

# The Heavens 1161

## Chapter 1161: The Old Fox

Meng Hao's expression was the same as ever. He ceased any pursuit of Guru Heavencloud, and looked extremely innocent and charming as he clasped hands and bowed to Patriarch Fang Shoudao.

“Junior offers greetings, Patriarch,” he said, clearing his throat, as if he wasn't the instigator of the current predicament, and was very curious to see how Fang Shoudao would resolve the situation.

What he actually wanted to know, though was... exactly how important he was to the Fang Clan, and to Fang Shoudao.

He wanted to know if the title of Crown Prince... was actually worth something! Perhaps it was just a title, and wasn't worth anything. Meng Hao's attitude would be dependent on how the question was answered.

If the Fang Clan handled the situation with no regard for him, then he would simply attack. He would show the Fang Clan the true meaning of what an Allheaven Clan Patriarch was!

Fang Shoudao sent a vicious glare in Meng Hao's direction, but then, a moment later, his eyes widened almost imperceptibly. Behind him were five or six clan Elders, including the Grand Elder Fang Tongtian, all of whom heard Guru Heavencloud's enraged words as they walked out of the teleportation portal.

Once again, Guru Heavencloud said, “Senior Shoudao, please take the lead in presiding over justice!”

At the same time, the magenta-robed cultivators in the bazaar all clasped hands toward Fang Shoudao and joined their voices together to say, “Senior Shoudao, please take the lead in presiding over justice!”

Their conjoined voices boomed out like crashing waves, causing an unsightly expression to appear on Fang Shoudao's face. Inwardly, he was slightly suspicious about exactly what was happening. He once again looked over at Meng Hao, expression grim.

After a long moment passed, he gave a cold harrumph and said, “Fang Tongtian, you and the other Elders resolve this situation.”

Fang Tongtian looked back at him in shock. Even as he stood there hesitating, one of the other Fang Clan Elders stepped forward, clasped hands, and bowed toward Guru Heavencloud.

“Fellow Daoist Heavencloud, please calm yourself. This truly was an instance of carelessness on the part of the Fang Clan. We can explain.” Meng Hao had seen this old man before. He was an Elder from one of the neutral bloodlines. As the words left the man’s mouth, Meng Hao’s expression remained completely calm. However, his eyes turned icy cold.

“Meng Hao, immediately apologize to Guru Heavencloud, and give back the thing you stole!” the Elder said harshly. “As the Crown Prince, you must set a proper example for others! What you’ve done here is simply outrageous!” There were two reasons this Elder rushed to be the first to speak. The first was that he sensed that Patriarch Shoudao wasn’t very pleased with the situation. The second was that he had many connections with the Heavencloud Bazaar, and wished for the situation to be resolved as quickly as possible.

From his perspective, his decision not to side with Meng Hao was quite proper. After all, the Fang Clan wasn’t in a position to be antagonizing too many people, not even for the sake of the Crown Prince. Although Meng Hao had performed some incredible services for the clan, personal interests should never be placed above the interests of the group. Sometimes, it was simply necessary to back down.

He wasn’t the only one who had similar thoughts. The other Elders, even the two who were members of Meng Hao’s bloodline, all felt that the best way to resolve the situation was to chide Meng Hao.

One by one, the Elders began to chime in.

“Hao’er, you shouldn’t have killed anyone here. Apologize immediately! Fellow Daoist Heavencloud, this was just a matter of the Fang Clan’s Crown Prince acting a bit impulsively. Let’s drop the matter, alright?”

“That’s right. Hao’er, what are you doing just standing there? Apologize right now!”

As the Elders spoke one after another, Guru Heavencloud began to laugh coldly in his heart, and also sighed with relief that the Fang Clan members were reasonable people.

In his mind, after Meng Hao apologized, there would be no way for him to pursue the matter further. He himself would be able to sell the jade pendant to the Fang Clan, although for a higher price than before. After all, he couldn't quite resolve himself to the idea of letting Meng Hao away completely scot-free after what he had done.

He felt certain that the Fang Clan wouldn't be willing to antagonize people like himself lightly. After all, his cultivation base was at the point where all he had to do was make a breakthrough, and he could be a powerful enemy to any sect or clan.

Once that happened, unless they went all out to exterminate him, he would be able to cause them unending problems in the future.

Similarly, he didn't dare to deeply offend any of the powerful clans. That was why he always tried to maintain a certain level of imperiousness in his actions. He would never exceed that level too much, but he would likewise never become more submissive.

As soon as he heard what the Elders were saying, his face relaxed, and he clasped hands and bowed to the Fang Clan Elders.

"Since this was a misunderstanding, then I'll let it go," he said with a light, casual sigh. "We can simply blame my Junior Brother for being too boorish, which led him to an unfortunate and terrible death.... As for the stolen item, since the Crown Prince of the Fang Clan took a liking to it, then please, take it. In fact, I don't even want to have it returned. I just hope that the Fang Clan... won't slaughter me and my people!" Although he was smiling bitterly, his heart was filled with venomous malice. In this situation, he was using a tactical retreat to advance his interests, using weakness to defeat strength. He couldn't go so far as to demand that they strip Meng Hao of his title, but he could certainly get them to punish him. He wouldn't just deal him a flesh wound, he would stab him to the bone!

After all, he viewed himself to be the reasonable one. The people who had died were from the Heavencloud Bazaar. Not only had Meng Hao killed them, he had also stolen their goods. Guru Heavencloud was counting on all of that to lend weight to his demands.

In the end, it seemed to work out exactly as he had expected. In response to Guru Heavencloud's words, the group of Fang Clan Elders frowned and began to rebuke Meng Hao even more harshly.

“Hao’er, this is disgraceful!”

“Apologize right this instant, Hao’er! Do you really want to humiliate the entire clan because of your personal affair!?”

“Meng Hao, get down on your knees!” The last sentence was uttered by the first Elder who had begun speaking moments ago, the one from one of the neutral bloodlines.

Meng Hao’s face had remained placid from start to finish. He offered no explanations, instead choosing to stand there looking coldly at the other members of the Fang Clan. To all the other cultivators looking on, Meng Hao seemed to be holding himself in a way that implied that even the Senior members of his clan weren’t qualified to talk down to him.

But then Meng Hao heard that one particular Elder say the words ‘get on your knees,’ and his eyes flickered coldly.

“You’re Fang who?” he said. “I forget your given name. In any case, I dare you to repeat what you just said about me kneeling. Go ahead and try it!”

The Elder’s eyes flickered with rage, and he was just about to speak when....

“Enough!” said Grand Elder Fang Tongtian, his face darkening, his voice echoing out in all directions. Although his cultivation base was not as high as Guru Heavencloud’s, it was still high enough that Guru Heavencloud wouldn’t look down on him.

“Elder Fang Shuidan, what you said just now was completely inappropriate,” he said, his voice crackling like thunder. “Have you forgotten that you are also surnamed Fang?!”

“As for you, Fellow Daoist Heavencloud, don’t try to take a mile when we give you an inch. Meng Hao is the Crown Prince of the Fang Clan. You say he killed some people? Well, even if he killed the entire Heavencloud Bazaar, what would it matter?!”

“You say he stole something from you? How absurd! The Fang Clan lacks nothing! We have no need to go around robbing people! Besides, Meng Hao is our Crown Prince, the future Clan Chief! If he did rob you... then you should think of it as an honor!” All the surrounding cultivators’ eyes

went wide when they heard Fang Tongtian's words. Guru Heavencloud's eyes gleamed brightly as he glared back at Fang Tongtian.

"Don't be such an aggravating smart-aleck," Fang Tongtian continued, his eyes flickering with killing intent. "And don't put on such a show of histrionics. The Crown Prince of the Fang Clan apologizing to you would be giving you plenty of face as it is. Let's drop the matter here. And if you disagree... go ahead and say so, then see what happens!" Although Fang Tongtian was no match for Guru Heavencloud, his status in the Fang Clan was such that he could easily cow Guru Heavencloud with his words.

Fang Tongtian's diatribe caused the other Fang Clan Elders to stare in shock. The other surrounding cultivators were even more astonished.

Even Meng Hao had a strange look in his eyes as he looked over at Fang Tongtian. If he remembered correctly, Fang Tongtian had been punished, locked away in secluded meditation because of the chaos that had broken out on Planet East Victory on his watch. For him to appear here now indicated that he must have been pardoned.

Guru Heavencloud glared at Fang Tongtian, then began to laugh in fury. He had never imagined that the Fang Clan's Grand Elder would dare to speak to him in such a way. He was so disrespectful that it almost seemed as if he didn't care at all about Guru Heavencloud.

He had practiced cultivation for ages, and in the many years after taking control of the Heavencloud Bazaar, he had had dealings with all the major sects and clans. They were always amiable, and neither he nor they ever tried to offend or antagonize each other.

They always spoke very politely to him, so this was the first time he had ever heard any person from any sect or clan talk to him in such a way.

As his angry laughter rang out, Guru Heavencloud seemed to struggle to control himself. He took a deep breath and then clasped hands and bowed deeply to Fang Shoudao.

Gritting his teeth, he angrily said, "Senior Shoudao, is this the Fang Clan's stance in this matter? You kill my disciples and steal my belongings. Do you want to force me into a corner?!?!"

"Senior Shoudao, I once again ask for you to take the lead--" Before, Guru Heavencloud could even finish speaking, Fang Shoudao suddenly flicked his sleeve.

“Shut the hell up!” he said, his voice booming like thunder. The entire asteroid field shook, and the Heavencloud Bazaar trembled on the verge of collapse.

Numerous surrounding cultivators coughed up blood, and Guru Heavencloud was shoved backward, blood spraying out of his mouth, his eyes shining with shock and disbelief.

It wasn't that he had never encountered Dao Realm experts before. On the contrary, he had actually met most of them. Considering his status and cultivation base, Dao Realm cultivators usually treated him very respectfully and even kindly.

This was the first time that anyone in the Dao Realm had ever disregarded him in this way.

When Fang Tongtian saw Fang Shoudao's burst of anger, his eyes flickered, but he didn't say anything. However, the other Elders' faces fell, and their hearts suddenly seized with fear. That was especially true of the Elder who had rebuked Meng Hao and told him to get on his knees. That man's heart began to pound with confusion. From his perspective, Meng Hao had performed services for the clan, but even the Crown Prince, a direct bloodline descendant of the Fang Clan, would be forced to back down in the face of the interests of the clan as a whole. And yet... Fang Shoudao's attitude seemed to be the opposite of that.

Fang Shoudao suddenly turned to look at the clan members responsible for maintaining the teleportation portal. “Let me ask you, when Hao'er sent word to us, what exactly did he tell you to say?”

The clan members immediately began to tremble, and one of them responded, “The Crown Prince... he said... to ask the Patriarch, you sir, whether or not you wanted to change the name of the Heavencloud Bazaar to the Fang Clan Bazaar...”

Fang Shoudao paused to think for a brief moment, then looked up and spoke, his booming words echoing out through the entire asteroid field, and even echoing out into the void beyond. “The Heavencloud Bazaar is in collusion with enemy clans! They plotted to harm the Crown Prince of the Fang Clan in order to foment civil war in Ninth Mountain and Sea. They even falsely accused our Crown Prince of robbing them, all with the intention of provoking us. This crime cannot be forgiven! Transmit orders to the entire Fang Clan. Exterminate the Heavencloud Bazaar. Leave no one alive! Henceforth, this place will be called... the Fang Clan Bazaar!”

Guru Heavencloud's mind spun, and his face was filled with an expression of shock and disbelief.

“Senior Shoudao!!” he cried.

Chapter 1162: Heavencloud Steps into the Dao!

Guru Heavencloud wasn't the only one who was shocked. All of the cultivators in the Heavencloud Bazaar were completely shaken by Fang Shoudao's words, and could scarcely believe what they were hearing.

The title of Crown Prince was simply that, a title. And yet, the Fang Clan seemed ready to go to war, and even make an enemy of someone who could step into the Dao Realm at any time.

It completely defied reason!

Even the other Fang Clan Elders gasped in response.

“Patriarch, this...” The Elder who had reprimanded Meng Hao the most severely began to speak, his voice hoarse. However, even as the words left his mouth, other Fang Clan disciples stepped into the teleportation portal to go spread word to the Fang Clan on Planet East Victory.

“Senior Shoudao, sir, what's going on?” asked Guru Heavencloud, his face flickering. “This was just a misunderstanding. Didn't we already make that clear...?” His heart was now starting to thump; he actually didn't want to be forced to break through to the Dao Realm. After all, it was a critical matter of life and death.

“The only thing that was explained clearly was why the Crown Prince of the Fang Clan attacked you,” Fang Shoudao responded immediately. “What will happen now is that you will be punished for daring to use deadly force to try to punish the Crown Prince!

“My Fang Clan's Crown Prince, Hao'er, has incredible latent talent, and is matchless in the entire world. He is a qilin of the Fang Clan, and of all the members of the Junior generation, I favored his grandfather the most. His father, is also one of the young lads I look most kindly upon. And as for Meng Hao himself, I will risk my life for him, for the sake of protecting a Chosen of the Fang Clan!

