

The Heavens 1191

Chapter 1191: Fighting for Dad!

As soon as the voice rang out across the square, all of the cultivators felt their hearts trembling. That was especially true of the Fang Clan cultivators, who looked up enthusiastically. Even Fang Shoudao and Fang Yanxu had similar reactions.

Fang Xiufeng rose to his feet, looking very excited as he turned to see a young man in a blue robe walking toward them.

It was none other than... Meng Hao!

His face was a bit pale, as if he had just recovered from a serious illness. He looked much weaker than normal, and very scholarly as he approached Fang Xiufeng and clasped hands in greeting.

“I can’t believe you’re awake!” Fang Xiufeng said, voice filled with love. “What are you doing here? You should be resting!”

“I slept long enough,” Meng Hao said, smiling. “I’m done resting. It’s time for a bit of exercise.” His injuries this time had been serious enough to keep him in a coma for more than a month. As soon as he woke up, he sent his divine sense out and saw what was happening, which was why he had come.

As soon as the Immortal Realm cultivator saw Meng Hao, his face fell and he backed up a few paces. “Meng Hao.... You’re Meng Hao! I challenged your father, not you. You don’t have the right to do anything!”

Hearing this, Meng Hao spun around, eyes flashing coldly as he looked at the cultivator.

“You know who I am and yet dare to speak to me like that?” he said coolly. “You might be looking to die, but if I feel like keeping you alive, I have plenty of ways to do so.

“You think I don’t have the right to fight you? This is the Fang Clan, so if I say I have the right, then I have the right!” His voice echoed out, filled with a domineering air.

As he finished speaking, he stepped forward, and was suddenly directly in front of the other cultivator. The man's face fell, and he was about to try to flee when Meng Hao let out a cold snort. It crashed like thunder, slamming into the cultivator's mind, prompting a bloodcurdling scream. Then, the man exploded in a burst of gore.

It was a quick and efficient kill. Meng Hao didn't mind that blood and guts were raining down everywhere. Clearly, he did things differently than his father. His father was the Clan Chief, and had many things to consider. Meng Hao was not the Clan Chief, and his goal was to intimidate.

"Well, who's next?" he asked coolly, waving his arm to flick some blood off of his sleeve.

His question was met by utter silence. All eyes were fixed on him. Many people present had only seen illusory images of Meng Hao, making this their first time seeing him in person. Now that they could lay eyes on him personally, his visage was indelibly burned into their memories.

From the way he spoke, and how he acted, it was easy to see how domineering he was. Many eyes widened as they realized that this was a person... who dared to defy laws and principles, even of the Heavens!

Fang Xiufeng smiled slightly, but said nothing. Off to the side, Fang Shoudao's eyes also flickered with a smile, then exchanged glances with Fang Yanxu. Both nodded inwardly.

Meng Hao clearly knew that there were many ways for them to resolve the current situation. However, it didn't matter how they went about it, none of those methods were truly appropriate. Considering their position in the clan and considering the circumstances, the things that were normally handled in secrecy just couldn't be done.

Meng Hao had shown up in domineering fashion and had instantly killed someone. Furthermore, the people who had had dealings with Meng Hao in the past could tell how sharp and biting his words were. After all, he hadn't met too many people who could get the upper hand on him in a debate.

Meng Hao waited for a moment, but nobody stepped forward. Voice calm, he said, "Nobody?"

“You’re looking to die, child!” Suddenly, a gale-force wind sprang up, within which was a middle-aged man who was charging Meng Hao. He was not in the Immortal Realm, but rather, the Ancient Realm.

“I’m not looking to die. I’m looking for death. Your death!” Meng Hao’s voice was ice-cold as he stood there and allowed the Ancient Realm cultivator’s divine ability to slam into him. It did nothing, almost as if it was a light breeze blowing past him. The middle-aged man stared in shock. At the same time, Meng Hao’s hand shot out as fast as lightning to latch onto the top of his head.

“Soulsearch!” Meng Hao sent divine sense out through his splayed fingers, causing the man to shake and let out a miserable shriek. He only lasted for a few breaths of time before collapsing into pieces.

Meng Hao hovered there thoughtfully for a moment, and then suddenly vanished, only to reappear among the crowd, directly in front of one of the tables, facing an old man who sat there. The man’s face flickered, and he was just about to rise to his feet when Meng Hao launched a God-Slaying Fist. The old man, and even the table, were instantly transformed into ash.

Meng Hao vanished again, reappearing in a different direction, in front of a woman. She had a jade slip in her hand which she was about to crush. Meng Hao reached out and grabbed her arm.

“Let me help you with that!” he said, tightening his grip. The jade slip, and her entire arm with it, were instantly crushed. Then he waved his arm, causing blood to spray out of the woman’s mouth. Her eyes went wide with disbelief just before she was torn to bits.

In the blink of an eye, Meng Hao flashed to seventeen different locations within the crowd. Each time, he appeared in front of a different cultivator, whom he immediately killed.

After a few breaths of time passed, Meng Hao returned to his original position in the main square. The crowd was in an uproar, and there were even some cultivators who were angrily berating him.

The commotion continued to intensify; from the look of it, Meng Hao’s actions were going to lead to some sort of retributive calamity.

However, Meng Hao’s expression was calm as he said, “Fang Clan cultivators, hear the orders of the Crown Prince. Take that man, and him, and him....” Meng Hao quickly pointed out over a hundred people. As he pointed at them, glowing marks appeared on their bodies.

All of them looked incredibly shocked.

“... and kill them all!” Without the slightest hesitation, members of the Fang Clan flew toward the people Meng Hao had just indicated.

In response, the more than one hundred cultivators roared and popped medicinal pills into their mouths, causing their cultivation bases to rise explosively. However, even in such a state, they weren't a match for the Fang Clan. Soon, bloodcurdling screams rang out and the entire group was slaughtered.

Deathly silence followed. Everyone who had been crying out in anger was now speechless. The people from the great clans and sects had maintained their calm before, but now they were all staring at Meng Hao, clearly moved.

“Ladies and gentlemen, Fellow Daoists, today is my father's grand ceremony,” Meng Hao went on. “If you wish to resolve debts and grudges in the customary way, go ahead. However, if you try to do so in a way that defies custom... well then, I'll also defy custom.” Although his face was a bit pale, his words were cold and biting. Quite a few people now had a much deeper understanding of him.

“What a class act you are, Meng Hao,” a voice said. It belonged to an ancient old man who strode out, the shocking ripples of the great circle of the Ancient Realm emanating out from him. This was a man similar to Guru Heavencloud; he could step into the Dao Realm at any time!

“I have enmity with your father,” the old man said, glaring venomously at Fang Xiufeng. “But since you want to stand in for him, I'll accommodate you!”

Fang Xiufeng looked back icily at the old man. He clearly recognized him, and yet hadn't sensed his presence earlier. Apparently the man had used some sort of technique or magical item to render him invisible even to those in the Dao Realm.

Even as the words left the old man's mouth, his body flashed through the air, and an illusory Eight Trigrams symbol appeared around him. It began to rotate, crackling with lightning as it shot toward Meng Hao. At the same time, the old man made a grasping gesture as he summoned a greatsword. He then performed a two-fingered incantation and roared, causing boundless, dazzling light to shine off of the sword. His cultivation base flared to life and his Soul Lamps appeared, which merged into the Eight Trigrams symbol, igniting it with Immortal Flame.

Meng Hao's expression was the same as ever. As the man closed in on him, he stepped forward. Simultaneously, his energy flared, and he extended his own right hand in a plucking motion.

It was none other than the Star Plucking Magic!

Rumbling could be heard as an enormous, illusory hand appeared. It slammed into the Eight Trigrams symbol, crushing it into oblivion. The greatsword shattered, and the old man's eyes went wide with disbelief. He tried to fall back, but was too slow. The enormous hand grabbed onto him, and he let out a miserable shriek. His heart was now filled with indescribable shock and terror.

"You--" he only had time to utter a single word before he was dragged in front of Meng Hao.

He had no time to utter a second word. Meng Hao's expression was cold as he stretched his hand out and grabbed onto the top of the man's head. It didn't matter that this man was in the great circle of the Ancient Realm, similar to Guru Heavencloud. Meng Hao would still Soulsearch him.

The man howled, and his eyes were instantly shot with veins of blood. Without any hesitation, he unleashed his cultivation base, which began to emanate a Dao Realm aura. Shockingly, he was going to attempt to evade death at this critical juncture by stepping into the Dao!

Before Meng Hao had absorbed the Essence of Divine Flame, he would have been powerless to do anything at this point. But now, in some respects, he could already be considered to be in the Dao Realm. Most important was that he was now a full Allheaven Dao Immortal.

Azure light flickered on his right hand as he used his own power to disperse the Dao Realm aura, making this attempt to step into the Dao... an utter failure!

Divine sense poured into the old man's mind as the Soulsearch began.

The man quivered, then screamed, "Your majesty, save me!!"

Meng Hao's mouth curled in an almost imperceptible smile. As the old man's voice rang out, ripples flashed in the air behind him, and abruptly, a withered hand stretched out. It looked like it had just climbed up out of the grave, and reeked with an aura of death. Most shocking of all... it emanated a Dao Realm aura!

That aura was incredibly powerful, so powerful than even ordinary Dao Realm cultivators would have a hard time standing up to it.

Heaven and Earth shook, and a mighty wind screamed. All of the surrounding cultivators were completely shocked. This was Planet South Heaven, a place where Dao Realm cultivators couldn't come. And yet that hand... was clearly emanating a Dao Realm aura! There could only be one explanation.

That hand belonged... to a Quasi-Dao cultivator!!

A terrifying Quasi-Dao cultivator, lingering on the brink of death, and yet powerful enough to suppress ordinary Dao Realm experts.

The suddenness of this development was such that Fang Xiufeng, Fang Shoudao and Fang Yanxu all stepped forward, eyes narrowed. However, even so there was no trace of panic in them.

“Hao'er, get back!” Fang Shoudao said urgently. He stretched his hand out into the air to drag Meng Hao back to safety.

“I was just thinking that this guy didn't seem like the mastermind,” Meng Hao said coolly. “As it turns out... he was backed by this Quasi-Dao cultivator!” He turned to face the hand and said, “South Heaven Death Formation, activate!”

Chapter 1192: Enigmatic Quasi-Dao Expert!

By the time Meng Hao turned to face the withered hand, it was only seven inches or so from his forehead, brimming with a will of destruction, as well as a boundless ancient aura.

The sky went dim, the lands were cast into darkness, and the winds stilled. The entire world seemed to be having the light and color sucked out of it by the hand, infected by its aura of death.

The withered hand's skin had blotches and bruises on it, as though it were difficult for the blood to pump through the veins therein. A faint stench of decay emanated off of it, which filled the area.

The area around it seemed to be another world, a world in which that hand was like an Immortal Divinity. All it had to do was wave a finger, and all life could be taken away.

The hand appeared so quickly that nobody had time to react. However, this was the grand coronation of the Clan Chief. How could Fang Xiufeng and everyone else, even the ordinary clan members, not be prepared for unexpected circumstances?

