meng Hao suddenly turned back to look at her and asked, “Are you the first generation successor of Immortal Ancient?”

Xue’er stared in shock, and said, “No, I’m--”

Before she could finish, Meng Hao interrupted her. “If you’re not the first generation successor of Immortal Ancient, then that means there were other successors before you. Throughout the years, there have also been successive generations of Echelon cultivators. Well then, how come none of them ever succeeded in the end? Why hasn’t Paragon Sea Dream’s plan been accomplished even after multiple generations?”

“Becoming the strongest in the Echelon, and accomplishing Paragon Sea Dream’s plan, are both... Echelon matters! They have nothing to do with Immortal Ancient successors!

“If I wanted to be blunt,” he continued coldly, “I would just say that all the help provided by generations of people like you, ended up being a complete failure!

“You can go help whoever you think needs your help,” he concluded indifferently. “As for me, I don’t need your help.” Meng Hao swished his sleeve. Although he looked very domineering on the outside, inwardly he was feeling a bit depressed. What the hell!? I told her I couldn’t play Go, then she wants to make me play anyway? Hmph!

Meng Hao essentially grew up alone and poor. It was a difficult thing for him to even manage studying, and he had also ended up owing Steward Zhou three pieces of silver. Growing up in such poverty, how could he possibly have ever excelled at things like zither performances, or playing Go? In the end... he really couldn’t play Go. She just hadn’t believed him.

How depressing!

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"A Time Pill!" he murmured.



Xue'er's face was just starting to look calm again when she heard Meng Hao's words, and once again appeared to be astonished.

"I never would have thought that your skill in the Dao of Alchemy had reached such a high level, Elder Brother Meng. You're the first Echelon cultivator... to ever recognize that pill. You're right, it is indeed a Time Pill. Since you can identify the type of pill it is, then you surely know that such a pill can heal all of your injuries. As you can see, I'm not deceiving you."

"A medicinal pill that adds at least a year of body transformations is indeed something very rare in modern times." Meng Hao put the pill bottle away and ceased any aggressions. Then he called the parrot back, although the parrot didn't seem to be too happy about that. The trembling white crane immediately fled back to Xue'er.

Next, Meng Hao floated over to the Go board, picked up a black game piece, and placed it onto the board.

Xue'er's eyes glittered, and inwardly, she breathed a sigh of relief. This Meng Hao was a handful to deal with, and really pissed her off. However, there was nothing she could do about it. Seeing Meng Hao play a black game piece, caused her to frown slightly. She walked over to the game board, picked up a white game piece, made her move and then waited for Meng Hao to continue.

"I lose," he said, waving his sleeve. Not giving another glance at the game board, he turned and headed toward the mastiff.

"YOU!" she roared, blue veins popping out on her forehead. She had never, ever met anyone like Meng Hao before. "I'll have you know that forfeiting the game is also forfeiting the good fortune I have for you!"

"I'm not interested!" he said coolly, completely ignoring her.

Her frown deepened. Balling her hands into fists, she shouted, "You might not be interested now, but let me tell you, if you win, then you'll get my help! With my help, your path in the Echelon will be much smoother!"

“It was already easy enough even before meeting you,” he replied. He slapped his bag of holding to produce the medicinal pill bottle. His eyes glittered for a moment, but he quickly put the pill bottle away. He couldn’t quite bring himself to consume the medicinal pill inside before duplicating it.

Unable to hold back from listing all the benefits, Xue’er continued: “Y-you know, other Echelon cultivators all want my help! I’m the successor of Immortal Ancient, and my whole purpose in life is to help the Echelon. If you win, you can even have me as your beloved partner!”

“I’m already married.” Meng Hao turned to look thoughtfully in the direction of the Third Nation. He wasn’t sure how much time Zong Wuya had bought him, nor how he would resolve the overall situation with the Third Nation.

“I can make you stronger! I can make you the strongest in the Echelon! I can help you accomplish Paragon Sea Dream’s plan successfully!” Xue’er stamped her foot angrily. If Meng Hao continued acting like this, it would be impossible to accomplish the tasks laid out by her Master. She was starting to get nervous. She had traveled throughout the Nine Mountains and Seas, and had encountered an entire generation of Echelon cultivators, some of them haughty, some of them gentle, some of the domineering, some of them sinister.

However, regardless of their personalities, she had ways to deal with them. Even the most unwilling would eventually agree to play a game of Go with her. Meng Hao was completely different from everyone else. From what she could sense, the only reason he had agreed to even make one move... was to get the medicinal pill.

“Just what do I have to do to get you to play a game of Go with me?” she said through gritted teeth. “You can’t even imagine what kind of help I can give you!”

Meng Hao suddenly turned back to look at her and asked, “Are you the first generation successor of Immortal Ancient?”

Xue’er stared in shock, and said, “No, I’m--”

Before she could finish, Meng Hao interrupted her. “If you’re not the first generation successor of Immortal Ancient, then that means there were other successors before you. Throughout the years, there have also been successive generations of Echelon cultivators. Well then, how come none of them ever succeeded in the end? Why hasn’t Paragon Sea Dream’s plan been accomplished even after multiple generations?”

“Becoming the strongest in the Echelon, and accomplishing Paragon Sea Dream’s plan, are both... Echelon matters! They have nothing to do with Immortal Ancient successors!

“If I wanted to be blunt,” he continued coldly, “I would just say that all the help provided by generations of people like you, ended up being a complete failure!

“You can go help whoever you think needs your help,” he concluded indifferently. “As for me, I don’t need your help.” Meng Hao swished his sleeve. Although he looked very domineering on the outside, inwardly he was feeling a bit depressed. What the hell!? I told her I couldn’t play Go, then she wants to make me play anyway? Hmph!

Meng Hao essentially grew up alone and poor. It was a difficult thing for him to even manage studying, and he had also ended up owing Steward Zhou three pieces of silver. Growing up in such poverty, how could he possibly have ever excelled at things like zither performances, or playing Go? In the end... he really couldn’t play Go. She just hadn’t believed him.

How depressing!

Chapter 1133: What Will You Put Aside?!

Xue’er was on the verge of going crazy. She wasn’t sure what she had done to offend Meng Hao. All she had done was secretly follow him for a while, and actually had no ill intentions whatsoever.

Furthermore, she’d even given him an incredible medicinal pill just to get him to play a game of Go with her. Those were the instructions given to her by her Master, to find all the Echelon cultivators of the generation, and find the one she was meant to help.

All of the other Echelon cultivators had been easy to convince; Meng Hao was the only one who wouldn’t cooperate.

Seeing him leaving, Xue’er gnashed her teeth.

“I just want to play a game of Go!” she cried. “It doesn’t matter who wins or loses, I’ll still give you the good fortune, something that can help you escape the black-robed people from the Third Nation!

“I can help you get out of this dangerous situation!” Xue’er ground her teeth. This was the first time in her dealings with Echelon cultivators where she had started offering them her benefits before she had even made a choice.

Meng Hao stopped and looked back at Xue’er. He had known all along that if Dao-Heaven cared so much about this young woman, there must be something very special about her. Furthermore, he could tell from everything she had just said that she really was very important to the Echelon.

“Your obsession runs too deep,” he said coolly, his expression tranquil and impossible to read, even transcendent.

His words caused a tremor to run through Xue’er. Next, he clasped his hands behind his back and began to speak, his tone light. To him, this was like a debate, and going all the way back to his days debating the Dao of alchemy, he had never lost.

“The word obsession is made up of two characters, one relating to thoughts, the second to actions. If your thoughts are occupied by the game, and your actions pertain only to the game board, then... aren’t you merely searching for game pieces, not an Echelon cultivator?”

“Playing Go is just a way for you to help make your decision, right? But decisions... can be made in many ways. And you seem to be obsessed with this one method. Instead of saying that you are looking for people to play the game, it would be more accurate to say... that you are stuck within the game itself.

“In the grand scheme of things, the game is insignificant, and yet you have sunk yourself into it as if it were Heaven and Earth. Because you are stuck in the game, your path has become blocked, your Dao limited. The game of Go... is for you, not for me.”

Xue’er trembled, and from the expression on her face, it seemed as if she were experiencing enlightenment. After a long moment, she took a deep breath, clasped hands, and bowed deeply to Meng Hao.

“This is my fault for being too fixated,” she said. “I also understand why you weren’t willing to play Go with me, Elder Brother Meng. If you devoted yourself to the game, you would lose yourself in the game board, and fall into that world.

“Therefore, you only played a single piece, then turned and left. It was like leaving behind a single thought in Heaven and Earth, so that the mountains remain pristine and the waters undisturbed. You

left behind no ripples or waves, but instead chose to remain on the outside, observing... watching as great changes unfolded....” Eventually her voice trailed off. Finally, she clasped hands and bowed deeply to Meng Hao one more time.

“Many thanks, Elder Brother Meng!” Her expression was completely sincere, and in fact, her aura seemed even more extraordinary than before. It was as if she truly had experienced some sort of enlightenment, as if she suddenly understood more about life. Apparently, even her cultivation base experienced advancement.

Meng Hao looked startled, but then quickly recovered his calm demeanor and enigmatic expression. He smiled faintly, and a look of praise could be seen within his eyes.

He was actually shocked to see the transformation which had just occurred in Xue'er. The only reason he had made his little speech just now was because he couldn't actually play Go. He would never have guessed that his words would actually affect Xue'er in such a way.

“Elder Brother Meng, I already understand that it doesn't matter who wins or loses this game. However, my Master's stipulations are hard to work around. Elder Brother Meng, please do me the favor of making your move.” Xue'er's expression was very sincere, and all the haughtiness from earlier had vanished. She now seemed very respectful when she looked at him, as if to her, his words were the Dao.

Meng Hao was grumbling inside, and wasn't sure what to do next. However, his expression of praise deepened. Ideas racing through his head, he looked down at the game board and then smiled slightly.

“Do you really understand?” he asked, his voice suddenly becoming very archaic as he attempted to imitate the way Zong Wuya had spoken and held himself moments ago. “You know, just now, someone asked me what the Dao is.

“My answer was that the Dao relates to the thoughts in your heart. Whatever you focus your thoughts on, that is your Dao. The Dao is shapeless, and cannot be touched; it can only be contemplated, just like life.”

Xue'er frowned; this time she didn't quite understand what he meant.

“Life?” she asked.

Meng Hao didn't answer her. Instead, he turned to the mastiff and stroked its fur gently. Its ferocious eyes suddenly turned soft, and it licked him.

