

The Heavens 1141

Chapter 1141: The Echelon Fights Meng Hao!

Shocking azure light rose up into the sky!

Meng Hao's body rapidly reverted from a height of 300 meters to only 150 meters. However, his cultivation base was rising dramatically.

In the blink of an eye, he then dropped from 150 meters tall to the size of an ordinary person. And yet, his energy seemed to stain the entire sky azure.

"Azure Sky...." Meng Hao murmured. His mind trembled as a new enlightenment suddenly filled his mind. This was a sign that would definitely occur when an Allheaven Immortal appeared.

At the same time, it was an innate divine ability of an Allheaven Immortal!

Azure Sky!

The Azure Sky subdues all willpower!

Even the distant Mountain and Sea Realm was shaken. After all, despite the fact that the Windswept Realm was now high up in the darkness of the void, it was still... in the Mountain and Sea Realm!

Since Meng Hao was now an Allheaven Immortal, it affected... the entire Realm.

In the Mountain and Sea Realm, the Nine Seas were roiling and roaring. Countless sea beasts were filled with excitement, with the exception of the sea beasts in the Ninth Sea. Only the Ninth Sea... was trembling in fear, and that trembling was not limited to just the sea beasts in it!

The entire Ninth Sea was suddenly struck with uncontrollable terror.

Gradually, the Ninth Sea began to change color, turning azure. Any sea beast who had shown animosity to Meng Hao in the past suddenly found that they had azure sealing marks shining on their foreheads. The marks flickered several times before vanishing. However, the intense fear of extermination still floated in their minds.

That was because of the oath that Meng Hao had made. His voice when he uttered that oath seemed to echo eternally within the Ninth Sea.

Similarly trembling were all the members of the Demonic Cultivator Horde in the Nine Seas God World. To them, it felt as if a horrific catastrophe was on the way, a massive calamity.

The mountain peaks were also shaking. The Nine Mountains trembled, and all the cultivators in the Mountain and Sea Realm could sense something, although it was hard for them to put their fingers on exactly what. They just had the feeling that somewhere out there, an awe-inspiring figure had just appeared.

The Mountains and Seas were shaken, and rumbling could be heard everywhere. The azure light was especially intense on Planet South Heaven, especially from all of the places there that Meng Hao had visited in the past.

It was the same on Planet East Victory, as well as with Patriarch Reliance, who was now floating around somewhere in the Eighth Mountain and Sea. He trembled as azure light shone up from the State of Zhao on his back.

Even more shocking was the Fourth Mountain, where Xu Qing sat cross legged in meditation. Suddenly, she was surrounded by shocking azure light. The old women standing guard over her were astonished, and even Ksitigarbha, the Lord of the Fourth Mountain and Sea, suddenly opened his eyes.

“Allheaven Immortal....” he murmured.

As the Mountains and Seas rumbled, the sun and the moon suddenly stopped moving, and apparently broke free from their places in the Nine Mountains and Seas, and began to fly in the direction of the Allheaven Immortal aura.

That scene caused widespread shock throughout the Mountain and Sea Realm. Back in the temple of the Windswept Realm, Meng Hao stood amidst the majestic azure light, and took a deep breath.

“The first two Nirvana Fruits that I absorbed weren’t mine, but rather, the first generation Patriarch’s,” he murmured, eyes glittering brightly. “The next one I absorb will be... my very own Nirvana Fruit!”

He took a step forward, and thunder crashed. Rumbling echoed out in all directions as that single step took him all the way to the temple, where he waved his right hand toward the temple itself and made a snatching motion.

What he wanted was... the supreme Dao which existed in the temple itself.

Rumbling filled the temple. Meng Hao’s hand was filled with Allheaven Immortal power, and yet, it couldn’t shake the temple. All it did was cause fissures to spread out, accompanied by cracking sounds.

Meng Hao frowned in displeasure. In contrast, the emperor’s face fell. He couldn’t see anything in the world except for Meng Hao, surrounded by azure light, and that most holy central temple.

“He... actually caused cracks to appear on the surface of the temple. A cultivation base like that... such battle prowess... he’s basically equivalent to the peak of the Ancient Realm! He’s just half a step away from Quasi-Dao!”

Simultaneously, Dao-Heaven roared anxiously, calling upon even more qi flow to rapidly increase the speed of his enlightenment!

2,900 Essences!

3,000!

After reaching 3,000 Essences, he threw his head back and let loose a long cry. A strange light appeared in his eyes; he had never before been so clear about his future path. His energy continued to rise, and cracking sounds emanated out from his body. His cultivation base suddenly experienced explosive growth, rising higher and higher. In the blink of an eye, it was far beyond its previous level.

By means of divine will, he had found his own path, which would change how he practiced cultivation. From here on out, he would travel the correct path, and would experience incredible cultivation base growth.

His energy soared as he transformed into a beam of light that shot toward the temple.

“Meng Hao, that supreme great Dao belongs to me, Dao-Heaven!”

He closed in on Meng Hao with incredible speed, waving his right hand to cause a huge handprint to appear. That handprint seemed large enough to support the Heavens, and it immediately began to slap down toward Meng Hao.

“Screw off!” Meng Hao said coolly. As the hand closed in, azure light burst out. Suddenly, all of the light in the entire world turned azure.

There was a flash, and Dao-Heaven’s eyes went wide with disbelief. Blood sprayed out of his mouth, and he was flung backward like a kite with its string cut.

“Y-you....” he stammered, astonished. He suddenly realized that Meng Hao was vastly more powerful than he had been before. Even though he himself was also stronger, he simply couldn’t measure up to Meng Hao.

In almost the same moment that Dao-Heaven fell back, Lin Cong threw his head back and roared. A massive tempest sprung up around him as he gained enlightenment of 3,000 great Daos. His eyes shone with a bizarre light, and his energy soared along with his cultivation base. At the same time, he shot toward Meng Hao.

“Meng Hao!” he roared. He waved his right hand, causing numerous screaming ghosts to fly out, covering the sky and emanating an aura of death. They transformed into a gray mist that in turn became a long spear which stabbed toward Meng Hao.

However, in the moment that the long gray spear bore down on him, Meng Hao waved his finger. Thunderous booms rang out, and blinding azure light flashed. The gray spear collapsed into countless fragments, and Lin Cong fell back, blood spraying out of his mouth, his face a mass of astonishment and disbelief.

Meng Hao didn't even look at Dao-Heaven or Lin Cong. Instead, he lifted his left hand and once again slapped out toward the temple. A huge boom echoed out, and the temple trembled. Cracks appeared everywhere, and it appeared to be just on the verge of collapsing.

He wanted to destroy the temple completely and forcibly take that supreme Dao out!

Dao-Heaven's eyes flickered coldly. "We can't let him get it!" he cried. "We should all have a chance to have it. Lin Cong, let's attack him together!"

As far as he was concerned, now that Meng Hao had the Echelon Heart, if he also got that supreme World Essence Dao, then he would definitely be the most powerful member of the Echelon!

In fact, it could potentially even make him the most powerful Immortal Realm cultivator in all the successive generations of the Echelon!

Dao-Heaven roared, charging forward and waving his hand to summon his Paragon magic. The scroll painting unfurled, and the figure within looked up.

Lin Cong's eyes flickered with killing intent. He had long since come to view the enmity between himself and Meng Hao as irreconcilable. Meng Hao had fractured his Dao heart, and had left behind a seemingly unconquerable shadowy version of himself. If he hadn't been able to acquire enlightenment of 3,000 great Daos... he likely wouldn't even have had the courage to make a move. Gritting his teeth, he roared and unleashed his own Paragon magic.

As the two of them attacked, Han Qinglei threw his head back and let loose a long cry. He was the fourth Echelon cultivator to achieve enlightenment of 3,000 Essences. Energy soaring, cultivation base rising explosively, he looked viciously at Meng Hao and flickered as he charged toward him in attack. As he flew through the air, he waved his hand, causing innumerable bones to appear around him, as well as green lightning.

"Meng Hao, it's time for us to fight again!"

Three Echelon cultivators were all joining forces to attack Meng Hao at the same time.

Any of these three Echelon cultivators could be considered blazing suns. When they appeared on the scene, all cultivators would tremble at their strength. They had long since surpassed their own

Realm. Ancient Realm cultivators, even late Ancient Realm experts, would quiver in fear upon facing them.

However, considering that Meng Hao's current cultivation base was equivalent to the peak Ancient realm, just half a step from Quasi-Dao, that meant that all he had to do was absorb another Nirvana Fruit, and he would be able to tackle almighty Quasi-Dao experts.

In fact, if he absorbed a fourth Nirvana Fruit, and his cultivation base broke through from the Immortal Realm to the Ancient Realm, then despite being in the Ancient Realm, he would still be able to hold his own against the Dao Realm.

In the Mountain and Sea Realm, the Dao Realm experts were all people on the same level as the Patriarchs of the most powerful sects and clans.

You could say that Meng Hao had already reached a level in which he could cause just about everyone to tremble. He was a terrifying figure that nobody could afford to underestimate.

Meng Hao radiated azure light as he calmly faced the three incoming Echelon cultivators. He seemed threatening without being angry, a true Immortal of Heaven and Earth.

"Before," he said coolly. "I became a mountain obstructing the paths of the Chosen of the Ninth Mountain and Sea. Today... I will become a towering peak that stands in the way of all of this generation of Echelon cultivators in the Mountain and Sea Realm!" He shot out in a flash to meet Dao-Heaven and the others. As the four of them closed in on each other, Meng Hao waved his finger toward Han Qinglei.

Han Qinglei screamed, and his Paragon magic collapsed. Blood sprayed out of his mouth as he tumbled away.

Then Meng Hao struck out toward Lin Cong with his palm. That palm strike caused Heaven and Earth to fade, and became Lin Cong's entire world. His Paragon magic shattered, and he was utterly incapable of defending himself. Blood sprayed out of his mouth, and he screamed as he spun backward, out of control.

All of these things occurred in the time it takes a spark to fly off of a piece of flint! Then Meng Hao turned to look at Dao-Heaven, and struck out with his fist.

That fist caused everything to shatter. The statue in Dao-Heaven's painting emanated a murderous aura, but before it could be completely unfurled, Meng Hao's eyes flickered, and he looked at Dao-Heaven and softly said, "Withdraw!"

The one to withdraw was not the painting, it was Dao-Heaven!

Chapter 1142: Who Requested My Presence?!

Meng Hao was not so full of himself that he would think that, considering the current level of his cultivation base, he would be able to force this terrifying painting into retreat.

Of all the magical techniques Meng Hao had seen in his entire life, this scroll painting was by far the absolutely most terrifying. That was especially true of the figure inside the painting, who abounded with a murderous aura, almost as if he... were the source of all the murderous auras in Heaven and Earth.

Meng Hao wasn't sure how many people would need to be slaughtered, nor how many years it would take, to build up a murderous aura like that. Furthermore, it was merely an image in a painting, not the actual person it depicted. And yet, it seemed as if by simply unleashing that murderous aura, he could annihilate the entire Mountain and Sea Realm with little difficulty.

Perhaps the only type of person who could actually battle the person in this painting... would be an almighty figure like a Paragon.

In other words, the black-robed man in the painting... was also a Paragon!

At least, that was Meng Hao's conclusion. Furthermore, whoever it was that painted this Paragon was obviously a powerful person who wasn't to be trifled with either. That was especially true when Meng Hao remembered how the man inside the painting had murmured something about the Paragon Bridge being incomplete. That caused the hairs on Meng Hao's neck to stand up straight.

From the very first moment he had laid eyes on this painting, Meng Hao had begun to covet it. Unfortunately... it was not some mere magical item. It was the manifestation of Paragon magic. Therefore, even if Meng Hao wanted to steal it, it would be impossible to do so.

The only way it might be possible would be to figure out where Dao-Heaven acquired it, then gain similar enlightenment and somehow make the Paragon magic his own.

Without performing a Soulsearh, though, that would be impossible. Dao-Heaven was the former most powerful Echelon cultivator, and it wouldn't be an easy thing to perform a Soulsearh on him.

Therefore, Meng Hao would have to attempt some other method. As his fist descended, Heaven and Earth rumbled, and an intense power exploded out. It was a power backed by both his fleshly body and his Allheaven Immortal strength. Dao-Heaven's face fell, and he was incapable of doing anything as the power slammed into him. Blood oozed out of the corners of his mouth, and he was sent flying backward, completely out of control.

Almost in the same moment that he began to fly backward, Meng Hao extended his index finger, unleashing Demon Sealing Hexing magic toward the Paragon Painting.

The Seventh Hex, Karmic Hexing!

Shockingly, he was using this Hexing magic to look for Karma Threads connected to the scroll painting, in an attempt to discover where it came from.

As his finger descended through the air, rumbling sounds could be heard. The black-robed statue inside the painting suddenly looked up, eyes cold and completely emotionless as he stared dead at Meng Hao.