After all... because of Planet South Heaven's spell formation, even Dao Realm experts who came here had to lower themselves to the great circle of the Ancient Realm. However, Quasi-Dao cultivators... existed in the longevity-limited area between the Ancient and Dao Realms, and therefore didn't need to reduce their cultivation bases. Planet South Heaven's spell formation would do nothing against such people.

For example, had Fang Xiufeng failed in his attempt to step into the Dao, even if the South Heaven Death Formation didn't approve of him, the net of destruction wouldn't appear.

Fang Shoudao, Fang Yanxu and Fang Xiufeng all flew out to try to pull Meng Hao back. However, Meng Hao had already made a different decision. He looked coldly at the incoming hand, and then spoke the words 'South Heaven Death Formation.' In that instant, massive rumbling echoed out through the lands.

An indescribable aura suddenly rose up from the ground, the air, the mountains, the rivers, the seas, the plants and vegetation, from Planet South Heaven itself. The aura exploded out everywhere. It felt like a wellspring of killing intent!

As the killing intent converged, it covered over Planet South Heaven, becoming... an enormous illusory net!

It was none other than... the South Heaven Death Formation!

It seemed to appear slowly, but in actuality it happened in almost the exact same moment that Meng Hao spoke out the four words. Apparently... he could control the formation!

It was a development that left even Fang Shoudao and Fang Yanxu astonished and in a state of disbelief. Fang Xiufeng's eyes went wide, as did the eyes of all the other members of the Fang Clan. As for the cultivators from the various sects and clans of the Ninth Mountain and Sea who had come to offer congratulations, their hearts trembled, and they gasped.

"That's the South Heaven Death Formation?"

“What indestructible power! That formation can wipe out anything... This South Heaven Death Formation is amazing. But... why can Meng Hao summon it?”

“How could this be happening? Don’t tell me that Meng Hao can actually control the South Heaven Death Formation?!”

Right now, all minds were reeling because of the shocking events which they were witnessing. Meng Hao hovered there in midair, surrounded by the swirling killing intent of the South Heaven Death Formation. However... considering that he was at the very center of it all, it almost seemed true... that he could actually control the South Heaven Death Formation!

Being able to control the Death Formation meant that he could control Planet South Heaven! And that meant... that on Planet South Heaven, he was invincible!!

Some distance away in the Imperial palace of the Great Tang, Emperor Tang stood in the main hall, looking off into the distance. He was shocked, but after a moment of thought, he shook his head. Even back when Meng Hao had slipped into a coma, he had been able to detect that he had the approval of the South Heaven Death Formation. As far as Fang Xiufeng went, the formation was tentative about not killing him. But Meng Hao, who had been so willing to sacrifice himself for his father... gained its complete and utter approval!

It was as if Meng Hao’s actions in saving his father had moved some ancient Li Clan ancestor within the South Heaven Death Formation.... As such, the entire spell formation approved of him to the point that it would listen to his commands.

Something else happened in that same moment. In a stretch of barren mountains in the Eastern Lands, Shui Dongliu was walking up a path cut into a cliff. He suddenly stopped in place and looked up into the sky.

“People who change their destiny....” he murmured, his eyes gleaming with anticipation. Smiling, he continued on walking.

All of the cultivators in attendance at the Fang Clan’s coronation ceremony were completely shaken at what was happening up above.

The enormous illusory net covered Meng Hao, making him shine with resplendent light, as if he represented Heaven and Earth.

The withered hand was also shocked, and began to shake. Without the slightest hesitation, the hand pulled back. It even started to fade, as if it wanted to get away from Planet South Heaven as quickly as possible, and didn't dare to get any closer to Meng Hao.

"You're not going anywhere," Meng Hao said coolly. He waved his hand, instantly causing the enormous illusory net to shine radiantly. The light seemed to seal everything, and a miserable scream echoed out into the air. Not too far off in the distance, the air rippled, and a figure appeared.

It was an old man wearing a long black robe. He was surrounded by an aura of death, and as soon as he appeared, the enormous net shot toward him.

Seeing the net closing in on him, the old man threw his head back and let out a piercing howl. Rumbling could be heard as the aura of death grew more explosive. He seemed to age even more, and his legs seemed to be on the verge of transforming into ash.

He was paying a heavy price to unleash incredible power with his cultivation base, which was now so powerful that Heaven and Earth flickered with light. If that were all there were to it, it might not be a big deal, but then he waved his right hand, causing a single copper coin to fly out of his sleeve.

The copper coin was bright yellow, and had a magical symbol on one side and an Eight Trigrams symbol on the other. As soon as Meng Hao saw it, his eyes widened. He wasn't the only one. Fang Xiufeng gasped, and as for Fang Shoudao and Fang Yanxu, they had similar reactions.

"The Mountain Ghost Lightning Decree!!" Fang Shoudao said in disbelief.

That is exactly what it was... the Mountain Ghost Lightning Decree from the seventh tribulation of Dao Stepping. Normally it was a force that appeared during the tribulation, and yet here it was in plain sight. The Fang Clan recognized it, and there were people from the other sects and clans who also recognized it. Those people shot to their feet, expressions of shock on their faces. Their eyes instantly began to shine with a strange light that soon transformed into greed.

It didn't matter whether or not the item was real or a fake; its mere appearance instantly shook everyone.

Although everyone could now see exactly what the old man looked like, nobody recognized him. Not a single one of the visiting cultivators from the various sects and clans knew who he was.

Fang Xiufeng frowned; the man was also a stranger to him.

That in itself was an impossibility. In the Ninth Mountain and Sea, it would be inconceivable that a cultivator could progress from the Spirit Realm all the way to the peak of the Ancient Realm in complete anonymity. Even though he had failed in transcending tribulation and ended up as a Quasi-Dao cultivator, such people were also a rarity. There simply had to be people who had previously interacted with him.

Furthermore, the people who would have had dealings with him would be people with profound cultivation bases. He simply couldn't be a nameless, unknown figure. Besides, a Quasi-Dao expert was not the type of person that you could simply ignore or not care about.

And yet, this old man seemed to be a complete stranger to everyone. For a completely unknown Quasi-Dao cultivator to exist was strange enough, but what was even stranger was that he somehow had a Mountain Ghost Lightning Decree coin. That made him not just strange, but extremely mysterious!

Even as all eyes were focused on the Mountain Ghost Lightning Decree, Fang Xiufeng suddenly gave a cold snort. Eyes icy, he spoke in a sinister voice, "So it turns out to be old bastard Shangguan. We fought years ago in the Ruins of Immortality, and I crippled your cultivation base. How could I ever have imagined that, not only would you have come across the good fortune to restore your cultivation base, but you would also experience Dao Stepping Tribulation. Too bad you failed, and now your longevity is at its end.... Hao'er, this guy and I had an undying enmity years ago that still remains irreconcilable. Why don't you kill him for me!"

As soon as his voice rang out, everyone's eyes widened in shock. However, inwardly, people began to curse. From what they could tell, Fang Xiufeng had seen the Mountain Ghost Lightning Decree, and assumed people would try to snatch it, so he made up a story to prevent that from happening.

Of course, nobody could give voice to such suspicions. After all, it appeared as if this old man really had come with the purpose of going after Fang Xiufeng.

The old man threw his head back and roared, raising both hands into the air. The copper coin that was the Mountain Ghost Lightning Decree suddenly flew through the air up toward the giant net.

The old man's cultivation base surged with full power, creating a maelstrom of death that swept everything out of his way as he shot up toward the net, as if to escape Planet South Heaven.

As long as he could get away from Planet South Heaven, then the South Heaven Death Formation wouldn't be able to kill him. After all, his longevity might be limited, but he actually had some secret magic that would enable him to live on a bit longer.

“Mountain Ghost!!

“Thunder and Lightning!!

“Ghost Slaying!!

“Spirit Subduing!!” In the moment that the copper coin slammed into the huge illusory net, the old man roared. He was now at the ultimate peak of what he could manage. The copper coin flashed with bright yellow light, and suddenly, the awe-inspiring image of a Mountain Ghost appeared, stretching its hands out toward the huge net. Lightning crackled around it as it roared and charged the net.

The instant they contacted each other, a massive rumbling filled Heaven and Earth. The power of lightning transformed into a 30,000-meter Lightning Dragon which tore a huge hole into the net.

The sight shocked even Meng Hao, and Emperor Tang's pupils constricted. It wasn't that the South Heaven Death Formation was weak, but rather... that the Mountain Ghost Lightning Decree was an item from legend, with inexhaustible power.

Most important was that although Meng Hao could control the spell formation, he wasn't as skilled at doing so as Emperor Tang, and couldn't unleash its full potential.

The old man roared, transforming into a beam of light that shot toward the tear in the net.

With a cold harrumph, Meng Hao lifted his right hand up toward him and made a grasping motion.

Instantly, the South Heaven Death Formation radiated scintillating light, which converged into the shape of a huge hand that crushed down toward the old man with fear-inspiring destructive power. The old man's eyes filled with despair as he roared again, burning more of his life force to unleash greater cultivation base power to fight back against the hand.

However, he was like a moth flying into a flame. In the blink of an eye, the hand grabbed ahold of him and crushed him to death. A bloodcurdling scream echoed out as he was destroyed in body and spirit. However, in the moment before he passed into death, he suddenly let out a venomous shout.

“Fang Clan... you people... will never become an Allheaven Clan!”

Chapter 1194: Cutting Them Down!

Most of the members of the Ji Clan were old, but one appeared to be a young man of about thirty years of age. He wore ordinary clothing, nothing extravagant, and yet all the other Ji Clan cultivators seemed to be following his lead.

Without looking closely, that fact would never be obvious. In fact, he even stood towards the rear, making him seem like nothing other than an ordinary clan member.

However, while the other clan members were crying out in rage, he was doing nothing more than frowning. That in itself made him stand out to Meng Hao.

Meng Hao looked over at him with a slight smile, as if nothing were out of the ordinary. However, deep in his heart was icy coldness; the killing intent he felt towards the Ji Clan had long since become extremely intense.

If it weren't for the fact that he wasn't confident in the Fang Clan's ability to achieve complete victory against the Ji Clan, Meng Hao would have already begun to slaughter them. However, even though he was currently holding himself back, he would strike decisively whenever he had the opportunity to do so.

“Fellow Daoists of the Ji Clan, are you saying that I killed the wrong person?” he asked, sounding perplexed. “Why are you so angry? He was clearly trying to harm the relationship between our two clans!” The coldness in his heart grew more intense; if the Ji Clan attempted to argue with him, then he would simply use it as a reason to attack and kill someone else!

The Ji Clan cultivators glared back at him furiously, but in this case, there was no logical argument that could be used against the Fang Clan. If the circumstances were different, the Ji Clan might be able to disregard that, but on this day, during the coronation of the Fang Clan's Clan Chief, they had only two choices. One was to start a full-scale war with the Fang Clan, and the other... was simply to accept the situation.

After all, they truly had been trying to steal the copper coin!

The Ji Clan was domineering in the Ninth Mountain and Sea, a fact known by all the cultivators there. Therefore, many of their cultivators simply couldn't tolerate Meng Hao's words, and one of them was even about to open their mouth to fire back a rebuke. However, the frowning young man standing off to the side looked deeply at Meng Hao and then smiled.