At first, Meng Hao had simply been trying to pull a fast one on Xue'er. However, their conversation caused him to think about the cultivator in the Immortal jade mine. Then he thought about the black-robed men in the Third Nation. He thought about many things.

"Look, this is my mastiff, who I raised from a tiny puppy.

"It is not constrained by morals, nor bound by any rules. It only has its primal desires to guide it. The one thing that is not subject to that, is me. I am its family, and it is my family. Besides that, all it has is instinct. Even when it kills, it is not a matter of good or evil.

"The Windswept Realm is similar. Foreign cultivators can become forever lost here, and end up being driven into acting only on instinct.

"That is a sort of primitive freedom and independence, and that is the life that they are living.

"If you defined life as having different Realms, then that would be... the Natural Realm." All of a sudden, it was as if he broke through to a higher level in his mind. It was as if he had truly reached a level of philosophical enlightenment that caused his eyes to glow with a strange light.

Xue'er stood there thoughtfully.

"Consider them," he said, gesturing toward the soldiers not too far off in the distance, and the cultivators from the Mountain and Sea Realm. "Now consider yourself.

"You have a special status. You're the successor of Immortal Ancient. You're innately superior, with a unique identity and position, with extraordinary power and authority. What about all those soldiers and other cultivators, though? They also possess such things. The strong have their power, the weak... have their schemes.

"Between humans, the only thing we do is compare ourselves to others, in any and all matters. We compare who has the highest cultivation base, who is richer, who has the better status, who has the

higher position, who has the most power, who has the best family background, who is the smartest, or who is the strongest.

“The weak with the weak and the strong with the strong, all people are constantly comparing themselves to each other. Because of these comparisons, people covet what they do not have, and what they do have, they are even more unwilling to lose.

“That is another kind of life, and most importantly, that is the type of life... that most people live. I like to call such life the second Realm, the Pragmatic Realm!

“You are in that Realm, and so am I.” By the time he finished speaking, Meng Hao’s voice was soft. He shook his head and sighed.

Xue’er was trembling, and couldn’t take her eyes off of him. The words he had spoken echoed like claps of thunder in her mind, causing her breathing to become ragged.

She understood that he was speaking from the heart as he mused about things he had seen and done. He had only come up with the idea of the first Realm after seeing cultivators who had become lost in their desires. She had also seen such lost cultivators in her time here in the Windswept Realm.

In her opinion, the concept of his second Realm came because of the struggles of the Echelon, and how the Echelon cultivators were constantly competing amongst each other. It was also in response to her words and strength.

“So... is there a third Realm?” she asked quietly.

“Of course!” Meng Hao looked over at her, his expression ever more archaic and his aura swirling even more mysteriously. His eyes glowed with bright light, like twin lamps on a moonless night.

“The third Realm is ... when you leave something behind,” he said softly.

Xue’er stood there, dumbfounded.

“Are you willing to give that something up?” he asked, shaking his head slowly. “Do you accept letting it go? Are you even able...to leave it behind?”

“The third Realm is the realm of abandonment. After you have something, you abandon it, or perhaps you could say... put it aside!

“Put everything aside, and you have emptiness. At that time, you... can finally explain what the Dao is!” He took a deep breath and looked at Xue’er, who was staring at him blankly. Suddenly, he raised his voice beratingly. “Don’t you get it?!”

“Consider the game board. What is it? That game board is your world, and in your heart, it is your everything. When all is said and done, it has borders, limitations, creating an intangible perimeter beneath your feet, an area in your heart that you cannot leave!

“If you don’t put it aside, then you will forever remain in the second Realm. For all eternity... you will be unable to explain... the Dao!” His voice seemed to contain a bizarre power that left Xue’er shaking. Her expression was one of struggle, but after a moment, she looked deeply at him, then stretched her hand out and laid it onto the game board. A pop could be heard as the board shattered into pieces.

She closed her eyes, and all of a sudden, she seemed to relax. When she opened her eyes again, she asked, “What is the name of that third Realm?”

His lips moved soundlessly for a moment, and then he calmly said, “I call that Realm... the Dao!”

“The Dao....” After a moment of thought, she stared at Meng Hao closely, as if committing his features to memory. Then she waved her hand, causing a beam of five-colored light to fly out.

Inside of that beam of light was a five-colored crystal that glittered with radiant light. It looked like some sort of incredibly valuable treasure.

As soon as the glittering light appeared, a wind sprang up, and everything began to tremble. The world almost seemed to be unraveling. As soon as Meng Hao laid eyes on the glittering light, the Echelon mark in his forehead began to glow.

It wasn’t just him. Dao-Heaven was currently speeding through midair when, all of a sudden, he lurched to a stop. He turned to look back in the direction of the central temple, and after a moment, a look of disbelief and rage covered his face.



“The Echelon Heart. You SLUT!” he roared. “The Echelon Heart should belong to me! Nobody else qualifies to have it!!” He changed directions in a flash, heading toward the central temple area. He knew that the Echelon Heart would be going to Meng Hao, and although he wasn’t completely confident of being able to beat him in a fight, his rage offered him no other option than to go find out.

Lin Cong, Han Qinglei, Yuwen Jian and all of the other Echelon cultivators in the Windswept Realm all realized that the Echelon marks on their foreheads were glowing brightly. They could also sense the call of the Echelon coming from the central temple region.

That call was something like a thirst, felt by all Echelon cultivators. Instantly, their faces fell.

“It’s the Echelon Heart!! Could it be that Miss Xue’er finally chose Dao-Heaven?!”

“It must be Dao-Heaven. He’s going to get so much more powerful in the Windswept Realm!!”

Everyone was shaken, even Meng Hao. The mark on his forehead glittered brightly, and the five-colored light seemed to be calling out to him. He took a deep breath.

“What is that?” he asked.

“The Echelon Heart. Every generation of the Echelon will have one member who is approved by Immortal Ancient. That person will be bestowed with... the Echelon Heart!”

“Does that mean I’ve gained approval?” he asked, looking over at her.

“You can’t even play Go, and yet you caused me to break my Go board,” she replied coolly. “You have won the Echelon Heart. However, you did not win my future assistance. If you ever reach that third Realm of which you spoke, then come find me.” With that, she waved her hand, causing the five-colored beam of light to speed toward him. He reached out and caught it, and his mind reeled. In the same moment, his divine sense exploded out to cover the entire area.

“It... belongs to you,” she said, giving him another deep look. Then she turned and sped off into the distance.

Chapter 1134: The Echelon Heart!

Xue'er destroyed her game board, bestowed the Echelon Heart, and then vanished over the horizon.

Meng Hao remained behind, panting. Because of the stimulation of the Echelon Heart, his divine sense continued to spread out rapidly in all directions, and his body was trembling violently.

"Echelon Heart...." he thought, his eyes shining brightly. His divine sense had soon filled the central temple region and began to spread out through the Nine Nations.

As it passed the cultivators and soldiers, their faces flickered. When they looked up, they saw roiling clouds rapidly spreading out to cover the sky.

It was as if the Heavens were being obscured, and the lands covered up. The center of it all was Meng Hao. The mortals and the soldiers among them couldn't see it, but the cultivators, especially Fan Dong'er and the others, could see a translucent tempest raging around Meng Hao.

That tempest was the cause of the clouds and the wind that were spreading out in all directions.

Meng Hao frowned. "Don't tell me that this thing's only function is to power up my divine sense and send it out in all directions, is it?"

He had used a bit of trickery to defeat Xue'er and acquire the Echelon Heart. However, he had not won her assistance, and right now, the exact usage of the Echelon Heart was a bit of a mystery to him.

"It can make Echelon cultivators stronger, huh...." His eyes flashed, and without any further hesitation, he closed his right hand tightly around the scintillating Echelon Heart.

He gripped it hard, and his mind began to spin as the Echelon Heart fused into the palm of his hand. As soon as it melted into him, it transformed into five auras that surged through his qi passageways. They spread out separately, filling his entire body. Four of them then disappeared, seemingly concealing themselves inside of him, vanishing without a trace. Only an orange aura remained. It shot into his mind, and then exploded.

That eruption caused blood to ooze out of his eyes, ears, nose, and mouth. He groaned, and his divine sense suddenly grew to an exaggerated level, roiling out around him. In the blink of an eye, it covered everything in the Nine Nations. Soon, Meng Hao's divine sense had covered all of the

mountain ranges and rivers, even the nine National Aura Mountains. In a very short period of time, the entirety of the Windswept Realm was completely covered by his divine sense.

He saw all living things, and all cultivators. He saw Zong Wuya, who had a strange look in his eyes. He was followed by a host of black-robed cultivators.

On the Third Nation's National Aura Mountain, he saw the emperor, whose face was flickering. He also saw Lin Cong, Han Qinglei, and Yuwen Jian, all racing toward him, as well as the enraged Dao-Heaven.

Everything was visible in his divine sense. Then, as he panted, it continued to grow, reaching out... into the void beyond!

Outside in the pitch-black void, he could see the Windswept Realm as a whole, which was currently speeding upwards.

The Windswept Realm was moving, rising upward, heading higher and higher into the void.

Meng Hao's mind spun as he looked off into the distance and saw two balls of light, which repeatedly slammed into each other, as if they were fighting. Within one of those balls of light was the white-robed Paragon Sea Dream. The person she was fighting was a middle-aged man, a man... that looked exactly like the statue he had seen when he had first climbed the National Aura Mountain upon entering the Windswept Realm!

They fought back and forth without speaking, and yet were surrounded by complete destruction.

Meng Hao was panting. He sensed incredible danger, and didn't dare to send his divine sense out any further. He quickly reigned it back into the lands of the Windswept Realm.

"Just as I suspected," he thought, his eyes flashing. "Some momentous catastrophe has struck the Windswept Realm...."

"I couldn't get involved even if I wanted to.... For now, it seems the Echelon Heart's only purpose is to allow me to see more, to allow my divine sense to cover the entire Windswept Realm. And yet, how does that help my cultivation base?" Suddenly, a tremor ran through him. "Oh, what's that...?"

“Ah, it’s not useless after all!! Covering the entire Windswept Realm with divine sense will allow me to contemplate enlightenment of the natural laws and Essences of this place! I don’t need any World Seal, because I can sense the entire Realm as a whole. Theoretically, I should be able to directly sense the natural laws and Essences!

“Even if I don’t have the required World Seals, I should still be able to do it!