“He is our future Clan Chief!

“He is our future Patriarch!

“He is the most, most precious person in the entire clan! The most, most, most cherished one of us. The most, most, most, most important person!” Fang Shoudao’s proud voice echoed out in all directions, causing the other members of the Fang Clan to stare with wide-open mouths. All of the other cultivators in the area were also looking on in shock.

Even Meng Hao had to clear his throat. His face was a bit flushed, not with bashfulness, but with true embarrassment....

“Anyone who dares to provoke him is provoking the entire Fang Clan!” Fang Shoudao declared. “Anyone who dares to harm him, will provoke the Fang Clan into instant action, even if that action is a war of mutual destruction!

“Hao’er is absolutely one-of-a-kind in the Fang Clan, and there’s not enough time in the day to show our care and affection for him. Heavencloud, you brat, I can’t believe you actually dared to berate Hao’er, much less slander him! I’m going to kill you!” His voice echoed out in all directions, pouring into the ears of every person present, causing them to stare in shock.

Virtually everyone who was listening got the impression... that he was actually ingratiating himself to Meng Hao. For him to say such things in this situation really seemed strange....

In fact, it was obvious that he wasn’t making this speech to the bystanders. It was clear that he was... speaking directly to Meng Hao.

However, this in itself caused everyone to be even more shocked than before. To hear such fawning words coming out of Fang Shoudao’s mouth, especially to a member of the clan’s Junior generation, actually revealed an even more stunning truth!

Guru Heavencloud’s heart was pounding, and from Fang Shoudao’s words, he could tell that there was something he didn’t know about. Obviously, Meng Hao’s status far exceeded that of a simple Crown Prince. He was obviously so important that Fang Shoudao was willing to publically brown-nose him. This left Guru Heavencloud shocked to a profound degree.

“And you!” Fang Shoudao continued, turning to glare angrily at the Elder who had reprimanded Meng Hao earlier. “How dare you ask the future Clan Chief, the future Patriarch, the clan’s current immaculate qilin, our matchless Chosen... to kneel! Are you really surnamed Fang? Fudge! If I’d known you were this kind of person, I wouldn’t have arranged a beloved partner for your



grandfather all those years ago! If your father hadn't been born, then I wouldn't have to deal with you, you spineless coward!"

The Elder began to shake, and the blood drained from his face. He was just about to offer an explanation when Fang Shoudao turned back to Meng Hao, a kind, albeit strange, look in his eyes. Seemingly excited, he laughed loudly and said, "Hao'er, how do you think we should punish this bastard?"

"Patriarch--"

Before Meng Hao could say anything more, Fang Shoudao glared at him. "Don't call me Patriarch," he said. "Call me Great-Grandpa. That's a bit more cordial."

Meng Hao cleared his throat. "Great-Grandpa, allow me to take care of him."

With that, he waved his finger toward the Elder, causing the old man to instantly tremble. Although nothing happened visibly, the Dao seed inside of him suddenly vanished. Instantly, the man seemed to grow older, and his vitality seemed to wane.

Although his cultivation base was not harmed, the wave of Meng Hao's finger had cut off his path to the Allheaven!

Even the old man didn't really understand what he had lost. However, in an Allheaven Clan, what Meng Hao had just done was actually the most severe type of punishment!

Fang Shoudao's heart flip-flopped, and he took a deep breath. After taking a close look at the Elder, all of his previous suspicions were dispelled, and he looked back at Meng Hao with indescribable excitement.

Then he waved his sleeve, causing the whole asteroid field to shake as a beam of light spread out to cover the entire area, completely locking it down.

At the same time, light began to rise up from the Fang Clan's teleportation portal as hundreds of figures began to emerge. This was the Fang Clan. Even Fang Wei was present, along with Ancient Realm experts of the Elder generation.

“Wipe out the Heavencloud Bazaar!” Fang Shoudao said, waving his sleeve. Heaven and Earth rumbled, and wild colors flashed. Instantly, all of the teleportation portals on all of the asteroids were sealed, regardless of which sect or clan they belonged to.

It was now impossible for anyone from outside the asteroid field to interfere.

The cultivators who were not affiliated with the Heavencloud Bazaar were shocked, and did nothing to fight back against the Fang Clan. They were merely passers-by, and as long as they did nothing to help the Heavencloud Bazaar, they would not be affected.

The magenta-robed cultivators’ faces turned deathly pale. It was hard to say who did it first, but they all began to flee. However, the Fang Clan cultivators immediately flew out to give chase, cold smiles on their faces.

“Surrender and we won’t kill you!” Threatening voices immediately rang out from the Fang Clan, causing everything to shake, and the void to vibrate. Surprisingly, azure light was emanating out from the members of the Fang Clan. Although it was faint, everyone could see it, and it caused them to feel a pressure and a trembling within their souls. It was as if... that azure color commanded the ultimate respect!

When Guru Heavencloud saw what was happening, his face fell, and he backed up. However, even as he did, Fang Shoudao snorted coldly and prepared to attack. However, Meng Hao stepped forward first.

“Great-Grandpa, allow me,” he said, his voice echoing about. Then he shot forward and resumed fighting with Guru Heavencloud. Within a few breaths of time, the two of them had already exchanged hundreds of moves, causing rumbling sounds to echo about. Meng Hao performed an incantation gesture with his right hand, unleashing the Essence of Divine Flame, a flame sea that engulfed Heavencloud’s Soul Lamps and magical items.

Guru Heavencloud’s Ancient treasure was then hit by the azure light from Meng Hao, causing it to tremble and crack. Meng Hao charged forward, blasting out with the God-Slaying Fist.

Wild colors flashed, and a screaming wind kicked up. All of the other fighting cultivators in the area began to tremble, and when they looked over, they gasped.

It was as if all the energy of Heaven and Earth in the entire area was being sucked into Meng Hao’s fist. As his fist descended, it felt as if the will of Heaven were descending.

No matter what Guru Heavencloud tried to do to fight back, it was useless. The magical items held by his Soul Lamps shattered and transformed into ash, and his helmet was crushed. Blood sprayed out of his mouth as he tumbled backward, his body half pulverized.

When Fang Tongtian saw this, his eyes went wide, and as for Fang Shoudao, a strange light could be seen in his eyes. Although he mostly understood what had happened, and had braced himself for something like this, to see Meng Hao wielding this type of strength was shocking.

“Fang Clan, you’re forcing my hand!” roared Guru Heavencloud. Looking around, he saw that most of his Heavencloud Bazaar disciples had surrendered, and that he had essentially lost control. More members of the Fang Clan were pouring out through their teleportation portal. Guru Heavencloud began to laugh bitterly, even crazily. By now, he realized that he had offended someone who he could not afford to have offended. Regret was useless, so he roared and, without any further hesitation, pointed his finger up toward the Heavens.

“Dao!” he roared. It was only a single word, but when it left his mouth, everything shook violently. An indescribable energy of Heaven and Earth descended, swirling around him, creating a force that pushed Meng Hao away, making it impossible for him to get close.

Everyone around Guru Heavencloud was trembling under the incredible pressure that pushed down from the starry sky.

Fang Shoudao approached Meng Hao, looked up at Guru Heavencloud, and then slowly began to explain: “Watch closely. This is what it’s like to step into the Dao. I forced him into this so that you could have a chance to see for yourself what it’s like. When your time comes, this experience will prove to be quite helpful. Your future is tied to the future of the entire clan.”

“Dao!!” Guru Heavencloud roared again. Rumbling sounds echoed out, and the pressure from up above grew more intense. The void vibrated, and ripples spread out in all directions. Layers of natural laws became visible, as well as numerous Essences.

Beams of light shot up from Guru Heavencloud, rising higher up, growing more numerous and scintillating....

Guru Heavencloud’s energy rose, and the pressure of Heaven and Earth grew stronger. As of this moment, it was as if he were the center of attention of all the starry sky. Currently, not even Fang Shoudao could have tried to fight him.

Whenever someone in the great circle of the Ancient Realm stepped into the Dao, they were essentially invincible. At the same time, that person could do nothing to interrupt the process; any attempt to do so could influence their chances of success!

Failure... could not be endured!

“It’s hard to say whether he’ll succeed or not....” Fang Shoudao said with a sigh. “Stepping into the Dao is very difficult.”

Meng Hao’s eyes glittered as he looked at Guru Heavencloud. It was almost as if he were watching himself in the future, trying to step into the Dao.

“Dao!!!” Guru Heavencloud’s final shout caused the starry sky to tremble and roil as a huge vortex formed. Within that vortex crackled countless lightning bolts, and just beyond it was what appeared to be a path.

It was impossible to tell exactly where that path led....

“That is the Dao, and also... a path!” As Fang Shoudao’s voice echoed out, Guru Heavencloud shot forward, going for broke as he charged into the vortex and stepped onto the path.

Chapter 1163: Failing To Step Into the Dao!

A flash of concentration appeared in Meng Hao’s eyes as he looked closely at everything that was happening. The Dao Stepping Path was a critical juncture when stepping from the Ancient Realm into the Dao Realm. Despite all of his experience with cultivation, Meng Hao had never seen anyone step into the Dao before.

Guru Heavencloud had offended someone he should never have offended, and now had no choice but to challenge this path. That was his only chance at getting out of the situation alive.

Heaven and Earth rumbled, and the starry sky shook. Most of the magenta-robed cultivators in the Heavencloud Bazaar had chosen to surrender. Those who had not were easily swept over by the Fang Clan. By now, the Heavencloud Bazaar had truly become the Fang Clan Bazaar!

Guru Heavencloud himself was the only survivor. He was now charging toward the vortex at high speed. However, as he neared, countless lightning bolts converged and shot toward him.

It was a majestic sight. Shocking peals of thunder echoed out as the lightning bolts fell. If you looked closely, you would be able to see outlines of people inside the lightning bolts.

Although it was impossible to make them out clearly, they were clearly mighty.... Meng Hao's pupils constricted the moment he saw them.

A boom rang out, and Guru Heavencloud shuddered, blood spraying out of his mouth. However, he was currently in a strange and bizarre state; natural laws and Essences swirled around him. He roared as he slammed through the lightning bolts and attempted to step into the vortex.

He knew that doing so was the first task he had to accomplish in order to step into the Dao. Although even greater dangers would arise after he did so, taking that first step was what would qualify him to take a second.

"If I step into the Dao successfully, then I'll use the power of the Dao Realm to flee this place. I'll go join the Ji Clan, and afterward, my enmity with the Fang Clan will be irreconcilable!

"If I fail, I won't be able to flee. Therefore, I will stay here and slaughter as many members of the Fang Clan as I can. I'll make sure they're buried with me!" Guru Heavencloud's plan was set. At the moment, he chose not to contemplate exactly why everything had turned out the way it did, nor did he consider that it was actually his own actions which had led to this series of events.

There was only one thing on his mind!

Kill Meng Hao!

All of his rancor was focused completely on Meng Hao, and whether or not he succeeded in stepping into the Dao, his main desire was that before he died, he be able to kill him.

He roared as he sailed toward the vortex. Booms rang out and lightning crashed. The speed of his charge gradually lessened.

Meng Hao's expression was the same as ever as he stood off in the distance, watching the scene thoughtfully.

Fang Shoudao stood next to him, eyes also focused on the vortex up in the void.

“Guru Heavencloud has been ready to step into the Dao for years now,” he said coolly as he watched Guru Heavencloud approaching the vortex. “He just never dared to take that first step. Instead, he used his situation as a form of protection.... Perhaps you could say that I'm helping him out, helping him to take that first step. Of course, there are a total of nine tribulations when stepping into the Dao. This is merely the first tribulation, the Lightning Tribulation.”

Guru Heavencloud was spattered in blood, and his aura was weakening. However, the feeling he gave off was that he would burst out with power on the verge of death. He roared, and shockingly, layers of mist and cloud formed around him, which alternated between transforming into rainwater and mist. Those were... his Essences!

As for what Essences they were, nobody could tell, since they were still in the process of brewing. However, if Guru Heavencloud stepped into the vortex and then walked the path to the end, then his Essences would fully and truly form.

How far one could tread on the path, and the final Realm one ended up in, was dependant on how many Essences one possessed. Of course, the further one walked, the higher the chances of failure.

A boom echoed out, and blood sprayed out of Guru Heavencloud's mouth. At the critical moment, he performed a double-handed incantation gesture, then pushed down on his forehead. Immediately, his cultivation base erupted, and he grew rapidly until he was several dozen meters tall. Then, he shot onward toward the vortex. More lightning fell, and as it slammed into him, he began to shrink back down in size. Soon, he was only about thirty meters away from the vortex, and was already back to his normal height.

His eyes shone with a light of madness. Roaring, he went all-out, holding back nothing to charge forward. However, in the instant that he stepped into the vortex, a blast of mist shot out from inside. It transformed into a pike which pushed toward Guru Heavencloud. It barely poked him, but he let out a bloodcurdling scream nonetheless as he was sent tumbling backward.