"Many thanks for your reminder, Fellow Daoist Meng. Earlier, I truly seem to have overlooked that that man had such ulterior motives." The young man's voice wasn't very loud, but it contained an inherent power and dignity. He swished his sleeve, and immediately, all of the Ji Clan backed down.

Everything that was happening immediately made the young man completely conspicuous among the other Ji Clan cultivators. Now, instead of seeming completely ordinary, he seemed the exact opposite.

All of the cultivators from the other sects and powers in the Ninth Mountain and Sea were now staring at him and speculating about his identity.

"Could it be that he's this generation's mysterious, never-before-seen... Son of Ji? Ji Dongyang?"

Fang Xiufeng, Fang Shoudao and the others also looked thoughtfully at the young Ji Clan cultivator. Meng Hao hovered in midair, looking into the young man's eyes. Meng Hao's gaze burst with killing intent for a brief moment, after which the young man staggered backward, the blood draining from his face and his eyes widening.

Meng Hao's expression was the same as ever, although a tremor ran through his body. After returning to Fang Xiufeng's side, he suddenly made a decision.

Ji Tian wants to kill my dad, so therefore... I'm going to kill this young man!

In that instant, the young man's heart trembled. From Meng Hao's eyes, it was possible to tell how incredibly strong he was, and the intense killing intent within the gaze had forced the young man backward. Turning to his fellow clan members, he growled, "Let's go. We're leaving Planet South Heaven!"

In response to his words, the other members of the Ji Clan began to unleash the power of their cultivation bases. As they clustered around the young man, one of their members, an older man, clasped hands toward Fang Xiufeng.

“Fellow Daoist Xiufeng, congratulations on becoming the Clan Chief of the Fang Clan. We have an urgent matter to attend to, so we’ll take our leave now!” Without even waiting for a response from Fang Xiufeng, the man flew into the air, followed by the young cultivator and all the other members of the Ji Clan. All of them transformed into prismatic beams of light that shot up into the sky.

“Dad, Patriarch Shoudao, Patriarch Yanxu,” Meng Hao said quietly, “I’m feeling a bit under the weather. Since nobody else will be offering any challenges, I’m going to go rest.” Fang Shoudao and Fang Yanxu exchanged a hesitating glance. Considering their intelligence and cultivation bases, it wasn’t difficult for them to guess what Meng Hao was planning to do.

Fang Shoudao and Fang Yanxu were hesitating, but Fang Xiufeng looked up and said, “Health comes first. Go ahead.”

His eyes flickered with killing intent. He was not the type of person who was willing to let others get the best of him, and thanks to Meng Hao, he was now certain that his previous difficulties in stepping into the Dao had something to do with the Ji Clan.

Meng Hao was his son, and he knew him well enough to know that he wasn’t an impulsive person. Therefore, Fang Xiufeng supported his decision, both as his father and as the Clan Chief.

Meng Hao nodded, then shot up into the air in a streak of light.

The coronation ceremony for the Clan Chief continued. After what had just happened, no one challenged Fang Xiufeng to fight. However, observant people noticed that up in the sky, a mass of dark clouds had appeared at some point.

Apparently, the weather was changing. Rain began to fall, and clouds roiled out to cover the whole sky. If you looked up, you would see that the entire sky had been obscured, almost as if a spell formation were sealing everything.

At the same time, the same dozen or so Ji Clan cultivators were flying through the layers of clouds. Lightning crashed and boomed around them as they flew upward.

“Young Lord, why are we rushing to leave? Even though they killed one of our Ji Clan’s cultivators, they still need to try to maintain the moral high ground! There’s no way they would dare to openly start attacking all of us, is there?! That Meng Hao must be killed sooner or later!”

A few of them began to make sneering comments. “That’s right, if they dared to attack us in the open, our Patriarch’s eye would certainly see it! He can see everything in the Ninth Mountain and Sea! Even if the Fang Clan were more foolhardy than they already are, they still wouldn’t dare to make a move on us!”

“That Meng Hao really does defy laws and principles, even of the Heavens,” one of the older cultivators said, snorting coldly. “It’s too bad there were so many other cultivators present, plus the Fang Clan backing him up. Otherwise, if he dared to act so audaciously, we would have just cut him down. He got lucky this time. Just wait until next time, when there aren’t any members from other sects or clans around, we’ll definitely exterminate him!”

“Would you shut the hell up!” the young cultivator said, looking around at the clouds. “Do you really think Meng Hao didn’t consider all of that? You think that the other sects and powers made it so we couldn’t attack him? You think Meng Hao got off lightly? Well from my perspective, those people actually saved us!

“Consider the matter dropped. Let’s get out of Planet South Heaven. Dammit... I can’t believe Meng Hao can actually control the South Heaven Death Formation!” The other cultivators followed along quietly, although none of them agreed with his decision.

They were the Ji Clan, and after all these years, they had grown used to being above everyone else. No matter where they went in the Ninth Mountain and Sea, all they had to do was reveal that they were from the Ji Clan, and everyone would instantly act very respectfully and even shake in fear. After all, the Ji Clan was the Lord of the Ninth Mountain and Sea!

With a position and standing like that, they never really needed to spend much time thinking about anything in any situation. They always viewed themselves as the strongest party, like Emperors. As such, why would they need to spend time considering the common people?

The young cultivator looked at his companions and sighed inwardly with remorse. He was well aware that the members of the Ji Clan were too used to being in a superior position, and had lost their ability to sense danger.

It was at this moment that they emerged from the cloud layer, and found themselves at the very edges of the skies above Planet South Heaven, just a short distance away from the void of space. Suddenly, the young man saw something which caused his pupils to constrict.

“Meng Hao!!”

He wasn't the only surprised one. The other Ji Clan cultivators' faces fell as they caught sight of Meng Hao, standing in the air above them, eyes shining coldly, lightning crackling and crashing around him.

Voice cool, he said, “Now that nobody's around to stop me... I'm going to cut down some Ji Clan cultivators!”

Lightning crashed and danced in all directions.

Meng Hao extended his hand and pushed it down toward South Heaven. Rumbling sounds echoed out as, all of a sudden, a huge illusory net appeared around him, which was none other than the South Heaven Death Formation.

The Death Formation net rapidly transformed into a huge hand, which radiated boundless killing intent, causing colors to flash and thunder to boom.

The young Ji Clan cultivator's face flickered, and he performed a double-handed incantation gesture. He roared as innumerable shocking Karma Threads appeared around him, transforming into innumerable magical items that shone with dazzling light and shot toward the hand. Simultaneously, killing intent began to roil off of all the other Ji Clan cultivators, and the dozen or so of them joined together in unleashing their entire cultivation bases to defend against the hand.

When the magical techniques and divine abilities, as well as the magical items, slammed into the huge hand formed by the spell formation, they were completely powerless. They shattered into nothing, crushed like dried weeds by the spell formation hand. Rumbling echoed out as the hand then slammed into the Ji Clan cultivators.

Almost instantly, three of their number screamed and exploded into pieces, transforming into a rain of blood that fell down through the clouds.

“Meng Hao, how dare you kill Ji Clan cultivators! Our Patriarch is going to slaughter you!!” In the following instant, another three Ji Clan cultivators were killed. Blood sprayed out of their mouths, and they exploded.

The cries they let out before dying never went beyond the clouds, nor did they echo out into space. Down below, the only thing people could hear was thunder.

“Ji Tian doesn’t dare to come to Planet South Heaven!” Meng Hao said coolly. He waved his right hand, causing boundless lightning to crackle within the clouds. There was so much lightning that it seemed as if the entire world were composed of nothing else, except for a few miserable screams interspersed between the booming thunder.

The hand materialized by the South Heaven Death Formation was like Heavenly Tribulation from Planet South Heaven, something that could extinguish all life!

And Meng Hao could control the South Heaven Death Formation. That mean that on Planet South Heaven he... was exactly as powerful as Emperor Tang! Unsurpassable!

Chapter 1195: Eighth Life!

“Patriarch, save me!!” One of the old Ji Clan cultivators screamed as he went all-out trying to fight against the spell formation hand. However, all his magical techniques fell to pieces, and he was torn to shreds, causing blood to rain down into the clouds below.

The illusory hand burst with the power of extermination. Lightning crashed and exploded, becoming the only sound in Heaven and Earth.

A middle-aged Ji Clan cultivator, eyes bloodshot, performed an incantation gesture that caused numerous magical items to fly out of his bag of holding. However, the hand shattered them all. Blood sprayed from the man’s mouth, splattering back onto his face. He screamed as he was destroyed, completely shredded into nothing.

Two more Ji Clan cultivators performed incantation gestures, summoning magical techniques and Karma Threads. In the blink of an eye, their Karma was destroyed, and then the hand completely wiped them out.

“Patriarch, save us!!” Miserable screams echoed out, filled with astonishment and dread. Unfortunately for them, the screams were completely drowned out by the lightning.

Everything happened very quickly. Although it takes some time to describe, Meng Hao's single explosive attack with the South Heaven Death Formation... instantly killed almost all of the dozen or so Ji Clan cultivators.

A moment later, only two were left. One was the young man, and the other was the Elder who had been in the leadership position of this group that had come to Planet South Heaven. They immediately fell back, avoiding death for the moment. However, the hand continued to rumble toward them with unbelievable speed.

"Meng Hao," the old man roared, "is your Fang Clan trying to start a war with the Ji Clan!?!?" He waved his hand, causing cultivation base power to erupt into a windstorm that rumbled so loudly it vied with the thunder.

Meng Hao's face was icy cold as he shoved his hand down. More rumbling could be heard as the spell formation's hand crushed down through the clouds toward the two remaining cultivators.

Blood sprayed out of the old man's mouth, and a look of despair covered his face as he began to collapse. In the moment before he shattered, the young man flickered into place behind him and pushed down onto his back.

"Since you're going to die... you might as well help me!" the young man murmured.

RUMBLE!

The enormous hand continued to surge through the clouds, causing them to seethe and churn. By now, the sound had reached the ears of the cultivators down below, who heard a shocking rumbling.

They could also see the clouds shaking. Massive amounts of lightning crackled about as if they had been squeezed out of the sponge-like clouds, falling from the clouds like silver dragons.

Given that even the lightning had been forcibly expelled, huge bean-sized drops of rain also began to pour down onto the lands beneath.

However, what no one noticed was that some of that rain was the color of blood. That was because... it wasn't rain at all, but blood, the blood of the Ji Clan! However, there was no life within

that blood, and the amount was miniscule, as if the vast majority of it had been swallowed up by the clouds themselves.

What nobody down below could see was that, somewhere within the dark clouds, a blood-colored figure sat cross-legged in meditation, surrounded by a cloud of the blood that had disappeared, which it was constantly consuming.

If you looked closely, that blood-colored figure was emanating the Karmic aura of the Ji Clan, as well as a faint, murderous aura.

This was Meng Hao's Blood Clone!

It had been years since Meng Hao's cultivation base had grown so powerful that the Blood Clone was essentially useless, and had remained tucked away in his bag of holding. He had even given up on the idea of turning it into a Blood Divinity.