“After all, the World Seals are merely manifestations of the natural laws and Essences of the Windswept Realm!” Panting, his eyes began to shine. He consolidated the power of his divine sense and immediately began to contemplate!

He already had the foundation provided him by the World Seals of the Ninth, Eighth, Seventh, Sixth and Fourth Nations. Therefore, he simply acted according to his plan and used divine sense to begin contemplation.

Rumbling filled his mind as he settled down cross-legged and began to work.

He now had access to far more natural laws and Essences than any individual World Seal would give him. Of the ones he could sense now, around half were the ones that he had already achieved enlightenment regarding from the World Seals in his possession. Now, with the ability to perceive them as a comprehensive whole, enlightenment came to him even faster than it had before.

“There are a total of 3,000 great Daos. 2,700 are located in the various Nations, with the final 300 being located in the central temple. If I can gain enlightenment of all 3,000 great Daos, then I can fully absorb my second Nirvana Fruit, and become... a true Allheaven Immortal!

“At that time, Dao-Heaven will be no match for me!

“That will also be the moment... when I can truly rise to prominence in the Windswept Realm!”

He saw many natural laws and many essences, and he immediately began to gain enlightenment. A shocking aura appeared on him, spreading out in all directions and growing stronger by the moment. The clouds churned overhead, spreading out to fill the entire Windswept Realm.

Everyone was shocked, and even Dao-Heaven lurched to a stop in midair, face flickering with disbelief. He reached out and grabbed a piece of a nearby cloud, looked at it closely, and then his face darkened.

“This is Meng Hao’s aura!!”

RUMBLE!

1,300 Essences!

Meng Hao’s hair whipped about in the air as he sat there cross-legged, the lands quaking beneath him. This was his good fortune, the greatest good fortune he had acquired so far in the Windswept Realm.

The speed of his enlightenment increased as he spread his divine sense out to contemplate and observe the natural laws and Essences.

He closed his eyes, making it impossible for anyone to see the flicker of augury contained therein. As of now, his injuries weren’t important. His soul spread out along with his divine sense to cover the lands.

1,400 Essences!

1,500 Essences!

He was gaining enlightenment through brute force, violently commandeering good fortune. He was breaking through the limits previously set by the World Seals, walking.... a path of enlightenment that no one had ever walked before.

His aura grew more and more majestic, and his enlightenment was accelerating!

1,600 Essences!

1,700 Essences!

The tempest raged around him, with him at the very center.

The mastiff crouched at his side, its eyes glowing fiercely as it looked about. It would prevent anyone from getting close to Meng Hao, even someone familiar to him.

Its 300-meter frame was like a small mountain, and its eyes were the picture of brutality, seemingly representative of pure slaughter.

It was at this point that the Emperor in the Third Nation suddenly cried out, urgent and furious. When his voice echoed into the ears of Zong Wuya and the others, Zong Wuya sighed lightly. He could delay matters no further. In response to the words of the emperor, the black-robed cultivators' killing intent soared. They had been waiting for this moment for too long. They hadn't dared to say anything about how Zong Wuya had interfered with them earlier, but their hearts had long since filled with discontent.

In accordance with the orders issued, they ignored Zong Wuya and charged forth with blazing killing intent, heading directly toward the central temple region, and Meng Hao.

Zong Wuya went along, but did nothing more than enter the area and watch Meng Hao from afar, his eyes filled with complex emotions and hope.

Everything shook as the black-robed men transformed into streaks of light that shot through the sky, drawing ever-closer to Meng Hao. The mastiff roared and shot to its feet. Its 300-meter frame erupted with energy and brutality, and its eyes were shot with blood as it gazed coldly at the incoming black-robed cultivators.

Meng Hao was its master, its only family. Its purpose in life, its mission, was to protect him. It was willing to sacrifice everything for him.

It had been like that when it was small, and now that it had grown up, it was the same.

“Kill him!” Among the black-robed cultivators, there were three who were faster than the others. They performed incantation gestures, summoning a divine ability that formed a massive handprint which shot toward Meng Hao.

The mastiff threw its head back and let out a deafening roar that echoed out in all directions. It pounced toward the three enemies, and a fiendish wind sprang out. A single swipe of its paw shattered the divine ability, and then it opened its mouth wide, as if to consume the men.

A boom rang out, and the three men fell back, faces flickering with shock. One of them was too slow, and the mastiff gobbled him up. Crunching sounds could be heard, accompanied by a bloodcurdling scream. Then the scream was cut off, and the mastiff swallowed him down.

It stood tall next to Meng Hao, gazing at the black-robed men with ferocious coldness, radiating hostility.

It was at this point that Meng Hao's mind rumbled again, and his aura surged even more majestically. He had just gained enlightenment of 1,800 Essences!

Chapter 1135: Leave The Rest To Me!

In the moment that Meng Hao gained enlightenment of 1,800 Daos, numerous National Aura Mountains collapsed. By now, the Ninth, Eighth, Seventh, Sixth, Fifth and Fourth Nations were all rubble. Suddenly, six pillars of light shot out of that rubble and up into the air, each one 3,000 meters wide.

The lands of the Windswept Realm were quaking, and the clouds up above churned madly. In the spots where the pillars of light climbed up into the sky, massive vortexes formed.

The six vortexes exuded a power of reversal. Were it possible to view the Windswept Realm from out in the pitch-black void, you would clearly be able to see that, despite having escaped the clutches of the Mountain and Sea Realm, the speed with which it was rising instantly dropped by more than half.

Despite being locked in combat, Paragon Sea Dream and the Windswept Imperial Lord both seemed to be shocked by this.

However, that would only be visible from outside the Windswept Realm itself. Inside the Windswept Realm, the only thing that everyone could sense was that the lands were trembling. Then, the sudden reduction in speed apparently broke something in the lands themselves. All of a sudden, everyone felt as if they were lurching up into the air. With the exception of the remaining National Aura Mountains, all of the other mountains were torn from their bases and flew up.

The same thing happened to the rivers, the cities, and all life forms. Everyone suddenly lurched up into the air.

Everything that was happening caused the people in the Windswept Realm to be filled with shock.

On the Third Nation's National Aura Mountain, the emperor threw his head back and roared.

“NO!!

“Stop him! Dammit! We haven't reached the appointed place to stop! Don't let the Echelon cultivators gain enlightenment of the Windswept Dao!” The man's face was twisted with both ferocity and anxiety. He quickly performed an incantation gesture with his right hand, causing more black-robed figures to appear off to the side. The figures clasped hands and bowed with lowered heads, then vanished, transforming into beams of light that sped toward the central temple region.

That was where Meng Hao hovered in midair, his body emitting rumbling sounds as his energy rose higher and higher. Brilliant light emanated off of him and filled the entire Windswept Realm. As of this moment, he very much resembled the mastiff when it possessed the renegade spirit. Currently, it was as if he... was possessing the Windswept Realm!

Of course, to describe it in such a way is only an illustration, and yet, it wouldn't be impossible for it to become reality!

RUMBLE!

1,900 Essences!

2,000!

2,100!

Meng Hao's hair whipped around in the air, and his energy continued to climb. When he gained enlightenment of the 2,100th Essence, the National Aura Mountain in the Third Nation began to collapse. The emperor threw his head back and let out a fierce shriek, and did everything in his power to prevent the collapse, to change what was happening. However, his face quickly fell. He was forced to dodge to the side as a pillar of light rose up from the rubble of the National Aura Mountain.

There were now seven vortices!



The speed of the Windswept Realm's rise was once again reduced.

"Meng Hao!" the emperor shrieked. Then he flashed through the air toward the central temple region.

Meng Hao continued to gain enlightenment.

2,200 Essences!

2,300!

The mastiff was at his side, roaring, its body shining with brilliant, blood-colored light. It held nothing back as it defended him against the black-robed attackers. Not a single one of them was able to pass it and get close to Meng Hao.

The mastiff roared, and Meng Hao was shielded by blood-red light.

The black-robed men were going mad, unleashing all sorts of divine abilities and Daoist magics. The violet light of the true Dao descended, smashing into the mastiff and riddling it with wounds. However, it continued to protect the area surrounding Meng Hao. This was the exact way it had protected him back in the Blood Immortal Legacy Tournament. It would defend him until it died.

"Damn this Blood Beast! Kill it!" No matter how the black-robed cultivators attacked, they failed, leaving them utterly flustered. Finally, they attacked the mastiff directly. The mastiff roared and slammed its paw down onto the ground. The lands shook, and blood qi swept about in all directions. One by one, the black-robed attackers were forced to fall back.

However, there were three who managed to break through, and quickly bore down on Meng Hao, eyes bursting with killing intent, performing incantation gestures all the while. However, the mastiff then let out a mighty roar and shot through the air toward them. The swipe of a paw blocked the men, and yet, their deadly combined divine ability ended up slamming into it as a result.

Blood oozed out of the mastiff's mouth, and its body trembled violently. Then it opened its mouth wide and lunged toward them as if to gobble them up. The three men tried to fall back, but the mastiff's roar dazed them. Before they could do anything, the mastiff's jaws closed around them.

“For the true Dao! Detonate!”

“Detonate!”

“Detonate!”

Eyes filled with vicious madness, the three men chose to self-detonate in the same moment that the mastiff bit down onto them. A huge boom echoed out that shook Heaven and Earth. As they exploded, the mastiff let out a plaintive cry. Its body trembled on the verge of explosion before it shrank down from its previous 300-meter size to only 30 meters.

It glared at the black-robed men surrounding it. It didn't fly out in attack, and yet, the blood-colored light emanating out from it grew more intense, transforming into a shield that surrounded itself and Meng Hao. It was like an inverted bowl that rested on top of them, sending blood-colored light high up into the air.

The surrounding black-robed cultivators all attacked in unison, causing huge booms to echo out as the shield distorted.

It was at this point that Meng Hao's energy once again rose as he gained enlightenment of 2,400 Essences!

Next, a 3,000-meter pillar of light rose from the rubble of the Second Nation's National Aura Mountain. Rumbling filled the air, and the clouds seethed as an eighth vortex appeared.

The sky above the Windswept Realm now featured eight prominent vortexes, beyond which was the pitch black of the void.

Apparently, the Windswept Realm's rise into the sky had now been stopped!

At the same time, more black-robed figures sped through the Third Nation, followed by the emperor.

When the Emperor saw Zong Wuya, he glared and said, “Zong Wuya, do you truly dare to hold back from attacking?!”