“NO!!” As he fell back, countless lightning bolts descended, completely inundating him.

Fang Shoudao shook his head. "The second tribulation is coming, the Weapon Tribulation. This Heavencloud... has an unstable Dao heart. His essences are not converged, and his willpower is shaky. It's not likely that he'll succeed in the Weapon Tribulation." Guru Heavencloud screamed as the mist pike continued to pursue him. The Heavens trembled, and Guru Heavencloud began to laugh with bitterness as he fought back desperately. At the same time, more mist shot out from within the vortex.

This time, the mist formed into eight sharp weapons: saber, spear, sword, halberd, axe, hatchet, hook and trident. As soon as they appeared, they joined with the pike, transforming into nine beams of light that shot toward Guru Heavencloud.

By this point, the surrounding cultivators were all coming to the same conclusion: Guru Heavencloud... was not going to succeed!

"I refuse to accept this!" he shrieked, fighting back with all his might. He refused to back down, despite the blood spraying from his mouth. With every wound that was inflicted on him, some of the mist of natural law and Essence that surrounded him would merge into his body, restoring him. However... that restoration ate away at his power of natural law and Essence, causing them to grow weaker and dissipate.

When they fully disappeared, then that would indicate... that his attempt to step into the Dao... had failed!

"The third tribulation is coming..." Fang Shoudao said, looking into the vortex.

Almost in the same moment that he spoke, shocking rumbling sounds could be heard from within the vortex, and four figures appeared.

Each of these figures wore a black suit of armor. It was impossible to see their facial features, but all of them emanated indescribably murderous auras that caused the faces of all onlookers to flicker with shock.

"The Mountain and Sea War Generals!" Fang Shoudao murmured, his eyes burning with fervor.

As Meng Hao looked at the four figures, all of a sudden, the Demon Sealing Hexing magic inside of him began to stir.

“Life Death Hexing?” he thought. Almost as soon as he noticed the connection, the four figures suddenly turned toward him. Within their helmets, their eyes suddenly flashed with a strange light.

As their gazes met, Meng Hao’s mind trembled. Suddenly, it wasn’t just the Demon Sealing Hexing magic that stirred inside of him, the Paragon’s blood inside of his Nirvana Fruit was also affected!

Gradually, he realized that there was some strange connection between himself and these four figures.

“It’s almost like... I can control them....” he murmured, shaken.

“What did you just say?” Fang Shoudao asked, looking at him with wide eyes.

In the same moment that Meng Hao was mentally shaken, Guru Heavencloud laughed shrilly, a laughter filled with desperation and madness. By now, he had also realized that he could not succeed. Stepping into the Dao was a difficult thing. To any cultivator of the great circle of the Ancient Realm, it was a deadly test that far exceeded the previous challenges of lamp extinguishing.

The Ancient Realm was a terrifying place for any cultivator to be. After reaching that Realm, they faced one deadly crisis after another. The only way to be free of such an existence was to successfully step into the Dao Realm.

“Meng Hao, all of this is your fault!!” Heavencloud raged. His bitter laughter was tinged with even more madness than before, and his eyes were bright red. As of this moment, he chose... what every person who failed to step into the Dao chose to do.

Instead of hopelessly trying to continue to break through, he sucked the remainder of his natural laws and Essences into his body, which would form his life force in the Quasi-Dao Realm!

Anyone who failed to step into the Dao, and instead became a Quasi-Dao cultivator, would have a severely limited longevity, which usually was linked to how many natural laws and Essences remained after their failure.

The more they had, the more longevity they would possess. If they had too few... then the number of years they had left could be counted on a single hand.



Laughing bitterly, Guru Heavencloud sucked his breakthrough aura back into his body, along with the surrounding mist of natural law and Essence.

As he retracted the aura, the nine mist weapons suddenly halted in place, ceasing their attack.

Guru Heavencloud's body emitted rumbling sounds as the natural laws and Essence merged into him. Then, his power erupted, passing the great circle of the Ancient Realm and reaching... the Quasi-Dao Realm!!

He was now in a Realm which was still half a step away from the Dao Realm, and yet vastly exceeded the great circle of the Ancient Realm. After all, he still had natural laws and Essences.

Although they were incomplete, they were still shocking, to the point that... even single-essence Dao Realm experts would find it troublesome to fight him. After all... Quasi-Dao experts were people who lived without hope, and descended into madness!

They knew exactly when they would die, as did everyone around them. And thus, they were insane!

Bitter laughter echoed out as Guru Heavencloud's body trembled and his aura changed. His life force faded away, and he was quickly surrounded by an aura of death!

His longevity was consumed by the natural laws and Essences. Assuming he didn't use damaging divine abilities, or engage in combat, he would live at most about one hundred years. When that time passed... he would be dead in body and spirit, without the slightest remnant of his existence left in the world.

To mortals, a hundred years was an entire lifetime. But to cultivators, a hundred years would pass very quickly.

Of course, if he ended up fighting in battle, his remaining time would decrease even more quickly.

"Limited longevity! Enmities must be avenged! Grievances must be requited!" Guru Heavencloud laughed. It was a laughter more ugly than weeping. His eyes bulged, and the aura of death surrounding him grew even stronger. Madness filled his eyes as his deranged laughter echoed out in all directions, transforming into a tempest that caused all light to dim, and the Heavens to tremble. Boundless ripples spread out.

Guru Heavencloud's energy was now greater than it ever had been in his entire life.

"Meng Hao!" he cried venomously, looking over at Meng Hao with boundless killing intent.

Chapter 1164: Eternal Patriarch!

In the next instant, Guru Heavencloud stepped toward Meng Hao. Before he could get close, Fang Shoudao snorted and prepared to make a move. But then, Meng Hao reached out and blocked his path.

"Hao'er, you...." Fang Shoudao looked at Meng Hao, and noticed the strange look in his eyes as he looked up at the vortex.

The vortex was slowing down, apparently having lost interest in Heavencloud. It began to dissipate, the nine sharp weapons having already returned back inside.

However... the four black-armored figures were still standing outside, almost as if they had forgotten about the vanishing vortex. They were all looking at Meng Hao, as if he was of incredible interest to them.

Meng Hao's heart was pounding. He didn't have time to pay any heed to Guru Heavencloud. The sight of the four black-armored figures caused the Paragon's blood inside of him to seethe, and the Demon Sealing Hexing magic to churn. Shockingly, he was somehow connected to those four figures.

It was an invisible connection, but Meng Hao was clearly able to sense the confusion which existed in the four of them.

He took a deep breath and said, "Come...." The instant the word left his mouth, the black-armored figures began to move. In the blink of an eye, they appeared directly in front of Meng Hao!!

Their speed vastly exceeded that of Guru Heavencloud with his towering murderous aura. Before he could even get close, the four black-armored figures were directly in front of Meng Hao.

This development caused Guru Heavencloud to stare in shock. He might only have one hundred years of longevity left, but he still believed that there was nothing left in the world that could shock or astonish him. However, as of this moment, his heart was pounding.

“This....”

He wasn't the only shocked one. Fang Shoudao gasped, and his eyes filled with an expression of disbelief. The other surrounding cultivators, including the members of the Fang Clan, were all gaping in astonishment.

How could they not be, considering that these four black-armored figures were... the third tribulation when stepping into the Dao!!

Now, that third tribulation wasn't dissipating, but listening to Meng Hao's words as if they were orders. The scene that was playing out left everyone's minds reeling.

“This is a trick!” Guru Heavencloud roared, continuing to charge toward Meng Hao. “There's no way that you can control the Mountain and Sea War--” However, before he could even finish speaking, he suddenly shivered as if he had just seen an evil spirit.

That was because he was currently witnessing the four terrifying armored figures suddenly... kneeling to Meng Hao!!

They bent down on one knee and lifted their right hands high into the air. That was... the most respectful form of salute that could be given in the ancient Immortal World. Anyone who used such a form of salute was showing that they were a complete inferior offering wholehearted respect to a superior!

Massive waves of shock battered Fang Shoudao's mind as he gaped at the scene. He simply couldn't believe what he was seeing. Actually, he knew a bit about the history of his clan, and knew of the word 'Allheaven'.

However, there were still many aspects of the matter that were unclear to him. Even his own cultivation base had been affected by the momentous bloodline changes not too long ago. A Dao seed had appeared inside of him as well, prompting an investigation by himself and Fang Yanxu. They had even gone to pay respects to the clone of the first generation Patriarch, and that was where they had gotten their answer.

“The clan’s blood has changed; the will of the Patriarch has come. He is the source of the Dao, the Fang Clan’s eternal Patriarch!” That was what the first generation Patriarch’s clone had said. At the time, Fang Shoudao didn’t quite understand what he meant. But as soon as he laid eyes on Meng Hao earlier, his heart had been shaken to the core. There was something completely shocking about Meng Hao, some aura that filled Fang Shoudao with fanaticism, and the desire to offer worship.

Meng Hao could control the life or death of every member of the Fang Clan, and could also control the Dao seeds within their blood!

Even more astonishing to Fang Shoudao was that Meng Hao was clearly not an ordinary clan member any more. He was like a shining light, and the closer Fang Shoudao got to him, the more he felt as if his blood were boiling. Furthermore, that desire to offer worship increased dramatically!

In that first moment of shock, he thought back to what the first generation Patriarch’s clone had said.

Shortly thereafter, Meng Hao had wiped away the Dao seed in the Elder, and Fang Shoudao’s doubts were completely dispelled. At that point, he was certain... that Meng Hao was the reason for all the transformations that had occurred in the Fang Clan. He was what the first generation Patriarch’s clone had referred to as... the source of the Dao in the bloodline, the Fang Clan’s eternal Patriarch!

All of that was shocking in and of itself. But even more shocking was what had happened just now with the black-armored figures. Fang Shoudao took a deep breath, and his eyes shone with a strange light.

Hao’er can actually make the Mountain and Sea War Generals kneel before him.... He can actually control them.... That means that from now on, whenever someone from the Fang Clan tries to step into the Dao, the third tribulation... will be much easier to pass!

The surrounding cultivators and Fang Clan members were all staring in shock at the scene playing out in front of them. It was something which they would never forget.

“Hao’er, you... you can control them?” Fang Shoudao asked, sounding uncertain.

“Kill him!” Meng Hao said suddenly, wanting to know the answer himself. Eyes flashing, he pointed directly at Guru Heavencloud, his killing intent swirling.

Meng Hao’s action caused Guru Heavencloud’s scalp to feel like it was about to explode, and he fell back. He might only have a hundred years of longevity left, and was already mad, but that didn’t mean he actually wished to die.

Dying in this moment, and dying a hundred years from this moment, were two very different things. He obviously wanted to live as long as possible, so therefore, when he saw the black-armored figures rising up in response to Meng Hao pointing, when he sensed their towering murderous auras, when they began to head in his direction, Guru Heavencloud was finally... afraid.

All of the fear and terror of Meng Hao that he had been keeping under control until now finally exploded out!

“Who... who is he really? He can mobilize the entire Fang Clan for war, he can make Fang Shoudao suck up to him, and he can actually control the third tribulation Mountain and Sea War Generals!!”

The last part was the most critical aspect as far as Guru Heavencloud was concerned. When he saw that Meng Hao could control the very Dao Tribulation that he himself had failed at, his entire world was overturned. It was as if everything he knew had crumbled away.

Even as he fell back, the four black-armored figures closed in. Heaven-shaking, Earth-shattering murderous auras exploded out from them. It was merely energy, and yet colors flashed and the starry sky shook. Blood sprayed out of Guru Heavencloud’s mouth, and he instantly grew five or six years older.

A strange light appeared in Fang Shoudao’s eyes as he murmured, “According to the legends, the Mountain and Sea War Generals were cultivators who served the Paragons, and killed hosts of Outsiders on the ancient battlefields. Supposedly, they built up stupendous killing intent, to the point where they controlled the will of death! Obviously, the legends are true!”

Quasi-Dao experts were incredibly powerful, and under normal circumstances could never be taken lightly. But when fighting the Mountain and Sea War Generals... it was a completely different matter!

Their energy alone was enough to reduce Guru Heavencloud’s longevity by five or six years. That alone attested to how terrifying they were, and left Guru Heavencloud in complete terror. He

performed a double-handed incantation gesture and waved his finger in front of him, causing Essence power to erupt out. Just as he was about to begin fighting, one of the black-armored figures lifted its right hand and then made a chopping motion.

That chopping motion caused the starry sky to rumble, as if it were about to be ripped apart. All of Guru Heavencloud's defenses crumbled. His body trembled, and in the blink of an eye, he aged by another twenty years!!

Blood sprayed out of his mouth as the second black-armored figure made a chopping motion as well, followed by the third figure. The fourth black-armored figure followed up with a fourth fluid chopping motion!

Guru Heavencloud was completely incapable of evading these three strikes, nor could he resist them or fight back. Rumbling sounds filled the air, and more blood sprayed out of his mouth. He immediately aged by twenty years, forty years, sixty years, eighty years!