Then Ji Tian had gone and tried to kill his father, which stoked Meng Hao's killing intent and rage to the point where he decided to collect more generations of Ji Clan blood and continue his plan to build his Blood Divinity, which would have the power of Ancestral Awakening.

Thus, less blood fell down among the rain than would be expected, and what fell was in fact diluted to the point that no one could see it. In fact, only a single drop landed on the face of one of the cultivators down below, who looked up in shock after wiping it away.

Back up in the clouds and lightning, Meng Hao extended his right hand, causing the spell formation's hand to gradually disperse, leaving behind a huge handprint within the clouds.

One palm had killed the Ji Clan cultivators as if they were ants!

Although that power did not come from Meng Hao himself, at this moment he felt a sort of mightiness that could only come after one possessed the power to control Heaven and Earth, the kind of domineering feeling that came from being matchless in all of creation.

As the hand faded away, two people became visible within the handprint that was left behind. It was none other than the two people who hadn't been killed!

Of course, it would be most correct to say that it was one person, not two!

The old man's aura was no longer present. A huge hole was now visible in his back, and it was possible to see that no organs existed inside of his body. He was an empty husk, inside of which the young man was concealed!

Clearly, he hadn't simply hidden inside the man, but used some sort of sinister secret magic to avoid being killed by the enormous net.

Cracking sounds could be heard as the husk of the old man fell into pieces. The young man staggered back, coughing up blood. At the same time, countless Karma Threads exploded out of him, filling the area and transforming into what looked like a teleportation spell formation.

The blood spraying from his mouth fell down through the clouds to be sucked towards and voraciously consumed by the Blood Clone which was hidden there.

Of course, the young man had no idea about the Blood Clone. Even as his body began to fade, Meng Hao gave a cold harrumph.

"You're not going anywhere!" he said, advancing, hand clenching into a fist. He punched out, causing the air to distort. However, as he closed in on the young man, Meng Hao suddenly felt a sense of crisis, and it was in that moment that the young man smiled eerily.

"You... finally got close," he murmured. Instead of dodging out of the way of Meng Hao's fist, he actually charged directly forward to meet it.

Rumbling could be heard as the young man's body was shattered, causing blood and gore to spray out in all directions. However, his laughter continued to echo out in the air.

"Meng Hao, our Karma has been tied. Next time we meet... what's yours will be mine. Remember our shared name. We are called... Ji Dongyang!" Wild laughter echoed out as the young man's body faded away.

Meng Hao hovered there, frowning. Finally, he looked down thoughtfully at his fist and sighed.

"I wanted to kill him, but apparently, that was part of his plan...."

“What a clever fellow, this Ji Dongyang. All of the Ji Clan cultivators he brought with him were being used as a smokescreen.

“And the entire reason why he dared to come to Planet South Heaven was to use a Ji Clan secret magic to bind me with Karma, and in turn unleash some sort of mysterious Daoist magic.

“I was luring him into a trap, and he was doing the same to me.... He didn’t want to be killed by the South Heaven Death Formation, he wanted to be killed by me personally....” Even as he hovered there thinking, the Blood Clone which had been hiding in the clouds below slowly floated up. It was now very different than before, more powerful, and emanating a powerful aura of Ji Clan Karma.

In fact, it even seemed to be poised on the verge of a breakthrough. With a little more progress, it would finally break through and take a step closer to being a Blood Divinity capable of Ancestral Awakening.

“If the Ancestral Awakening occurs, I wonder if... whatever appears will be as powerful as Ji Tian himself!?”

Eyes flickering, he ceased worrying about the matter of Ji Dongyang. All he could do now was be on guard against this new powerful adversary!

After putting his Blood Clone into his bag of holding, he shot back down through the clouds.

Meanwhile, in the Ji Clan on the Ninth Mountain, there was a restricted area that was a graveyard. Nine coffins were lined up there, all of them bronze and carved with complicated magical symbols.

Seven of those coffins had no lids, and were empty. Only the eighth and ninth coffins were closed tightly.

Suddenly, powerful rumbling like that of thunder could be heard, and the lid of the eighth coffin opened with a bang. A powerful aura immediately surged out from within.

A hand stretched up from inside the eighth coffin. At first, it was trembling, but then it grew steady and grabbed the side of the coffin. A person slowly sat up, then stood. His body was shriveled, like a corpse, so desiccated that it was difficult to make out his facial features.

A mark could be seen on his forehead, and despite the withered nature of his body, that mark was clearly visible. Unexpectedly, it was... an Echelon mark!!

Shockingly, this man... was an Echelon cultivator!

He took a breath, sucking in all the energy of Heaven and Earth in the area. As he did, his body rapidly regenerated. His blood and flesh wriggled, and life flooded back into him as he rapidly transformed back into a young man!

His facial features slowly filled back in, and in the end... a face appeared which no one had ever seen before!

“I still... prefer the appearance of my seventh life,” he said in a raspy voice. “He was my favorite among the Junior generation.” Then the face rapidly changed, transforming into... Ji Dongyang!

“The Karma has been bound, and my eighth life body has been awakened. I’ve also secured the host for my ninth life. Meng Hao..... Once we share the same body... then you will be my ninth life!” Ji Dongyang began to laugh, a strange and sinister laughter filled with an ancient air.

He looked up, and shockingly, a huge eye appeared up above him, within which sat an old man. The two of them looked at each other.

The most eerie thing was that if there were a third person present to observe the scene, they would find that the look in the old man’s eyes, and the look in Ji Dongyang’s eyes...

Were exactly the same!!

Chapter 1196: Taking Away the Terracotta Soldier!

The rest of the coronation of the Clan Chief came to a conclusion without a hitch. All sects and powers in the Ninth Mountain and Sea would henceforth treat Fang Xiufeng with incredible politeness. After all, Fang Xiufeng now represented the entire Fang Clan!

Large numbers of Fang Clan cultivators were stationed on Planet South Heaven, and permanent teleportation portals were set up, linking it directly to Planet East Victory.

This also meant that it was no longer just Fang Xiufeng who stood guard over Planet South Heaven. It became the responsibility of the whole Fang Clan, including Fang Shoudao and Fang Yanxu, and no one shirked their duty.

Protect the Mountain and Sea Realm! That... was the oath of the Allheaven Clans!

Three days after the ceremony was over, Meng Hao bid farewell to his parents and left Planet South Heaven. He wasn't sure when he would be back in the Ninth Mountain and Sea, so he decided that he should go see some of his old friends before leaving. Some he would visit to reminisce. Others he would visit to collect money!

His first stop would be Planet East Victory!

He made use of the teleportation portal on Planet South Heaven to travel directly there. On his way to the ancestral mansion, he stopped by the Dao of Alchemy Division to pay respects to Pill Elder and visit some old friends. Then, he and Fang Shoudao opened up the clan's Ancestral Land!

He stood there looking at the enormous vortex, and the familiar Ancestral Land therein. His heart trembled as he saw the terracotta soldier in the form of a mountain, and couldn't help but think of Ke Yunhai.

"Dad..." he murmured. He stepped forward into the vortex and appeared in front of the terracotta soldier. It was currently sleeping, but as soon as he appeared, its aura awakened, and it slowly opened its eyes. Rumbling echoed out as it rose to its feet, and the power of a Quasi-Dao cultivation base erupted out.

It had been waiting this entire time for Meng Hao to come and take it away!

The day had finally come!

"I'm going to take you away," Meng Hao said. "You're going to be with me... for all eternity." He slowly lifted his hand and patted the terracotta soldier as its aura caused memories of Stepdad Ke to swirl in his head.

“There’s another terracotta soldier out there somewhere, and I’m going to get that one back too.” He took a deep breath and then waved his hand. The terracotta soldier instantly transformed into a beam of light that flew into the piece of the Ruins of Immortality that he’d acquired from Paragon Sea Dream!

The terracotta soldier had long since become connected inseparably with the Ruins of Immortality, although not the land itself, but its energy. The entire reason it was unable to leave the Fang Clan Ancestral Land was because without that energy, it would die.

That was the main reason that Meng Hao requested a piece of the Ruins of Immortality from Paragon Sea Dream. It was all... for the terracotta soldier. As the terracotta soldier entered his own piece of the Ruins of Immortality, Meng Hao’s heart began to beat nervously. After all, his whole plan was based on speculation. However, after seeing that the terracotta soldier showed no signs of being unable to adapt, he breathed a sigh of relief.

“From now on we’ll... travel together through the Mountain and Sea Realm!” Next, his eyes began to glow as he looked in the direction of the necropolis far off in the distance and bowed. Just as he was about to leave, the ancient voice of the first generation Patriarch echoed out into his mind.

“The legacy of Lord Li was once on Planet South Heaven. Later it came to Planet East Victory. And now... it’s in the Eighth Mountain and Sea.” As the voice echoed out, a jade slip flew out of the necropolis to appear in front of Meng Hao. He reached out and took it.

“This jade slip shows the current location of the legacy of Lord Li. With this, you should be able to track it down!

“The legacy was originally intended for someone in the Dao Realm. However, considering your current cultivation base, you can still... find and acquire the legacy. It... will be of great help to you.” The longer the first generation Patriarch spoke, the weaker his voice got.

Meng Hao sent some divine sense into the jade slip, and could immediately sense something calling to him through the starry sky. It was faint, but he was now sure that if he went looking, he would be able to find the source of that call.

What he found strange was that the location of Lord Li’s legacy was not fixed within the Eighth Mountain and Sea. Instead, it seemed to be moving.

“Planet South Heaven. Planet East Victory. The Eighth Mountain....” Meng Hao’s eyes widened as he made a sudden, wild speculation.

“No way...” he murmured.

Meanwhile, in the starry sky of the Eighth Mountain and Sea, a gargantuan turtle was flying along happily, humming a little tune, surrounded by hundreds of tough-looking cultivators who were apparently guards.

As they flew along with the turtle, they cried out in loud voices:

“The Patriarch is mighty, Reliance is mighty!”

“The Patriarch is invincible, Reliance is invincible!”

Their voices echoed out in powerful sound waves, spreading out in all directions. Any cultivators who encountered them were immediately shocked.

Of course, this turtle was none other than Patriarch Reliance, who was now as free as a bird, smacking his lips proudly, looking very much at ease.

“The Eighth Mountain is way better than the Ninth Mountain. No matter where I look, there’s no Meng Hao. Without him, everything is wonderful.” Patriarch Reliance sighed emotionally as he realized that making the decision to flee from the Ninth Mountain and Sea couldn’t have been more right.

“That little bastard Meng Hao wouldn’t imagine in his wildest dreams that I’ll never again be fooling around with him in the Ninth Mountain and Sea. Finally I can be footloose and fancy free in the Eighth Mountain and Sea.” Patriarch Reliance was very proud of himself, and loved how the cultivators clustered around him and called him mighty. However, it was at this point that he suddenly shivered out of nowhere.

“Eee? What’s going on? Why do I feel so jittery all of a sudden?” A strange look appeared on Patriarch Reliance’s face for a moment, but he thought little more of it and continued on his merry way.