Zong Wuya stood there silently, opting not to respond.

The Emperor clenched his teeth and said “You--”

“Shut up,” Zong Wuya said coolly. “You, a trifling Spirit Realm cultivator, dare to raise your voice to me? I only listen to your orders for the sake of the true Dao. I’m not your slave.”

The emperor’s face flickered, and he stared at Zong Wuya, huffing and puffing. However, he didn’t say anything further.

More black-robed men were converging in the area around Meng Hao. They attacked in unison, causing violet lightning to fall. Soon, Meng Hao was surrounded by a sea of lightning, which constantly battered the blood-colored shield.

The shield twisted and distorted, clearly on the verge of collapsing. The mastiff was getting smaller and smaller. It shrank from thirty meters to only about three meters in size. However, it continued to hold on.

Meng Hao’s energy rose higher and higher, and the light emanating out of him grew more intense.

2,500 Essences!

2,600!

He was now only 100 Essences away from a total of 2,700. It was at this point that, all of a sudden, a voice echoed out like thunder from off in the distance.

“Meng Hao!”

Dao-Heaven appeared in a beam of light that streaked across the sky toward the central temple region. Although a heavy pressure weighed down on him as soon as he entered the central temple region, Dao-Heaven had also received the blessing of the Windswept Realm’s qi flow, and as such, he could easily ignore it.

He headed toward Meng Hao with incredible speed, and as he neared, he waved his hand and bellowed, “Screw off!”

Several black-robed men who were in his way exploded into pieces, allowing Dao-Heaven to directly approach the blood-colored shield and wave his finger toward it.

The Heaven-shaking, Earth shattering finger swipe caused the shield to tremble. It seemed as if it would collapse at any moment; cracking sounds could be heard, and the shield was now covered with fissures.

The mastiff trembled violently, shrinking down again until it was barely over a meter long. Its aura was incredibly weak, but it still continued to defend Meng Hao.

“Give me the Echelon Heart!” Dao-Heaven roared. He waved his right index finger again. When it landed, the shield would definitely collapse, placing not only Meng Hao, but also the mastiff, in critical danger.

In the moment that the shield collapsed, blood sprayed out of the mastiff’s mouth, and it shrank down to the size of a hand. Even as it stood there on shaky legs, Meng Hao’s eyes snapped open.

“Screw off!” he said. Massive rumbling caused everything to shake. A huge windstorm sprang up as his voice echoed out, slamming into Dao-Heaven. Dao-Heaven’s face fell, and he fought back ferociously. Blood sprayed out of his mouth as he was shoved backward.

The black-robed men were also shocked by this turn of events. Blood sprayed from their mouths as they were shoved away violently. In a mere moment, all the land 3,000 meters around Meng Hao and the mastiff was emptied.

Meng Hao slowly rose to his feet. He was no longer in need of contemplation. He had already gained complete enlightenment of the 2,700 Essences from the areas outside the central temple!

As of this moment, his injuries were completely healed, and he was back at his peak. Completely ignoring Dao-Heaven and the black-robed men, he looked down gently at the mastiff.

Then he squatted down and picked it up in his hand. The mastiff looked like it had when it was young. It squinted up at Meng Hao and then licked his palm.

“You rest for a while,” Meng Hao said. “Leave the rest to me.” He delivered some life force to it, and then put it back into the blood-colored mask in his bag of holding. Then he looked up.

His gaze swept over the nervous black-robed men, who slowly backed up. To them, his gaze was like lightning, and a single look was enough to strike fear into their hearts. The only person staring back hatefully was Dao-Heaven.

“The Echelon Heart belongs to me!” Dao-Heaven cried.

At the same time, Meng Hao lifted up the second Nirvana Fruit and pushed it into his forehead.

With 2,700 Essences, he could not fully absorb the Nirvana Fruit, but he could fuse with it for much, much longer... long enough for a protracted battle!

The moment the Nirvana Fruit fused into him, Meng Hao threw his head back and roared. He did not increase in size like he had before, nor did he require time to complete the process. Azure light flickered, and his energy spiked, like that of a celestial warrior.

Chapter 1136: Meng Hao Busts Out!

Allheaven Immortal!

Surrounded by azure light, Meng Hao’s energy surged higher, and he emanated a killing will. He had been continuously held back during his time in the Windswept Realm, but now was the time to rise to prominence.

Everyone who had harmed his mastiff would now die!

He felt no apprehensions; now that he was going to go on the offensive, he would cause a scene that could topple Heaven and crush the Earth. He had been restraining himself for far too long!

“All of you, prepare to DIE!”

He sped through the air with such explosive speed that he left sonic booms behind him. A moment later, he appeared in front of one of the black-robed men, and unleashed a punch.

That punch was not the Life-Extermination Fist, it was simply an ordinary punch backed by his fleshly body power while in the Allheaven Immortal Realm.

Everything shook. This black-robed man was an Ancient Realm expert with eight extinguished Soul Lamps. However, he wasn't qualified to even dodge or block Meng Hao. Before he could even react, the punch landed.

In the blink of an eye, he collapsed, his body shattered, and he was completely dead.

For a single punch to fell an Ancient Realm expert was something that caused all of the other black-robed men to gasp.

However, things weren't over. After delivering the fist strike, Meng Hao flashed through the air to appear in front of another black-robed cultivator, upon whom he unleashed another punch.

The man's face flickered with a ferocious expression, and he immediately spit a flying sword out of his mouth. Meng Hao snorted coldly and didn't even pause. He followed through with his punch, destroying the flying sword, which shattered into countless pieces. His shocked opponent could only watch as Meng Hao's fist slammed into him.

BOOOOOOMMMM!

Meng Hao moved like lightning. He teleported seven times in a row, and each time he unleashed one punch. Each punch was followed by miserable shrieks, and the death of a black-robed man. Seven of them exploded into clouds of blood.

This slaughter unfolded in the exact moment in which Meng Hao ascended to the Allheaven Immortal Realm.

The surrounding black-robed men were completely astonished, even disbelieving. Although they had come here to pursue Meng Hao specifically, they didn't actually know very much about him. As of this moment, they were shocked to discover that the person they had been chasing... was actually an indescribably terrifying individual.

Even as the black-robed men's faces fell, one of their number let out an enraged roar. "Attack together!" he cried. "Even if he were stronger than he is now, he couldn't handle all of us at the same time!! Kill him!"

A moment later, the man's head was flying through the air. In the moment before he died, a look of shock could be seen on his face. From behind his headless corpse, out walked Meng Hao, a sword in his hand.

A wooden sword.

"Like I said, all of you are going to die today." His voice was cold, and a murderous aura raged up from his body.

The other black-robed men began to tremble with fear. They might be pursuers of the true Dao, but that didn't mean that they were completely without fear of death. To see Meng Hao in such a powerful state filled their minds with shock, and they began to fall back.

However, it was at this point that the Emperor, who still stood next to Zong Wuya, looked at the men with a red glow flickering in his eyes. He performed a double-handed incantation gesture, and then waved his finger at them.

Suddenly, similar red glows could be seen in the eyes of the retreating black-robed men.

"For the true Dao!"

"For the true Dao!!"

Howls rose up like those from enraged beasts. The men had expressions of fanaticism and insanity as they all charged toward Meng Hao, violet light swirling up from them. From the look of it, they were actually burning their life forces.

There were a dozen or so who flew through the air in attack, summoning numerous divine abilities. There was a volley of violet lightning, an illusory wild beast, glowing magical treasures, and even a gigantic magical hand.

Rumbling echoed out as over ten different divine abilities and magical items filled the sky and descended toward Meng Hao.

Meng Hao's eyes flickered with killing intent. He saw the Emperor off in the distance, and snorted coldly. The sword in his hand disappeared, and he took a step forward, turning into a blur that sped through the violet lightning toward the man who unleashed it. He reached out and pushed his finger into the man's forehead, and then, without so much as a backward glance, spun and headed toward the second man. The swish of a sleeve collapsed the man's Divine ability, and then Meng Hao reached out and tapped his forehead.

He moved again, toward the third black-robed man, ignoring his magical item, closing in, and then shoulder-butting him hard in the stomach. Then he spun, lashing out with his right foot, which kicked up a huge wind as it slammed into the heads of three successive black-robed enemies. When he appeared next, he was in front of the seventh black-robed cultivator. He punched out, instantly destroying the wild beast created by the man's Daoist magic.

He passed through the creature, smashing his fist into the seventh man's chest. Then he jerked to the side, using his back to slam into the eighth black-robed man. At the same time, he extended his left hand, within which appeared the bone-tip spear. He hurled it out, sending it stabbing into the forehead of the ninth black-robed man. Then, rumbling sounds could be heard as he waved his sleeve, sending Divine Flame rolling out to engulf four other enemies.

With his last movement, he appeared above the head of the fourteenth black-robed man, after which he punched down viciously with his right fist.

The air shook, and a shockwave spread out in all directions, slamming into three nearby black-robed cultivators, causing them to tremble violently and let out miserable shrieks.

To describe all of these actions takes some time, but it actually happened in the time it takes a spark to fly off of a piece of flint. Meng Hao spent no more effort than it would take to turn over his hand, and the nearly twenty surrounding black-robed men were killed in quick succession, completely destroyed. The lingering sounds of the battle continued to echo out over the battlefield.

Then everything went silent.

The remaining black-robed men looked completely shocked. They stared at Meng Hao with disbelief and terror, apparently having awoken from their madness and ardor from moments ago. Now, they edged away from him, trembling.



“W-what cultivation base does he have!?!?”

“How could he be so strong? Is he in the Quasi-Dao Realm?!?!?”

“S-so fast! In a few breaths of time he actually cut down almost twenty of us!!”

Off in the distance, the Emperor’s face fell. When he looked at Meng Hao, he was filled with intense terror. As for Zong Wuya, the hope in his eyes deepened, and at the same time, he looked like he wished he could fight.

Dao-Heaven had a very unsightly expression on his face as he sped backward. He simply didn’t dare to do anything to provoke the current Meng Hao.

Even as Dao-Heaven retreated, Meng Hao’s eyes flickered with coldness. Looking Dao-Heaven’s way, he said, “Now that I’m done warming up, it’s your turn.”

As soon as their gazes met, Dao-Heaven’s face fell, and he began to retreat with greater speed. He performed a double-handed incantation gesture, causing several illusory beasts to appear that charged toward Meng Hao.