That look caused Meng Hao's mind to reel and his body to tremble. Blood oozed out of the corners of his mouth, and he was forced backward. At the same time, his Karmic Hexing landed on the painting, and immediately, countless Karma Threads appeared.

Strangely, as soon as the Karma Threads appeared, they all turned gray in color. Each and every one of them turned into dust, without a single one being left intact.

"Impossible!" thought Meng Hao, his eyes going wide. What was happening clearly indicated that everyone this so-called Paragon had ever met, or had ever known... was already dead! Either that, or every person he had ever met or known thought that HE was dead!

Because of that, the Karma Threads were all destroyed!

Furthermore, a person with absolutely all of their Karma Threads destroyed would find it impossible to stay alive. If everyone in the world, and especially everyone who knew that person,

believed them to be dead, then it would influence natural laws in such a way... that it would actually kill them.

“How could someone like this even exist? Could it be that this painting depicts a dead person!?!?” Meng Hao’s heart was trembling, and he almost couldn’t accept the situation. His eyes then glowed with determination, and he gritted his teeth. Finally, he bit the tip of his tongue and performed a double-handed incantation gesture. Ripples of the League of Demon Sealers instantly erupted out of him.

He was using the power of an Allheaven Immortal to stimulate the drop of Paragon Nine Seals’ blood, the same one he had used to completely absorb his first Nirvana Fruit. By doing so, he could use his Demon Sealer’s aura to connect with Heaven and Earth, to communicate with the Mountain and Sea Realm.

Rumbling could be heard as the distant Mountain and Sea Realm began to shake. The Mountains and Seas trembled, and the sun and the moon began to emit brilliant light. It was almost as if precious treasures existed inside of them that were now forming a resonance with Meng Hao.

The sensation of the legacy of the Demon Sealers fluctuating inside of him caused Meng Hao to tremble. All of his Demon Sealing Hexing magics began to vibrate as he extended his finger toward the black-robed man in the painting.

Demon Sealing, Seventh Hex!

Ignoring the incredible cost he had to pay, he relied on his future status to call upon the assistance of the Mountain and Sea Realm to unleash his most powerful Hexing magic. As soon as it appeared, massive rumbling sounds emanated out from him. His finger descended, and all of a sudden, Karma Threads once again appeared on the man in the painting.

This time, the Karma Threads were very dim, and instantly collapsed into nothing. It almost seemed the same as what had happened last time, causing Meng Hao’s mind to reel. However, in the next moment, his eyes went wide.

What he saw was that the destroyed Karma Threads hadn’t dissipated. Instead, they grouped together behind the man. Astonishingly... they formed the outline of a person.

The person flickered a few times, and then stabilized into an image. It was the image of a man, facing in the opposite direction. He had a long head of flowing, white hair.

Furthermore, the man was surrounded by... Karma Threads! These Karma Thread were strange and almost beyond imagination, something Meng Hao couldn't even think of words to describe.

They seemed numerous, almost infinite, to the point where Meng Hao was left in complete astonishment. He had never seen anyone who had shocking Karma Threads like this.

As the Karma Threads spread out, most disappeared out into the void. Only a few spread back down toward the Mountain and Sea Realm!

"Who is this guy?!" thought Meng Hao, panting. It was in this moment that the black-robed man in the painting suddenly shivered. He lifted his head and waved his hand, causing the image of the white-haired man behind him to vanish. The Karma Threads also disappeared.

In fact... the painting itself spontaneously shredded into bits, completely disappearing. However... the black-robed man did not disappear with the scroll painting. Instead, he walked out, muttering.

"I shouldn't be here.... Who is it? Who awakened me? Who... requested me to come from my world to this place!?!?" His voice was filled with a strange and bizarre power, filled with matchless dignity. As it echoed out, the entire Windswept Realm shook. The sky faded, and winds screamed.

Apparently, the previous time he had appeared, he could make the decision as to whether or not people in the outside world could sense him, and had chosen to remain silent. This time, however, he chose to ask this question, causing his aura to spread out everywhere, to echo even through Karma.

Despite the fact that this was Dao-Heaven's own Paragon magic, he let out a miserable scream. Blood oozed out of his eyes, ears, nose, and mouth, and he rapidly shot backward, an expression of shock on his face.

Blood spurted out of wounds all over Lin Cong's body, and he let out a miserable shriek as his body withered. Han Qinglei, Yuwen Jian, and even the Echelon cultivator from the Fifth Mountain and all of the other cultivators in the surrounding area were affected similarly.

Meng Hao also coughed up a mouthful of blood, and immediately fell back, a look of astonishment on his face.

It was the same with Zong Wuya, who coughed up a mouthful of blood and looked on with shock.

The eyeless Emperor was now shaking violently. He couldn't see the black-robed man; the only thing he could see was a murderous aura that formed a vortex in the spot where the man was standing. That vortex was filled with innumerable faces and countless lives, all of them screaming, as if they wished to break out from inside.

"Sir... who are you!?!?" the shocked Emperor asked respectfully, not daring to address the man as anything other than 'sir.'

The people in the immediate vicinity weren't the only shocked ones. Near the Ninth Mountain, on one of the four planets, was the Wang Clan. In that moment, the blood of every member of the Wang Clan began to thrum. Their minds spun, and they coughed up mouthfuls of blood. Furthermore, in one of the Wang Clan's restricted areas, in a grove of bamboo, there was a skinny, decrepit old man, sitting there cross-legged, admonishing several Elders who, to him, were members of the Junior generation. Suddenly, that old man began to tremble violently.

"That aura...." He suddenly vanished, reappearing out in the starry sky. Trembling, he looked off in the direction of the Windswept Realm, his expression one of shock and disbelief.

At the same time, not far outside of the Windswept Realm, Paragon Sea Dream's face was extremely calm, and the Windswept Imperial Lord suddenly stopped in place and turned his head. The Windswept Imperial Lord's expression was one of shock, and his heart filled with pounding waves of astonishment.

"Sea Dream, you knew about this, didn't you.... Are you crazy? Why didn't you intervene!?!?" he murmured, ashen-faced. Clearly, he... knew who this black-robed man was!!

"Crazy?" Sea Dream responded coolly, a slight smile on her face. "Perhaps. The only thing left of my home are nine mountains. All the people I was ever close to are buried underneath those mountains, and yet I remain alive...."

"I have nothing left to lose. If there's going to be disorder, then... let there be disorder in all worlds, be they the Mountain and Sea Realm or the 33 Heavens, or even the Outside world." Buried within the smile on her face was deep grief, and even madness.

The depression in the huge net above the Windswept Realm only continued to deepen. The figures that waited in the chaos beyond were all staring at the black-robed figure, completely shaken. They appeared to be shocked, flabbergasted. Gasping, they all began to edge backward.

“It’s... it’s him!!”

“No, it doesn’t look like him....”

“Impossible. This is bizarre. What exactly is going on?!?!”

“Report this matter immediately! This is a major development!!!”

Rumbling filled Heaven and Earth, and the Windswept Realm shook violently. The black-robed man closed his eyes and began to make his way off, taking his murderous aura with him. It was as if he were a lonely soul floating off into the distance, with no place to call home. Further and further away.

Dao-Heaven wiped the blood off of his mouth and urgently cried out: “Master!!”

The black-robed man proceeded on, murmuring to himself words that were impossible to hear. He began to vanish into the void.

Dao-Heaven once again tried to unleash his Paragon magic, the result being that his eyes went wide, and blood sprayed out of his mouth. A look of despair appeared in his eyes as he realized that he couldn’t use his Paragon magic! Apparently... it had been completely wiped away!

Dao-Heaven spun and glared at Meng Hao.

“Meng Hao!!” he roared. “Give me back my Paragon magic!! Give me back my Master!!” Then he charged in attack.

Meng Hao had never imagined that his Karmic Hexing would cause such a thing to happen. He began to pant as the Black-robed man got further and further away. Heart trembling, he was suddenly able to sense that in his short interaction with the black-robed man, he had apparently created some strange Karmic connection to him.

Chapter 1143: Echelon Battles!

Meng Hao looked at the black-robed Paragon, and his overwhelming murderous aura that seemed to embody death. The sensation he got was that of an unmatched Paragon, someone with incredible dignity, hidden within which was a trace of blankness. And yet, that strange confusion did nothing to lessen the man's Heaven-shaking energy.

He got further and further away, and eventually stepped out into the void. It was at this point that Dao-Heaven's roar echoed out.

"Meng Hao, give me back my Paragon magic! Give me back my Master!" Face twisted with rage, Dao-Heaven shot toward him, performing a double-handed incantation gesture that caused black fire to burst out all over his body. It spread out around him, making a black sea of flames, within which numerous enormous creatures appeared, roaring viciously like primordial beasts.

There were a total of eighteen beasts, which joined Dao-Heaven as he closed in. He waved his hand, and the eighteen beasts emitted shocking roars that shook Heaven and Earth so violently that it seemed everything would be ripped apart. They almost looked like they were pouncing out from ancient times to destroy Meng Hao.

At the same time, Lin Cong gritted his teeth and once again told himself that he couldn't afford to be defeated again. Having gained enlightenment of 3,000 Essences, he had no reason whatsoever to be defeated.

He had found his path to power, had found the path which conformed most to his Dao of Immortal cultivation!

"I won't be defeated!!

"Dao of the Yellow Springs; Open Up the Underworld!" he roared, raising both hands into the air and stretching them to either side in a ripping motion. A huge ripping sound could be heard as the air was torn asunder, and a Yellow Springs river shot out, instantly sweeping out across the sky. Within the Yellow Springs were countless vengeful souls that issued bloodcurdling screams.

At the far end of the river was an illusory city, completely sinister in appearance. It seemed to be incredibly ancient, and written above its main gate were three words.

Fengdu Ghost City!

The city stood strong and tall, and the Yellow Springs coiled explosively. The Underworld was opened, unleashing massive, boundless pressure, as if all of its power was being unleashed. Lin Cong gripped it like a whip and raised it above his head, causing incredible pressure to bear down on Meng Hao.

Off to the side, Han Qinglei wiped the blood off of his mouth and roared: “Meng Hao, it’s time for you to DIE!!”

Green lightning swirled around him, and his entire person began to transform into what looked like a lightning bolt. His flesh and blood withered until he was nothing more than skin and bones, and then, nothing more than a skeleton.

He sucked all the power of his flesh and blood into his skeleton, and then brandished the green lightning. His energy surged, and the lightning crackled as he lashed it toward Meng Hao. In addition to all of this, vicious poison was added to the attack, which bore down on Meng Hao’s head as if to exterminate his soul!

Three Echelon cultivators joined hands, holding nothing back, unleashing mad power.

Dao-Heaven left himself no room to fall back; he hated Meng Hao down to his bones!!

Lin Cong could not accept another defeat. He wanted to expunge Meng Hao’s shadow from his heart, to use this battle to thoroughly wipe him away.

Han Qinglei’s dignity and honor would not allow him to accept yet another defeat in his current state. He wanted to win, and in the end, to drink Meng Hao’s blood!

Rumbling could be heard as all three cultivators closed in. At the same time, Meng Hao’s eyes flashed with a cold light. He lifted his right foot into the air and took a step outside the temple. The temple itself shook violently, and began to crack apart.

Meng Hao used the power of that step to emerge into the open. He moved so fast that he left behind only afterimages as he blasted forward in the shape of a golden roc.

As the golden roc flew through the air, it flickered with light as it changed colors to azure. It was now an azure roc that suddenly appeared directly in front of Han Qinglei. Meng Hao completely ignored the green lightning as he slashed out viciously with his claws.

A massive boom echoed out as the lightning collapsed. Han Qinglei's eyes went wide as Meng Hao in azure roc-form slashed at his chest with razor-sharp claws.

Han Qinglei let out a roar and performed a double-handed incantation gesture. His body burst into flames, and his cultivation base roared with power. However, at the same time that his energy surged, Meng Hao in roc-form let out a powerful shriek and sent divine sense stabbing into Han Qinglei's head.

Han Qinglei let out a bloodcurdling scream, and blood sprayed out of his mouth. He was just about to fall back in retreat, when Meng Hao once again closed in and slashed at the top of his head with his azure roc claws.

You want to exterminate my soul? How about I exterminate YOURS!

A boom could be heard as Han Qinglei's head exploded. Then, his body trembled violently and followed suit, exploding into bits.

Meng Hao was about to slaughter him yet again when Dao-Heaven's Daoist magic, the eighteen primordial beasts, closed in. Meng Hao was fine with ignoring Han Qinglei, and even Lin Cong. To him, they were almost nothing. But Dao-Heaven, despite not being a full match for Meng Hao, was the most threatening of the three.

With a cold snort, Meng Hao flickered and shot toward Dao-Heaven. Razor-sharp claws raked through the air toward the eighteen primordial beasts.