Back in the Ninth Mountain and Sea, Meng Hao put the jade slip away with a wry expression on his face. Clasp hands to the first generation Patriarch, he then left the Ancestral Land and headed toward the teleportation portal with those speculations running through his mind.

Halfway there, he suddenly turned to find a black-robed cultivator sitting cross-legged on a nearby mountain peak.

Before, this cultivator would wear white, but later, he had become the shadow of the clan, and from then on, wore clothing as black as the night, to indicate how he would eternally exist in the darkness.

It was Fang Wei!

This location was a place that had to be passed by to get to the teleportation portal, and he had been waiting here specifically for Meng Hao.

Their gazes met, and neither said anything at first. A moment passed, and then Meng Hao smiled.

“What is the meaning of your name, Fang Wei?”

A tremor ran through Fang Wei. Meng Hao’s question brought back many memories. A bright glow appeared in his eyes. Voice low and filled with determination, he replied, “That I’m going to defend the Fang Clan!”

Meng Hao waved his finger, which caused Fang Wei to shake one more time. Suddenly, an intense azure light began to shine off of him.

This was the light of an Allheaven Immortal. The Dao seed inside of him was now mostly awakened, causing his cultivation base to burn with the power of an imminent breakthrough.

Meng Hao’s face paled a bit. Smiling, he flew past Fang Wei toward the teleportation portal.

A complicated expression appeared on Fang Wei’s face as he sensed his surging cultivation base and the Allheaven Immortal energy inside of himself. As Meng Hao made his way off, just before he disappeared, Fang Wei called out, “Meng Hao, I’ll wait for you to get back, and then the two of us are going to fight!”

“Very well!” was the echoing reply. Then Meng Hao disappeared into the teleportation portal in a flash of light.

“Therefore,” Fang Wei murmured. “No matter what dangerous situations you run into, make sure to get back safely!” He rose to his feet and headed back in the direction of the Medicine Immortal Sect, eyes gleaming with an unswerving determination to sacrifice anything and everything for the sake of his clan.

Meng Hao stepped out of a shimmering teleportation portal onto an asteroid field somewhere in the starry sky of the Ninth Mountain and Sea. Slapping his bag of holding, he produced a thick stack of promissory notes.

“So, who should I go collect money from first? Ah, I guess it doesn’t matter. I have so many promissory notes I guess I might as well just randomly pick one!” Having made up his mind, he pulled a random note out and looked it over.

“Taiyang Zi?” he said, smiling. “Not bad, not bad. He owes me quite a few spirit stones.” Face filled with anticipation, he clutched the promissory note in his hand as he shot toward the teleportation portal leading to Mount Sun. As soon as the disciples manning the teleportation portal saw that it was Meng Hao, their faces flickered.

Ignoring them, Meng Hao stepped into the teleportation portal and was surrounded by the glowing light of teleportation.

When he reappeared, he found himself in front of a world of scorching heat. It was like a desert, and there was no starry sky up above; this was its own unique, special world.

The sky was dark, and the lands were parched. Countless mountains could be seen stretching out in all directions, all of which were spontaneously erupting volcanoes. In fact, in the moment that Meng Hao arrived, he saw a dozen or so of them belching out black smoke, and shooting out bright glowing arcs of light that looked almost like meteors.

This was Mount Sun. According to the legends, it was a fragment of lands shattered by the impact of the Immortal World’s sun when it fell from the heavens. Because it was so large, vast amounts of sun power could be found there, which was also why there were so many powerfully destructive volcanoes!

That was also why it became a unique location to practice cultivation. Gradually, it came to be called Mount Sun, and after many years, became one of the Five Great Holy Lands of the Ninth Mountain and Sea!

Different teleportation portals could be used to get into and out of Mount Sun, and all of them were manned by Mount Sun disciples. Once Meng Hao appeared, they immediately recognized him.

“That’s Meng Hao!” There were over a hundred disciples in the area of the teleportation portal, and all of them looked at Meng Hao with flickering expressions. Although they weren’t sure why he was here, they immediately pushed down on jade slips to send messages to their superiors.

Meng Hao coughed dryly and glanced around at the Mount Sun disciples, who were acting as though some powerful enemy had just shown up at their doorstep. Feeling a bit embarrassed, he gave them a bashful smile, then cleared his voice and called out, “Taiyang Zi! You owe me money! Time to pay up!!”

His voice echoed out like thunder, causing wild colors to flash in Heaven and Earth, and a massive wind to spring up. Boundless ripples emanated out and surged through the world.

Some of the volcanoes in the area quaked and then erupted, and the sky darkened as the Heavens shook. Everyone in the entire world could hear Meng Hao’s words.

The Mount Sun disciples stared with wide-open jaws. Mount Sun was immediately thrown into a huge uproar as countless disciples were flabbergasted by Meng Hao’s voice.

Chapter 1197: Stopping By To Demand Payment!

“Taiyang Zi! You owe me money! Time to pay up!!”

“... You owe me money! Time to pay up!!”

“... Time to pay up!!”

The world in which Mount Sun existed seemed to be filled with countless Meng Haos, all of them shouting out at the same time. The mountains shook and the lands quaked. Countless cultivators were completely shocked.

Most surprising of all were the actual words he spoke....

Almost immediately, hundreds of furious cultivators flew out from one particular mountain deep within the world of Mount Sun.

“Collecting debt?”

“Who dares to cause a ruckus in Mount Sun!?”

“Such audaciousness!”

All of the disciples headed in Meng Hao’s direction. However, before they were even halfway to his location, one cultivator after another recognized who he was, and their faces fell.

“Meng Hao.... Dammit, I can’t believe it’s him! Greedy, miserly Meng Hao!”

“Meng Hao was able to cut down Guru Heavencloud in battle, and also has a despicable Daoist magic that gets people to owe him money. It would be better to die than provoke him!”

“Ahem, well if it isn’t my bro Meng Hao. Ah, misunderstanding, misunderstanding....” Without the slightest hesitation, the group instantly turned on their heels and left.

They recognized him and knew what kind of person he was. He was such a terrifying figure that none of them were willing to stand up for Taiyang Zi.

Actually, not even Meng Hao himself was aware of how famous he had become in the Ninth Mountain and Sea. Virtually all of the cultivators knew him and did their best to avoid him. It was common knowledge that anyone who tangled with him... would end up completely destitute.

Meng Hao’s cries continued to echo back and forth in the Holy Land of Mount Sun. Soon, in some of the most ancient volcanoes of Mount Sun, cultivators with the status of Elders, and even Patriarchs, opened their eyes to reveal cold, displeased gazes. These people had extremely high statuses, and had lived for many years. As such, they held no approval for a youngster like Meng Hao.

Meanwhile.... At the bottom of an enormous volcano deep within Mount Sun, a young man sat cross-legged in meditation. He was naked from the waist up, and every inch of his skin glowed bright red. Clearly it contained terrifying power. Bulging blue veins snaked across his skin like dragons, and it seemed like there was some sort of explosive force building up inside him.

On the young man's forehead, a mark could be seen that resembled a sun.

This was none other than... Taiyang Zi!

He was just one of the many Chosen that had emerged in the long history of the Holy Land of Mount Sun. Yet his latent talent was stunning, even more so than all the cultivators who had inherited the name Taiyang Zi before him. In terms of cultivation, he had long since broken through the traditional limitations for cultivators. He was now at the peak of the Immortal Realm, but in truth, he could easily battle the mid Ancient Realm!

Immortals like that were definitely rare in the Ninth Mountain and Sea!

As Taiyang Zi sat there cross-legged doing breathing exercises, Meng Hao's voice echoed about like thunder, reaching the depths of the world of Mount Sun. The volcanoes all trembled, erupting with lava and belching out smoke. The sky of Mount Sun quickly turned black.

Taiyang Zi's eyes snapped open as his volcano had a similar reaction.

"Meng Hao!" He gritted his teeth in fury. He would never have imagined that Meng Hao would actually come to Mount Sun and say something like he just had.

To show up in Taiyang Zi's home and openly demand money left him with no face whatsoever. This was especially the case considering that he didn't believe that he actually owed Meng Hao anything. The whole situation had been forced on him. Of course, he couldn't beat Meng Hao in a fight, so he was forced to simply endure the situation. But now, shockingly, Meng Hao had actually come to Mount Sun to settle up.

Taiyang Zi threw his head back and roared. His cultivation base surged with power, and he flew out of the volcano up into the sky, roaring out in an equally thunderous voice, "Meng Hao, you push people too far!!"

From his position just outside the teleportation portal, Meng Hao could hear Taiyang Zi, and his face lit up with delight. What he feared the most was going to collect debts, only to find the person not at home. Now that he knew Taiyang Zi was home, he realized that he was in luck.

Laughing heartily, he took a step forward and transformed into a bright beam of light that shot dazzlingly through the air toward Taiyang Zi. However, even as he closed in, a cold snort echoed out from a nearby volcano, and an enormous hand appeared, which grabbed toward Meng Hao.

“Cease this outburst, child! Get down here!” The sound of the snort echoed about, and the enormous hand blotted out the sky as it crushed down toward Meng Hao. The hand even seemed to influence the natural laws in the area, causing everything to twist and distort.

Meng Hao’s eyes flickered coldly. Instead of falling back, he slammed directly into the hand, causing massive rumbling sounds to echo out. The hand collapsed, and Meng Hao remained hovering in midair, completely unharmed.

“Me get down there? How about you come up here!” He extended his right hand and made a grasping motion toward the volcano down below.

The land quaked and the volcano rumbled as a bedraggled figure was wrenched up into the air. It was an old man in the great circle of the Ancient Realm, who looked completely flustered as he glared at Meng Hao. More cold harrumphs could be heard from the surrounding volcanos as four more old men appeared, all of them in the great circle of the Ancient Realm. Their energy surged, creating a spectacular scene as they flew out to suppress Meng Hao.

“Ganging up on me?” Meng Hao said coolly, waving his right hand, which caused the terracotta soldier to emerge from his bag of holding. It instantly grew to a huge size, sweeping its greatsword through the air, destroying a volcano before stabbing into the ground, which then quaked violently.

When the Ancient Realm Mount Sun Elders felt how powerful the attack of the terracotta soldier was, their faces fell and they instantly backed up. Even still, blood sprayed out of their mouths, and shocked expressions appeared on their faces.

“Quasi-Dao!!”

“That’s the guardian of the Fang Clan’s Ancestral Land! It joined the battle when the Ji Clan invaded Planet East Victory!!”

As they backed up, the terracotta soldier looked around, and its energy soared. Rumbling filled the air, and a huge wind sprang up that filled all of Mount Sun with the Quasi-Dao aura of the terracotta soldier.

That aura caused all Mount Sun disciples' faces to fall, and their bodies to tremble. The mad aura of a Quasi-Dao cultivation base was something they simply couldn't fight against.

Any Quasi-Dao expert was to be feared. However, what was most terrifying was that even though the terracotta soldier could explode out with Quasi-Dao power... it had no longevity limitations.

Taiyang Zi gasped, and his heart began to thump. He looked at Meng Hao, then at the enormous terracotta soldier, and then he sighed. Finally, he began to back up, and yet, he wasn't as fast as Meng Hao.

Meng Hao advanced, reaching out to grab ahold of Taiyang Zi.