Meng Hao shot through the air like an arrow. He slammed through the beasts without even slowing down; they didn’t even leave a scratch on him, and his passage caused them to explode into bits.

“Dammit!” Dao-Heaven continued to back up, waving his right hand and performing an incantation gesture at the same time. The air rippled as a gigantic portal appeared. From within the portal emerged a black-colored fist that struck out toward Meng Hao.

“Break,” Meng Hao said, eyes glittering as he unleashed the Life-Extermination Fist. When it slammed into the black-colored fist, Heaven and Earth trembled, and the fist exploded. As for the portal, it instantly began to disintegrate. Meng Hao’s fist passed through it and made contact with Dao-Heaven’s finger.

A boom could be heard. Blood sprayed out of Dao-Heaven’s mouth, and his finger exploded, sending him tumbling backward like a kite with its string cut.

At the same time, the chanting of a curse could be heard from within the portal he had just smashed.

“As a Devil Immortal, I call upon the power of my name to curse your blood--”

Meng Hao snorted coldly. Without waiting for the curse to be completed, he loosened his fist, reached into the door, and grabbed hold of what was inside: a pitch-black, three-horned, humanoid beast.

The beast gaped in shock, then let out a scream of terror and astonishment.

“Y-y-you... you can actually reach through the portal!?!?”

Meng Hao’s hand flexed as Divine Flame appeared. The humanoid beast was engulfed, and let out a bloodcurdling scream. In the blink of an eye, it was burned into nothing but ash.

“Dao-Heaven!” roared Meng Hao as he shot through the air in pursuit, sending a massive shockwave outwards. He was upon Dao-Heaven in an instant and let loose another punch, and in response, Dao-Heaven shouted and unleashed all of the power of his cultivation base. The full power that came from reaching the Ancient Realm nine times was sent against Meng Hao.

A boom could be heard, and Dao-Heaven coughed up a mouthful of blood. Meng Hao continued to advance. One punch. Two punches. Three punches!

Dao-Heaven continuously coughed up mouthfuls of blood. He roared as his cultivation base surged, then bit the tip of his tongue, spitting out some blood which transformed into an entire sea. It didn’t surge toward Meng Hao, but rather, detonated. The massive unleashing of power enabled Dao-Heaven to separate himself from Meng Hao. He sped backward, face pale, coughing up mouthfuls of blood. Then he stretched his right hand up into the air; the sky flashed, and a murderous aura exploded out. Countless tendrils of black fog appeared, which formed into the shape of a scroll painting.

“Meng Hao, I only hit your blood mastiff’s shield two times!” he said through gritted teeth. “It didn’t hurt your dog!! We’re both in the Echelon. It’s the weirdos from the Third Nation who tracked you down and hurt your Blood Mastiff, not me!” He pointed an accusatory finger at the Emperor. He had no choice but to speak up and say these things, but at the same time, he gripped the scroll painting in his other hand. The scroll painting was his trump card, and also a powerful threat. He was now regretting his earlier impulsiveness, and wished he hadn’t come looking to cause trouble for Meng Hao.

It was at this point that, because of Meng Hao gaining enlightenment of the 2,700 Essences, the First Nation's National Aura Mountain crumbled. A pillar of light rose up, the ninth. A ninth vortex also appeared in the air.

The ninth vortex ensured that the lands of the Windswept Realm were now completely stopped in place in the pitch-black void.

Rumbling filled the lands, and the Emperor was panting anxiously.

"Zong Wuya," he said, "you can hold back, but the plan will not fail! You must understand the truth of that." Ignoring Zong Wuya, he extended his right hand, within which appeared an earthenware pot.

The pot was the color of blood, and shockingly, nearly overflowed with boiling blood.

"Countless years of preparation have created hope for the Windswept Realm. It doesn't matter if I'm viewed as a saint or a sinner, I will lead the Windswept Realm to escape from under the 33 Heavens. The 33 Heavens will become the 34 Heavens, and all cultivators of the Windswept Realm will receive the enlightenment of the true Dao!

"Over the countless years, it's impossible to say how many lives have been sacrificed for this cause, for this hope! I will use your blood to help us... activate the Blood World Formation!" Howling, the Emperor viciously smashed the blood pot onto the ground.

Chapter 1137: Drastic Upheavals!

Meng Hao's eyes flickered. He could sense some sort of indescribably malevolent aura coming from the earthenware pot, as if it contained the willpower of all of the life forms in the Windswept Realm.

A sound like that of infinite screaming rippled out from the blood in all directions, causing the sky to flash, and the nine pillars of light rising up from the Nine Nations to dim slightly. Even the nine vortexes up in the sky seemed to be affected, and looked as though they might stop spinning!

Rumbling could be heard, and the Emperor was laughing maniacally. After having thrown the earthenware pot down, it smashed, sending blood splashing out in all directions. The intangible

howling grew more intense, transforming into ripples that spread out everywhere, covering the entire Windswept Realm, twisting it, distorting it.

Meng Hao was panting. Drastic upheavals were rocking the Windswept Realm, and although he had prepared himself mentally, to see these things happening in front of his very eyes was a shocking thing.

The other cultivators from the Mountain and Sea Realm all had looks of complete astonishment on their faces.

The earthenware pot smashed, and blood splashed out in all directions. The fierce fighting of the Nine Nations' armies had long since stained the earth red, but as this additional flow of blood spread out without soaking into the ground, and everything it touched became even more deeply crimson.

“Living things, Heaven and Earth, mountains and rivers, wind and clouds... by the power in me, I summon you!” As the emperor's shrill cry echoed out in all directions, the blood from the earthenware pot began to writhe, as if it were alive.

It was as if there was something concealed inside that blood which had now been issued a call. It was like a key that could unlock the door to these blood-colored lands!

The ground in the central temple area was shaking violently. Next, a massive amount of blood began to rise up from in the land, as if it were being called, directed.

A massive rumbling could be heard, as though countless fierce voices were crying out. More blood gushed up out of the lands, transforming everything into a world of blood.

The cultivators from the Mountain and Sea Realm, including Fan Dong'er, were all completely shocked, and had no idea what was happening.

“Windswept blood. Heavenly tears. I call upon you to awaken from your sleep of death!” The Emperor bit the tip of his tongue and spit out a mouthful of blood. His hair was disheveled, and he looked crazed.

Rumbling could be heard as the ground trembled with increased intensity. Meng Hao flashed through the air, giving up on pursuing Dao-Heaven and heading directly toward the Emperor. He

had the sudden intense premonition that if things proceeded as they were, a great catastrophe would strike.

Almost in the same moment that Meng Hao began to charge toward the emperor, Zong Wuya sighed and stepped forward, reaching out with his hand to block the path.

“Meng Hao, you can’t stop this from happening. Just watch.”

Meng Hao shoved Zong Wuya out of the way, causing a massive wind to kick up. And yet, he was incapable of doing anything to stop the rising blood.

“You intentionally let me live. Why?!” Meng Hao performed an incantation gesture with his right hand, causing azure light to shine out from him. Instantly, numerous mountains began to descend, the result of the Mountain Consuming Incantation. These were not ordinary mountain ranges, but rather countless azure-colored mountains, Immortal mountains, which smashed down with shocking power.

“I already know what decision you have made,” Zong Wuya said softly. “And you know mine. As for who is wrong and who is right, we’ll just have to see.... Time will answer all questions.” He performed an incantation gesture with his right hand and waved his finger. Instantly, his extinguished Soul Lamps expanded and shot up to meet the azure Immortal mountains. A huge boom echoed out, and he fell back a few paces, trembling.

“As for why I let you live... it was because... I hope that if I’m wrong, you can help me accomplish something.” His eyes were once again filled with a look of reminiscence, and complex emotions. He sighed again.

Meng Hao was also forced into retreat by the backlash. He looked up at Zong Wuya, and saw the look in the man’s eyes, whereupon he fell silent.

More and more blood flowed out. In the blink of an eye, everything was covered, making the area a river of blood. Rumbling sounds could be heard, and Meng Hao’s eyes went wide. Off to the side, Dao-Heaven looked astonished, but took advantage of what was happening to retreat.

“Come forth, Windswept blood!” the Emperor cried. His right hand suddenly shot up, and he stabbed his fingers into his own eye. The moment his finger pierced it, the sky filled with crackling lightning.

The blood that covered the lands was boiling, and continued to bubble up from the depths of the earth. The river of blood was now turning into a sea of blood!

In the blink of an eye, all the lands were covered with endless amounts of blood. Even the nine pagodas that represented the Nine Nations were in danger of being covered.

This was the blood spilled by the countless soldiers who had died fighting.

“Windswept spirit, unleash the countless years of rancor, form it into your heroes....” He threw his head back and roared, lifting both hands into the air for a moment before shoving them down violently toward the ground.

The rancor caused the lands to tremble. The sea of blood roared, and then began to congeal into one figure after another. In the blink of an eye, there were too many to count. After appearing, they let out intense roars, and then stared with blood-red eyes at Meng Hao and Dao-Heaven, as well as all the other shocked cultivators from the Mountain and Sea Realm.

It was an animosity that had been suppressed for far too many years, a hatred that sank deep into the bones, permeated the blood. It had built up for generation after generation, until it became a storm.

“Activate the Nine Blood Formation!” the emperor roared hoarsely. He lifted his right foot up and then stamped viciously down toward the sea of blood. A boom rang out, and the figures congealing from the blood began to speed toward the nine pagodas, howling all the way.

Everyone watched as the blood-colored figures slammed into the pagodas and then completely vanished, having been absorbed by the pagodas, which then transformed into the color of blood.

The blood that remained on the ground continued to flow into the pagodas, which apparently possessed some shocking gravitational force. It only took a few moments for all the blood to be drained away.

The nine pagodas, having absorbed the sea of blood and the blood figures, were now crimson red and glittering brightly. At this point, nine blood-colored beams of light suddenly shot up from the nine pagodas.

They sped up toward the Heavens, piercing through the clouds to form... nine blood-colored vortexes!

Upon close examination, it was possible to see countless blood-colored figures inside of the vortexes, speeding about as if they were running!

The nine pagodas were not very far away from each other, and thus, neither were the nine pillars of light. Furthermore, the nine vortexes up above were also very close to each other. As they grew, they merged together, forming... one enormous vortex!

The cultivators from the Mountain and Sea Realm were shocked by all of this. A moment later, the shocking blood-colored vortex filled the sky with rumbling sounds, causing the lands below to quake.