A boom echoed out between the two of them, and a shockwave surged out. One attack by Meng Hao destroyed all eighteen beasts. He was like a streak of azure light that smashed them as easily as rotten wood.

Finally, the azure roc flickered, and Meng Hao's human form reappeared, whereupon he extended his right hand and pushed it out toward Dao-Heaven.

Dao-Heaven roared and waved both arms, causing black flames to surge out, transforming into a huge hand that slapped toward Meng Hao.

From a distance, Meng Hao seemed incredibly tiny compared to that huge black hand. In fact, the two seemed almost impossible to compare. However, as the hand neared him, Meng Hao's eyes glittered.

Demon Sealing, Fifth Hex!

Inside Outside Hex!

Within his extended palm appeared a rift, which, in the blink of an eye, became dozens of meters wide. It almost looked like an eye, which first shrank down, then rapidly expanded.

RUUUUUUMMMMBLLLLLE!

As it expanded, the incoming hand of black fire exploded, then the flames recoiled toward Dao-Heaven's direction as if they were being blasted backwards by an indescribably fierce wind.

Dao-Heaven's face fell, and he immediately retreated. In that same moment, Meng Hao suddenly charged forward, waving his left hand to send an azure beam of light to block Han Qinglei's green lightning. Next, he pierced through Lin Cong's Underworld pressure, appearing once again in front of Dao-Heaven, toward whom he slapped his right hand.

Blood sprayed out of Dao-Heaven's mouth as Meng Hao's palm suddenly transformed into a fist, the God-Slaying Fist.

Massive rumbling filled the air, and Dao-Heaven immediately shot backward, his expression fierce, blood spurting out of various wounds. At this point, Meng Hao's fist transformed into a finger which waved toward Dao-Heaven with deadly intent. Dao-Heaven's eyes began to glow red, and his hand suddenly snaked out and latched onto Meng Hao's arm.

"Heavenly Demon Devouring!" Dao-Heaven roared, eyes shining with madness and killing intent.

At the same time, time seemed to flow in reverse in the spot where Han Qinglei had died moments ago. Blood and flesh rapidly reformed, and Han Qinglei appeared once again, his face pale. As soon

as he appeared, he fell back, looking at Meng Hao with both terror, and at the same time, killing intent.

Seeing that Dao-Heaven apparently had Meng Hao pinned down, Han Qinglei gritted his teeth, let out a roar, and charged again.

Lin Cong did the same thing. Both cultivators took advantage of the situation to shoot toward Meng Hao like lightning. The fastest of the two was Han Qinglei, who sped forward like a green lightning bolt!

Lin Cong bit down on the tip of his tongue and spit out a mouthful of blood, causing his Underworld Realm to suddenly turn blood-red, and crush viciously down toward Meng Hao.

“DIE!”

It was in this exact moment that the cultivator from the Fifth Mountain, the overweight young man, suddenly gained enlightenment of 3,000 Essences.

Rumbling filled the air as he rapidly grew in size. His aura immediately changed, and his energy spiked. His eyes flashed with light as he immediately charged into the fray, joining the other three Echelon cultivators to take on Meng Hao.

Although he had never encountered Meng Hao before, and should actually view Dao-Heaven as an enemy, at the moment... he could tell that the strongest of them all was no longer Dao-Heaven. If they didn't take out Meng Hao right now, then none of them would ever have a chance to acquire that supreme World Essence.

However, just as the Fifth Mountain's Echelon cultivator began to move, Yuwen Jian let out a powerful roar. Face twisted into a vicious smile, he leapt up, reaching out into the air to summon the Ancient Realm treasure, the battle-axe, which he instantly slashed down toward the fat young cultivator.

Rumbling echoed out, and the Fifth Mountain's Echelon cultivator dodged to the side, face flickering.

“Yuwen Jian, what are you doing!?”

“Oh, nothing. You just annoy me!” Yuwen Jian replied with a loud laugh. He hadn’t gained enlightenment of 3,000 Essences, and yet had decided to stop contemplation. Without another word, he swept out another time with the axe, and fierce fighting instantly broke out between him and the Fifth Mountain’s Echelon cultivator.

Meanwhile, Lin Cong and Han Qinglei were both closing in. Dao-Heaven’s right hand was clasped onto Meng Hao’s arm, and he was unleashing the Heavenly Demon Devouring. At the same time, Meng Hao stretched out the rest of his fingers to form a palm, which he slapped down onto Dao-Heaven’s arm with lightning speed.

Even as Dao-Heaven unleashed the Heavenly Demon Devouring, Meng Hao coldly said, “Blood Demon Grand Magic!”

Rumbling sounds could be heard as Meng Hao’s body withered. His life force, his flesh and blood, and everything else was rapidly absorbed by Dao-Heaven. However, when the Blood Demon Grand Magic was unleashed, Dao-Heaven’s life force, his soul, his flesh and blood, everything about him was likewise sucked into Meng Hao’s palm.

Two very similar Daoist magics were both unleashed at the same time, causing Dao-Heaven’s face to flicker. After all the times he had fought back and forth with Meng Hao, this was his first time seeing a Daoist magic from Meng Hao that so closely resembled his Heavenly Demon Devouring.

In fact, Dao-Heaven was shocked to find that his Heavenly Demon Devouring could not quite measure up to Meng Hao’s Blood Demon Grand Magic in terms of its absorption and consumption. His face fell, and he began to howl as his cultivation base rotated in reverse, and explosive power began to build up in his arm.

Being as familiar with the Heavenly Demon Devouring as he was, he was naturally aware of how to counteract magics of this kind. Rumbling sounds began to build up between him and Meng Hao, and he suddenly shoved back. The price to be paid was that his right arm exploded into bits. Dao-Heaven sped backward, face ashen. He suddenly slammed into a random cultivator from the Mountain and Sea Realm, and before the man could react, Dao-Heaven smashed his palm into the man’s chest, once again unleashing the Heavenly Demon Devouring. The man screamed as his body withered up. At the same time, Dao-Heaven’s right arm rapidly reformed.

Chapter 1144: Zong Wuya Makes a Move!

A single Mountain and Sea Realm cultivator turned out to be insufficient to completely restore Dao-Heaven’s arm. Without pausing, he appeared in front of another cultivator; this time, his right hand

shot out instead of his left, and the mass of mangled flesh and blood that was his right arm stabbed forcefully into the cultivator's chest. A miserable shriek echoed out as the man's body was almost instantly withered up. All of the power of his life force was then absorbed hungrily by Dao-Heaven's right arm.

As that was happening, Meng Hao flashed through the air toward Dao-Heaven, closing in on him rapidly. Dao-Heaven's face twisted with ferocity as he flailed his right arm, sending the shriveled cultivator flying toward Meng Hao.

As for Dao-Heaven, he immediately fell back, this time heading toward Fan Dong'er.

Meng Hao immediately frowned. Regardless of the history between himself and Fan Dong'er, she was from the Ninth Mountain and Sea, just like he was. He extended his right hand, within which appeared the Lightning Cauldron. Rumbling could be heard as he suddenly switched places with her.

Dao-Heaven's face flickered in response, and his right hand rose up. As black flames roared to life, he slapped his bag of holding, causing a black tree branch to appear.

He waved the branch through the black flames, and in response, the branch grew with terrifying speed. In the blink of an eye, it became countless vines that whistled through the air toward Meng Hao.

As soon as Meng Hao appeared in Fan Dong'er's place, he snorted, performed an incantation gesture, and pointed out. Numerous azure-colored mountains suddenly began to descend, crushing down onto Dao-Heaven, causing blood to spurt out of his mouth. He fell back, and Meng Hao followed, making a grasping motion with his hand to summon the bone-tip spear, which he sent stabbing forward.

Booms rang out as the spear pierced through the air, shredding the vines to bits and rapidly appearing in front of Dao-Heaven himself. In this critical moment Dao-Heaven bit the tip of his tongue and spat out a mouthful of blood. Astonishingly, that blood first transformed into a sea of blood, then roared and became a Blood Dragon, which opened its mouth wide and lunged toward Meng Hao.

Meng Hao's expression was the same as ever as he performed an incantation gesture with his left hand, then waved his finger. A Blood Demon head appeared, which shot toward the Blood Dragon. All the while, Meng Hao's bone-tip spear never stopped moving, continuing on to stab toward Dao-Heaven's chest.

Dao-Heaven let out a ferocious roar and used both hands to strike at the spear. Before the blow even landed, Meng Hao loosened his grip. An afterimage was all he left behind as he suddenly appeared right next to Dao-Heaven. His right hand clenched and then punched out with the God-Slaying Fist.

Dao-Heaven didn't even have time to turn. He tried to dodge to the side, but Meng Hao's eyes flashed with light as his Allheaven Immortal might crushed down.

"Dao-Heaven!" Meng Hao roared, his voice echoing like lightning. Backed by the energy of an Allheaven Immortal, his voice became a massive pressure that smashed into Dao-Heaven. Dao-Heaven's mind instantly began to spin, and his speed was reduced significantly.

By that time, Meng Hao's fist arrived, slamming into Dao-Heaven's side, causing his entire body to tremble on the point of explosion. In the next instant, he extended his index finger and pointed down onto Dao-Heaven's forehead.

A boom rang out as a massive, bloody hole appeared in the middle of Dao-Heaven's head, piercing through from front to back. He shivered, and his eyes went dark. As his corpse began to fall toward the ground, Meng Hao prepared to kill him a second time when, all of a sudden, Dao-Heaven's corpse dissolved itself into a haze of blood that rapidly spread out in all directions.

It transformed into a single blood-colored magical symbol that began to shine with scintillating red light. The light rapidly transformed into a crimson tempest that shot away with indescribable speed. In the blink of an eye, it was 3,000 meters away, whereupon it reformed into Dao-Heaven, who coughed up a mouthful of blood and stared hatefully at Meng Hao.

Dao-Heaven's heart trembled. He had been defeated in this fight, and had even been forced to waste a life.

Meng Hao stared coldly at Dao-Heaven off in the distance. Declining to give chase, he hovered in midair for a moment before spinning and waving his sleeve as he turned to face Han Qinglei. Han Qinglei immediately stopped in place, and began to tremble and back up. Considering that Meng Hao was staring right at him, he didn't dare to get any closer.

His heart was filled with intense fear. Without Dao-Heaven pinning Meng Hao down, he knew that he was no match whatsoever. Although he knew he had one life left to spare, if he did die, considering Meng Hao's shocking desire to kill, he would likely have little chance to escape with his final life.

In fact, if Dao-Heaven hadn't been there to attack Meng Hao just now, Han Qinglei would already have been killed multiple times. He would be truly dead, with no lives left to save him. Now, he had no other choice than to flee at top speed.

As far as Lin Cong was concerned, his blood-colored Underworld Realm was in the middle of rumbling down toward Meng Hao. Meng Hao snorted coldly, then quickly took seven steps forward. His energy surged, and he waved his finger toward the Underworld Realm.

The Yellow Springs instantly collapsed, and the Fengdu Ghost City was destroyed. The entire magical technique dissipated, and Lin Cong coughed up a mouthful of blood. Body withering rapidly, he fell into retreat.

In the exact moment that he fled, the space he had just occupied collapsed with a boom. If he hadn't fled when he had, he would have died.

Furthermore... he had already been killed once by Meng Hao in the first battle. Couple that with another life he had wasted on previous occasion, if he died here... then he would be truly dead.

Meng Hao's eyes flashed as he prepared to give chase.

Off in the distance, the Emperor performed a double-handed incantation gesture and waved a finger toward Lin Cong. Immediately, Windswept Realm qi flow descended, enveloping Lin Cong, upon whose face a look of shock appeared. However, without any hesitation, he accepted the gift, then clenched his jaw and unleashed crackling lightning to block Meng Hao.

Meng Hao eyed the Emperor coldly. He could sense the qi flow bolstering Lin Cong, and as such, decided not to attack him. Instead, he turned and waved his hand toward the temple.

RUUUUUUMMMMBLLLLLLE....

More cracks spread out across the surface of the temple, and it began to teeter on the verge of collapse. From the look of it, the supreme World Essence hidden inside was now on the verge of breaking out.

At the moment, Lin Cong didn't dare to continue fighting Meng Hao. Han Qinglei had long since lost his nerve. As for Dao-Heaven, he had regained clarity from the state of grief he had experienced after losing his Paragon magic. Now he knew that he... was now no match for Meng Hao.

Unless he had help from some outside force, he would only end up losing a second life.

Outside the central temple, Meng Hao continued to attack, emanating an aura of supreme power.

The temple was on the verge of collapse, as if it might explode at any moment. The Emperor's face flickered; despite having lost both eyes, he was still able to see the current state of the temple.

"We're not in position yet! We still need a bit of time. Zong Wuya, stop Meng Hao! Buy us one hundred breaths of time, that's all we need!!"