“Taiyang Zi, you're going to pay me what you owe, today!!”

“You're shameless, Meng Hao! I never owed you any money!!” Roaring in fury, Taiyang Zi performed a double-handed incantation gesture, causing a divine ability to materialize and shoot toward Meng Hao.

“I have proof! Your promissory note is right here! How dare you deny the truth!” Enraged, Meng Hao punched out, sending Taiyang Zi flying back with blood spraying out of his mouth. Meng Hao was just about to follow up with another attack when the voice of an arrogant old man echoed out across the lands.

“Even if your father came here, he would treat me with respect and call me Senior. For you to come to Mount Sun and babble such nonsense might not be a capital offense, but you won't escape severe punishment.

“I suppose I'll just stand in for your father to administer some discipline. If we don't correct that personality of yours, sooner or later you're going to get yourself killed.” As the voice rang out, an ancient and primeval volcano off in the distance erupted, and countless flickering magical symbols spewed out. A middle-aged man flew out, standing on a stream of smoking lava and a cloud of ash.

When he emerged, the sky churned, and the air around him became a sea of flames which emanated an Essence aura.

This man was none other than one of the three Dao Realm experts of Mount Sun!!

As far as he was concerned, it didn't matter why Meng Hao was here, he should politely offer his respects and say some pleasantries. If that had been the case, Mount Sun wouldn't necessarily refuse to hand over some spirit stones to resolve the issue with Taiyang Zi.

However, for Meng Hao to show up and act so tough was simply intolerable. In his mind, even if Meng Hao were stronger than he was, he couldn't do anything to cultivators in the Dao Realm. Even the things which had happened on Planet South Heaven recently were only because of the South Heaven Death Formation.

After he finished speaking, the middle-aged man waved his finger in Meng Hao's direction.

"I call upon my Dao to unleash the magic of the Heavens. Bind this child's body and burn him in the flames!" In accompaniment with the man's coolly spoken words, the sea of flames behind him surged explosively toward Meng Hao, transforming into an enormous mouth that sought to consume him.

"Well aren't you something, Mount Sun. I came to settle accounts, which is a right and proper thing to do. But in the end, the kids refuse to admit they owe money, and the adults refuse to discuss the matter reasonably?" Enraged, Meng Hao waved his hand, causing the Essence of Divine Flame to explode out in another sea of flames. This sea of flames also filled half of the sky, and shot menacingly toward the Dao Realm Patriarch.

Rumbling booms echoed out as the two seas of flame collided and then dissipated.

Meng Hao grunted, but then took a step forward, causing his energy to rise as he charged toward the Dao Realm Patriarch. The man's face was pale, and his eyes were wide; Meng Hao's power left him... completely astonished.

When the Mount Sun disciples saw what was happening, they gasped. Even Taiyang Zi's eyes were wide, and his mind was spinning. This was their first time truly witnessing how powerful Meng Hao's cultivation base was.

“Taiyang Zi... are you gonna pay back what you owe, or not!?!?” Meng Hao took a second step, and his energy rose, causing him to emanate what felt like the might of the Heavens throughout the world of Mount Sun.

Chapter 1198: Repay Your Kindness!

“Enough with the ruckus!” The Dao Realm Patriarch’s eyes glinted with coldness. Although he was shocked by Meng Hao’s battle prowess, he still couldn’t believe that he himself was no match for him. Although he wasn’t of a mind to kill Meng Hao, he fully intended to teach him a lesson. Even as the words left his mouth, he took a step forward.

As his foot descended, he stretched his arms wide, causing a tempest to spring up. All of the volcanoes in Mount Sun trembled, and the black smoke in the sky seethed and churned as they gathered towards him. Even the lava that covered the surface of the ground began to rise up into the air and converge together.

In the blink of an eye, a huge sealing mark formed!

It was bright red, and filled with Dao Realm Essence power that was strong enough to shatter Heaven and destroy Earth. Fully 300 meters wide, it floated there in front of the Dao Realm Patriarch, who then waved his hand, sending the sealing mark directly toward Meng Hao.

“I’ll put you in your place and then call some adults from your clan to come take you away!” he said coolly. The huge sealing mark rumbled through the air, bursting with Essence power.

“A piddling 1-Essence Dao Realm cultivator like you dares to try and put me in my place!?” Meng Hao responded calmly. He truly qualified to say such a thing; if he unleashed his Battle Weapon, it would certainly be possible for him to cut this man down.

But he was here to collect debt. Although this Dao Realm Patriarch was blocking his path, after some thought, Meng Hao realized that he should act in good faith, and help Mount Sun consider the gains and losses that could be had.

“I might not have a sealing mark, but I have... this!” Eying the incoming sealing mark, he extended his right hand out into the air, making a snatching motion. Heaven and Earth trembled, and the air in front of him collapsed as a land mass shot out from his palm.

The piece of land started out very small, but in the next moment, it grew to the enormous size of 30,000 meters, blotting out the sky and casting everything into deep shadow.

A boundlessly archaic aura emanated out from the land mass, as if it had existed for countless years of time. That land mass had apparently existed for innumerable eons, and even seemed to contain the will of a Paragon!!

It wasn't the specific will of an individual Paragon, though. It was... the supreme will of the land mass itself!

This 30,000-meter stretch of land was none other than... a piece of the Ruins of Immortality, enormously heavy, and now being wielded by Meng Hao as if it were a magical item. Immediately, he sent it smashing down toward the sealing mark down below.

Apparently, there was nothing in Heaven and Earth, nothing in the Mountain and Sea Realm, no precious treasures that could remain unshaken by this land mass, and even if there were, the sealing mark was not one of them!

The Dao Realm Patriarch's face fell as he saw the chunk of the Ruins of Immortality descending. "That's... part of the Ruins of Immortality! This is impossible!! You.... you actually have part of the Ruins of Immortality!!"

It was a spectacular scene in which everything trembled violently. When the land mass smashed into the sealing mark, the mark trembled. Incapable of standing up to the attack, it collapsed, and the chunk of the Ruins of Immortality continued to rip through the air and then slammed down toward the ground.

If it crashed into the ground, a large portion of the land would surely collapse. The ensuing earthquake would also cause all of the volcanoes in Mount Sun to erupt.

Everything that was happening caused the Dao Realm Patriarch to gasp. How could he ever have predicted that Meng Hao would have a piece of the Ruins of Immortality? This fact only added to his astonishment; his heart had long since begun to pound wildly with shock.

It was at this point that an ancient voice rang out from a distant volcano, filled with surprise. "So, you actually have a piece of the Ruins of Immortality!"

In the blink of an eye, an old man had appeared beneath the Ruins of Immortality. After reaching his hand up and pushing against the descending land mass, he was shoved down several hundred meters before coming to a stop.

He was able to resist the Ruins of Immortality with his power alone!!

The old man's explosive aura contained swirling Essence power, not that of a single Essence, but rather, three!

Shockingly, this old man was... a 3-Essences Dao Lord!

After successfully collecting the power of three different Essences, one was referred to as a Dao Lord!

The old man's energy soared, and rumbling echoed out from his hand as he floated up, pushing the Ruins of Immortality back up into the air

"Meng Hao, young friend, please put this thing away," the old man said, his eyes gleaming with somberness.

Meng Hao's expression was the same as ever. If there was no one in Mount Sun who could catch his chunk of the Ruins of Immortality, then they didn't qualify to be one of the Five Great Holy Lands.

Even still, Meng Hao was convinced that if his piece of the Ruins of Immortality were larger, then even Dao Lords would be incapable of shouldering it!

He waved his hand, and the land mass flew back into his bag of holding. Meng Hao looked at the old man and said, "I came here today to collect some debts, not to duel with magic."

The middle-aged Dao Realm Patriarch was apparently on the verge of saying something, but the old man silenced him with a look. The middle-aged man nodded, and the old man suddenly said, "Taiyang Zi!"

His voice echoed out like thunder, causing Taiyang Zi to hurry forth and kowtow.

“Greetings, Patriarch!” he said, head bowed. Inwardly, he was completely shaken to a Heaven-shaking, Earth-toppling degree. Although he knew that Meng Hao was powerful, he could never have imagined that he was strong enough to face off against Mount Sun’s Patriarchs.

In fact, it was even appropriate to say that Meng Hao was now capable of shaking the entire Ninth Mountain and Sea. With a cultivation base like that, now that he had come to settle accounts... there was nothing Taiyang Zi could do other than smile bitterly. He wasn’t sure whether to feel honored, or to sigh.

“How much money do you owe our young friend Meng Hao?” the old man growled.

“I...” Taiyang Zi opened his mouth, but couldn’t find any words. Deep depression filled his heart, and actually, he couldn’t recall exactly how much he owed. After all, he had never admitted to actually owing Meng Hao anything.

When Meng Hao saw what was happening, he coughed dryly and patted his bag of holding. Immediately, a stack of promissory notes appeared, which he began to shuffle through.

“Oh, not much, not much,” he said, kindly deciding to remind Taiyang Zi of the amount. “Let’s see, the trifling sum of 1,000,000 Immortal jades, that’s all.”

“It wasn’t that much!!” Taiyang Zi blurted, trembling as he turned to look at Meng Hao. Even though Meng Hao’s cultivation base was so much higher than his, this was too much for him to bear.

“There’s interest on that too,” Meng Hao said, clearing his throat seriously. “Alright, never mind, just give me the original amount, 1,000,000 Immortal jades, and we’ll call things even.”

Taiyang Zi wanted to cry, but no tears would come. “You--”

He was about to continue speaking when the old man waved his hand, causing a bag of holding to fly out to Meng Hao.

Meng Hao caught it and scanned it with divine sense. Inside were 1,000,000 pieces of Immortal jade, neatly arranged.

Meng Hao immediately looked delighted. Putting the bag of holding away as quickly as possible, he clasped hands respectfully to the old man.

“Many thanks for presiding over justice, Senior. Well then... unless you have other business to discuss, I’ll take off now. I still have quite a few other places to go collect debts. Waiting for too long will give them too much opportunity to prepare, and make the accounts too difficult to settle.” With that, he turned into a beam of light that shot back toward the teleportation portal, then vanished.

Everyone in Mount Sun was completely silent, and many strange expressions could be seen. When Meng Hao vanished, there were many hearts that still blazed with rage at the utter humiliation which had just occurred.

The middle-aged Dao Realm cultivator was one of those people, and stared coldly at Meng Hao the entire time until he disappeared. Finally, he turned to face the old man.

“Elder Brother, why did you let that little bastard off the hook? Once word spreads, how will Mount Sun maintain any face?”

The old man frowned. Looking back at the middle-aged man, he sighed and said, “Don’t provoke him. He’s... a person we can’t afford to rile up.”

The middle-aged man was about to say something when the old man suddenly transmitted a message into his mind.

As soon as the middle-aged cultivator heard it, his face fell, and an expression of disbelief and shock filled his face. Voice hoarse, he said, “What?!?! Is that true?”

“Your cultivation base isn’t sufficient,” the old man said softly, “but with mine, I can pick up on the clues. There’s no other explanation. So... do you really want to provoke someone like that?”