The pillars of light from the Nine Nations had been preventing the Windswept Realm from rising up, but the appearance of the blood-colored vortex instantly shattered the stalemate that they had caused. As it spun, the previously motionless lands trembled, then once again... began to ascend!!

From outside in the void, it would be possible to see the entire Windswept Realm suddenly rising up rapidly through the void.

“Defile the National Aura Mountains!” the emperor howled, stabbing his fingers into his other eye, leaving himself completely blind. The only thing that remained of his eyes were gaping holes flowing with blood. At the same time, ear-splitting laughter rang out.

Simultaneously, the cultivators in all of the sects of the Windswept Realm’s Nine Nations began to tremble, almost as if they were awakening from a dream. Their expressions turned fanatical, and they began to call out with loud voices.

“For freedom!!”

“For freedom!!”

“For freedom!!”

From the First Nation to the Second Nation... in all Nine Nations, in all of the various sects, the same words echoed out to fill the world.

At the same time, the cultivators of the Windswept Realm suddenly smashed their right hands onto the tops of their heads. Echoing like that of thunder could be heard. Blood sprayed out of their mouths, and they swayed unsteadily, faces ashen. There were even some who directly dropped dead.

When the blood sprayed from their mouths like fountains, it flew up into the air and then sped toward the rubble of the nearest... of the National Aura Mountains!

Instantly, the shattered National Aura Mountains were faced with numerous streams of blood, flying toward them at top speed.

The blood was being used to defile the beams of light!

The lands quaked, and the sky turned the color of blood. Dark clouds roiled, and of the beams of light rising up from the Nine Nations, one was instantly snuffed out. Then a second, a third, and a fourth....

In the space of a few breaths, all of the beams of light were extinguished!

When that happened, the vortexes they had created vanished, leaving only one thing remaining in the sky... the lone blood-colored vortex rising from the central temple district!

Rumbling echoed out as the lands of the Windswept Realm picked up speed. From out in the void, it was possible to see the lands rising up rapidly.

Because of the incredible speed, mountains and rivers collapsed, and the land quaked violently. Cities crumbled, and all the cultivators, including Meng Hao and the others from the Mountain and Sea Realm, felt incredible pressure, as if huge hands were pushing down onto them.

Fan Dong'er and the others coughed up mouthfuls of blood, and looks of astonishment could be seen on their faces.



Even Dao-Heaven was shaken inwardly. He fell back a bit, although he didn't flee. He had the feeling that the drastic upheavals facing the Windswept Realm... were reaching a climax.

Chapter 1138: Obvious Bait!

Meng Hao's face flickered, and the sensation of an oncoming catastrophe grew even stronger. His eyes glittered, and he threw his head back and roared. Rumbling sounds echoed out as his body grew rapidly from its normal size to 9 meters tall, 21 meters, 30 meters, 60 meters, 90 meters!

He was now a 90-meter-tall giant, whose body rumbled as he fought back against the invisible pressure weighing down on him. He stamped his foot onto the ground and transformed into a meteor that shot toward the Emperor.

Zong Wuya stepped forward to block his way, causing Meng Hao's eyes to flicker as he unleashed the God-Slaying Fist with his right hand. Instantly, the two of them began to fight.

Booms echoed out, and in a relatively short period of time, the two of them exchanged hundreds of blows. Everything shook violently, and Zong Wuya's eyes filled with a strange light. He was clearly aware that Meng Hao had just reached a level of power that could cause problems for even himself.

"Zong Wuya!" Meng Hao growled. He waved his right hand, unleashing the Essence of Divine Flame. However, Zong Wuya all of a sudden fell back, doing nothing more to interfere with Meng Hao.

Meng Hao stared in shock for a moment. However, he had no desire to fight with Zong Wuya to begin with, plus, the sensation of imminent crisis was growing more intense. He waved his hand, sending Divine Flame out in a huge blast toward the Emperor.

The Emperor laughed loudly, and didn't even deign to look at Meng Hao, simply allowing him to approach without even dodging to the side.

A boom rang out, and Meng Hao's face flickered. His Divine Flame, and his attacking palm, were only about a meter away from the Emperor when suddenly, they slammed into some sort of impassable barrier.

It almost seemed like the will of the Windswept Realm had sprung up around the Emperor, making him... completely invincible!

Not only that, a backlash hit Meng Hao, flinging him backward by about three hundred meters.

“No one can alter the Imperial Lord’s plan. There is no power that can interfere with the hopes of the Windswept Realm. Everything... is for the true Dao. For freedom!” He stood there, eyeless, laughing maniacally as he raised both hands into the air. His cultivation base was clearly not very high, but as of this point, there was an astonishing power of will that had come to converge on him.

“Hear me, Echelon cultivators from the Immortal World: what you want is nothing other than the natural laws and Essences of the Windswept Realm. As the Emperor... I now give them to you!” The Emperor continued to laugh as he waved a finger toward the sky. The Heavens rumbled, and the sky seemed to shatter. Rumbling sounds echoed out as the Windswept Realm suddenly seemed to lose its sky altogether.

In its place was a void, within which, if you looked closely, could be seen a blood-colored vortex, rumbling as it spun. It exerted a massive power that relentlessly pulled the entire Windswept Realm higher and higher.

Simultaneously, countless natural laws and Essences that had previously been invisible, were now revealed because of the lack of a sky overhead.

The natural laws were visible as flickering magical symbols that formed a huge net which covered everything. In the locations where the threads that made up the net intersected, colorful motes of light could be seen. Sometimes they were transparent, sometimes they shone brightly. They were... Essences.

Natural laws and great Daos. For the first time ever... they were directly made visible to all onlookers.

All they had to do was send out some divine sense, and they would be able to see the huge net of magical symbols that represented the natural laws. Furthermore, if they touched the colorful motes of light with divines sense, they would be able to detect the presence of Essence.

“Natural laws. Great Daos. There they are, right in front of you!” said the Emperor, laughing. “Echelon cultivators of the Immortal World, you may contemplate them as much as you like. However many you get will depend on your own personal good fortune!” The man’s laughter contained derision, contempt, and most of all, disdain.

Dao-Heaven was about to leave the area, but suddenly, a tremor ran through him, and he looked up at the huge net up above. He saw the colorful lights, and began to pant. Then he sent his divine sense out in all directions and began to contemplate enlightenment.

At the same time, the other Echelon cultivators in the Windswept Realm were completely shaken. When they saw the events transpiring up above, they maintained silence for a moment, but then suddenly began to fly through the air toward the central temple area.

Lin Cong was the first to arrive, whereupon he immediately began to contemplate enlightenment.

Next was Han Qinglei, then Yuwen Jian. Finally, the pudgy Echelon cultivator from the Fifth Nation came, the one who had been seriously injured by Dao-Heaven, and had subsequently fled. He flew through the air toward one particular corner of the central temple area, then, body trembling, began to contemplate.

The Echelon cultivators quickly converged in the central temple area and began to contemplate enlightenment of the Windswept Realm's natural laws and Essences. Meng Hao was the only one who, despite all of the natural laws and Essences, continued to feel the sense of increasingly intense crisis. He was just about to take another step forward toward the Emperor when suddenly, the eyeless man turned and seemed to look directly at him, despite his lack of eyes. Dark pits of blood stared directly at Meng Hao.

“There's no need to get anxious, Meng Hao. I might have underestimated you, but that won't happen again. Actually, I hope that you can get stronger.... In fact, I'll even help you!” The Emperor lifted his right foot up and stamped it down violently, sending a huge boom echoing out through the temple region.

The final 300 Essences, which should have remained in the temple, the final prize for the most powerful Echelon cultivator, began to spread out through Heaven and Earth, thanks to the violent stomping of the Emperor's foot.

3,000 natural laws and 3,000 great Daos. That was the complete number, and as for the final number any given cultivator could gain enlightenment of, that would depend on their personal good fortune.

A tremor ran through Meng Hao. It wasn't just the Echelon cultivators who were contemplating enlightenment. Fan Dong'er and the others were also shaken. They immediately sent their divine sense out to contemplate enlightenment of the precious natural laws and Essences.

“You are Echelon cultivators of the Immortal World, and yet, the Immortal World treats you too harshly. Ordinarily, it would be a simple thing to acquire these natural laws and Essences. But instead, they make you fight over them.

“As the Emperor, though, I won’t be so harsh. The 3,000 natural laws and 3,000 Essences are now all available for you to immediately contemplate!

“The more the better! For each one you get, your future Dao path will be made that much easier!

“I’ve also prepared another gift for you. It’s... a true and authentic gift that no previous generation of Echelon cultivators ever had a chance to acquire!

“Any world will have 3,000 great Daos. That is a law of life, and of the Heavens. However, it is not an absolute!

“Actually, in any given world, it is also possible... for a 3,001st Essence to appear! That is one additional Essence, the most supreme of Essences, which provides unlimited opportunities. It is the ultimate Essence!

“However, to cause that Essence to appear is very, very difficult. In fact, the only time it can appear is when a world is hovering on the brink of destruction. Only then will it begin to take shape!

“That is... a Great Dao Essence, one that the Windswept Realm has been forming for countless epochs!

“It is a complete Essence, the soul treasure of the Windswept Realm. In fact, it is... the World Dao!

“Anyone who can acquire the World Dao can acquire that most paramount World Essence. With it, you can own the entire world, or even make your own world!

“Where is it located, you might ask? In the temple itself!” The Emperor laughed and waved his sleeve. Immediately, a supreme aura erupted out from the temple, causing all nearby natural laws and Essences to grow as dim as fireflies under the shining light of the moon.

All of the cultivators instantly sensed the feeling of a supreme Essence, including Meng Hao.

“The Echelon cultivator who gains enlightenment of 3,000 natural laws, of 3,000 Essences, can have a chance to fight for... that final, ultimate World Essence!

“As Emperor, have I not treated you well!? And you know what, not only have I given you Essences to gain enlightenment of, I’ll help you to speed up the process. I won’t even hold back the qi flow of the Windswept Realm!” Strange laughter rang out from the Emperor’s mouth as numerous beams of light flew down from up above onto each of the Echelon cultivators.

After receiving the light of blessing, Dao-Heaven and the others trembled. Even if they wanted to reject it, they couldn’t. The beams of light caused them to feel as if they were fused with the Windswept Realm, giving them a feeling exactly like the one Meng Hao had experienced before.

The only difference was that Meng Hao had received the Echelon Heart, whereas they were receiving the help of the Emperor. Although the result might seem the same, the two processes were completely different.