By this point, he had only a few dozen years of longevity left. He now looked completely ancient, and was surrounded by an aura of death.

"The Mountain and Sea War Generals rebuke the Quasi-Dao Realm!" Fang Shoudao observed the four black-armored figures with gleaming eyes. He could almost see images from some ancient era, in which a vast number of these Mountain and Sea War Generals had fought with the Paragons on countless battlefields.

Meng Hao's mind also trembled as he watched the scene play out. Suddenly, Guru Heavencloud threw his head back and laughed bitterly.

"Meng Hao, do you dare to fight one-on-one with me? If I die in this battle, at least I can die with no regrets!" He feared the Mountain and Sea War Generals, and how easily they could defeat him. He knew beyond the shadow of a doubt that he was going to die, but before that happened, he wanted to cut down Meng Hao!

Meng Hao looked away from the four black-armored figures toward Guru Heavencloud, and his eyes flickered with the desire to fight.

"You want to fight!? Allow me to fulfil your desire!" He began to stride forward, causing rumbling sounds to shake the starry sky. Shocking azure light rose up, and in the blink of an eye, he was in front of Guru Heavencloud. Immortal mountains descended, and the Supernova Magic exploded

out, along with a Violet Moon. The Ninth Mountain appeared, and the Blood Demon roared. It all transformed into a maelstrom which rumbled out toward Guru Heavencloud.

He attacked relentlessly and with a completely domineering air. The wave of a hand caused the Essence of Divine Flame to rumble out, creating a burning sea of flames. Guru Heavencloud's face went pale, and he performed an incantation gesture, summoning countless divine abilities. In the blink of an eye, he and Meng Hao exchanged hundreds of blows.

The battle was shocking, causing numerous asteroids in the asteroid field to shatter. The void vibrated, and the starry sky rumbled. At the same time, Guru Heavencloud's longevity continued to waste away.

Thirteen years. Nine years. Six years. Three years... One year!

Ten months. Seven months. Five months. Three months.... One month!!

Twenty-seven days. Twenty days. Thirteen days. Six days.... One day!!

Meng Hao's qi and blood surged, and his desire to fight soared. He took a step forward and punched out.

It was the Life-Extermination Fist, followed by the Bedevilment Fist, and then the God-Slaying Fist!

“DIE!” he roared, his killing intent surging.

These three fists strikes filled Guru Heavencloud with a sense of impending doom that was no weaker than what he had felt from the black-armored figures. He threw his head back and roared bitterly, attacking with all his strength. Meng Hao was half a step into the Allheaven Dao Immortal Realm, and Heavencloud was a gasping, seriously wounded Quasi-Dao cultivator!

They were like two meteors which slammed into each other, causing colors to flash up above, and a huge wind to blast out.

A massive tempest sprang up, obscuring everyone's vision. However, when it cleared, Meng Hao was hovering there in the starry sky, looking every bit like some sort of celestial warrior!

In front of him was Guru Heavencloud, blood oozing out of his mouth as he looked at Meng Hao, his expression conflicted. He was filled with regret as his body cracked into pieces and transformed into ash that... faded out into the starry sky!

It was at this point that the four black-armored figures clasped hands and bowed deeply to Meng Hao.

Fang Shoudao and the other members of the Fang Clan suddenly felt something inside of them, an azure light which shone out, just like Meng Hao's!

“Eternal Patriarch of the Fang Clan....” Fang Shoudao murmured excitedly.

Chapter 1165: The Whole Clan Pays Respects!

Guru Heavencloud was destroyed in body and soul!

When he died, the four black-armored figures bowed to Meng Hao and then transformed into beams of prismatic light that shot back into the vortex. The vortex had long since ceased rotating, and now looked like a black hole in the void. The four figures disappeared inside, and the black hole vortex vanished.

As it did, the ripples in the starry sky faded away, and the void ceased to tremble. The pressure that came with stepping into the Dao disappeared, and everything returned to normal.

However... the Heavencloud Bazaar forever had a new name. It became a new stronghold of the Fang Clan.

Fang Shoudao took a deep breath and concealed the expression of shock which had been pasted onto his face. He looked deeply at Meng Hao for a moment, then waved his hand, causing the shield to be removed from around the asteroid field. The teleportation portals were no longer sealed. Immediately, the terrified cultivators in the area began to leave.

As they did, they glanced over at Meng Hao with fear and dread. To them, Meng Hao was not some Immortal Realm cultivator, but instead a powerful expert of the Senior generation. He was an almighty figure who was completely removed from them.



As can be imagined, the departure of all those cultivators almost immediately caused the news about Guru Heavencloud offending Meng Hao, and the resulting carnage, to begin to spread throughout the Ninth Mountain and Sea.

It also ensured that Meng Hao's name once again was talked about far and wide. All clans and sects were shaken, and everyone realized that Meng Hao was a person who could not be considered to be in the Junior generation anymore. He was on the same level as Quasi-Dao experts, or perhaps needed to be treated as even higher than that.

The Fang Clan's attitude in the whole matter explained everything. Everyone knew that if someone dared to treat Meng Hao with hostility, the entire Fang Clan would respond with explosive violence.

As for the magenta-robed cultivators who used to be disciples of the Heavencloud Bazaar, they stood there trembling, having long since surrendered. They were assimilated into the Fang Clan, who had numerous ways of ensuring their future loyalty and devotion.

The crowds departed, and soon, the only people left behind in the asteroid field were members of the Fang Clan. There were a few hundred in total, all of whom were now looking toward Meng Hao with fanatical devotion.

This was... their Crown Prince!!

He could fight with Quasi-Dao experts, and could even kill them. With a cultivation base and an identity like that, it was enough to cause the whole clan to be shaken and filled with zeal.

Most important was the Dao seed inside all of the Fang Clan cultivators. That naturally caused them to be even more respectful toward Meng Hao, although it was on a subconscious level that most of them weren't aware of.

It was a strong subconscious desire, but after witnessing the grand display of Meng Hao slaughtering a Quasi-Dao cultivator, it erupted out, causing their eyes to overflow with fanatical approval of Meng Hao.

The handful of Elders present were completely shaken. After exchanging glances, they looked around at the former Heavencloud Bazaar. Because of the scale and history of the place, it was a potential goldmine, and whichever clan member was assigned to watch over it would receive untold benefits.

It was at this point that Grand Elder Fang Tongtian spoke up, immediately addressing the most important issue at hand regarding the bazaar. “Hao’er,” he said, “who in the clan do you think would be best suited to running this bazaar?”

His words also indicated to the other Elders that Meng Hao... had the ultimate authority.

Meng Hao looked at the place in which Guru Heavencloud had vanished, then slowly turned around, clasped hands, and bowed to Fang Shoudao and Grand Elder Fang Tongtian.

“Great-Grandpa, Grand Elder, I feel that Fang Xi would be best suited to manage this bazaar,” he said with a smile. “After all, he has had limited chance to gain experience in the clan. This would be an excellent place for him to grow and mature.” Almost as soon as he had decided to rename this place as the Fang Clan Bazaar, he had thought about Fang Xi. Considering how much the place was worth, it would be far better to give it to him than anyone else.

“Fang Xi’s a wonderful kid,” Fang Shoudao said with a kind smile. “Let’s give it to him, then.” To him, this place was just a mere bazaar, so he didn’t even consider refusing Meng Hao. That wasn’t even to mention Meng Hao’s status, which caused even his heart to tremble.

However, it seemed that Meng Hao wasn’t interested in publically revealing the matter of his status in the clan. If word spread about that, it would send the entire Ninth Mountain and Sea into an uproar. In fact, it could even influence the balance of power in the entire Mountain and Sea Realm as a whole.

In a similar vein, Fang Shoudao understood a bit about Allheaven Clans, but not too much. He would need to confer with Meng Hao about the subject, and decide on the best way to use it to lead the Fang Clan to prominence as quickly as possible, and become a true Allheaven Clan. When he thought about that matter, it caused Fang Shoudao to treat Meng Hao with even greater regard.

“Hao’er, let’s go,” he said with a laugh. “It’s been a long time since you’ve been back to Planet East Victory. Why don’t you let your Great-Grandpa here test out your cultivation base and battle prowess?”

Meng Hao clasped his hands respectfully, looked at Fang Shoudao and said, “Let’s not rush back to Planet East Victory, Great-Grandpa. Junior would like to head to Planet South Heaven first, to pay respects to father and mother.”

Fang Shoudao stared in shock for a moment, then looked at Meng Hao thoughtfully. Finally, he smiled and nodded.

“You truly deserve to be called the qilin of the Fang Clan. Not only are you matchless and unrivaled, you’re also a filial son. Your idea is an excellent one. How careless of me! Of course we should go to Planet South Heaven first.

“Your father is the one who raised the qilin son of the Fang Clan, and even agreed to be dispatched to Planet South Heaven to stand guard. His service and contribution to the clan has involved numerous hardships. In fact, the Fang Clan... would be hard-pressed to be able to repay him.

“In fact, I hereby issue new orders. Fang Xiufeng will be the new Clan Chief!! It doesn’t matter that Xiufeng is not on Planet East Victory, all cultivators of the clan should show their respect to him!

“I will personally act as Dharma Protector to help Xiufeng make a cultivation base breakthrough, to step from the Ancient Realm into the Dao Realm!” Fang Shoudao flicked his sleeve to make the order official.

“Tongtian, send orders to the clan. Any clan member who is a stage 5 Immortal or higher will prepare to immediately leave for Planet South Heaven. All Elders will go as well, to bear witness to the bestowing of the gift of Clan Chieftainship!

“All sects and powers in the Ninth Mountain and Sea will know that Fang Xiufeng is the new Clan Chief of the Fang Clan, and demands a show of respect from the entire Ninth Mountain and Sea!”

Fang Shoudao’s proclamation caused rumbling sounds to fill the minds of all members of the Fang Clan. The Elders gasped in shock. For Fang Xiufeng to be named the Clan Chief was a huge matter. After all, even Fang Shoudao was only the acting Clan Chief.

A Clan Chief was the leader of an entire clan. Both in terms of position and status, it was an exalted rank. In terms of the Ninth Mountain and Sea as a whole, such a figure was a person of extreme importance.

This act was an extreme show of goodwill on the part of Fang Shoudao toward Meng Hao. It was a way of making up for past issues, and to show how important Meng Hao was now.

In this way, Meng Hao would well and truly be the legitimate Crown Prince!

And that was just the first great gift being given. The second was that Fang Shoudao, with the help of Fang Yanxu, both of whom were powerful Dao Realm experts, would assist Fang Xiufeng to step into the Dao Realm himself!

With their help, and assuming the clan itself did not hold back any expense, it would be possible to significantly reduce the danger he would face when attempting to step into the Dao. If at that point he was still unable to succeed, it would not be the fault of the Fang Clan, but rather, Fang Xiufeng himself.

Regarding how many clans in the Ninth Mountain and Sea could afford to offer such complete support such as this, well, that number could be counted on a single hand!

These two gifts were so incredible that they caused even Meng Hao to gasp in surprise. Then he turned to Fang Shoudao, clasped hands, and bowed deeply.

The other direct bloodline Elders were very excited, and also bowed to Fang Shoudao, then turned and flew toward the teleportation portal along with Fang Tongtian.

Before entering the teleportation portal himself, Fang Tongtian turned and gave Meng Hao a deep look. He knew he had made mistakes in the past, and hoped that his current actions would make up for that.

Fang Shoudao laughed and looked over at Meng Hao. "Hao'er," he said, "there's no need to be in a rush. Come come, let's you and I head off first. Once the rest of the clan mobilizes, we can all meet at Planet South Heaven to pay our respects to the Fang Clan Chief!"

Meng Hao immediately joined Fang Shoudao to enter a teleportation portal, upon which they vanished.

Naturally, Fang Shoudao had many things to discuss privately with Meng Hao, many questions that needed answering.

Despite their departure, the Fang Clan was just as aboil as before. After the clan members returned to Planet East Victory, word rapidly spread, and the entire clan surged into motion.

Although some people questioned the decision, no one dared to violate the orders given by Fang Shoudao. Furthermore, Fang Yanxu emerged from secluded meditation and used his status to oversee the unification of the clan. It didn't take long before the Fang Clan was organized, and over 1,000,000 clan members formed ranks and entered the teleportation portals that led toward Planet South Heaven.

News about the buzz of activity spread off of Planet East Victory and quickly came to be known by all the sects and clans, leading to quite a stir.

Seven days later, the glow of teleportation rose up outside of Planet South Heaven. Numerous shining lights filled the air as the members of the Fang Clan emerged, faces solemn. As they organized themselves in the starry sky outside of Planet South Heaven, their numbers swelled until it became virtually impossible to see the group from beginning to end.

All of them wore the ceremonial attire of the Fang Clan as they hovered there, facing Planet South Heaven.

Fang Yanxu was at their fore, joined by Pill Elder. Behind them were the Elders, then the direct bloodline clan members. Last were all the other ordinary clan members, arranged in ranks. It was a grand sight that caused the starry sky to tremble and the void to shake.