Zong Wuya sighed softly, then suddenly vanished. When he reappeared, he was outside the temple, very close to Meng Hao. His hand clenched into a fist, and the power of his cultivation base erupted as he unleashed a blow to interfere with Meng Hao.

"Zong Wuya!" said Meng Hao, turning to look at him with a complex expression. He actually had no desire to fight with the man.

"Fight me. There's no avoiding it," Zong Wuya replied coolly. He performed an incantation gesture with his right hand, and his aura exploded out. Even stronger was the sensation of qi and blood which emanated out from him. Everyone present could feel the power, even Dao-Heaven, whose face fell.

Zong Wuya began to stride forward, right hand unleashing the Life-Extermination Fist, then the Self-Immolation Fist, and then the God-Slaying Fist!

RUUUUMMMBLE! He only took three steps, but the energy unleashed by the three fist strikes that came with those steps was enough to shock any Echelon cultivator. In fact, from the perspective of Dao-Heaven and the others, Zong Wuya was not a bit weaker than Meng Hao!

"He's at the peak of the Ancient Realm.... A single step and he could step into the Dao!!"

“After stepping into the Dao, success would place him in the Dao Realm. Failure... would make him Quasi-Dao!!”

Everyone was shaken. As for Meng Hao, his expression was a complex one. He suddenly attacked, also unleashing three fist strikes, the exact same ones as Zong Wuya. Life-Extermination! Self-Immolation! God-Slaying!!

Shocking booms echoed out as the two of them fought in the air above the temple.

Moments ago....

“Meng Hao, you asked me before what I would do if the true Dao I believe in is false....” Zong Wuya said. As the first fist strike was exchanged between them, a huge boom rang out, and they both fell back, faces ashen. Without stopping, they attacked again.

“I’m a cultivator, and I seek truth. I seek the Heavens that exists outside of the Heavens, and what I seek is simply an explanation for everything!” Zong Wuya laughed, but Meng Hao remained silent. The second fist strike, Self-Immolation, caused blood to ooze out of their mouths, and rumbling to echo out. Once again, they both fell back, only to charge forward again.

“I am Zong Wuya from the Ninth Mountain and Sea. I did not become lost in the riches, or the power, or any of the other desires of the Windswept Realm. It’s just that... when it came to the true Dao... I couldn’t refuse the chance to know the truth!

“I want to see... what exactly this true Dao is. On this path that I pursue, what I fear is not defeat. What I fear is not getting an answer!” Zong Wuya was laughing as their God-Slaying Fists slammed into each other. Booms filled the air and everything shook violently. Blood sprayed out of Meng Hao’s mouth as he was shoved backward.

Zong Wuya also coughed up blood and was forced back. His laughter grew clearer and brighter, filled with all of his obsession.

“I, Zong Wuya, have lived a quiet and unassuming life. However, the Heavens can bear witness that I have sought after the Dao. To those who search for the Dao, who live in the morning and die in the evening, death means nothing. I shall search for the Dao!

“If I am right in the end, then I will have no regrets in this life. If I am wrong, I will equally be without regret. However, there is one thing that I can’t give up on, and I must ask for your assistance to accomplish it.” He laughed loudly, lifting up his right hand and looking piercingly at Meng Hao.

“Meng Hao, since you are my Junior Brother, one who has mastered all three fists just as I have, then I shall now pass on my fourth fist strike to you!

“I am Zong Wuya, and this fourth fist was invented by me. It is my... Fist of Dao Searching!” As Zong Wuya spoke, his aura changed again. The air around him twisted, and he suddenly seemed to grow larger, so big that he could shake Heaven and Earth.

An invisible wind sprang up that swept across everything, causing the whole world to tremble.

Fan Dong’er and the other cultivators from the Ninth Sea were shocked. As soon as they heard Meng Hao say ‘Zong Wuya,’ and then heard what Zong Wuya said to Meng Hao, they immediately recalled the name they had heard about in the sect.

“That’s... the famous and resplendent Elder Brother Zong Wuya!!” Fan Dong’er muttered, staring with wide eyes.

Chapter 1145: When There’s Tasty Bait, the Fishes Bite!

As Meng Hao and Zong Wuya fought, the Windswept Realm continued to rise up through the void, getting ever closer to that invisible border.

The depression in the huge net grew more and more obvious; it was as if some huge, invisible hand were pushing hard into the net. In the deepest recesses of the depression, lightning crackled back and forth with increasing intensity.

Further off in the distance, the battle between the Windswept Imperial Lord and Paragon Sea Dream seemed to be heading toward a critical juncture. Sea Dream was a Paragon of past times, and had long ago sustained injuries which still hadn’t recovered, but was no pushover when going up against the Windswept Imperial Lord. In fact, the Windswept Imperial Lord’s defenses were slowly starting to crumble.

Paragon Sea Dream’s attacks caused the void to vibrate, and caused the figures behind the huge net to view the situation soberly.

“1,500,000 meters still left to go....” a voice said, murky and archaic. Currently, the Windswept Realm was moving 30,000 meters in every breath of time. It rumbled up at incredible speed, causing a sea of flames to burst out along its borders.

From a distance, it looked like a shooting star, moving relentlessly up toward the huge net, and the 33 Heavens.

1,200,000 meters!

900,000 meters!

600,000 meters!

Back inside the Windswept Realm, Zong Wuya was racing forward, his right hand filled with the power of the fourth fist strike that he had created. He was like a long streak of light that shot forward directly toward Meng Hao.

Meng Hao had a serious expression on his face. He could sense Zong Wuya’s obsession within that fist strike, and could also sense his sentiments about pursuing the Dao.

“Even if their body dies, they must still pursue the true Dao.... for them, it’s all in search of the Dao!

“Even if that search lasts only for a fleeting moment, even if those who search for the Dao are born in the morning and die in the evening....” Meng Hao murmured. As he watched Zong Wuya closing in, he realized that this fist... was something that he couldn’t fight back against.

It wasn’t that his cultivation base was insufficient. Instead, it was a matter of willpower, because what he was up against was not Zong Wuya’s cultivation base, but rather... his heart, which was completely focused on searching for the Dao.

If a heart like that could be defeated, then Zong Wuya wouldn’t be so obsessed with the true Dao.

Meng Hao sighed softly. After all, he didn’t believe in the supposed true Dao of the Outside world. He took a deep breath as the starstone in his left eye melted, covering his body. Instantly, the One

Thought Stellar Transformation was unleashed, and Meng Hao transformed into a planet. Rumbling sounds could be heard as he shot toward Zong Wuya.

“That fist contains your will and your thoughts. I can’t defeat it, but, I can still fight YOU!” Meng Hao’s voice echoed out as he transformed into a planet, and then shot toward Zong Wuya like a meteor.

The two of them flew through the air and collided.

“What does it matter if I die while searching for the Dao!?” Zong Wuya threw his head back and laughed, slamming his fist into planet-form Meng Hao. Everything around them trembled and shook, and a massive wind sprung up that filled the entire Windswept Realm. The sea of flames caused by the friction of the Realm’s flight up into the sky grew even more intense, filling the sky, turning the whole Realm into a world of fire.

Rumbling sounds could be heard as Meng Hao’s starstone began to crack, and he was pushed backward. Eventually, the planet exploded, and Meng Hao became visible, retreating backward, blood spraying out of his mouth. He looked up at Zong Wuya with a complicated expression on his face.

Zong Wuya stood back in his original position, without having coughed up so much as a drop of blood. However, his right hand suddenly transformed into ash and then... vanished. And yet, he didn’t seem to mind. He looked up at the flames filling the sky, and the gleam of obsession could be seen in his eyes, as well as hope.

The Windswept Realm was now getting even closer to the huge net. It was now only 300,000 meters away!!

270,000 meters!

210,000 meters!

150,000 meters!

90,000 meters!

The lands of the Windswept Realm were beginning to crack and shatter; rivers dried up, and the sky was a mass of burning flames. Just beyond the flames, Meng Hao could make out that huge net off in the void, beyond which was the murkiness, and the shocking figures that waited there.

Apparently... there was no way to prevent the Windswept Realm from leaving!

30,000 meters!

In the blink of an eye, the Windswept Realm was closer than 30,000 meters. However, it was at this point that the entire Realm suddenly jerked to a halt, as if it had just run into some invisible barrier. A boom rattled out, and the lands seemed to be on the verge of complete collapse. Meng Hao and the others couldn't prevent themselves from coughing up mouthfuls of blood.

At that distance of 30,000 meters from the net, the Windswept Realm was suddenly stopped, and seemed incapable of making it through the final stretch!

It was at this point that the Emperor's voice rang out with anticipation and fanaticism.

"Living beings of the Windswept Realm, over countless years, you have lamented, hated, and struggled. Helpless, you have spilled your own blood and delivered forth your souls.

"Now, I call on you to return. Souls of the Windswept Realm, use my blood as the path, enter my orifices and become my spirit! COME!" His voice seemed to contain some sort of bizarre power that, as he spoke, caused blackened blood to ooze out of his eyes and ears. He began to shake violently as massive amounts of blood oozed out of all the pores in his body.

His Imperial robes quickly became robes of blood!

Even as the blood soaked him, the earth shook, the sky cracked, and the mountains shook. The dried up rivers quivered, and even the wind and flames trembled.

The entire Realm suddenly began to sway as numerous souls floated up. They bored out of the mountains, the rivers, the sky, and the flames. They came from all parts of the Windswept Realm, souls boring out of every location.

There were too many to count, and they converged from all locations, flying together into that single blood-colored vortex!

They seemed endless, infinite, and each one fairly burst with obsession, fervor, and anticipation. They poured into the vortex, which began to spin, erupting with endless soul power that then powered the vortex!

The vortex spun rapidly. Since the Windswept Realm itself couldn't push itself that last 30,000 meters, then ... the souls of the life forms which had died there throughout the countless years would pay the price to make it happen.

They would make up for that little bit of lacking power!

Meng Hao was inwardly shaken as he saw the congregated souls form into a tempest. The vortex spun rapidly, causing the Windswept Realm to tremble, and then begin to push through the final 30,000 meters.

24,000 meters. 15,000 meters! 9,000 meters!!

"33 Heavens!" cried the deaf and blind Emperor. His divine sense had long since wasted to nothing. He was like a candle on the verge of flickering out. By this point, it didn't matter if the Windswept Realm succeeded or failed, he would die!

Of course, he didn't care about that. As he said, he didn't care if people called him a sinner or a saint. His actions were not for the Imperial Lord, but rather... for the Windswept Realm as a whole!

"I convinced the Imperial Lord to make a move, and you people still don't trust me!?!?"

"Well it doesn't matter whether you believe me or not. I will offer up the Windswept Realm's only World Essence. I beg of you, please... open the door!!" The Emperor was trembling as he raised both hands into the air. A boom could be heard as his arms exploded, sending blood spraying out in all directions. At the same time, the already cracked and ruined temple suddenly exploded into bits!

It was as if a cage had been opened, allowing that imprisoned supreme World Essence to suddenly explode out. It was a beam of light that looked very similar to the Windswept qi flow, except more radiant, filled with a bright will.

The light shot up into the sky, leaving the Windswept Realm, spanning the 9,000-meter distance and slamming into the huge net.

In that instant, the net trembled, and suddenly shone with brilliant, resplendent light. Countless lightning bolts danced, and massive roaring sounds echoed out. Massive pressure built up over the entire net, which blocked the invading World Essence from entering.

The Emperor threw his head back and laugh maniacally, whereupon his legs exploded into bits.

“Echelon cultivators of the Mountain and Sea Realm, you have benefited from the qi flow and Essences of the Windswept Realm, which I bestowed upon you. Now... it is time for you to pay back what you owe!” Even as the Emperor’s sinister and bizarre words rang out, his chest exploded, and a crystal ball flew out!

As soon as the crystal ball appeared, the three souls inside burst out. One of them was the 10th Echelon cultivator, Hai Dongqing. The other was boyish Hong Bin. The third was someone who Dao-Heaven instantly recognized; it was the Echelon cultivator from the Second Mountain, the one he had killed!

Three Echelon cultivators, whose souls everyone had presumed to be dead. All of a sudden, however, their souls appeared here!

Meng Hao was shocked, and Dao-Heaven could barely believe his eyes. As for Yuwen Jian, when he saw Hong Bin’s soul, his eyes instantly became shot with blood.

However, before anyone could take any action, ten beams of light suddenly shot out from the glowing pillar that was the World Essence!

Those ten beams of light resembled chains, and they shot forth with incredible speed and power. In fact, there was nothing anyone could do to block them as three of the chains instantly latched onto Hong Bin and the other two souls.

They immediately began to tremble and let out miserable shrieks. Flickering light emanated out from them as their Daos, their life forces, everything about them, were shackled tight and began to be absorbed.