The middle-aged cultivator took a deep breath, then turned and spoke out loud.

“Disciples of Mount Sun, from now on, none of you are to have any dealings with Meng Hao whatsoever. Do not incur debts of gratitude, nor should you sow any enmity. We... must maintain a respectful distance from Meng Hao!”

Taiyang Zi stared in shock. Although he wasn't sure what secret messages the two Patriarchs had passed between each other, from the look of things, Meng Hao was harboring some incredible secret that was powerful enough to cause the two Patriarchs from Mount Sun to fear him.

Taiyang Zi's heart was filled with many complicated emotions. He couldn't help but think about all the times he had interacted with Meng Hao. From the moment he had met him on Planet South Heaven down to this day, Meng Hao was always in the lead, and had transformed into an insurmountable mountain.

The speed of his ascent was incredible, such that Taiyang Zi could do nothing more than look up at him from down below.

In the following days, all of the sects and clans in the Ninth Mountain and Sea were thrown into a huge commotion. All of them heard of or experienced what it was like... to have Meng Hao come and settle accounts.

Any Chosen who had a promissory note in Meng Hao's hand would eventually find him at their doorstep, asking for money. All of the sects and clans were shaken by Meng Hao and his show of power. As a result, his debt collecting went fairly smoothly.

After all, he was not the youngster that he had been in the past. He was now so powerful that he could rock Dao Realm experts. Therefore, the trifling debt and the promissory notes prompted everyone to simply pay up.

Even Meng Hao would never have guessed that his actions of collecting debt would quickly become the conversation topic of all the cultivators in the Ninth Mountain and Sea. Whenever he stepped out of a teleportation portal, everyone who caught sight of him instantly got excited. Word would spread... and countless cultivators would gather to personally watch him go to settle accounts.

It was because of this that Meng Hao happened to step out of a teleportation portal at one point, and was instantly recognized. People then began to take out jade slips to notify their sects of what was happening.

"Strange, there's no sect or clan in the vicinity of this teleportation station. This asteroid field is merely a transfer station!"

“Look, his destination is actually near the Ninth Mountain...”

People looked on in confusion as Meng Hao vanished. When he reappeared, shockingly, he was walking out of another teleportation portal in another asteroid field. He looked up into the starry sky above him at... a stretch of crumbled stone!

Those bits of stone had once been complete, and when they were, they had formed... a bridge!

That bridge had actually been constructed in the Ancient Demon Immortal Sect. It was... the all-powerful Bridge of Immortal Treading!!

In this case, it was Meng Hao who owed someone else. He owed a debt of gratitude!

“Big bro Han Shan... I’ve come to repay your kindness!” he said softly. Then his body flickered as he shot up into the starry sky.

Chapter 1199: The Outrage of the Bridge of Immortality!

The Bridge of Immortal Treading!

At one time, it was a majestic bridge that spanned the starry sky, constructed by the Ancient Demon Immortal Sect. But then... in the war waged by Ji Tian, it was destroyed....

That was the bitter, bloody war which was fought when the Ji Clan betrayed the Ancient Demon Immortal Sect. During that war, the Ancient Demon Immortal Sect was completely destroyed, and Blood Demon was seriously injured. With his life force mortally damaged, he fled to Planet South Heaven, where he was forced to divide his Nascent Divinity and become a clone.

The war also saw the body of the Frost Soil Demon Emperor destroyed, and his soul collapsed. Only a tiny aspect of his soul managed to escape, and was later reincarnated.

Mysteriously, no reports surfaced of the Withering Flame Demon Emperor having died; no one knew what fate he met by the time the war ended....

The Fang Clan led the resistance against the Ji Clan, vying with them for the Lordship of the Ninth Mountain and Sea. Even after the Ancient Demon Immortal Sect was laid to waste, the fighting continued to go on for years.

Eventually, the Eighth Mountain and Sea was drawn into the conflict. Two great Mountains and Seas fought battle after battle. In the end... Ji Tian secured victory, becoming the new Lord of the Ninth Mountain and Sea!

The Mountain and Sea War ended. The civil war was over....

Such historical facts were common knowledge among cultivators of the Ninth Mountain and Sea. Furthermore, the ruins of the Bridge of Immortal Treading bore testimony to the brutality and carnage of the war.

Nowadays, all that remained of the bridge was this seemingly endless stretch of rubble, floating out in the starry sky. The stones clung together, and from a distance, the general shape of a bridge was still visible.

It was part of the history of the Ninth Mountain and Sea, and cultivators were drawn there to struggle in search of good fortune. Some people entered the ruins, never to return. Others acquired the luck they sought, and from then on their life courses drastically changed.

Meng Hao had been here once as a mere Spirit Realm cultivator. This was where he had met Zhixiang, and was also where he had encountered... a benefactor.

Han Shan!

He was the reincarnation of the Ancient Demon Immortal Sect's Frost Soil Demon Emperor.... Han Shan!

Han Shan's wife had been eternally imprisoned within the Bridge of Immortal Treading, and Han Shan had been willing to pay any price to come to this place, find her, and awaken her from her state of sleep. Were he unable to do so, then he was willing... to remain there forever with his wife.

He gave his sword, his alcohol flagon, and his frost soil to Meng Hao, connecting them with ties of destiny. He had helped Meng Hao succeed in his efforts, and had also created a bit of hope for himself and his wife....

At that time, Meng Hao had promised that when he achieved his Dao, he would come to repay the kindness!

Han Shan knew that if Meng Hao was the type of person to honor his promises, then he would definitely come back. If Meng Hao was not that type of person... then there was nothing that could be done about the matter. Such future matters were impossible to predict. Back then, Han Shan had no idea what would happen in the end.

Perhaps if Han Shan had remained conscious, he would have occasionally thought about Meng Hao's promise. Or maybe he would have forgotten about the ray of hope that he had given himself, which came from the opportunity he had given Meng Hao.

The truth of the matter was that Meng Hao would never forget the people who had helped him. Nor would he forget the promises he had made. Never would he forget Guyiding Tri-Rain, nor Han Shan. The promises he had made them existed eternally within his memory.

“Achieve the Dao, fulfill my promise!” he murmured, transforming into a prismatic streak of light that shot up into the starry sky.

“Although I haven't truly achieved my Dao,” he said softly, “I can still take a shot at freeing big bro Han Shan and his wife....” When he entered the region of the Bridge of Immortality, the excited cultivators who had been following him were quite confused. They couldn't imagine why Meng Hao would come to this place.

“Could it have something to do with the Ji Clan? That bridge was destroyed by Ji Tian years ago!” As people made their speculations, Meng Hao passed into the bridge, shooting along without even a pause.

He was not the only person inside the Bridge of Immortal Treading. Other cultivators were there, all of them in the Spirit Realm, come from other planets to participate in various trials by fire.

It was just the same as when he had come here years ago.

Meng Hao flew through the various crushed stones that made up the Bridge of Immortal Treading, revisiting places that he remembered from the past. He flew along silently, traveling ever deeper into the ruins.

He saw cultivators, some competing, some cooperating as they sought after good fortune. As he passed familiar places, he thought about his own experiences in the past. He did nothing to interfere with any of the cultivators he saw, nor did they even see him as he passed by. They continued on with their struggles and fights, completely oblivious.

He followed the same path he remembered taking last time. As he proceeded along, he soon realized that there was nobody else present in the locations he had visited formerly. He didn't stop to check if there was potential good fortune available. His only goal was...

To repay the debt of gratitude.

Soon, a land mass of broken rocks appeared up ahead, and the color of frost soil became evident. Meng Hao had finally reached the depths of the Bridge of Immortal Treading, the place... where he had watched as Han Shan found his wife.

The only difference was that now that he had once again returned, there were none of the soulless Bridge Slaves in sight; all he saw was boundless frost soil. But then he spotted a cliff in the center of that soil. Sitting atop that cliff were a man and a woman.

The woman was leaning up against the man's shoulder. Her eyes were closed, and a faint smile could be seen on her face. She seemed very content. The man's hand was intertwined with her beautiful hair, and he was looking down at her, also smiling.

It was a tender, beautiful sight, and anyone who looked at it would be able to see how much they cared for each other.

However, they were surrounded by seemingly endless frost soil, even the cliff, all of which looked like a deep blue block of ice!

The ice did not emanate any coldness, and yet, it seemed to be sealing them, eternally preserving the two people where they sat.

Apparently, the will of his wife's soul was also sealed there....

Meng Hao walked up silently and stood next to the cliff, looking at the man and the woman. Their familiar faces instantly gave rise to numerous memories.

“Big bro Han Shan....” he said, his voice hoarse. Considering the level of his cultivation base, he could tell at a glance that Han Shan had sealed himself here intentionally.

Rather than live on soullessly, he had somehow used the power of the Frost Soil Demon Emperor to seal both himself and his wife. There they would sit, waiting quietly for a future day when they might awaken.

Meng Hao looked at the man and the woman sitting there on the cliff, and softly said, “Unless I can dispel all outrage of the Bridge of Immortal Treading, then even if I am able to undo this seal, big bro Han Shan and his wife will have to remain here silently, year after year, unable to leave.

“The outrage of the Bridge of Immortal Treading... was born because of the Ji Clan. It would require a sacrifice of Ji Clan blood to dispel.... Unfortunately, I don’t have the power to do that right now.

“I can only try to use my cultivation base to shake the Bridge of Immortal Treading. Maybe I can force it to submit....” He took a deep breath and sat down cross-legged beneath the cliff. He closed his eyes, rotated his cultivation base, and drew upon the power of an Allheaven Immortal. Explosive azure light immediately began to shine out in all directions.

In the blink of an eye, the light shone for 30,000 meters, creating an entire world of azure light. At the same time, the Bridge of Immortal Treading began to tremble. Just as Meng Hao had said, he would make an attempt using his own cultivation base, to try to shake the bridge and wipe out its outrage!

As his divine sense spread out to fill the area, his hands flashed in a double-handed incantation gesture, and then he pushed them down onto the ground. Massive rumbling could be heard, rolling out in all directions to fill the entire bridge, with Meng Hao at the center.

All of the stones that made up the Bridge of Immortal Treading were shaking, and soon, Heaven-shaking, Earth-shattering shouting could be heard from each one.

The shouts occurred so abruptly that all of the cultivators participating in trials by fire were shocked, and their faces fell. Next, images which appeared to be souls rose up from the stones!

Those numerous souls were all parts of the soul of the Bridge of Immortal Treading!

They floated up from each stone, and then rapidly flew together, converging into... the actual soul of the Bridge of Immortal Treading!!

It floated there above the ruins of the bridge, emanating an indescribable pressure filled with outrage and unyielding hatred that descended upon Meng Hao.

Meng Hao's eyes snapped open, shining brightly as he looked up at the vengeful soul of the Bridge of Immortal Treading.

"Ashes to ashes, dust to dust," Meng Hao said. "There's no reason to be like this. Don't take your anger out on the wrong people. Please allow these two people here to leave...." His voice echoed out throughout the entire Bridge of Immortal Treading, causing all of the cultivators who heard it to stare around in wordless shock.

From what they could tell, some almighty expert had descended from the starry sky to force the bridge into capitulation!