In such a state, gaining enlightenment was much easier, enabling them to acquire enlightenment of all 3,000 great Daos in a much shorter time.

Each and every one was well aware that this Emperor’s words and actions were obviously some sort of trap. He was essentially offering up bait. And yet... they couldn’t stop themselves from gobbling that bait right up.

Only Meng Hao rejected the light without even hesitating a moment, causing it to grow dim and have very little influence on him. However, he was still incapable of resisting the temptation of those final 300 Essences that he needed.

He took a deep breath and looked over at the Emperor, his eyes flashing coldly.

“Bait, huh? Fine... I’ll bite!” He sent his divine sense out toward the final 300 Essences that he needed, and immediately began to gain enlightenment. Because he already had a Nirvana Fruit inside of him, this process caused it to fuse more fully with him. With each Essence that he gained enlightenment of, the process grew more complete.

In the moment that he had all 3,000 great Daos fused into his heart, his second Nirvana Fruit would be eternally melded into his forehead. For all eternity... he would be, fully and completely, an Allheaven Immortal!

Chapter 1139: Toxic Qi Flow!?

That was the Emperor's gambit!

Although you couldn't say he had honorable intentions or that there were no hidden tricks in his offer, you could at least say that he had revealed his cards and placed the bait right out in the open!

It was as if he were saying, "Here's the bait, are you going to bite?!"

Anyone with a bit of common sense would be able to see that something was going on, something big and dangerous. Most importantly, as these drastic upheavals were striking the Windswept Realm, the Emperor's actions were completely baffling.

However... even though they knew that something was going on, none of the Echelon cultivators could resist such bait. Dao-Heaven couldn't, nor could Meng Hao. Their entire purpose in coming to the Windswept Realm had been to gain enlightenment of natural laws and Essences.

That didn't indicate that they would instantly acquire that Essence after gaining enlightenment of it. However, the Essence would come to exist in their heart, like a flickering flame that, when they returned to the Mountain and Sea Realm, would make their path towards the Dao Realm less confusing, and make the process much smoother.

The ancient proverb says that before painting a piece of bamboo, that bamboo must exist in your heart. It was similar when dealing with Essences, and when the time came to truly acquire their own Essences, they would have a much clearer picture of their road forward.

Most importantly, having that proverbial bamboo in their hearts would even provoke changes in their fundamental nature!

The more enlightenment they gained, the greater the number of flames that were kindled in their hearts. If they could gain enlightenment of 3,000 great Daos, and thus gain 3,000 Dao Flames in their hearts, then, when they finally entered the Dao Realm, they would be able to wield unimaginable power.

Meng Hao's divine sense roiled out as he began to gain enlightenment of the 300 Essences that had been released from the temple.

All of the Echelon cultivators were contemplating enlightenment, as were the other cultivators from the Mountain and Sea Realm. The central temple region was completely devoid of any noise other than the Emperor's wild laughter.

His heart burst with anticipation as he waited for the Echelon cultivators to gain complete enlightenment of the natural laws and Essences.

Zong Wuya stood there silently, a complicated expression on his face as he looked at the Echelon cultivators. Finally let out a light sigh.

"Essences! Natural laws! Great Daos!" Trembling, Dao-Heaven began to laugh as his energy rose, causing a windstorm to spring up around him. Because of the World Seals, he had gained enlightenment of 900 Essences. With the additional help of the Emperor, and the blessing of the Windswept Realm's qi flow, he now had been enlightened regarding 1,500 Essences. Hope was gradually forming within him, and he could virtually see himself stepping onto the path of the Ancient Realm for a tenth time.

"Who cares if it's bait? However much you send my way, I'll take it all!" he cried. Dao-Heaven's eyes shone with a strange light. He might fear Meng Hao, but having become the most powerful in the Echelon indicated that his power and intelligence far exceeded the norm. Were that not the case, he would not have repeatedly avoided the Third Nation the way he had.

Lin Cong was trembling. Like Han Qinglei, he had not acquired any additional World Seals, and was limited to the 300 original Essences from his Nation's National Aura Mountain. He had long since resigned himself to being in a hopeless situation. Now, he trembled as his enlightenment reached 600 Essences and continued to rise.

Bait and plots didn't matter to him. He had no other choice than to do what he was doing. Cultivators lived to become more powerful, and to do so, they had to ignore danger. That was something that all Echelon cultivators were adept at.

Instead of saying that this was Lin Cong's strong point, you could say that it was... a representation of his ambition!

It was the same with Han Qinglei.

Yuwen Jian was panting. He already had 300 more Essences than Han Qinglei and Lin Cong, and had now broken through to over 1,000. It wasn't that he hadn't seen Meng Hao's actions. However, in the current situation, there was nothing more important or enticing than Essences and natural laws.

Then there was the young Echelon cultivator from the Fifth Mountain. He had been maintaining his distance cautiously, but now he looked extremely excited, and instantly sent his divine sense out in all directions.

Everyone was focused on contemplation, both the Echelon cultivators as well as Fan Dong'er and the others.

Meng Hao was also wrapped up in enlightenment. He was in the best position of all of them, and as his divine sense spread out, because of his advantages, experienced an instant breakthrough.

2,800 Essences!

Rumbling could be heard as Meng Hao's energy erupted, forming an invisible tempest that spun around him. He was different from the others in terms of his temperament, and he immediately experienced shocking transformations. It was as if he became more confident. He stood there, seemingly far above everyone else.

The greatest transformation that was occurring was inside of him, with the partially absorbed Nirvana Fruit. After gaining enlightenment of 2,800 Essences, it was becoming almost inseparably close to him.

It was as if Meng Hao's continued enlightenment caused more and more Dao Flames to ignite, allowing him to master the Nirvana Fruit and fuse with it!

By understanding the world around him, he actually didn't even need to take the initiative to fuse with the Nirvana Fruit; it began doing so automatically!

Rumbling sounds could be heard, and his eyes looked like they contained stars, or even the world itself.



Suddenly, the Emperor's voice rang out in a mesmerizing fashion, to be heard by all of the Echelon cultivators.

“Meng Hao has already gained enlightenment of 2,800 Essences. You other Echelon cultivators had better go a bit faster, otherwise... that precious World Essence which has been building up the temple for so many years will all go to him.

“As the Emperor, I can help you, and can even lend you with more qi flow. Just call out to me, and the qi flow will be yours!”

Dao-Heaven trembled, and when he opened his eyes, they were shot with blood. He suddenly slapped the top of his head, causing his entire body to vibrate. Then his Echelon mark appeared on his forehead, and his Paragon magic suddenly appeared, not to attack Meng Hao, but to use as a stimulus for his own power. Regardless of the consequences, he wanted his divine sense to become even stronger.

“Give me that qi flow!” he roared. As his voice echoed out, the Heavens rumbled, and an intense beam of light shot down onto Dao-Heaven. It surrounded him, causing the dust in the area to float up into the air and transform into a tempest. Dao-Heaven trembled violently, but his eyes shone brightly.

Under the pressure, he was able to sense that the speed of his enlightenment had been increased by more than tenfold!

1,600! 1,800! 2,000 Essences!

In the moment that Dao-Heaven reached 2,000 Essences, he began to pant, and a gleam of obsession appeared in his eyes, as if he had suddenly caught sight of his own personal Dao!

That Dao was vague, but because of the help of the 2,000 Essences, it could now be said that he had actually found his own path!

“So that's how it is,” Dao-Heaven murmured, trembling, his eyes burning with passion. “I never would have thought.... I need to examine it in more detail!”

After Dao-Heaven called for the qi flow, Lin Cong and the others gritted their teeth, and then began to follow suit. They unleashed their cultivation bases and went mad with divine sense. Rumbling

sounds filled the air as numerous beams of light descended onto them. All of the Echelon cultivators were trembling, expressions vicious as the qi flow power gave indescribable assistance to their enlightenment.

Their speed increased dramatically, especially in Lin Cong's case. He had nearly gone mad from being defeated by Meng Hao; it was something that his enormous pride just couldn't accept. Currently, he was roaring, holding nothing back, and was in fact demanding even more qi flow than Dao-Heaven.

He was surrounded by a beam of light 300 meters wide, and his speed of enlightenment was almost unbelievable. In the blink of an eye, he broke past 1,000. After that was 1,200, 1,500, then 1,800. Soon it was 2,000 Essences. He was now in third place among the Echelon, behind only Meng Hao and Dao-Heaven.

"Meng Hao, I won't be weaker than you!" he roared, face twisted viciously. His entire body was shaking violently, as if his perception of reality was being forcefully stretched and widened. His consciousness grew clearer, and his eyes shone brightly.

"My path was incorrect," he murmured, "and treading it could never lead to the highest heights. So, that's what was happening. It turns out Immortality... is like this!" It was unclear exactly what he had seen, but he began to laugh loudly.

Han Qinglei gritted his teeth. Seeing Lin Cong and Dao-Heaven doing what they were doing caused a feeling of competition to rise up sharply within him. He decided to throw caution to the wind, and even though it wasn't quite appropriate to call for more qi flow from the Emperor, he did it anyway.

Rumbling could be heard as his enlightenment rocketed up. Although it hadn't reached 2,000 yet, he was able to do exactly what Dao-Heaven and Lin Cong had done, and see his own path.

Yuwen Jian was still hesitating, unsure of what to do. It was the same with the young Echelon cultivator from the Fifth Mountain.

It was at this point that Meng Hao suddenly trembled. His aura caused colors to flash and a huge wind to kick up. A strange look appeared in his eyes as he gained enlightenment of.... 2,900 Essences!

He was now only 100 away from 3,000 Essences!

His aura was changing, becoming different. It was as if he was casting off all mortality and becoming completely extraordinary!

A more intense aura of Immortality swirled around him, making anyone who looked at him suddenly be filled with the desire to bow in worship!

Even the other members of the Echelon and the other cultivators were all affected. Beneath Meng Hao's feet, green grass and celestial flowers sprouted up, blooming, sending their delicate aroma out in all directions. There were even Blue Lotuses among them, swaying back and forth gently.

"When someone attains the Dao, he paves the way for all others!" Fan Dong'er said breathlessly, feeling shaken as she looked at Meng Hao. "When someone achieves the Dao, Blue Lotuses sprout and blossom!!"

If there were any Dao Realm experts present to watch, they would be astonished. That was because this was an omen that even few people in the Dao Realm could ever incite!