Meng Hao and the others were shocked. In the blink of an eye, the rest of the chains flew down toward the other Echelon cultivators. Lin Cong and Han Qinglei were incapable of even dodging, and were instantly bound up. Yuwen Jian and the young Echelon cultivator from the Fifth Mountain were similarly caught. Dao-Heaven roared and tried to start fighting, but was incapable of doing anything other than being tied up.

Even Meng Hao was caught, despite doing his best to evade.

Rumbling filled the air as all of the Echelon cultivators who had taken the bait laid out by the Emperor were instantly shackled. Then, the World Essence began to suck away at them to bolster the shining light!

Screams that didn't even sound like they came from human mouths instantly filled the air. These were Echelon cultivators, but they couldn't even control their voices; they were no longer Chosen, they were now... power sources to strengthen the World Essence!

The Emperor's scheme had finally come to fruition. After all... when there's tasty bait, the fishes bite!!

Chapter 1146: What Makes You Think I'll Give Them To You!?

The supreme World Essence was a pillar of light that shot up from the rubble of the central temple to slam into the huge net up above, causing increasingly intense ripples to spread out.

Of the ten chains spreading out from the pillar of light, nine had completely bound the Echelon cultivators inside of them, who let out bloodcurdling screams. The other cultivators from the Mountain and Sea Realm looked on with expressions of shock. Massive waves of astonishment surged through their hearts, and they scarcely dared to believe their eyes.

These were Echelon cultivators, blazing suns of the Mountain and Sea Realm. Any one of them occupied a position far above Chosen, and you could even say that they were Lords of their generation. Eventually, they would grow into the future leaders of the entire Mountain and Sea Realm.

They were so powerful that they could fight with cultivators of the Senior generation. Even the weakest of their number could look down arrogantly at all Heaven and Earth, and that wasn't even to mention the stunning forerunners like Meng Hao and Dao-Heaven.

But now... they were chained up, even Dao-Heaven, who trembled and screamed. He had no desire to cry out, and yet couldn't stop himself. He had gained enlightenment of 3,000 great Daos, and now he was experiencing something that felt like Soulsearching. A massive suction force was being exerted on his mind, absorbing him through the chain to feed the World Essence's pillar of light.

However, there were a total of ten chains stretching out from the pillar of light, which meant that there was still one final chain which hadn't latched onto anything, as if it couldn't find its target.

The Emperor was laughing maniacally; his legs had exploded, and he had already lost his arm. Blood flowed out of his eyes, ears, nose, and mouth. However, it was at this point that, all of a sudden, an intense light suddenly began to shine out from his forehead: the glow of an Echelon mark!

In the moment that the Echelon mark appeared, the final chain sped through the air like a snake to wrap around him.

Unexpectedly, he was the final person to be absorbed!

His face twisted as incredible pain surged through his body. However, he didn't scream; instead, he just continued to laugh uproariously, laughter filled with obsession and madness. All the surrounding onlookers were completely shocked.

Only Zong Wuya seemed unmoved, and stood there silent and taciturn. He looked up into the void, at the huge net that seemed to be on the verge of being pierced through by the World Essence light.

By this point, the lands of the Windswept Realm were only 3,000 meters away from the net!!

Rumbling filled the void as the figures behind the huge net looked on with glittering eyes. Even at this point, they still weren't ready to make any rash decisions. They continued to watch the fierce battle taking place between Paragon Sea Dream and the Windswept Imperial Lord. No matter how they analyzed it, it truly appeared as if neither party was holding back. Paragon Sea Dream was clearly weak, and still had not recovered from her old injuries. Despite that... the watching figures still hadn't emerged from behind the net to attack.

Caution. That was what these rebels from the 33 Heavens had come to view as the driving principle they would stick to after having sacrificed countless amounts of shed blood to gain their freedom!

The figures behind the huge net looked on as the Windswept Realm's World Essence light continued to absorb power from the ten Echelon cultivators, which included the Emperor. As a result, the pillar of light began to glow with even more scintillating brightness. At the same time, a huge black hole began to form within the giant net!

That black hole was like a vortex that spun endlessly and crackled with numerous bolts of lightning. Rumbling sounds filled the air as a teleportation portal formed!

Dao-Heaven was shaking, his screams growing more intense. It was the same with everyone else, including the souls of Hai Dongqing, Hong Bin, and the other Echelon cultivator. Those three should have died already, but the Emperor had used the power of the Windswept Realm to somehow capture and collect their souls.

A boom could be heard as Hai Dongqing was the first to give out. His soul exploded into bits of ash, all of which were sucked up into the chain, which then retracted back inside the pillar of light. The light grew even more intense, and the rumbling black hole in the giant net grew larger.

The next to go was the Echelon cultivator from the Second Mountain. After that was Hong Bin. Both souls exploded and faded away, after which the chains that had bound them retracted into the pillar of light. As more time went by, the other Echelon cultivators were gradually losing their ability to endure.

Blood oozed out of Dao-Heaven's eyes, ears, nose, and mouth. Lin Cong and Han Qinglei were incredibly withered, as was Yuwen Jian. The worst off was the young Echelon cultivator from the Fifth Mountain. His previously pudgy frame was now little more than a sack of bones. He was trembling violently, and his eyes were blank, as if his soul had already been sucked away.

A moment later, a boom could be heard as he exploded. There was no bloody mist that could be reformed. He was completely dead, his life gone and sucked away by the chain.

With the death of each Echelon cultivator, the Daos of the Windswept Realm which they had acquired were absorbed by the pillar of light. When none of those 3,000 great Daos were left, then the result would be what happened starting with Hai Dongqing: complete and utter death!

Meng Hao had a vicious expression on his face. The power of the chain was not as terrifying to him as it was to the others. In fact, he was the one exception among the Echelon cultivators, the only one who wasn't screaming!

And yet, his Essences and life force were still being absorbed!

2,999 Essences!

2,998 Essences!

2,997 Essences!

The chain sucked away his understanding of the 3,000 great Daos, but it wasn't an easy task. It could only suck away one Dao at a time, the reason being... that everyone else had gotten their Daos with the help of the Emperor's Windswept Realm qi flow. However, his came with the help of the Echelon Heart. Because of the Echelon Heart, it was as if he himself was the qi flow, and had taken its place!

Although his earliest World Seal had come with a blessing of the Windswept Realm's qi flow, at that time... the Windswept Realm hadn't been fundamentally changed, and was still operating as normal!

Therefore, Meng Hao had essentially not taken much, if any, of the Emperor's bait. If he had taken some in, it was only during his acquisition of the final 300 great Daos. And even so, it had been accomplished on his own, and not with the assistance of the Emperor's qi flow.

And that was what gave him a chance to free himself from the chain!

Yuwen Jian was in the same situation. Although his screams were real, the chain was clearly not absorbing him in the same way that it was with the others.

Meng Hao looked up, his expression fierce. "I gained enlightenment of these Daos myself! What makes you think I'll give them to you!?"

Then he threw his head back and roared. His body trembled as his cultivation base exploded with power, his own power, which he used to fight against the chain and the World Essence light.

"What's mine is mine, and definitely not yours!" he roared, and rumbling sounds filled his body. The chain erupted with brilliant light, and all of a sudden, it seemed that Meng Hao might be able to break free.

The other cultivators from the Mountain and Sea Realm gasped in response. Also watching were the figures in the void beyond the huge net, especially the giant three-headed six-armed figure, whose eyes shone with intense killing intent.

“Perhaps these 3,000 great Daos are part of the Windswept Realm, but... in the moment I gained enlightenment of them, they fused into my heart. They... are my Daos!” Intense vibrations wracked his body, and cracking sounds could be heard as the chain shook. As of this point, it seemed incapable of absorbing anything from Meng Hao.

Not only could it not absorb anything from him, what it had already absorbed suddenly began to flow backward and merge back into him! Meng Hao began to glow with azure light, in completely awe-inspiring fashion.

2,995 Essences!

2,996!

2,997!

Meng Hao roared as boundless azure light shone off of him, a representation of the power of an Allheaven Immortal. Power erupted off of him, causing Heaven and Earth to shake violently. From the look of it, the chain was just about to break!

This development caused Zong Wuya to inhale sharply; the Emperor was also shaking, and he turned his sightless eyes in Meng Hao’s direction. Although he wasn’t extremely shocked, his expression was extremely dark. He suddenly looked up at the figures out in the void, and began to chuckle bitterly.

“At this point, you people... still don’t trust me?!”

“The sole World Essence has been unleashed, all you need to do is activate the teleportation portal, and the Windswept Realm... can join you, and leave the Mountain and Sea Realm!”

“We’ve already done everything that we can do. Our 3,000 great Daos have been utilized, our only World Essence has become a pillar of light! We’ve sacrificed the Echelon cultivators, and coalesced

the willpower of all living things here. How come... you just won't trust us!? What do we have to do to get you to trust us?!?!"

In response to the Emperor's voice, the figures behind the black hole in the huge net looked on silently. Various conflicted expressions could be seen on their faces; some were hesitant, and some were smiling coldly.

Even if the black hole had appeared, and even if the teleportation portal had opened, if they weren't willing... the Windswept Realm could not ascend!

Unless they were completely and absolutely convinced, it didn't matter that Paragon Sea Dream was weak; they still weren't willing to make a move, and wouldn't dare to activate the teleportation portal.

Unfortunately... they didn't want the Windswept Realm!

By this point, azure light swirled thick around Meng Hao. The chain was vibrating rapidly as he rapidly regained all of his 3,000 great Daos.

2,998 Essences!

2,999 Essences!

3,000 Essences!

In that moment, he raised both hands into the air and stretched them apart. Massive, shocking rumbling sounds echoed out as the chain suddenly collapsed into pieces and exploded!

As the pieces faded away, Meng Hao took a step forward, completely freeing himself from the absorbing power of the World Essence light!

Without the slightest hesitation, he shot toward Yuwen Jian, extended his right hand, and then grabbed onto the chain that was binding him.

"Break!"

BOOM!!

The chain shook for a moment as if it were about to collapse. Yuwen Jian excitedly rotated his cultivation base, joining forces with Meng Hao. The two worked together and, moments later, the entire chain shattered!!

“Many thanks to you, Meng Hao!!” Yuwen Jian said, voice filled with joy. Even as he spoke, Meng Hao was speeding toward Dao-Heaven.

“Don’t thank me. Come on, let’s save everyone!” At this critical juncture, Meng Hao’s choice was not to simply sit around and let the other Echelon cultivators die. He planned to save them!

“Save everyone?” Yuwen Jian asked, staring in shock.

Chapter 1147: Traitorous Sutra of the Rebel Dao

The words were still coming out of Meng Hao’s mouth as he shot toward Dao-Heaven, whose face was twisted ferociously as his body withered up. He was the second most powerful next to Meng Hao, but he still had to struggle to lift his head up. When he did, he stared at Meng Hao, a conflicted expression in his eyes.

He watched as Meng Hao approached, grabbed ahold of the chain that bound him and shook it violently, causing a huge tremor to run through it. It seemed like it was already on the verge of exploding.

“Dao-Heaven, help me out here!” Meng Hao growled with a frown.

“Why are you saving me?” Dao-Heaven asked, feeling completely shaken, and initially holding back from cooperating. He was withering rapidly, and his Daos were being sucked away, and yet to him, his pride and dignity were more important than those things.

Meng Hao looked at Dao-Heaven and calmly said, “One day when I reach the pinnacle of everything, I don’t want to look back and find myself alone. More important than that, all of us... are from the Mountain and Sea Realm!”

His words caused Dao-Heaven to tremble and stare in shock. Then he closed his eyes for a moment, after which his cultivation base exploded with power. He and Meng Hao worked together to completely shatter the chain.

After Dao-Heaven was freed, blood sprayed out of his mouth, and he looked over at Meng Hao with an even more conflicted expression than before.

Dao-Heaven was completely stunned by Meng Hao's decision. He would never have imagined that Meng Hao would save him for such reasons.

"Is it really true that, despite all the competition and fighting, in the end, we're... on the same team?" he murmured. Finally, he threw his head back and laughed. Then he looked back at Meng Hao with the same complex look in his eyes. However, there was something else there, deep inside, something that had never before existed inside of him.... Admiration!

In Dao-Heaven's entire life, he had never admired anyone, not even Paragon Sea Dream. In his heart, she was simply an expert who was vastly more powerful than him. If there was anyone he could possibly have considered himself to admire, it might have been the statue inside of his Paragon Painting. But now Meng Hao was there in his heart, someone that he truly admired.

He couldn't help but wonder if he would have made the decision to save everyone, were he in Meng Hao's position. In the end, he wasn't sure.

Suddenly Dao-Heaven turned into a blur as he, along with Meng Hao and Yuwen Jian, quickly set about saving everyone else. Lin Cong looked even more conflicted than Dao-Heaven had. When he saw Meng Hao coming to shatter the chain that bound him, he thought back to everything that had happened between them, and couldn't help feeling a bit guilty.