They weren't the only shocked ones. The cultivators who had been following Meng Hao earlier also looked around with wide eyes, completely shaken.

They could see the soul of the Bridge of Immortal Treading, and they could sense the boundless outrage and animosity radiating off of it. All of a sudden, they realized why Meng Hao had come here.

"He... he's actually going to try to use his own power to dispel the outrage of the Bridge of Immortal Treading!"

"This bridge's outrage will last for all eternity. The bridge hates the Ji Clan and is outraged at the Ninth Mountain and Sea. It is that very outrage which allows it to stay in the rough form of a bridge, despite having been destroyed!"

"This Meng Hao might be powerful, but how could it be so easy to dispel the outrage of the Bridge of Immortal Treading?!"

It was at this point that the soul of the Bridge of Immortal Treading, radiating boundless, sinister light, formed into an enormous face which then glared at Meng Hao.

“NO!” it roared, the single word transforming into a shockwave, a windstorm that swept explosively through the bridge toward Meng Hao.

“Your outrage has nothing to do with me,” Meng Hao said slowly. “I came here to take away these two people. If you agree, fine. If you disagree, I don’t care. I’m going to take them.” He waved his arm, causing the entire starry sky to tremble as yet another bridge suddenly appeared.

That bridge abounded with the energy of a Paragon. This was Meng Hao’s Paragon magic, his... Paragon Bridge!

He planned to use the Paragon Bridge to subdue the Bridge of Immortal Treading!

Chapter 1200: Absorbing the Bridge of Immortal Treading!!

Rumbling echoed out as the entire Bridge of Immortal Treading shook, and the enormous face roared. Towering killing intent rose up from the bridge, materializing in the form of eight huge hands that shot toward Meng Hao.

“DIE!” the huge face howled.

All of the cultivators participating in trials by fire on the bridge were completely shaken, and the people out in the starry sky were equally astonished. They looked on in complete disbelief as the eight arms bore down on Meng Hao from all directions.

The eight hands were born of outrage, and were filled with madness. Any one of them would be shocking on its own, and currently, they were just on the verge of slamming into Meng Hao. His eyes flashed, and he snorted coldly as he pushed his hand downward.

The gesture caused the land to quake, and Immortal mountains and Divine Flame to appear up above. The mountains slammed into the hands, causing a deafening roar to echo out. The hands fought back, causing everything to shake violently. At the same time, Meng Hao’s Paragon Bridge began its descent.

When it slammed into the soul of the Bridge of Immortal Treading, the soul issued a miserable howl, and the Bridge of Immortal Treading shook intensely.

Meng Hao's plan was to use the Paragon Bridge to suppress the Bridge of Immortal Treading!

He wished that he could sate the Bridge of Immortal Treading's outrage with the blood of the Ji Clan, but with his current cultivation base, that was impossible.

However, once he left the Ninth Mountain and Sea, there was no telling when he might return. Although there was no time limit attached to his promise to Han Shan, the way Meng Hao saw it, if at any point he had the ability to resolve his obligations and thus free himself, he would not put it off any longer than necessary.

As the Paragon Bridge descended, the soul of the Bridge of Immortal Treading let out a frenzied shout. "NO!"

The gigantic face looked at the Paragon Bridge and screamed with grief and madness.

"The Paramita Bridge... the Paramita Bridge...." it cried. Meng Hao gaped in shock, and a tremor ran through him. As he looked closely, he suddenly realized that...

The Bridge of Immortal Treading and the Paragon Bridge... actually looked similar!

Although both were merely bridges, and would naturally have similar aspects, the feeling they gave off... made it seem like one was an imitation of the other!!

Even some of the ornamentations on the bridges were similar. Meng Hao had never noticed before, because the Bridge of Immortal Treading was in a state of collapse. However, now that the two bridges were next to each other, it was immediately apparent.

"Paragon Bridge. Bridge of Immortal Treading...." His eyes gleamed brightly.

"The Bridge of Immortal Treading built all those years ago by the Ancient Demon Immortal Sect was actually an imitation... of my Paragon Bridge. Or perhaps it's more accurate to say that it was an imitation of the bridge that I had committed to memory in the depths of my heart, the bridge

from which I gained enlightenment regarding my Paragon magic...the Paramita Bridge!” Meng Hao’s eyes went wide as countless implications of this coincidence ran through his head.

He suddenly shot to his feet and waved his arm, causing the pressure from the Paragon Bridge to increase in intensity, and causing azure light to begin to emanate from it.

Rumbling could be heard as the soul of the Bridge of Immortal Treading howled in its attempts to fight back. However, under the pressure of the Paragon Bridge, the shattered remnants that formed the Bridge of Immortal Treading... were completely shaken.

From the look of things, the stones themselves were trying to free themselves from the force that kept them confined to the Bridge of Immortal Treading, attempting to fly up and be absorbed by the Paragon Bridge! It was as if... a counterfeit had met the original, and could not prevent itself from being sucked in.

Furthermore... one of the most important aspects to the whole situation was that Meng Hao’s Paragon Bridge was not complete!

What he had seen back in the Ruins of Immortality was a mere section. It was only by collecting all the insights he had gained during his enlightenment into creating his Paragon magic that he could barely produce a complete bridge. However, Meng Hao knew that he had never actually witnessed the entirety of the bridge and thus his Paragon magic, despite appearing whole, was actually incomplete!

But now... he had come across a stupendous opportunity and good fortune!

“If my Paragon Bridge can absorb this imitation that is the Bridge of Immortal Treading, and thus become complete... then it will be far more powerful than before!

“Most importantly, if I can do that, then I won’t need to dispel its outrage to free big bro Han Shan!

“That will be because, if I succeed... there will no longer be any Bridge of Immortal Treading!!”

Meng Hao took a deep breath. What a bizarre and miraculous place the world was! If he had not come back here to pay his debt of gratitude, he would never have come across this opportunity for spectacular good fortune.

“Big bro Han Shan, you don’t need to wait for me to destroy the Ji Clan to dispel the outrage of the Bridge of Immortal Treading. I can save you and your wife... today!” Eyes shining with this new enlightenment, he now felt even more confident in being able to rescue Han Shan and his wife.

Rumbling could be heard as the huge face that was the soul of the Bridge of Immortal Treading roared and struggled madly in its fight against the pressure of the Paragon Bridge. Meng Hao’s eyes glittered as he moved forward and suddenly appeared atop the Paragon Bridge!

There, he took a single step forward.

In that instant, the entire Paragon Bridge trembled, and the azure light shone boundlessly. The power of the pressure increased, causing the soul of the Bridge of Immortal Treading to twist viciously and struggle even harder.

After all, the Paragon Bridge was incomplete, and Meng Hao was not yet in the Dao Realm!

Furthermore, the Bridge of Immortal Treading had existed for countless years, and although it had been suppressed, it was still explosively powerful.

Despite that power, the bridge was still fragmented, and held together only by the outrage born from its destruction. As the bridge trembled violently, suddenly, a few pieces began to rise up toward the Paragon Bridge. They were... absorbed into it, causing the pressure from the Paragon Bridge to grow stronger.

Within the azure light shone beams of whiteness, emanating out from the Paragon Bridge itself.

Apparently, those extra pieces it had just absorbed... made it more complete and real!

Meng Hao’s face brightened. Based on what was happening, it appeared that his theory was correct!

“The day that the Paragon Bridge will be completely rebuilt... is this very day!” He waved his sleeve and took a second step forward. Rumbling echoed out, and the pressure from the Paragon Bridge increased. As the soul of the Bridge of Immortal Treading howled and struggled to free itself, brilliant colors flashed about.

No matter how hard it fought, though, it was unable to prevent another piece of stone from flying up, then a second, and a third....

20 pieces, 50 pieces, 100 pieces....

Gradually, more and more stones flew up to be absorbed by the Paragon Bridge. The scene which was playing out in front of all the various cultivators left them completely astonished.

That was especially true of the cultivators who were actually on the bridgestones. They felt like they were in a living nightmare, and unprecedented levels of terror rose up in them. The image of Meng Hao standing on top of that bridge was something they would never forget for the rest of their lives.

Even if their cultivation bases rose higher and higher until they reached the Dao Realm, and they became Patriarchs, they would never be able to forget that picture of Meng Hao and his bridge.

Every step he took caused proverbial lotuses to blossom, as if he were the most supreme existence in the world!

Meng Hao didn't want to make things difficult for those cultivators, so as the stones flew up into the air, the cultivators were picked up by a gentle force and taken to float out in the void, unharmed.

More intense rumbling could be heard as Meng Hao took a third step, then a fourth and a fifth!

Countless bridgestones rose up to merge into the Paragon Bridge, causing it to become even more majestic and real.

The pressure it radiated became even more intense and impossible to withstand, causing the Bridge of Immortal Treading to sink down and the soul of the Bridge of Immortal Treading to begin to break apart.

It had existed for many years, and could never have imagined that one day it would meet someone who would come against it with the Paragon Bridge, and could actually subdue and exert such a firm grip over it!

“NO!!” the soul howled. Its energy surged, transforming into an attack which blasted the Paragon Bridge, causing a rumbling boom to echo out. The Paragon Bridge trembled, and Meng Hao’s eyes shone with a strange light.

“Stones of the Bridge of Immortal Treading, return to the Paragon Bridge. Henceforth, you will no longer be the Bridge of Immortal Treading. Instead... you will become part of the Paragon Bridge!

“You will only have this opportunity once,” Meng Hao said, boosting his voice with his cultivation base, imbuing it with the will of the Paragon Bridge. “Bridge of Immortal Treading... hurry up and return. The time to act is now! ”

The void trembled, and the Bridge of Immortal Treading suddenly exploded.

Its bridge-like shape no longer existed, and countless stone fragments transformed into beams of light that shot from their place in the void... directly toward the Paragon Bridge!!

100. 1,000. 10,000. 100,000.... Innumerable bridgestones flew up into the air.

The surrounding cultivators were flabbergasted, and were immediately sent into a commotion.

“He’s... he’s taking away the Bridge of Immortal Treading?”

“He’s not taking it away, he’s consuming and absorbing it!!”

“This Meng Hao... he’s... he’s simply too powerful!!”

All of the stones that made up the Bridge of Immortal Treading were now floating up, and the void itself was distorted, as if the starry sky were about to collapse!

As the Paragon Bridge absorbed them, it glowed with increasingly powerful light and its energy rocketed up. The pressure grew stronger, far stronger than before. The entire starry sky trembled as boundless ripples flowed out in all directions.

Even more shocking was that the Paragon Bridge was now emanating... an aura that didn’t seem to be part of the Mountain and Sea Realm. It was as if its will were awakening!

In fact... the will of the Paragon Bridge was actually... the will of the Paramita Bridge!!

A will of Heaven Trampling!!

That will caused the entire Ninth Mountain and Sea to rumble. Then the Eighth Mountain and Sea was affected. After that, the Seventh Mountain and Sea, and then, the entire Mountain and Sea Realm!

At the peaks of the Nine Mountains, within the nine pools of water, nine holy Xuanwu turtles suddenly let out a powerful howl. It was almost exactly the same as when the Outsider from the 33 Heavens had appeared!!