It was at this time that Meng Hao and Fang Shoudao emerged from the glow of another teleportation portal. Fang Shoudao's expression seemed the same as ever, but his eyes glowed with joy and excitement that were impossible to cover up. Fang Yanxu could see it clearly as Fang Shoudao approached. When Fang Shoudao saw him, he nodded.

One thing that Fang Yanxu immediately noticed was that Fang Shoudao was actually positioned behind Meng Hao. He was only about half a step back, which might not seem like much, but to Fang Yanxu, it was very telling.

His eyes suddenly gleamed with excitement.

Meng Hao hovered there, backed by what seemed like all of the most powerful experts of the Fang Clan. His heart surged with pride. He... had come home!

Chapter 1166: Dad, Mom, Hao'er Has Come Back!

When Meng Hao left, it was as a Spirit Realm cultivator, taken away by Fang Xi's father. Back then, he was a stranger without any reputation, someone the Fang Clan barely noticed. Neither did the Ninth Mountain and Sea pay him much heed.

At that time, few people cared whether or not he lived or died.

He left quietly, his parents looking on sadly. Upon leaving Planet South Heaven, he had told himself something....

“One day I'll come back, and I'll make dad and mom proud of me!”

Today, he had come back!

His cultivation base was no longer in the Spirit Realm. Instead, it was at the point where he could shake those of the terrifying Quasi-Dao level. Even powerful experts of the Senior generation would have to take him seriously, and treat him as an almighty member of their own generation.

He was no longer a stranger without any reputation. Meng Hao was so famous that his name came up in conversation virtually every day in the Ninth Mountain and Sea. After all, he was also Crown Prince Fang Hao!

Nobody could afford to disregard him, not the Ninth Mountain and Sea, not Paragon Sea Dream, not the Mountain and Sea Realm as a whole!

He had come back, not alone, but rather, with a host of Fang Clan experts, all there to pay respects!

Meng Hao hovered in the starry sky, looking in the direction of Planet South Heaven, thinking about many things. Finally, he called out in a loud voice: “Dad, mom, Hao'er has come back!”

As his voice rang out, all of the cultivators in the sects and clans of Planet South Heaven trembled. They could all sense the massive pressure weighing down from the sky, and although they couldn't clearly see what was out there, they felt as if they were suffocating. It was as if countless beings were up above, emanating pressure, pushing Heaven and Earth to the point of collapse.

In the Great Tang of the Eastern Lands, in a tiny city controlled by the Fang Clan, was a Tower of Tang. That was where Fang Xiufeng and Meng Li often went to look out into the starry sky and

observe their children. That was where they had watched Meng Hao rise to prominence on Planet East Victory, something which had filled them with happiness, anticipation... and hope.

“Did you hear that?” Meng Li asked, quivering slightly. She looked at her husband, who looked as somber as ever, and yet at the same time, was radiant with joy.

“I heard,” Fang Xiufeng said, his tone extremely calm as he stood there. “You women are too excitable. You know how worldly-wise I am, so this is nothing new. Isn’t it just a big crowd? Why’d the kid have to make such a big deal over coming home? What a racket!” As he straightened out his clothes, Meng Li glared at him, clearly not very happy with his attitude.

“Oh be quiet,” she said. “Don’t tell me you’re not pleased that your son got your whole clan to come pay respects. Stop pretending you don’t care, you think I don’t know you?” The two of them emerged from their house and flew up into the sky.

“Women,” Fang Xiufeng muttered coolly, ignoring his wife’s words. They had just barely begun to fly up into the air when Fang Xiufeng suddenly blurted, “Wait, is this outfit alright?”

He looked down and straightened out his garments one more time.

“All we’re doing is going to greet some Elders and Patriarchs, right?” Meng Li said, tongue in cheek. “Aren’t you the top Chosen of the last generation in the Fang Clan? Didn’t you just say that you’re worldly-wise? Why are you suddenly so nervous?”

“Who said anything about being nervous?” Fang Xiufeng retorted, coughing dryly. “I’ve been the top fighter for years, I don’t get nervous at anything. I was just thinking that I need to look good for Hao’er’s sake, now that he’s back. The younger I look, the better.”

Meng Li covered her mouth as she laughed. Her laughter made Fang Xiufeng even more embarrassed than before. It was actually just as his wife had said. Although he maintained a calm exterior, inside, he was bubbling with nervousness and excitement.

The Fang Clan was his family, and although he had been willing to be stationed on Planet South Heaven for Meng Hao’s sake, he had never forgotten that he was part of them. Not once.

Therefore, to see virtually the entire clan here to pay respects was incredibly moving.

Meng Hao's parents turned into two streaks of light that shot up into the starry sky outside of Planet South Heaven, which was the border between it and the rest of the Ninth Mountain and Sea. This was the furthest they could go from the lands of South Heaven. As soon as they arrived, Fang Xiufeng looked at Meng Hao, at the two Patriarchs standing behind him, and all the other countless clan members arrayed further back.

Fang Xiufeng could keep his composure no longer. His face reddened as he clasped hands and made to bow. However, Meng Hao hurried forward and prevented him, then knelt down in front of him.

"Hao'er pays respects to dad and mom!" he said. Even as his voice echoed out loudly, all of the Fang Clan cultivators, including the direct bloodline clan members, all clasped hands and bowed deeply.

"We offer greetings, Clan Chief!!"

As their voices echoed out in all directions, Fang Xiufeng stared in shock and disbelief. He looked at Meng Hao, and then all the familiar faces further off. Finally, his gaze came to rest on Fang Shoudao.

"Patriarch... this..."

"Xiufeng, you are rendering a great service by standing guard here on Planet South Heaven. Furthermore, you have made many other great contributions to the clan. I have already discussed the matter with the leadership in the clan, and from henceforth, you will be the Clan Chief of the Fang Clan!" Fang Shoudao gazed deeply at Fang Xiufeng, his expression somber as he also clasped hands and bowed.

"Fang Shoudao offers greetings to the Clan Chief!"

"Fang Yanxu offers greetings to the Clan Chief!" As soon as the two Patriarchs bowed, the direct bloodline clan members immediately lowered their heads and bowed.

"Greetings, Clan Chief!"

"Greetings, Clan Chief!!"



Their voices echoed out like thunder, causing the starry sky to tremble, sending ripples out into the void. The chorus of a million voices could even be heard down on the lands of Planet South Heaven.

Fang Xiufeng was trembling, and Meng Li gaped in shock. Meng Hao finally rose to his feet and walked over to his father and mother. He gazed at his mother for a moment, then gave her a big hug.

“Hao’er, this....” Meng Li was shocked at everything that was happening and looked at Meng Hao questioningly, unable to wrap her mind around what was happening. Previously, both she and her husband had assumed the clan coming to pay respects was a mere formality, an outward display of respect shown as a gift from the clan.

However, despite guessing that there was another reason for the visit, neither of them could ever have imagined that... it was to make Fang Xiufeng the Clan Chief!

“Mom,” Meng Hao said, smiling, “I’m the Crown Prince of the Fang Clan. It’s only natural that dad should be the Clan Chief. I wouldn’t accept anyone else but him.” Although his words seemed casual, in truth, they carried a domineering air that only a select few could detect.

Fang Xiufeng’s eyes shone brightly, and he looked at Meng Hao with a somber expression. His lips moved slightly as he quickly transmitted some questions to Meng Hao.

Meng Hao hid nothing. He briefly responded with a description of Allheaven Clans and Dao seeds, after which, Fang Xiufeng trembled.

“So, it’s called a Dao seed....” Fang Xiufeng murmured. He had realized earlier that his energy was noticeably different than before, something he had previously found hard to believe. It had seemed completely outlandish. But now that he knew both the cause and the effect, Fang Xiufeng suddenly realized that it was just as Meng Hao had said; other than himself... Meng Hao would never have approved of anyone else being the Clan Chief.

That was one area that Fang Shoudao and Fang Yanxu had been worried about.

“Many thanks, Patriarchs Shoudao and Yanxu. Since the clan wishes that I be the Clan Chief, well then... I will do everything in my power to live up to the duty and obligation.” Fang Xiufeng did not

refuse. Suddenly, his energy grew more awe-inspiring. His eyes shone like lightning, and as he looked around at all the members of the Fang Clan, his cultivation base erupted with power.

In the blink of an eye, it turned into a tempest which shook the entire starry sky, causing all hearts to tremble. At the same time, Soul Lamps appeared around him, instantly revealing his cultivation base to be at the great circle of the Ancient Realm!

He seemed not a bit less powerful than Guru Heavencloud; he was just a single step away from the Dao Realm. Furthermore, that step could be taken at any time he wished.

However, if he failed, he would end up in the Quasi-Dao Realm. The main reason he wished to avoid such an outcome was not because he feared death. No, he wanted to live as long as possible, so that he could strike fear into the hearts of any enemies of his son and daughter.

As his energy surged out in all directions, the clan members who had previously been hesitant to accept this new development could suddenly sense how powerful Fang Xiufeng was.

Furthermore, Fang Xiufeng was a sword cultivator. Sword cultivators were inherently powerful, so that, coupled with his cultivation base, made it so that at his full power Fang Xiufeng was clearly strong enough to fight with Quasi-Dao experts!

Even more shocking was that natural laws and Essence also swirled around him. Although it might have seemed like he didn't practice cultivation while on Planet South Heaven, the truth of the matter was that his cultivation had long since ceased to be practiced externally, and was all performed internally. The focus was no longer his fleshly body, but his heart.

Up to this day, he had never revealed the full extent of his shocking power to anyone.

Meng Hao's eyes glittered, and he suddenly waved his finger casually. No one other than Fang Shoudao could detect the meaning of that seemingly random act.

As soon as Meng Hao's finger waved through the air, the Dao seed in Fang Xiufeng suddenly exploded with power. The azure glow which already existed inside of him grew more dazzling, until it was like a beam of azure light shining up into the starry sky.

As soon as that beam of azure light appeared, Fang Xiufeng's energy grew even more powerful. Strange colors flashed, and all of Planet South Heaven rumbled. Shockingly... the power of an Allheaven Immortal was... awakening in Fang Xiufeng!

Because of that, the azure light in him grew even stronger. His cultivation base rotated and his blood surged. At the same time, an Imperial will suddenly flickered in his eyes.

When the members of the Fang Clan saw this, they were completely shocked. As for Fang Shoudao, his eyes gleamed with a strange light, and with excitement.

Apparently because of the power of the bloodline, the initial awakening of the Allheaven Immortal within Fang Xiufeng caused azure light to also shine up brilliantly from all the other members of the Fang Clan.

The starry sky shook, and the lands quaked. It was as if the entire Ninth Mountain and Sea was being shaken. Even the Mountain and Sea Realm trembled. Apparently... they were all bearing witness to the rise of an Allheaven Clan!

“Greetings, Clan Chief!”

“Greetings, Clan Chief!!” It was hard to say who began crying it out first, but soon the noise of the voices was even louder than before, echoing out like a storm.

Meng Hao, on the other hand, looked exhausted. Although the wave of his finger had seemed simple, it left him feeling drained. However, to see his father looking so powerful, and his mother so excited, made it all worth it.

Meng Hao smiled, a charming, happy smile.

Chapter 1167: Get Back Here, Meng Hao!

Decorative lanterns and brightly colored banners could be seen everywhere on Planet South Heaven. The members of the Fang Clan flew down from the starry sky into various districts of the Great Tang of the Eastern Land, where they used various magical powers to erect huge temple halls and altars.

Over the course of an entire month, they transformed the Great Tang into a palatial temple complex befitting of the Clan Chief of the Fang Clan. They even created numerous Immortal's caves for the insurge of cultivators from off of South Heaven.

The Great Tang of the Eastern Lands was where the grand ceremony to appoint the Clan Chief would be held.

Furthermore, because Fang Xiufeng would stay on Planet South Heaven after his coronation, it became the Fang Clan's second planet. It went without saying that it was now a very important place for the Fang Clan.

Fang Shoudao immediately issued orders that all available clan members participate in the renovation of Planet South Heaven. At the same time, numerous teleportation portals were set up, which connected to the enormous main teleportation portal on Planet East Victory.

You could say that Planet South Heaven was being completely transformed. Not only was the Great Tang of the Eastern Lands mobilized, the other lands were included in the great changes as well, including the Northern Reaches, the Southern Domain and the Western Desert.

Soon, the entire planet was essentially part of the Fang Clan. There wasn't a single person who could disagree with the matter, because... once Fang Xiufeng officially became the Clan Chief, it meant that the Clan Chief was standing guard over Planet South Heaven. That in turn meant that the entire Fang Clan was standing guard over it as well.

Numerous incredible changes began to occur to the four great continents on Planet South Heaven, especially the Southern Domain. Because of Meng Hao's connection to the Southern Domain, it would eventually become second in importance only to the Eastern Lands, and the cultivators there would be given an enormous amount of special assistance in terms of cultivation and in various other ways. After all, although most sects there had connections to the larger powers out in the Ninth Mountain and Sea, in the Southern Domain, Meng Hao occupied the highest position!