In truth, there had never been any enmity between the two of them to begin with.

"Thank you," he said gruffly. There were few people in his life to whom he had ever uttered the words 'thank you.'

Han Qinglei was equally conflicted.

"I owe him a life!" he murmured inwardly as he watched the chain shattering. He didn't say anything, but inwardly, he realized that killing people was easy, but saving them was difficult!

That difficulty lay within the heart, within a person's capacity for righteousness. It had to do with one's mental state!

Fundamentally speaking, there were no irreconcilable differences between him and Meng Hao. The only thing that truly existed between them was competition. However, because no limitations had been placed on that competition, it had escalated to a deadly level.

As Meng Hao went about saving everyone, surprisingly, the Emperor did nothing to interfere. Zong Wuya also stood there silently. By the time Meng Hao had released everyone from the chains, the lands of the Windswept Realm were only 300 meters away from the huge net!

In fact... it was so close it seemed possible to reach out and touch it!

Furthermore... when Meng Hao looked up into the black hole, he could see a blurry figure with three heads and six arms. As soon as he laid eyes on it, his heart trembled.

"It was you who killed my son!" a voice raged. The three-headed six-armed being glared at Meng Hao from behind the huge net.

Meng Hao's eyes glittered coldly, but he didn't say anything. Dao-Heaven and the others were arrayed behind him. Whether they were willing to admit it or not, as of this moment, Meng Hao was their leader.

At the same time, the black hole formed by the solitary World Essence light was getting bigger. However, it wasn't nearly big enough to swallow up the entire Windswept Realm.

The Emperor laughed, a shrill laughter filled with decisiveness and madness. At the same time, his obsession deepened.

"My mission in life has been to lead the Windswept Realm away from the Mountain and Sea Realm and into freedom. I will give freedom to all coming generations of the Windswept Realm....

"I have sacrificed everything for that goal, and because of that, I can also give up everything. This was my mission, and my dream....

“Immortals and Devils of the 33 Heavens, you can choose to distrust me, and you can distrust the blood and souls of the lives of the Windswept Realm. You can distrust the Immortals and you can distrust everyone. But there is one thing that you people... must trust!” The Emperor’s murmured words were intermixed with bitter laughter. He suddenly bit down on his tongue, which exploded, creating a chain reaction that destroyed his entire body.

The only thing which was left was his soul, which began to chant:

“Great sacrifice....

“Soul oath....

“With my soul, I henceforth rebel against the Immortal World!

“With my blood, I henceforth leave the Immortal World!

“With my will, I henceforth defy the Immortal World!

“Henceforth, the Windswept Realm’s wind, snow, sky, land, mountains, rivers, vegetation, and all other living things... defect from the Immortal World!” As the Emperor spoke those words, the Windswept Realm began to vibrate. The rivers turned black, the mountains turned black, and the land turned black.

The wind howled, the snow roared, the land thundered, the mountains howled, the living things and even the vegetation cried out loudly!

All of the cultivators in the Nine Nations of the Windswept Realm dropped to their knees to kowtow, then lifted their heads up and reiterated the words just spoken by the Emperor.

“Henceforth, we... defect from the Immortal World!”

The wind turned black, the snow turned black, the land turned black, the vegetation withered, and at the same time, a black mark appeared on the foreheads of all of the cultivators.

It was... the mark of a traitorous rebel!!

All living things began to speak out the desires of their souls, even the mortals. As they kowtowed, their voices rang out, backed by the power of their blood: “Henceforth, we... defect from the Immortal World!

Black marks appeared on the foreheads of all living things. The cities turned black, as did all other objects within the Windswept Realm. All things... turned pitch black!

Black sky, black lands, black wind, black snow, pitch black upon pitch black....

The Windswept Realm was now completely different on a fundamental level. Deep inside, they became traitorous rebels, which immediately had an effect on the Windswept Realm’s 3,000 great Daos. Those Daos, natural laws, and Essences all became traitorous and rebellious!

The entire will of the Windswept Realm was traitorous and rebellious!

The final thing to be affected was the sole World Essence light, which suddenly turned pitch black!

As soon as the black pillar of light became visible, Meng Hao, Dao-Heaven, and the other cultivators from the Mountain and Sea Realm felt astonishment shaking their hearts. When they looked around them, they saw a world of pitch darkness!

Gradually, an archaic voice could be heard echoing out within the Windswept Realm. That voice seemed to come from the wind, lightning, snow, sky, land, vegetation, and all living things.

“Traitorous Sutra of...

“The Rebel Dao....”

That voice was actually the will of the entire Windswept Realm!

As soon as the voice rang out, the black beam of light pierced through the huge net, causing the black hole to expand even larger. As of this moment, the figures behind the huge net were powerless to do anything about what was happening. Their expressions flickered, and a fanatical greed appeared in their eyes.

“That’s....”

“The Traitorous Sutra of the Rebel Dao! Formed from a World Essence... it’s the Traitorous Sutra of the Rebel Dao!!”

As the voices chorused out, the Emperor continued to speak from his soul, his own voice weak, yet ringing with the sound of obsession.

“33 Heavens, do you... trust us now?!?!”

A thunderous voice replied from the black hole, echoing filling the entire Windswept Realm. “We trust the Windswept Realm! The combined will of the entire Windswept Realm has formed the Traitorous Sutra of the Rebel Dao. Now... we trust you!!”

At the same time, the black hole began to rapidly increase in size.

In the blink of an eye, it was large enough to swallow up the entire Windswept Realm. This black hole was a one-way teleportation portal, making it possible for the Windswept Realm to enter the 33 Heavens, but preventing the figures from the 33 Heavens from doing anything except wait in excitement for the Windswept Realm to arrive.

The voice continued to speak out from within the black hole, and it trembled with hope and indescribable excitement.

“Windswept Realm, come... bring your... Traitorous Sutra of the Rebel Dao and offer it up to us!

“We promise to make the Windswept Realm the 34th Heaven, and together, we will eternally suppress the Immortal World. Together, we can all enjoy the blessings of the true Dao!”

Simultaneously, the Windswept Realm rumbled as it got closer and closer to the black hole!

Meng Hao shivered and began to breathe heavily. His eyes shone with a bright light as he stared at the black pillar of light. He wasn’t sure exactly what was happening, but the complete rebellion of

the Windswept Realm had caused the precious World Essence to change, becoming the Traitorous Sutra of the Rebel Dao. In response... all of the blood in his body began to boil!!

He suddenly thought back to what the first generation Patriarch of the Fang Clan had said after he had absorbed the Nirvana Fruit. He had spoken of a mystery regarding the bloodline of the Fang Clan!

Because of the critical danger he was in, there was no time to ponder the subject at the moment. However, the mere fact that his blood felt like it was burning caused Meng Hao to recall that there was some secret related to the Fang Clan bloodline. He wasn't sure what it was, but the sensation he was experiencing now caused him to be filled with an incredible thirst!

He thirsted... for that Traitorous Sutra of the Rebel Dao!

It was as if it were something of great importance to Meng Hao, and even more importantly... to the Fang Clan as a whole!

Furthermore, the third Nirvana Fruit in his bag of holding was vibrating strongly, and he had the feeling that if he could get that Sutra, then he... would be able to fully absorb the Nirvana Fruit!!

From that moment on, he would exceed the Allheaven Immortal and become... an Allheaven Dao Immortal!!

Furthermore, buried deep in the Fang Clan blood was something like the key to a great door. Once opened... the future of the Fang Clan would be one of splendor and glory!!

Chapter 1148: You Killed My Son, Prepare To Die!

Meng Hao's eyes were bright red. Although the Traitorous Sutra of the Rebel Dao filled him with an intense, indescribable thirst... he had no way to get it!

He was incapable of flying, and it wasn't just him. Dao-Heaven and the other Echelon cultivators, as well as everyone else from the Mountain and Sea Realm, were all similarly stuck. The Windswept Realm was now completely different than before, and all of them were feeling an incredible force of expulsion that made it almost impossible for them to move.

Meng Hao let out a growling shout. He wanted to charge forth, to grab that black beam of light, and thus, the Traitorous Sutra of the Rebel Dao. Unfortunately, he couldn't.

All he could do was look at the huge net out in the void, and the rapidly expanding black hole into which the Windswept Realm was slowly moving.

There was nothing he could do to stop what was happening, nor any way for him to get the Sutra. In fact, outside of the Windswept Realm, Paragon Sea Dream trembled. She was no longer fighting the Windswept Imperial Lord. He had turned, blood spurting out of various wounds as he fled toward the Windswept Realm. Then, he flew under it and pushed up.

Rumbling could be heard as more of the Windswept Realm was almost completely swallowed up by the black hole!

Paragon Sea Dream sighed, and then waved a finger through the air. Immediately, a white stream of light flew out toward the Windswept Realm. It stabbed through the blackness of the Windswept Realm and then split apart, eventually landing on Meng Hao and all the other cultivators from the Mountain and Sea Realm. It even spread out through the Nine Nations to find the cultivators who hadn't participated in the war.

One of those beams of light shot into a valley in the Ninth Nation, where a young woman currently sat ashen-faced, sweat dripping down her forehead. From the look of it, she was at a critical juncture in her cultivation, but was being interrupted by the expulsion pressure from the Windswept Realm. As a result, she was incapable of moving. That woman was none other than... Chu Yuyan!

Chu Yuyan had originally been with Meng Hao on the Ninth Nation's National Aura Mountain. However, after being freed from his bag of holding, she had chosen not to stay on the mountain. As soon as Meng Hao began to contemplate enlightenment of the World Seal, she had quietly left.

She had her pride, and it wouldn't let her stick around with Meng Hao like someone who needed protection. Thus, she had departed. Eventually, she had found a valley in the mountains of the Ninth Nation where she quietly began to meditate and attempt to achieve a cultivation base breakthrough, to finally ascend from the Spirit Realm into the Immortal Realm.

And now, the white light from Paragon Sea Dream flew down and covered her.

Suddenly, Paragon Sea Dream's voice echoed in their ears: "All of you, listen to me. Your trials by fire are over. Your excursion into the Windswept Realm has concluded. Nothing can be done to

change how things are playing out. Someone went so far as to use the Traitorous Sutra of the Rebel Dao to leave the Immortal World.... The 3,000 Lower Realms of the past did exactly the same thing.

“Oh well, I guess that’s the end of it...” By the end, Paragon Sea Dream was muttering softly and sounded very disheartened. She made a grasping gesture, and all of the people who were touched by her light began to rise up into the air. Apparently, she was pulling them out of the Windswept Realm before it entered the 33 Heavens, and was going to return everyone to the Mountain and Sea Realm.

Fan Dong’er and the others were the first to fly up into the air, followed by Lin Cong, Han Qinglei, Yuwen Jian and Dao-Heaven.

Then there was Meng Hao. He slowly rose up into the air, and was soon on the verge of being pulled out of the Windswept Realm altogether. However, his gaze was fixed on the black beam of light, which was just about to fully enter the black hole. At that point, the thirst inside him turned ravenous.

“The Windswept Realm excursion... is over...? My blood is boiling! The Traitorous Sutra of the Rebel Dao can help me fuse my third Nirvana Fruit, and it’s right there in front of me. Is it really... not connected to me by destiny?” Meng Hao couldn’t accept it, and yet had no other options. The expulsion power of the Windswept Realm was too strong, and the pillar of light was actually the source of that power. It was pushing him away so forcefully that he couldn’t even approach it.

Furthermore, Paragon Sea Dream was pulling him inexorably away, placing him further and further away from the black pillar of light.

He roared inwardly, his eyes bloodshot as he unleashed all of the power of his cultivation base. Azure light surged out, and blood spurted out of his wounds. Cracking sounds could be heard as injuries were inflicted, all to prevent himself from getting any further away.

However, it was too hard, and he couldn’t quite manage to take a step forward toward the Traitorous Sutra of the Rebel Dao.

It was at this point that, all of a sudden, Dao-Heaven roared, “Meng Hao... let me help you!”

He was also being slowly pulled away by Paragon Sea Dream, but when he saw the look on Meng Hao’s face, he performed a double-handed incantation gesture, causing his cultivation base to erupt with power. He even burned some of his life force as he waved his finger toward Meng Hao, causing an intangible force to slam into him. It was an attack that propelled Meng Hao forward,

blood spraying out of his mouth. Instantly, he flew forward several dozen meters, pushing him a bit closer to the Traitorous Sutra of the Rebel Dao.

“Meng Hao, I’m gonna help you too!” shouted Lin Cong.

“Me too!” cried Han Qinglei.

“Brother Meng Hao, let me help you too!” Yuwen Jian cried.

Lin Cong threw his head back and roared, waving his hand and causing his cultivation base to ignite. The Underworld appeared, transforming into a force of acceleration that slammed into Meng Hao. Han Qinglei coughed up a mouthful of blood, sustaining a serious injury to summon green lightning; not deadly lightning, but packed with plenty of force.