By this point, the Nirvana Fruit was reaching the final stages of absorption into Meng Hao. It was fusing with him, with his blood, with his soul, as if... it would become an eternal part of him!

As for the visions Dao-Heaven, Lin Cong and Han Qinglei were seeing of their Dao paths, Meng Hao experienced nothing of the kind. That was because he did not call upon any of the Windswept Realm's qi flow from the Emperor. His was a pure enlightenment of the Dao!

Perhaps because of the Echelon Heart within him, his own heart was filling with an increasing sense of deadly crisis regarding the Windswept Realm.

In fact, even if his enlightenment were going slower, he still wouldn't call upon the qi flow.

The voice of the Emperor echoed out, filled with a bizarre power that entered the hearts of all who heard him. "Meng Hao has already gained enlightenment of the 2,900th Essence. He only has 100 left. The rest of you... had better hurry up, lest you be too late!"

Chapter 1140: Eternal Allheaven Immortal!

Outside of the Mountain and Sea Realm was an endless black void, within which the Windswept Realm was now rising up at an indescribable speed. The void twisted and distorted, sending ripples out in all directions.

Gradually, it was possible to detect that far up above in the void, there was some sort of invisible barrier. Normally, it couldn't be seen, but now that the Windswept Realm was approaching it, ripples began to spread out over the barrier. The barrier looked like a huge net, and currently, a slight depression was visible in it that stretched out in all directions.

The giant net was just faintly visible, and it was covered by a multitude of lightning bolts, dancing back and forth amidst crashing thunder.

On the other side of the huge net were glittering lights, chaos, and apparently, other worlds.

The huge net covered the entire Mountain and Sea Realm, ensuring that it... was clamped down and sealed tightly.

Meanwhile, outside of the Windswept Realm were two globes of splendorous light that were constantly battering back and forth against each other. As they did, the void would shatter, then rapidly reform.

Suddenly, an ancient voice spoke out from one of the globes of light, and it sounded exhausted: "Sea Dream, you still haven't recovered from your injuries. I might not be able to beat you, but I can definitely keep you pinned down for a while. Why are you making things hard for me?"

The exhaustion was not that which came as a result of the rigors of magical battle. Rather, this person had lived for a very, very long time, and his life force was growing dim.

"You are the one making things hard for me, Windswept!" Paragon Sea Dream said, her voice cold.

"I became the Lord of the Windswept Realm first. Only after that did I become one of the Immortal World's Imperial Lords. After all these years, I'm finally leading my world into freedom. Is that so wrong?"

"That's exactly what the 3,000 rebel Realms said back then!"

Booms echoed out as they continued to fight. Although it only seemed as if the two globes of light were slamming into each other repeatedly, if you looked closely, you would see that every time they connected, it was with power capable of shattering Heaven and Earth. Even the void was damaged. If any Dao Realm experts came too close, they would have been seriously injured by those ripples, or perhaps even killed.

As they fought bitterly, the net up above grew closer and closer to the Windswept Realm. The depression in it also became more obvious. Furthermore, it was just possible to make out the image of various enormous figures waiting behind the huge net.

One figure looked like a giant, with eyes of lightning. Another was some type of beast, with the body of a snake and the head of a dragon, and it exhaled clouds with every breath. One of the figures appeared to be wearing a suit of golden armor, as if it were a celestial warrior. It held a greatsword in one hand as it observed the battle taking place on the other side of the huge net.

There was another figure, barely visible. It was an old man mounted atop a White Ox. He appeared to be sighing.

Further off in the distance was a three-headed six-armed giant, pitch-black in color, with a shocking, murderous aura.

These were all powerful experts from the 33 Heavens, and had come here to observe the approach of the Windswept Realm, as well as the battle between Sea Dream and Windswept.

No one passed through the net to assist. They only watched. It was as if they were trying to decide whether or not the Windswept Imperial Lord, who in the past had unleashed virtually endless destruction upon the 33 Heavens, was actually... turning traitor!!

If he was, then they would allow the Windswept Realm to leave the Mountain and Sea Realm, and become the 34th Heaven!

In addition to observing the battle between the Windswept Imperial Lord and Paragon Sea Dream, they were watched as the lands of the Windswept Realm approached. As such, they could clearly see everything that was happening there, including the enlightenment regarding natural law and Essences being undertaken by Meng Hao and the others.

One of those enormous figures, the one with three heads and six arms, had an especially cold and murderous look in his eyes, and seemed to be paying especially close attention to... Meng Hao!

The Emperor's words were still echoing out through the temple in the Windswept lands. Dao-Heaven and the others experienced enlightenment even more quickly, especially Dao-Heaven. He couldn't bear to be defeated by Meng Hao, and his eyes were bright red. Although he knew he shouldn't dare take too much Windswept qi flow from the Emperor, he gritted his teeth.

"Qi flow!" he yelled. The Emperor laughed and waved his hand. Dao-Heaven began to glow more brightly, as if he had become a source of boundless light. It was even hard to tell the difference between Dao-Heaven himself, and the beam of light around him. The light poured through him, making it seem as if his body itself were made of light.

Rumbling sounds echoed out, and Dao-Heaven threw his head back and roared. His divine sense surged out madly, ten times greater than before. In the blink of an eye, he reached 2,000 Essences.

That number increased with incredible speed!

2,400!

2,600!

2,800 Essences!

Dao-Heaven had gone mad. His energy was different than everyone else's, and a powerful tempest surrounded him. His eyes shone with a strange gleam, and he shook violently, as if he had found his own path, his own direction to the Dao.

Simultaneously, Lin Cong threw caution to the wind and called for more qi flow. The Emperor's laughter echoed out as he waved his hand, causing more light to descend on Lin Cong. Lin Cong was shaking, and blue veins popped out on his forehead. He then unleashed his Paragon magic, and the Heavens trembled. His speed of enlightenment was second only to Dao-Heaven's. He quickly rose from 2,000 Essences all the way to 2,500.

After him was Han Qinglei, who quickly reached 2,000 Essences.

The Echelon cultivator from the Fifth Mountain gritted his teeth and also called for more qi flow. The Emperor's laughter rang out continuously; more light descended, and the young man's enlightenment speed erupted, causing him to quickly break through to 2,000 Essences.

The only one who was still hesitating was... Yuwen Jian. He could see that Meng Hao was not calling upon the qi flow, and was in fact rejecting it with his divine sense. Considering how familiar he was with Meng Hao, he had the feeling that such a decision must have been made for a good reason.

Still feeling conflicted, he gritted his teeth. His eyes then shone with determination as he refused to ask for more qi flow, instead relying only on what he already had to contemplate enlightenment.

More than ten breaths of time passed. Suddenly, Meng Hao trembled, and his eyes filled with an unprecedentedly bright light. He took in a deep breath, and everything trembled. Lightning crashed, as the aura of the entire world seemed to be sucked into him.

Rumbling could be heard as he grew higher. He was now more than 210 meters tall and growing! Incredible energy surged up from him.

3,000 Essences!

As of this moment, Meng Hao had achieved thorough enlightenment of... 3,000 Essences!!

Not one more, not one less!

In that moment, it was as if 3,000 Dao Flames were burning in his heart, lighting his path, filling his heart, blowing away all of his confusion.

His entire body radiated bright, azure light, light which represented the utmost level of respect. It represented... an Allheaven Immortal!

Massive transformations occurred within him. The second Nirvana Fruit was now completely and thoroughly a part of his bones, his blood, his soul, his everything! It was completely absorbed!

It was no longer a separate thing from him, and would never again emerge from within his forehead. Now, he was eternally an Allheaven Immortal, free from limitations. At any time or place, he could unleash... the full power of a mighty Allheaven Immortal!

Meng Hao threw his head back and roared as his body grew even larger. Soon, he was 300 meters tall, a huge giant. But then, he suddenly began to shrink back down.

Perhaps it was not a shrinking, but a compression!

That compression caused cracking sounds to emanate out from inside of him. Resplendent azure light flickered out, and his energy continued to rise, as did his cultivation base!

His 123 Immortal meridians fused together, forming a single meridian inside of him. At first glance, he looked no different from an ordinary cultivator. He appeared to be just his ordinary self. However, that was actually a sign of a complete transformation!

He looked the same, but fundamentally, he was completely different.

You could even say that, as of this moment, Meng Hao had reached a crucial milestone on his path of Immortality.

Immortal!

Allheaven Immortal!

He let out a long cry that echoed about, causing the whole world to shake. Fan Dong'er, Bei Yu, and the other non-Echelon cultivators from the Mountain and Sea Realm, were all shaking. When they looked at Meng Hao, it was as if they were looking at a holy saint, an Immortal Divinity. It would be impossible for them to look down on him, and they even felt the urge to worship him.

It was hard to say who did it first, but soon everyone, including Fan Dong'er and the cultivators from the Mountain and Sea Realm, dropped to their knees and kowtowed.

As of this moment, Meng Hao was surrounded by a pillar of azure light that shot up into the clouds. Despite all of the drastic upheavals, Meng Hao was now the complete center of attention.



Even the Echelon cultivators were affected. A strange light appeared in Zong Wuya's eyes, and he was trembling. The Emperor gasped, and despite the fact that he had no eyes, and should only be able to see darkness, he suddenly caught sight of the azure light, and the figure therein!

Meanwhile, outside of the Windswept Realm, in the area beyond the depression in the huge net, the figures in the chaotic clouds were letting out exclamations of shock.

“That azure light...”

“An Allheaven Immortal!”

“I can't believe there's actually... an Allheaven Immortal in the Mountain and Sea Realm!!”

“This is impossible! The bloodlines of the Allheaven Immortals have long-since been eradicated. How could another one have appeared!?”

“Who is this person...?” Various cries of shock and disbelief could be heard beyond the huge net. All eyes were now focused on Meng Hao standing there in the Windswept Realm.

The pitch-black, three-headed six-armed figure looked on, eyes blazing with flames of hatred.

Even Windswept and Sea Dream couldn't help but look over in the middle of their battling, to gaze upon the azure light shining up through the clouds.

That azure light seemed to be an announcement to everyone that... an Allheaven Immortal had appeared once again in the Mountain and Sea Realm, in the Immortal World!!

“Not bad,” the Windswept Imperial Lord said thoughtfully, retracting his gaze.

“He's not just an Allheaven Immortal,” Paragon Sea Dream said coolly. Then she waved her hand, causing a massive wind to spring up as she dove back into battle.