To the cultivators of the Southern Domain, Meng Hao was more awe-inspiring than even their own sects!

As for the Blood Demon Sect, that was the place where Meng Hao and Xu Qing had been married. In accord with Meng Hao's wishes, the areas surrounding the Blood Demon Sect had been kept exactly the way they always had.

Beams of colorful light could be seen streaking through the skies of Planet South Heaven constantly as more and more members of the Fang Clan arrived. Their arrival caused the spiritual energy on Planet South Heaven not to lessen, but to grow stronger.

Regarding the Planet South Heaven division of the Ji Clan, they had long since been cowed by Fang Xiufeng. Now, they were forced into an even more subdued position.

As the members of the Fang Clan began fixing up Planet South Heaven, Meng Hao, Fang Shoudao, Fang Yanxu and Fang Xiufeng entered a long session of private talks, during which Meng Hao explained to them everything he knew about Allheaven Clans. That included the source of his own Dao, as well as the effects of the Dao seeds. He explained everything in detail and left nothing out.

Although Fang Shoudao had heard about these things once already, he got excited all the same. As for Fang Yanxu and Fang Xiufeng, both were impassioned by the things they were hearing and coming to understand.

“The Fang Clan is destined to rise to prominence,” Fang Xiufeng said. “We won’t just lord it over the Ninth Mountain and Sea, we will grow beyond it and become the most powerful clan in the entire Mountain and Sea Realm!!

“For now, all these things about Hao’er must remain top secret. Only members of the Dao Realm are qualified to know the truth!” After reaching a decision on the matter, Fang Xiufeng made the suggestion to have Meng Hao stay put on Planet East Victory.

Meng Hao smiled wryly and tactfully refused. Were it anyone else who had made the suggestion, he would have just ignored it. However, since it was his own father, he could only politely make his case from every possible angle, after which Fang Xiufeng frowned, but agreed.

It took a while, but he finally managed to finish persuading his father and then slip away to find his mother. He quickly brought out all of the things he had bought at the bazaar and handed them over. Meng Li was very pleased. To her, it didn’t matter what Meng Hao bought for her, the expression of the feelings in his heart was the most important thing.

“Oh you!” she said warmly, tousling his hair. “You always throw your money away! You need to learn to be frugal! Don’t you remember what I taught you when you were young about saving money? If you have a single copper coin, cut it in two before you spend it. The same principle applies to spirit stones.

“Furthermore, you’re too kind and considerate. Too honest! You’re a smart kid, but you need to remember what I’ve taught you. Never let yourself get the short end of the stick!”

“The cultivation world is a dog-eat-dog place, and you have to be on guard at all times. That’s what I worry about the most, you know. You take after me, too kind-hearted and too honest. Not like your sister. She’s a lot more like your father, always suspicious about everything.” Meng Li shook her head, and her eyes filled with concern.

Meng Hao had a strange expression on his face, and as he listened to her talk, his face started to redden. He had to look at her closely to make sure that she wasn’t being sarcastic with him.

“Mom, I... I never get the short end of the stick,” he explained.

“Never get the short end of the stick?” Meng Li responded lovingly. “Look at all these things you got for me. I can tell from a single glance that you must have spent a fortune. Obviously you got conned.”

“I didn’t get conned! I...” Meng Hao quickly explained about everything that happened with Guru Heavencloud. Not wanting to get his mother’s hopes up only to dash them later, he left out the part about the jade command medallion. He would wait until he gathered some more clues about the matter before breaking that news to her. After he finished, Meng Li frowned at him, looking even more worried than before.

“Silly boy, why did you go and do things that way?” she said with a sigh. “You shouldn’t have just straight-up killed Guru Heavencloud. You little dummy, that’s exactly what I’m talking about when I say you get the short end of the stick. Everyone has friends and family, including that Guru Heavencloud. Even I’ve heard of him before. He had lots of rich friends. All you had to do was let him go, and he would have gone to get help from his friends. Then you could have followed him to see who his friends were.

“Then you could have robbed all of them without even having to come up with an excuse why. How great would that have been? Ai. You’re just like me, child. Too honest.” His mother finished with a bitter chuckle.

Meng Hao’s eyes widened, and he stared in shock.

“Oh, there’s another reason you shouldn’t have killed him,” she continued. “Do you know how much Quasi-Dao experts are worth? Take him to the Eighth Mountain and Sea, and you could have

gotten a mind-boggling price for him. You're just too inexperienced. Not far-sighted enough. All you could think about was some crappy bazaar. That place isn't worth squat.

"See, when you analyze it carefully, you'll see that you really were conned. Don't you remember what I taught you when you were young? When you go out and see something valuable, if you don't pick it up, it's the same as if you lost it!

"Another thing is that the entire body of a Quasi-Dao expert is a magical treasure unto itself. Even if you killed him, you could have delivered his body over to the Fourth Mountain and Sea and earned a huge profit.

"Also, the bones of a Quasi-Dao expert can fetch a high price in the Seventh Mountain and Sea. After all, those aren't things you run into all the time. But you went and threw all that away! Ai. Honey, you're really too honest and straightforward." By the time Meng Hao's mother finished speaking, her voice was like droning in Meng Hao's ears, and he was staring at her in shock.

After a long moment passed, he suddenly slapped his thigh. Looking extremely annoyed, he said, "You're totally right! Dammit! How come I didn't think of those things!?" Stabs of pain filled his heart as he thought about the vast amount of spirit stones he had lost out on.

Meng Li sighed and tousled his hair, looking just as worried as before.

"You need to think more. If you keep going on the way you are right now, I'll constantly be worried about you being out on your own." Even as she spoke, Meng Hao's face suddenly twitched, and then an unsightly expression could be seen. Meng Li also seemed to notice whatever it was that Meng Hao had, and a smile broke out on her face.

"Your sister's back. Honey, this is the first time you've come back since you left. You need to be more like your sister. She comes back all the time to visit, and she's always asking if you've been by. Oh right, every time she comes to visit, she brings her little hubby with her." Meng Li's eyes suddenly flickered with a crafty gleam. Just as she finished speaking, the front door of the building they were in collapsed inward with a booming crash.

"Meng Hao, you Heaven-damned bastard!! At long last I've managed to track you down!" A young woman flew in through the rubble of the door, looking like an explosive dragon. Her cultivation base was profound; apparently she was a stage 5 Immortal. This was none other than Meng Hao's sister, Fang Yu!

Thanks to Fang Xiufeng's connections to the Emperor Immortal Sect, she had been given a spot there. After joining, she continued to grow and progress. Although she couldn't be considered extraordinary among the members of her generation, she ascribed to the notion that slow and steady wins the race. With every breakthrough she made, her foundation grew stronger and more stable.

The blow she had just delivered caused the entire building to shake. A look of astonishment appeared on Meng Li's face, and then suddenly she flashed off into the distance.

"You two haven't seen each other for years," she called out. "Why don't you take some time to catch up? Hao'er, your sister had a fiery temper, but you're a big boy, so just grin and bear it, alright!?"

"Grin and bear it, my ass! Get back here Meng Hao!! I promise I won't beat you to death!! I can't believe you foisted that bastard Sun Hai on me to get back at me. Y-y-you.... Am I your sister, or is he your sister!?" Rage burning, Fang Yu roared and shot toward Meng Hao.

"YOU'RE my sister! He's a guy, he couldn't be my sister even if he wanted to!" Meng Hao shot backward immediately. He actually felt a bit guilty, especially when he saw the fawning, servile baldy Sun Hai following close behind Fang Yu. Meng Hao's smile grew even more bitter.

Back when he'd collected some interest from Sun Hai, he had loftily explained to him how to win over a girl that you had a crush on. How could Meng Hao have ever known at the time that the girl Sun Hai was talking about was actually his sister?

After finding out, he'd been planning to teach Sun Hai a lesson or two, but other matters had intervened. By the time he'd returned, Sun Hai had been nowhere to be found, which left Meng Hao with a sinking feeling.

From the way Fang Yu was yelling at him, Meng Hao instantly realized that Sun Hai had sold him out.

"Sun Hai!" he roared. He didn't dare to raise a hand to Fang Yu, but had no such misgivings when it came to Sun Hai. As he closed in, just when he was about to make his move on Sun Hai, Sun Hai suddenly clasped hands and bowed deeply.

"Sun Hai offers greetings, Brother-in-law. I will never forget the kindness you showed to me back in the day." With that, Sun Hai pulled out a bag of holding.



“Brother-in-law, these are all the spirit stones I owe you from years ago. I’ve even included the interest, sir. Brother-in-law, please kindly accept my payment.” Sun Hai quickly tossed the bag of holding toward the shocked Meng Hao. This was the first time ever in which someone had proactively paid back the money they owed him. Without even thinking about it, he caught the bag.

Sun Hai immediately retreated to stand in front of Meng Li. With a plop, he dropped to his knees in front of her.

“Sun Hai offers greetings and well wishes, madam,” he said, kowtowing repeatedly. “The trip here was made in haste, but I managed to bring a small gift. Please accept it, madam. I hope it brings you eternal beauty and never-ending youthfulness.” With that, Sun Hai rose to his feet and handed a bag of holding to Meng Li.

Meng Li accepted it, looked it over, and then smiled warmly.

“You always bring me gifts when you come to visit, child. In the future, you don’t need to be so courteous!”

Chapter 1168: Settling Karma with Old Friends

Meng Hao glanced at the bag of holding, and then looked over at the similar bag of holding in his mother’s hands. All of a sudden, he realized that Sun Hai wasn’t as annoying as he had previously thought.

However, Fang Yu was still cussing him out, causing Meng Hao to tremble in fear. He suddenly shot forward to appear directly in front of Sun Hai.

“Sun Hai, how dare you call me Brother-in-law!” he roared, his eyes flashing. “My sister is as lovely as a flower, tender and refined, unique and incomparable. If you want to fall for her, fine, but without my approval, NOBODY can marry my sister!” His hand shot out like lightning, his index and middle fingers stabbing toward Sun Hai’s forehead. Considering the level of Sun Hai’s cultivation base, if that blow landed, he would be dead beyond the shadow of a doubt.

Meng Hao attacked with such speed that even his mother was shocked. However, she quickly realized that something else was going on. She understood how her son thought, and knew that Meng Hao wasn’t the type to randomly kill people. His finger attack surely had a deeper meaning.

Seeing Meng Hao lunging toward him caused Sun Hai's face to go pale and his mind to spin. He immediately fell back, but considering the difference in level between their cultivation bases, he was like a firefly trying to compare with the shining moon. It was basically impossible for him to evade Meng Hao. At the same time, Fang Yu was closing in on Meng Hao, looking like an explosive dragon.

"Meng Hao, stay your hand!"

"Don't worry, sister," Meng Hao replied, "I'll cut down this pervert for you. From now on, you'll finally have some peace and quiet. This is merely the duty of a younger brother."

Fang Yu suddenly started to get even more anxious. "Meng Hao, you scoundrel, I forbid you from harming him!"

Almost in the same moment that her words rang out, Meng Hao's fingers touched Sun Hai's forehead. Sun Hai immediately began to shake. However, it was at this point that he suddenly received a message transmitted by Meng Hao, along with a wink.

"Elder Brother Sun, this is your chance. Go!"

Sun Hai wasn't a stupid person, so he instantly bit down on his tongue, causing blood to spray out of his mouth. Then he let out a miserable shriek. He suddenly flew backward, intentionally sending his cultivation base into chaos to add to the effect, which caused blood to spurt out from the pores on his skin.

"Sun Hai!" Fang Yu cried, shooting toward Sun Hai and catching him in her arms. Her expression was one of extreme anxiety and guilt.

"I... I can't hold out much longer," Sun Hai gasped, trembling. "Before I die... I only have one wish. I--" Fang Yu suddenly frowned, and then a dark expression covered her face.

"Bastard!" she growled through gritted teeth. Then she raised her hand to slap Sun Hai. Sun Hai immediately dodged to the side to avoid the blow; obviously he wasn't injured at all. Fang Yu was now even angrier than before. She glared at Meng Hao for a moment and then began to chase after Sun Hai.

Seeing that Fang Yu's anger was no longer fixed on him, Meng Hao sighed in relief. Even if his cultivation base was more powerful than it was, he would never dare to raise his hand to his parents or his sister. Furthermore, he could tell from the way his mother treated Sun Hai that she and his father must approve of their relationship.

Although you couldn't see it from how she spoke to Sun Hai, Fang Yu clearly liked him, at least mostly. Apparently, all the pain and suffering he had gone through over the past years had finally touched her heart.

Meng Li appeared next to Meng Hao and watched as the enraged Fang Yu chased Sun Hai off into the distance. Meng Li's eyes shone with warmth and kindness as she said, "Your father and I both approve of them. Sun Hai might not be incredibly exceptional, but he's not bad. Most important is that he truly loves your sister. The past few years, she's constantly bullied him, but he actually seems to like it. He's got a good temperament, that kid.