Yuwen Jian roared as he grew larger, filling himself with Godly power that he used to unleash ten punches in Meng Hao’s direction. Blood sprayed out of his mouth, but for Meng Hao, he was willing to do this.

The combined forces of all three Echelon cultivators transformed into an incredible accelerative force that landed on Meng Hao. A boom rang out as he turned into a beam of light that shot directly toward the Traitorous Sutra of the Rebel Dao. However... when he was only about thirty meters away, he slowly came to a stop, and could move no further. Once again, Paragon Sea Dream’s convergence beam began to pull him back.

“I refuse to accept this!” he roared. Blood oozed out of his eyes, ears, nose, and mouth, and yet, there was nothing he could do.

It was at this point that Chu Yuyan appeared in the air above the Ninth Nation, floating up in Sea Dream’s light. She instantly caught sight of Meng Hao, and heard his defiant roar.

Her heart trembled, and she gasped. Then, she bit down on the tip of her tongue and spat out some blood. Gazing deeply at Meng Hao, she waved her hand, causing a crimson medicinal pill to fly out from within her bag of holding. Without the slightest hesitation, she popped it into her mouth.

She instantly began to tremble, and was soaked with sweat. Her cultivation base erupted with power, and she held nothing back. Blood spurted out, forming a haze around her, and she didn’t

hesitate for a moment. She was going to... break through to the Immortal Realm and summon the Door of Immortality!

This was the only idea she could think of, and her way of trying to help Meng Hao. Although trying to break through to the Immortal Realm here and now was fraught with innumerable uncertainties, and probably mortal danger, Chu Yuyan didn't worry about any of that.

Her Cultivation base surged as she rapidly grew closer to the Immortal Realm. She wanted to summon the Door of Immortality because its arrival brought with it a boundless power of Heaven and Earth. Perhaps... that power could change the power of expulsion from the Windswept Realm.

It might, it might not. But as long as it held the slightest possibility of being able to help Meng Hao, Chu Yuyan wouldn't hesitate. Blood sprayed out of her mouth, and rumbling filled her body. She felt like she was about to explode.

Her face was pale white, but she continued on with her plan, grunting as her qi passageways shattered. The incredible pressure weighing down on her from the world itself was making her breakthrough even harder.

And yet, she did not give up. It didn't matter that she had already flown past him, and that he hadn't even turned to look at her. She continued on.

Once. Twice. Three times....

Just when she was about to depart completely from the Windswept Realm, massive amounts of blood sprayed out from inside her body. Heaven and Earth trembled, and even the black hole out in the void vibrated. Ripples could even be seen on the huge net.

It was at this point that... an enormous, archaic Door of Immortality began to descend from within the void. It flew down toward the Windswept Realm, slamming... right into the black hole!

Clouds and mist appeared, which roiled out in all directions. The archaic Door of Immortality exuded indescribable pressure, a pressure filled with a will of its own and the power of the Mountain and Sea Realm. As it descended, the upward movement of the Windswept Realm suddenly ceased.

Simultaneously, the expulsion power from the Windswept Realm trembled, as if it were terrified of the pressure from the Mountain and Sea Realm!

Behind the huge net and the black hole, the congregated figures began shouting in rage. Just when the Traitorous Sutra of the Rebel Dao appeared in front of them, all of a sudden something unexpected happened.

“NO!!”

“DAMMIT!!”

“I can’t believe someone is making a breakthrough right now, and summoning the Door of Immortality!!”

Some of them could hold back no longer. They unleashed divine abilities and shot into the black hole in an attempt to do something about the Door of Immortality. The Door of Immortality rumbled and distorted.

The expulsion force trembled and ceased operating, giving Meng Hao a hard-won chance. He suddenly shot forward, looking like a figure of blood as he crossed the final thirty meters. When he reached the light that was the Traitorous Sutra of the Rebel Dao, his blood vessels were boiling madly.

A smile broke out on Chu Yuyan’s face. She was now very weak, and although the Door of Immortality was present, she didn’t have the power to open it. However, she had no regrets.

“See Meng Hao, I can be of help to you!” she murmured.

It was at this point that, all of a sudden, in the same moment that the majestic Door of Immortality appeared, it almost immediately began to grow indistinct. Apparently, because Chu Yuyan couldn’t sustain her current state, because of the Traitorous Sutra of the Rebel Dao itself, and because of the actions of the figures inside the black hole, the Door of Immortality faded away in the blink of an eye.

The moment that happened, the expulsion power of the Windswept Realm once again rose up with intensity. At that point, Meng Hao’s hand was only a few inches away from the light of the Traitorous Sutra of the Rebel Dao!

It was almost within his reach!

And yet, it was as far away as the Heavens!

Meng Hao could move forward no further. In fact, because of the expulsion power, he was actually slowly being pushed back. If that were all there were to it, it might not be a big deal. However, it was at this point that a huge hand suddenly appeared from within the black hole. It was ancient, covered with scales, and bursting with incredible might. It instantly began to reach toward Meng Hao, causing rumbling sounds to echo out.

It belonged to none other than the three-headed six-armed figure. He didn't dare to actually descend fully. However, he couldn't hold back from trying to kill Meng Hao, so he stretched out his arm in a deadly attack!

"You killed my son, prepare to die!!" he roared, his voice filled with a murderous aura as it echoed out. Everything shook, and the Windswept Realm was filled with violent vibrations.

Chapter 1149: An Arrow Rocks the Heavens!

Meng Hao's face fell. It wouldn't be impossible to extricate himself from this dangerous situation. After all, he merely had to give up on the Traitorous Sutra of the Rebel Dao, and then utilize the full power of his cultivation base to cooperate with Paragon Sea Dream. In that case, he would be gone within moments.

Unfortunately, the price to pay for such an action would be that he would forever lose the chance to get the Traitorous Sutra of the Rebel Dao. Furthermore, it would also be a waste of all the assistance provided by Dao-Heaven and the others, as well as Chu Yuyan's sacrifice.

Those were all things that Meng Hao couldn't accept!

After all, rewards came only with risk. Without the willingness to go all-out, it would be difficult to ever acquire any sort of good fortune that other people couldn't!

Meng Hao's eyes were completely bloodshot. In this critical moment, he clenched his jaw and, instead of falling back or giving up, he extended his hand, within which, shockingly, appeared... his third Nirvana Fruit, glittering and mysterious!

Without a moment's pause, he pushed it down into his forehead. It was absorbed immediately, whereupon rumbling sounds filled him, along with a shocking, explosive power.

The terrifying intensity of the eruption caused Meng Hao to instantly emanate a wild, Quasi-Dao aura, which immediately distorted everything, causing the entire area to twist and ripple.

His body trembled, and blood immediately began to ooze out of his eyes, ears, nose, and mouth. His sole Immortal meridian appeared to have been wiped away, turning his insides into a black hole that began to absorb all auras in the area. Natural laws and Essences all roared toward him.

It was as if he were suddenly ravenously hungry. The sensation was difficult to endure; he felt as hungry as if he hadn't eaten for thousands of years. He immediately wanted to consume all life, and all the energy in Heaven and Earth.

Meng Hao's face went pale; this was his first time absorbing the third Nirvana Fruit, and he had never imagined that it would be like this, that he would be filled with an intense and unendurable hunger. His body trembled and, as if because of the hunger itself, began to wither.

In the same moment, his 33 Heavens also collapsed, transforming into countless fragments that spun through his body. The end result was that he began to emanate a sensation like that of the Dao Realm.

It was... the Allheaven Dao Immortal Realm!!

He trembled violently, and blood spurted out everywhere. Forcing himself into the Allheaven Dao Immortal Realm was actually far too much of a burden!!

However, within that intense hunger, he also sensed unprecedented power, a power the likes of which was... only half a step away from that of a Dao Realm expert, and comparable to that of a Quasi-Dao Paragon!!

Meng Hao's eyes began to glow with a strange light, and his breathing grew ragged. Resplendent azure light shone off of him in all directions, as if he were a wellspring of azure. The sensation of the Dao erupted off of him, causing wild colors to flash and everything to shake, including the entirety of the Windswept Realm.

When the members of the Echelon, and the other cultivators being pulled away by Paragon Sea Dream, saw what was happening, their eyes went wide and they began to pant, especially Dao-Heaven. They looked on in a daze as these momentarily shocking events occurred.

“So before... wasn’t his most powerful state!”

“I can’t believe... he’s so strong!!!” Lin Cong, Han Qinglei and Yuwen Jian were all astonished.

Blood oozed out of Chu Yuyan’s mouth as she watched Meng Hao. Her gaze was gentle, and her smile continued to grow wider.

All of a sudden, more of the figures beyond the huge net began to turn their attention to Meng Hao. There were even some who, when they saw the azure light surrounding him, and realized what it meant, began to cry out in shock.

“Allheaven Dao Immortal!!”

However, even as they realized that Meng Hao was in the Allheaven Dao Immortal Realm, the gigantic three-headed six-armed figure let out a cold snort. Instead of pausing or slowing down, it moved its hand faster toward Meng Hao.

“You overestimate yourself!” he said with cold disregard. It was as if to him, Meng Hao was nothing more than an ant, and that he was someone vastly more powerful, someone capable of crushing him instantly. His hand made a grasping motion, causing the void to shatter. It was as if the entire area around Meng Hao was about to collapse, burying him in death within the hand.

As the hand rumbled toward him, it was obvious that he could not dodge or resist it. His eyes began to glow with a bright light, and he threw his back and laughed. He could already tell that it wouldn’t be possible to stay in this state for very long; at the most, a few breaths of time.

Within those few breaths of time, he would not be able to do anything significant to the hand stretching out from the black hole. However, his intention was not to personally do something to it.

Meng Hao didn’t feel the slightest fear or dread going up against the massively destructive palm and the pressure it exuded. His pupils shrank as, all of a sudden, he used the power of the third Nirvana Fruit to activate the drop of Paragon Nine Seals’ blood that was inside of him!

That Paragon's blood had not only helped him absorb his first Nirvana Fruit in the critical moment, it had also merged into his body, making his Demon Sealing Hexing Magic more powerful than before. Furthermore, he had received the ultimate honor of... Paragon Nine Seals' approval!

Most importantly, because of that approval, the entire Mountain and Sea Realm had been shaken, and Meng Hao... had become the future Lord of the Mountain and Sea Realm!

Stimulating Paragon Nine Seals' blood was exactly what Meng Hao wanted to do. In this critical moment in which he refused to give up on the Traitorous Sutra of the Rebel Dao, it was the only thing he could think of to do!

"I'm the Ninth Generation Demon Sealer, the final generation of the League of Demon Sealers!

"I am Paragon Nine Seals' successor!

"I am the future Lord of the Mountain and Sea Realm!

"In the future, I will control the fate of the entire Mountain and Sea Realm, as well as... everything within the Mountain and Sea Realm!

"Sun and moon, it doesn't matter whether you used to be Nine Seals' eyes, or former magical items of his. As of this moment, I call upon the authority of my name to order you... to sever this rebel's arm!!" These words were roared inwardly, not spoken out loud. However, in the moment that he stimulated the Paragon's blood inside of him, a connection seemed to form between it and the Mountain and Sea Realm. It was like a passageway linking the words of his heart into all of the Mountains and all of the Seas in the Realm. He was... connected to the very will of the Mountain and Sea Realm!!

He was using his own name to call upon the Mountain and Sea Realm... to control it!

It seemed like an insane plan, but Meng Hao knew that given the situation at hand, in order to become more powerful, if he didn't do something crazy, he wouldn't succeed!!

He threw his head back and roared, stretching both hands out wide as he made his mental call. At the same time, the entire Mountain and Sea Realm suddenly trembled slightly. The nine Mountains

swayed and the nine Seas roared. The Xuanwu turtles on top of each Mountain threw their heads up and howled.

It was as if the entire Mountain and Sea Realm had been hit with massive waves!

The ripples were detectable by Paragon Sea Dream, as well as the figures in the huge net's black hole and the Windswept Imperial Lord. All of their faces flickered in response.

Even more shocking to everyone was that that sun and the moon that normally orbited around the nine Mountains and Seas, suddenly stopped in place. At the same time, an indescribably murderous aura exploded out from them.

As it did, the sun and moon began to shine with resplendent light, and it was gradually possible to see that within the sun... there was a sword. However, that sword rapidly changed shape into a bow!!

“Hey... what’s going on?!”

“Dammit, you can’t just stick your hand into the Mountain and Sea Realm! You incited the killing will of Nine Seals’ precious treasure!!”

“Impossible, how could a mere arm provoke such a reaction from Nine Seals’ precious treasure? It shouldn’t even be close to the threshold that sets it off!”