"Your father and I talked about it, and unless something unexpected happens, they should become official beloved partners in a few years.

"Now that I think about it, Sun Hai is very respectful. He's mentioned over and over again how thankful he is for the support you showed that year." She looked over at Meng Hao and smiled.

Meng Hao actually felt a bit embarrassed. He had been trying to pull a fast one on Sun Hai, and had never imagined that he was actually conning himself at the time. However, now that he thought about it, if Sun Hai and Fang Yu did end up getting married, and it was because of him, then that could be seen as a truly beautiful thing.

"I'm not worried about your sister," Meng Li said, her voice soft. "But you...."

After a moment of silence, Meng Hao took a deep breath and said, "Mom, I'm planning to leave the Ninth Mountain and Sea. I'm going to go find Xu Qing... and bring her back."

Meng Li didn't say anything at first. However, after a moment, she nodded.

Burying her worry and anxiety, she said, "Go, as soon as your father's ceremony is over. It's your choice to make, and if you're sure that's what you want to do, then... you need to bring my daughter-in-law back here to meet us."

A sudden breeze blew through the building, causing the leaves to rustle and lifting Meng Li's hair. Meng Hao looked over at his mother and noticed some new wrinkles on her forehead. She was by no means old, but she definitely looked different than he remembered her looking in the past.

Not even cultivators could completely escape the effects of the passing of time.

Meng Hao suddenly reached out and hugged his mother.

"Aw, honey," she said, smiling warmly, suddenly recalling what Meng Hao used to look like as a child. The two of them chatted until evening fell, whereupon Meng Hao finally took his leave.

"Mom, there's still some time before dad's ceremony. I'm going to visit a few places. I've been away a long time."

The evening wind was picking up, and dark clouds were gathering in the sky. As Meng Hao left the courtyard of the Fang Clan, the rumble of thunder could be heard, and great bean-sized raindrops began to pour down.

Meng Hao used no magic to block the rain. Soon, he was soaked through and through, and as he walked down the street, he looked around at the people scurrying about to avoid the rain. He shook his head and smiled. The rain made him think about the State of Zhao, Mount Daqing, and everything that had happened back in those days.

Sighing, he continued along. As he walked, he could sense the boundless Immortal power filling the lands of Planet South Heaven. That came because of all the visiting Fang Clan cultivators, who radiated an intangible energy.

Among all that energy were two auras that shone as prominently bright as lanterns on a dark night. Those two auras belonged to Fang Shoudao and Fang Yanxu. Planet South Heaven was a unique place that Dao Realm experts could not enter, so they had restricted their cultivation bases to the great circle of the Ancient Realm.

As he sensed all of these things, Meng Hao's heart gradually grew tranquil. There was a lingering question that his mother had not asked him, and that he himself had not brought up. That was, if he left... when would he return?

He didn't know. He had absolutely no idea how long it would be from the time he left the Ninth Mountain and Sea until he would be able to bring Xu Qing back to Planet South Heaven to meet his parents.

"Maybe it will happen quickly. Or maybe... it will take a very, very long time." Meng Hao had a strange premonition that caused him to brood silently as he walked through the rain. He had lost track of time, and eventually he stopped and looked up, whereupon he noticed a distant wall. A huge gate could be seen in that wall, hanging outside of which was a lantern.

The lantern swung back and forth in the heavy wind, and the heavy, driving rain plopped onto the canvas canopy which covered the lantern, flowing together into a solid stream that then splashed onto the ground.

However, the wick inside was of unconventional design and, although the flame flickered wildly, it didn't fade. It continued to burn, illuminating the character which was written on the canopy. It said... Ji

This was the location of the Ji Clan on Planet South Heaven.

This was the exact place where he had once broken down a gate to collect debts....

He had never imagined that his strolling would subconsciously lead him here.

"I guess it's just destiny," he thought. "I wonder if my old friends from all those years ago are still here." He walked up to the door and looked at the iron rings, thinking about how he had ripped the rings off of the doors back then. He chuckled, then reached up and knocked. The sound of the knock echoed out into the courtyard of the Ji Clan.

He only knocked once, then stood there waiting patiently.

Almost immediately, the sound of a commotion could be heard inside the Ji Clan ancestral mansion. Before long, the door slowly swung open, and Meng Hao could see several hundred members of the Ji Clan lined up inside. At their head was the local Ji Clan Patriarch.

He was no longer young like he had been before. He looked much older, and as he stood there looking at Meng Hao, a strange look could be seen in his eyes. After a long moment, he sighed, clasped hands, and bowed.

“We offer greetings to the Crown Prince of the Fang Clan.”

All of the other Ji Clan cultivators bowed in unison with him. Ji Xiaoxiao was there in the crowd, wearing the clothes of a married woman. She was no longer young and pretty like she had been before. She looked old now, and she also had a conflicted look in her eyes as she looked at Meng Hao.

It had been years since their last meeting, and yet, Meng Hao looked as dashing as he always had, or perhaps even more handsome than before. Every move he made caused an indescribable energy to spread out, creating a pressure that weighed down on everyone. It was as if he, standing there outside the door, were the center of the entire world.

And yet, there stood Ji Xiaoxiao, long since married. An inexpressible bitter feeling rose up in her heart, and she bowed her head.

Meng Hao looked around at the various members of the Ji Clan and saw only a few familiar faces. A couple of the people he remembered fighting with in years back, plus there was Ji Xiaoxiao and Ji Tianyi.

Ji Tianyi was now middle-aged, and his cultivation base was in the early Dao Seeking stage. He had since become an elder in the clan. He looked at Meng Hao with a complicated expression.

“Ji Xuelin?” Meng Hao asked.

“He failed in Spirit Severing seven years ago. He’s dead.” The person to answer Meng Hao was Ji Tianyi.

Meng Hao stood there silently for a long moment. In the end, he decided that since he had just happened across this place while strolling about, he wouldn’t enter. Looking at the familiar faces one more time, he clasped hands and bowed, then turned to leave.

“Wait a moment!” Ji Xiaoxiao said through clenched teeth. As Meng Hao looked back, she threw a bag of holding over to him, which he caught.

“Those are all the spirit stones I owe you. The debt is clear now.”

“Here’s mine.” Ji Tianyi also threw over a bag of holding.

Meng Hao scanned them, then looked back at Ji Xiaoxiao and Ji Tianyi, and nodded.

“Henceforth, the debt is clear,” he said softly. The Ji Clan paid special attention to Karma. Were his cultivation base lower than theirs, they would be able to take the initiative in manipulating it. But now Meng Hao’s cultivation base had long since reached the level that all they could do was look up at him from far below. They no longer had the initiative when it came to Karma. He did.

If Meng Hao wanted, he could refuse to clear the debt. As his cultivation base grew higher, the Karma would grow even stronger, and the pressure on them greater. However, with the debt clear, they were finally free.

Having settled the Karma, Meng Hao turned and walked off into the distance.

The rain began to fall harder.

Chapter 1169: Returning to the Crow Divinity Tribe!

Meng Hao felt somewhat like a stranger on Planet South Heaven as he looked around at all the familiar sights. In his heart, this was his home, the place where he had grown up, and the place where he learned about cultivation. This was where he had laughed, developed his ideals, and thrived on his youthful energy. This was also the place where he had married Xu Qing.

The rain passed, and a rainbow appeared up above in the dawn sky. Meng Hao went to various places in the vast Eastern Lands. He went to the mountains where lay the Immortal Ancient Daoist Rite temple. Long ago, it had been a place of extreme danger to him. Now, nothing there was even worth paying attention to.

He walked through the mountains, through that long, narrow path, and then finally reached the edge of the crater where the temple had once stood. He stood there for a long time, thinking.

He recalled everything that had happened here, how he had taken the bronze lamp, and how everyone had chased him. The events in the subsequent days and nights had been like a sort of baptism.

That was his first time he had truly become embroiled in the affairs of the Ninth Mountain and Sea.

As he stood at the edge of the crater, he sighed. Much time had passed. The mountains were still the same mountains, and there was grass everywhere just like before. However, the trees and other vegetation had changed. Although they seemed the same at first, their colors had deepened from the ones that he remembered.

After a long while, he left.

He went to the Northern Reaches, and from there, to the Milky Way Sea. As he passed over the water, he looked down at the waves, and recalled everything that had happened there. He thought about Patriarch Reliance, the 10th Wang Clan Patriarch, and the Resurrection Lily.

After crossing the Milky Way Sea, he found himself in the Western Desert. It was a vast place, and was still mostly submerged by violet seawater. The Violet Sea was tranquil and lifeless.

He proceeded along over the Violet Sea, eventually reaching the area the Crow Divinity Tribe had once called home. He sank down into the water there and looked at the mountains and valleys in the area, all places with which he was familiar.

From there, he proceeded along under the water, telling himself that he was going to take all of the details about Planet South Heaven and place them in his heart, in order to never forget. As he sped along under the surface of the Violet Sea, he eventually reached the South Cleaving Mountains, which seemed to stretch out endlessly.

Eventually, he reached something that looked like a huge wall, or a city gate. It kept the Violet Sea out of... the Black Lands.

The Black Lands were now very different from how Meng Hao remembered them. They bustled, even thrived. Numerous cultivators scurried back and forth between there and the Southern Domain. Apparently, the Southern Domain was very accepting of the Black Lands cultivators.

Over the years, the former powerful tribes of the Western Desert, as well as the native Black Lands power groups, had all thrived and grown powerful.



Many Northern Reaches cultivators had settled down in the Black Lands, and had come to call the place home. Their path of cultivation had been cut off by Meng Hao years ago. No matter how they cultivated, they could only reach a certain height. Their fates were sealed, and they were forced to atone for the crime committed by their ancestors from the Northern Reaches, when they had invaded the Southern Domain.

The Crow Divinity Tribe was now the largest tribe in the Black Lands and also the number one power, with many other sects and clans subservient to them.

Almost as soon as Meng Hao entered, he realized that there were statues everywhere. Some were large, some were small, but all of the important groups in the Black Lands had them.

Those statues depicted... Meng Hao!

The largest of the statues was covered in spirit stones. When the sunlight fell onto it, it glittered resplendently with a multitude of colors. That statue was located on the highest mountain in the Black Lands, which belonged to the Crow Divinity Tribe.

That statue was the symbol of the Black Lands, and represented the spirit of the cultivators there.

Every so often, the members of the Crow Divinity Tribe would gather around the statue to offer worship and sacrifices. As it happened, that was exactly what they were doing when Meng Hao arrived.

He hovered there above the huge statue, looking down at all the Crow Divinity Tribe members gathered around the mountain. There were tens of thousands of them, all prostrating themselves in worship.

No one could sense Meng Hao's presence. It was as if he existed in a different world.

Ten old men in resplendent robes stood apart from the tens of thousands of tribe members, eyes burning with passion. Raising their hands high into the air, they cried out, "Crow Divinity Tribe, bow to the Sacred Ancient!"

In response to their call, tens of thousands of tribe members bowed low and joined their voices together in worship. As the sound echoed out, the tribe members looked at the statue with gazes of

awe. From the look of it, if this statue were alive, and gave them orders, they would follow those orders without question.

Meng Hao's statue had replaced totems as the symbol of the cultivators of the Black Lands.

Meng Hao hovered there in midair, looking down at the scene playing out below. He heard the voices of the crowds, and was also just able to detect that their worship contained vestiges of the power of Joss Flame. It was faint, but it was there.

The ten old men once again cried out with loud voices, "Crow Divinity Tribe, bow to Patriarch Fifth and Patriarch Third!"

Again, the crowds bowed in worship. A strange expression appeared on Meng Hao's face. He had noticed earlier that this particular statue belonging to the Crow Divinity Tribe had a parrot attached to its shoulder, upon whose ankle was a tiny bell.

The ceremony of offering worship continued.

Meng Hao sighed, and was just about to leave, when all of a sudden, he said, "Eee?"

Eyes glittering brightly, he hovered in place and looked back down below him.

What he saw was that the Joss Flame power which emanated off of everyone because of their fervent worship, was gathering around the statue. It then blasted up into the sky, where a vortex appeared.

Although the cultivators down below couldn't see that vortex, Meng Hao could see it clearly.

As it spun silently, a figure slowly appeared within it. It was a young man in a black robe, whose appearance... looked very similar... to Meng Hao's!

The main difference was that he had two black wings sticking out of his back. His expression was lofty as he descended from above to land upon the head of the statue. There, he sat down cross-legged, whereupon he began to breathe in the power of the Joss Flame.

He could not see Meng Hao, but Meng Hao could see him, and knew exactly who he was. This was the creature which had been his follower for a brief period of time, the black bat!

Although he now maintained human form, he still looked the same as before. Clearly, he was here to steal away the Joss Flame sacrifice from the Black Lands.

Meng Hao glared at the bat creature coldly. At the same time, he realized that the mastiff in his bag of holding had suddenly twitched, and opened its eyes. A blood-colored gleam appeared, as well as an icy-cold aura.

“You’re interested in him, huh?” Meng Hao thought. He then recalled the so-called renegade spirit that the mastiff had absorbed back in the Windswept Realm, which had also been a bat.

The black-winged young man was sitting there in meditation, absorbing the Joss Flame power when, all of a sudden, he shivered. His eyes opened, and he looked around suspiciously. Although he didn’t see anything, he still felt incredibly frightened, as if Meng Hao’s presence caused him to be jumpy.

He suddenly let out a bellow, causing ripples to spread out in all directions. As they neared Meng Hao, he waved his finger, which produced no reaction from the ripples, and in fact, caused them to pass right through him.

The black-robed young man frowned. Despite using a divine ability to check the area, he hadn’t been able to identify anything suspicious. He wanted to just ignore the matter, but the sense of crisis he felt only continued to grow stronger.

He had been absorbing the Joss Flame here for years, and had never felt anything like this before. Finally, he gritted his teeth and flew up into the air to leave. He would rather abandon the Joss Flame than run into any dangerous situations.

However, in the same moment that he flew up, Meng Hao’s eyes gleamed with a bright light, and he snorted.

The sound seemed to reach out past the illusion that masked him, transforming into lightning which crackled in the sky. The world trembled, and the black-robed young man let out a shriek. Blood sprayed out of his mouth, and he was no longer able to keep himself hidden from the people down below. Almost immediately, everyone caught sight of him hovering there in the air.

Everyone was shocked, especially the ten old men. Then they saw his face, and their expressions flickered with disbelief.

“Who’s there!!?” cried the black-robed young man, coughing up some more blood. “Who’s ambushing me!?” He was completely shaken, and yet, all he had heard moments ago was a clap of thunder, not a cold snort from Meng Hao.

If he had heard Meng Hao, then he would never have been able to muster the courage to speak.

“Sacred Ancient!!”

“It’s the exalted Sacred Ancient! Heavens, it’s a manifestation of the Sacred Ancient!!”

“Greetings, exalted Sacred Ancient!!” The tens of thousands of Crow Divinity Tribe cultivators down below were trembling in awe. The ten old men gasped loudly.

“I’m Meng Hao, the Sacred Ancient of this place!” the black-robed young man shouted. “Whoever’s trying to ambush me had better show their damned face right now!” He took a deep breath, sucking in the Joss Flame, causing a bright glow to rise up from him, and making him look every bit like a majestic Immortal.

“Well that’s funny,” Meng Hao said coolly, strolling out into the open air. “If you’re Meng Hao, then... who am I?” Everyone down below could now see him.

The cultivators of the Crow Divinity Tribe stared in shock, confusion, and disbelief. They looked at Meng Hao, and then back at the black-robed young man, clearly unsure of who was real and who was not.

Actually, there was no need for them to try to guess. As soon as the black-robed young man caught sight of Meng Hao, his face fell and his eyes went wide. He began to pant with disbelief, and he let out a shout of alarm.

“Meng Hao... you... when did you get back?!” The black-robed young man’s scalp was tingling. He suddenly realized that the thunder from just now had not been thunder at all, but rather, Meng Hao. He began to tremble and back up, and then fled with all the speed he could muster.

Meng Hao's expression was calm as he took a step toward the fleeing young man. Then, he vanished, to reappear directly in front of him.

Down below, the tens of thousands of Crow Divinity Tribe cultivators were shaking as they realized that this second Meng Hao was their true Sacred Ancient.

“Greetings, Sacred Ancient!!”

“The Crow Divinity Tribe offers greetings, Sacred Ancient!!”

As their voices rang out, the entire Black Lands trembled.

Chapter 1170: This Place Is My Home

As the sound echoed out, the Black Lands trembled. In another location in the Crow Divinity Tribe was an enormous altar which was permanently guarded by a massive military force. Other than their Holy Mountain, it was the most sacred place in the Crow Divinity Tribe.

Few people knew the special reason why that altar had been erected. Tribal law in the Crow Divinity Tribe dictated that the successive generations of tribe members were required to offer worship at both the Holy Mountain and that altar.

Next to the altar was a courtyard residence that seemed very ordinary, and not the least bit luxurious. However, in the hearts and minds of the Crow Divinity Tribe, that residence was just as special as the altar and the Holy Mountain.

An old man lived in that courtyard dwelling, a man who was infinitely wise, and was in fact the pillar and strength of the entire Crow Divinity Tribe. With him, the Crow Divinity Tribe occupied the utmost position of authority, and none of the other powers in the Black Lands would ever dare to offend them.

He was the former Tribe Lord of the the Crow Divinity Tribe, and although it had been some time since he had occupied that position, whenever the current Tribe Lord encountered a difficult situation, he would beg an audience with this old man.

In fact, his authority exceeded any Tribe Lord. You could say that he was actually the true power of the Crow Divinity Tribe.

When the sound of the collective voices of the Crow Divinity Tribe echoed out, shaking the Black Lands, that ancient old man was sitting in his room in the courtyard residence, meditating. Suddenly, a tremor ran through him, and he opened his eyes. His eyes were cloudy for a moment, but quickly sharpened, and he took a deep breath. He walked out of his room and into the courtyard, where he looked up towards the figure which was floating in midair above the Holy Mountain.

Simultaneously, the huge altar next to the courtyard began shaking violently, as if something inside was waking up and preparing to emerge.

Up in the air, Meng Hao looked coldly at the black-robed young man, whose face flickered as he tried once again to escape. Meng Hao waved his sleeve, causing colors to flash in the sky and a wind to kick up. A power swept over the black-robed young man, a power that he could not fight back against. The power crushed down onto him, and he let out a bloodcurdling scream. Finally, a popping sound could be heard as his body exploded, revealing a struggling black bat.

“You can’t get away,” Meng Hao said coolly, making a grasping motion with his right hand. His fingers seemed to become like five mountains that rumbled through the air toward the bat.

As the bat screeched in terror, red and black light flickered around it, apparently some sort of teleportation power. It shot off rapidly, but no matter how it tried to flee, it always found five enormous pillars closing in on it. Finally, the bat laughed miserably; it had no further means to fight back as the pillars crushed down onto it.

The pillars vanished and turned into Meng Hao’s hand, which was now holding the bat tightly. Meng Hao’s expression was calm as he looked down at the crowds below.

An ancient voice echoed up from the courtyard residence next to the altar, an ancient voice filled with excitement. “Meng Hao, your excellency, is it... is it really you, sir...?”

At the same time, a boom could be heard as the entire altar exploded, revealing a white wolf, which flew into the air. It threw its head back and howled, and when it saw Meng Hao, tears began to stream out of its eyes. It immediately flew toward him, letting out yips of delight.

“Big Hairy...” Meng Hao murmured, looking at the enormous white wolf. Then he looked down at the old man in the courtyard, who was none other than Wu Chen.

“Wu Chen....” he said. An image appeared in his mind of the young man who had followed him through the great migration in the Western Desert. Now he was an old man. As he thought about all the things that had happened back in those times, his expression softened, and he floated down toward the Crow Divinity Tribe.

“Wu Chen offers greetings, Sacred Ancient!” he said, excitedly dropping to his knees to kowtow. All of the other members of the Crow Divinity Tribe stared blankly at Meng Hao. To them, Meng Hao was no stranger. After all, for their whole lives they had offered worship to his statue.

“Offer greetings to the Sacred Ancient immediately!” Wu Chen roared. Instantly, the rest of the tribe dropped to their knees to kowtow.

The Crow Divinity Tribe was completely shaken, and soon word spread of Meng Hao’s return, and all of the Black Lands were aboil. Numerous elders and Tribe Lords from countless tribes mobilized, traveling to the Crow Divinity Tribe to pay respects.

The Crow Divinity Tribe hosted a huge banquet that lasted for three days. When it came time for Meng Hao to leave, he gave a vast quantity of medicinal pills and magical items to Wu Chen. He wanted to take Big Hairy with him, but after some hesitation, decided against it.

The Crow Divinity Tribe had been worshiping Big Hairy for far too long now, and deep feelings had long since taken root. Big Hairy’s wish was to stay here to guard over them. What Meng Hao did do was help Big Hairy to increase his cultivation base to a higher level, which gave him much more longevity.

Then Meng Hao left the Black Lands to go to the Southern Domain.

Of all the places on Planet South Heaven, the Southern Domain was the place that held the most unforgettable memories for Meng Hao. It was where he had grown up, where he had fought and killed, and the place where he and Xu Qing had become a couple. It was really where... everything had happened.

He had even fought a war for its sake!

The moment Meng Hao left the Black Lands and entered the Southern Domain, memories bubbled up. He saw mountains and rivers that he remembered from the past, and everything even smelled familiar.

It was the smell of home.

“The Southern Domain....” he murmured softly. Then, he traveled about just like any other cultivator. He went to the Rebirth Cave, the Ancient Temple of Doom, and to many other places where he had once been, including various sects and even the Song Clan.

He went to those places, but only looked around quickly, and did not stay.

Eventually, he went to the former location of the State of Zhao. The huge lake there was now surrounded by countless buildings and structures. This place had become a Holy Land, and was constantly guarded by numerous cultivators. There were even sealing spells in place to prevent people from entering.

Of course, those seals couldn't do anything to prevent Meng Hao from entering. He appeared on the little island in the middle of the lake, where he looked around at the grass and rippling blue lakewater. Images of Xu Qing floated up in his mind as he thought back to the time they had begun their marriage ceremony on this very island.

Pill Demon had presided over it, and even Chu Yuyan had been in attendance. All of the sects and clans came to offer congratulations, and there were even many rogue cultivators who packed the area. It had been an incredibly noisy and exciting occasion.

Back then, the island had been decorated beautifully with lanterns and banners. The joy and happiness had been palpable....

Meng Hao thought about these things as he strolled around. Memories upon memories flitted up, almost as if... he had traveled through his dreams back to that jubilant day.

“Qing'er...” he murmured, his heart stabbing with pain. His vision swam for a moment, and he suddenly saw a young woman clad in bright red clothing. She stood there in front of him, looking a bit shy, but with eyes that shone like sparkling autumn rainwater. She was looking into his eyes, her gaze soft.



Meng Hao smiled back at her, and then continued to stroll around the island. Every place he went on the island was familiar, and reminded him of the home he and Xu Qing had originally planned to make here.

Time passed, and soon it was evening. The setting sun reflected on the lakewater, creating a scene of dazzling beauty that turned the island golden. Meng Hao stood on the shore, looking at the water, his expression somewhat melancholy.

All of a sudden, he heard a voice from behind him.

“Excuse me! What sect are you from? What are you doing here?” The voice sounded surprised, and also suspicious. Meng Hao turned to find himself looking at three cultivators approaching him.

Two were men and one was a woman, and Meng Hao had seen them earlier as they went about their work of maintaining and tidying the island. Considering the pious expressions on their faces, he had chosen not to disturb them, and had made his way about the island alone.

“This is a Holy Land!” the young woman said, doing nothing to mask the harshness of her tone. “You’re not allowed to be here without permission! If you’re trespassing, you’ll be severely punished. Take out your identity medallion immediately!” As she spoke, the two men fanned out to surround Meng Hao, their eyes glinting sharply.

Suddenly, the setting sun illuminated his face, and one of the men suddenly stared in surprise. He had the feeling that he had seen Meng Hao somewhere before, but wasn’t sure where. The other two had similar reactions. However, it was at this point that Meng Hao shook his head and said, “I don’t have an identity medallion.”

The three cultivator’s faces instantly darkened.

“What gall!” the woman said. “This is the Sacred Ancient’s former residence! Every cultivator in the entire Southern Domain knows that it’s forbidden to step even half a pace onto this island. You think this is just some random place? Sneaking in here is sacrilege!!” Incensed, the woman performed an incantation gesture with her right hand to unleash a magical technique. Simultaneously, she crushed a jade slip to notify her fellow sect members on the shore of the lake.

“I never took this to be just some random place,” Meng Hao replied softly. “This... is my home.”

“Your home?” said one of the men, laughing coldly, his hand flashing an incantation gesture. “Is that supposed to be a joke? This is the Sacred Ancient’s former residence, it’s....”

Meng Hao wasn’t interested in giving explanations. Shaking his head, eyes still flickering with memories, he sighed and then took a step forward, vanishing into thin air.

Almost in the same moment, three magical techniques shot forward, but hit nothing more than air. The three cultivators looked wide-eyed at the spot in which Meng Hao had vanished, then exchanged shocked glances.

“Did he look familiar to you guys?” the young woman asked.

Almost at the same time, the man standing next to her said, “Did he say this place is his home? But this is the Sacred Ancient’s former residence! Who does he think he is, the Sacred Ancient himself?” As soon as the words left his mouth, his eyes went wide.

The other man’s face fell, and he gasped with disbelief. Voice hoarse, he said, “Sacred Ancient!! He... he looked exactly the same as the Sacred Ancient!!”

Even as they stood there in shock, dozens of beams of light suddenly shot in their direction. An intimidating old man led them, and as he neared, his eyes flashed with anger.

“Who had the outrageous gall to break into the Sacred Ancient’s former residence!!?”