As everyone looked on in astonishment, the three-headed six-armed figure’s eyes went wide, and he experienced an intense sensation of danger. However, instead of pulling his hand back, he gritted his teeth and sent it even more quickly toward Meng Hao, wrapping it around him as if to crush him to death!

“DIE!!” In almost the exact same moment in which he spoke, the light shining from the sun suddenly retracted. The bow automatically pulled taut, causing countless beams of light to be sucked into it. A moment later, the bow was loosened, causing an arrow of light to shoot forth at top speed!

The light arrow moved with incomprehensible speed that exceeded even the Dao Realm. In the space of a single breath, it moved from its position far, far away in the Mountains and Seas, piercing through the void, shaking the Heavens, to appear right outside the Windswept Realm.

It moved faster than lightning, causing a sonic boom to echo out that left the figures in the black hole ashen-faced.

Blood oozed out of the mouth of the Windswept Imperial Lord as the light arrow shot toward the huge hand which was threatening Meng Hao.

The hand was just starting to clench shut, but before it could even touch Meng Hao, the arrow arrived and slashed through it.

A boom rattled out as the gigantic hand was completely destroyed. It couldn't stand up to the light arrow at all; it was like little more than a rotten branch which instantly shattered to tiny pieces which then became ash. However, the effect didn't stop there. It spread out and, unbelievably... pierced into the black hole. To the horror of the enormous three-headed figure, who was now five-armed and fleeing at top speed, the light continued on into his body.

"NO!! Paragon, spare me! Paragon...." The huge figure let out a miserable scream that ended in a grunt as its body exploded, transforming into nothing more than ash.

The entire world was shocked!

That three-headed six-armed individual was something like an Imperial Lord within the 33 Heavens. A powerful figure like that was destroyed by a mere arrow of light, crushed like a dried weed, eradicated from existence. It didn't matter that he was lurking hidden within the black hole; he still met with a fate of complete eradication.

The other figures inside the black hole began to tremble violently. Expressions of terror and astonishment filled their faces, and they almost couldn't believe what was happening. It was almost as if they were thinking about someone from the past, some terrifying figure who haunted their thoughts!

Even as everyone was shaken by the arrow, Meng Hao's eyes glittered, and he shot forward toward the light of the Traitorous Sutra of the Rebel Dao. In the blink of an eye, his hand had stretched out, and made contact with the light!

BOOM!

Chapter 1150: Allheaven Fang Clan!

When the arrow of light appeared, an arm was destroyed, and then an entire enormous entity was exterminated. Those things caused the light of the Traitorous Sutra of the Rebel Dao to grow unstable. It was being interfered with, including by the powerful Door of Immortality. As a result, the power of expulsion coming from the pillar of light temporarily ceased.

Meng Hao used that moment to finally reach his hand out and sink it into the pillar of light that was the Traitorous Sutra of the Rebel Dao. Almost as soon as his hand entered the light, Paragon Sea Dream's convergence beam grew a bit stronger.

The intensity was something that no observer would be able to detect, but Meng Hao could feel it, and it caused his eyes to flicker, although he didn't say anything out loud.

The light pulling at him grew more intense. However, it was in that same moment that, because of the effects of the arrow, Meng Hao had a moment to finally stretch out and touch the pillar of light in front of him!

"Traitorous Sutra of the Rebel Dao, you belong to me!" he roared, his eyes shining with a bright light as he plunged his hand into the pillar of light.

Shocking rumbling filled the air and everything was shaking. In response to what was happening, the figures inside the black hole began to let out enraged shouts.

"NO!!"

"That doesn't belong to you! Dammit! Let go!!"

"That belongs to the 33 Heavens!!"

Each and every one of the furious shouts rumbled like thunder, causing Meng Hao to shake, and blood to spray out of his mouth. Despite the rage of the figures inside the black hole, none of them dared to emerge from inside. What had happened moments ago with the arrow had frightened any and all courage out of them!

All they could do was use their roars of fury to batter Meng Hao. Blood sprayed out of his mouth, but he was in the Allheaven Dao Immortal Realm, and thus, he fought back. His hand didn't stop

moving, and as soon as it entered the pillar of light, he made a grasping motion as he took hold of the actual Traitorous Sutra of the Rebel Dao.

In that moment, the blood in his body began to boil even more furiously, as though there were something inside of it that was awakening. Rumbling sounds completely filled Meng Hao's entire mind.

His body roared as the Traitorous Sutra of the Rebel Dao was absorbed into him through his right hand.

As that happened, the pillar of light began to weaken. At the same time, the blood inside of him was completely a-boil. Cracking sounds echoed about inside of him, like peals of thunder.

Suddenly, an ancient voice rang out, filled with boundless dignity, a voice that seemed to have existed within Meng Hao's blood itself all along. However, it was only in this moment, because of the absorption of the Traitorous Sutra of the Rebel Dao, that the voice began to speak. It was as if its words echoed out from the most ancient of times to appear in the modern age.

“Nine ancient surnames; The source of the primeval; Lords of the majestic expanse; The boundless Heaven and Earth... in this era... of the Nine Allheaven Clans, the Fang Clan has taken the lead and tracked down their Essence. In all members of that bloodline, Nirvanic Rebirth exists, and the chakras are opened!”

Almost in the same moment that the voice rang out inside Meng Hao's mind, all of the blood in his body seemed to break down. The Traitorous Sutra of the Rebel Dao then merged into each and every blood cell inside of him, ensuring that every drop of blood thrummed with the same bloodline power!

In that exact same moment, back in the Mountain and Sea Realm, in the Ninth Mountain and Sea, on Planet South Heaven, Meng Hao's father was currently sitting cross-legged in a Tower of Tang, carrying out his pledge and mission of standing guard over Planet South Heaven.

All of a sudden, a tremor ran through him, and his eyes snapped open. A gleam of shock and confusion ran through him as the blood in his veins apparently began to burn. Gradually, an azure light began to rise up from within him. That azure light was none other than... the light of an Allheaven Immortal!!

Rumbling sounds echoed out in all directions. Fang Xiufeng's cultivation base was at the peak of the Ancient Realm, and as of this moment, it was erupting with power. Heaven and Earth flashed with colors, but after a moment, everything settled down. He did not make a cultivation base breakthrough. However, inside of his body, an azure-colored Dao seed had appeared!

That Dao seed was none other than an Allheaven Dao seed. If he cultivated it, then he would be able to tread the Allheaven path, and would eventually become an Allheaven Immortal!

Fang Xiufeng's eyes opened again, his heart trembled, and his face flickered. He was still a bit confused, and couldn't figure out exactly what was happening.

He wasn't the only one experiencing such a thing. In the Emperor Immortal Sect, Meng Hao's sister Fang Yu was currently sitting in secluded meditation. Suddenly, azure light began to glow as an Allheaven Dao seed formed inside of her!

A shockwave blasted out, causing the bald Sun Hai, who was just outside her secluded meditation chamber jabbering on about his love for her, to let out a surprised shout. He was hit as if with a powerful attack, sending him tumbling away, blood spraying from his mouth.

In the Fang Clan on Planet East Victory, everyone with Fang Clan blood in their veins all experienced something similar, causing the glow of azure light to fill Planet East Victory. Fang Wei was surrounded by an azure glow, as was the Grand Elder. The Fang Clan's Dao Realm Patriarchs, and all other members of the Fang Clan, experienced an intangible transformation. It was just as the voice in Meng Hao's mind had said. Because of the Nirvanic Rebirth, the chakras were opened!

The Fang Clan was the first Allheaven Clan!

Wind screamed through the entire Nine Mountains and Seas. As of this moment, the matter was set... the Fang Clan was certain to rise to prominence. With enough time, they would even be able to rock Lord Ji. Furthermore, if even more time passed, the voice of the Fang Clan would become the most supreme in the entire Ninth Mountain and Sea, and they would absolutely become the most important clan.

That was because, the Fang Clan was now... an Allheaven Clan!

Meanwhile, Meng Hao was there in the Windswept Realm, rumbling sounds emanating out from him. The third Nirvana Fruit in his forehead did not emerge from within him. Instead, it was madly absorbing the Traitorous Sutra of the Rebel Dao and fusing it into Meng Hao.

He was shaking violently, filled with so much force that it seemed like he might explode. Simultaneously, the entire Fang Clan was changing. However, unlike all the other members of the Fang Clan, Meng Hao was not forming an Allheaven Dao seed.

He... had no Dao seed!

That was because the bloodline had been opened due to him. The chakras had been unleashed because of his name. As of this moment, from a bloodline perspective, Meng Hao had exceeded the first generation Patriarch!

He was now the one true patriarch of the Allheaven Fang Clan!

Perhaps his cultivation base wasn't high enough at the moment, and he didn't have sufficient status. However, because of the strength of his bloodline... he was the Patriarch!

The bloodlines of everyone in the Fang Clan had been awakened because of Meng Hao. Furthermore, all members of the Fang Clan now had Allheaven Dao seeds inside of them. Essentially, that was because of the influence of Meng Hao's blood. He was the source of it all!

Furthermore... Meng Hao could even sense the blood of all members of the Fang Clan in the Mountain and Sea Realm.

Even more shocking was that, the best way to prove that he really was the Patriarch of the Fang Clan, was that he could actually control the life or death of all members of the Fang Clan!

He could kill any member of the Fang Clan with a single thought. His will reigned supreme over everything. That was a power that came from being an Allheaven Dao Immortal, as well as the Clan Chief of an Allheaven Clan. He had the ultimate power of life and death!

All of this takes quite some time to describe, but occurred in a very short period of time. It took only an instant for the Traitorous Sutra of the Rebel Dao to be absorbed and then fade away, having been completely sucked into Meng Hao's hand.

The Traitorous Sutra of the Rebel Dao was now a part of Meng Hao, a key which had unlocked his bloodline and then disseminated that power to all members of the Fang Clan, allowing them to acquire Dao seeds.

At the same time, the Traitorous Sutra of the Rebel Dao allowed him to absorb his third Nirvana Fruit, a fusion which was completely different from what had happened with his previous two Nirvana Fruits. Furthermore, the fusion process would take time.

It could take several months for Meng Hao to fully and truly... be an Allheaven Dao Immortal!

In the Mountain and Sea Realm, he would be the one and only... Allheaven Dao Immortal!

He would be a powerful expert on a similar level as Quasi-Dao cultivators. He could even fight with Dao Realm experts. From ancient times until now, that was the ultimate peak of the Immortal Realm!

In the moment that the Traitorous Sutra of the Rebel Dao vanished, Meng Hao fell back. Paragon Sea Dream's convergence beam pulled at him, wrenching him backward. As he turned his head, he could see that everyone else had long since left the Windswept Realm.

Even Chu Yuyan had been pulled away by Paragon Sea Dream.

When he saw Chu Yuyan off in the distance, his heart filled with conflicted emotions. Without the help of Dao-Heaven and the other Echelon cultivators, as well as Chu Yuyan's Door of Immortality, he would never have come even close to getting the Traitorous Sutra of the Rebel Dao.

His feelings for Chu Yuyan grew even more complicated, and he sighed.

Of all the people from the Mountain and Sea Realm, Meng Hao was the last to leave the Windswept Realm. Just as he was about to leave it completely, he looked back at the soul of the Emperor, and saw him smiling faintly. It was almost as if he didn't care that Meng Hao had taken the Traitorous Sutra of the Rebel Dao.

Then he saw the Windswept Imperial Lord, who had a complicated expression on his face.

Finally, he looked at Zong Wuya, standing there in the central temple region. Zong Wuya was looking up at him, an expression of anticipation on his face. Meng Hao could also sense his focus, as if Zong Wuya could almost feel himself experiencing the true Dao.

The black hole in the huge net had long since opened up fully. Despite the fact that there was no Traitorous Sutra of the Rebel Dao, the Windswept Realm's path was not hindered. If anything... the mere existence of the Sutra guaranteed that the Windswept Realm would have a place outside the Mountain and Sea Realm, regardless of whether or not Meng Hao took it.

Now that the Windswept Realm was gone, perhaps it would become the 34th Heaven, and perhaps not. It was really impossible to tell at this point.

In any case, to the living beings of the Windswept Realm, this counted as a success. They had finally... escaped the Mountain and Sea Realm!

Boundless rumbling sounds echoed out into the void as Meng Hao flew over the border. Then he watched as the lands were slowly swallowed up into the black hole.

Thunder and wind raged, and then the black hole gradually began to shrink. It disappeared, and the huge net began to fade away amidst crackling thunder and lightning. At that point, Meng Hao could just barely see numerous figures on the other side of the net. All of them stared at him, as well as at Paragon Sea Dream. After a moment, they vanished.

Soon, the huge net was gone, and the only thing visible... was pitch black.

The Windswept Realm was gone....

As for whether or not Zong Wuya would find the true Dao that he was looking for, Meng Hao had no way to know. However, he was very certain that one day, he would personally visit each and every world in the 33 Heavens!