

The Heavens 1201

Chapter 1201: Son of the Mountains and Seas!

As the nine Xuanwu turtles howled, a cold, emotionless voice suddenly echoed out into the minds of the Lords of the Nine Mountains and Seas. “The Paramita Bridge has awakened. Destroy it! Eradicate its life force. It must not become complete!!”

Simultaneously, the sun and moon flickered with explosive destructive power!

Back in the former location of the Bridge of Immortal Treading, the bridgestones continued to fuse into the Paragon Bridge, causing its energy to rise up explosively.

Meng Hao stood atop it, completely steady despite how violently it was shaking. His eyes gleamed with a strange light as he suddenly realized something.

“There are two stages to Paragon magics. The first is the illusory stage, and the second is... the corporeal stage!

“Only by advancing the Paragon magic to the corporeal stage can it truly explode with power!

“In fact, that power depends on the physical Paragon object!

“Having Paragon magic means you can join the Echelon. By advancing the Paragon magic to the corporeal, you... transcend the Echelon!!” As Meng Hao gained this new enlightenment, his Echelon mark appeared on his forehead, flickering brilliantly. As it glowed, it began to transform!

Apparently, he was moving beyond the Echelon, turning into a completely unique entity in the Mountain and Sea Realm!

The soul of the Bridge of Immortal Treading, seeing that it could do nothing to stop what was happening, let out a maddened roar. Eyes blazing, it cried, “I refuse to accept this!

“If I can absorb the Paramita Bridge, then I’ll finally be free! I can escape from this sea of bitterness and be like the fish who jumped over the dragon gate!” The face that represented the soul howled as it ceased resisting and actually shot directly toward the Paragon Bridge.

This was its ultimate decision. It would try to possess the Paragon Bridge, to take its place. Such an outcome wasn’t an impossibility. After all... it was born from the outrage of the Bridge of Immortal Treading, and was actually... a soul automaton!

The soul of the replica was trying to possess the object after which it had been fashioned, to take its place!

Rumbling could be heard as the soul of the Bridge of Immortal Treading merged into the Paragon Bridge. Meng Hao could do nothing to stop it, and in the blink of an eye, it was part of the Paragon Bridge. Everything was shaking violently as the Bridge of Immortal Treading completely vanished from the starry sky. Numerous cultivators in the area were pushed away from the vicinity, and the cultivators who had come to watch were staring wide-eyed.

There was now only one bridge in the starry sky, and that was... Meng Hao’s Paragon Bridge!

However, the Paragon Bridge was trembling as its aura rose up. The soul of the Bridge of Immortal Treading was trying to possess it in an attempt to become the soul of the Paragon Bridge!

“I can allow you to become the soul of the Paragon Bridge....” Meng Hao said.

A roaring response could be heard from the Paragon Bridge: “I don’t need you to allow me! I can do it myself!”

A powerful force battered away at the connection between Meng Hao and the Paragon Bridge, trying to separate it from Meng Hao and turn it into an independent entity.

It was attempting to do the same thing that Meng Hao had done to the Paragon Painting of the First Mountain’s Echelon cultivator, to break it away from him permanently.

Meng Hao’s eyes flickered, and he was about to unleash all his power to suppress it, when suddenly, an intense sensation of imminent crisis welled up in him. Looking up, he could sense a powerful force of expulsion coming from the Mountain and Sea Realm itself. A huge power was coming, a

power that would destroy the Paragon Bridge that was still in the midst of awakening and being completed.

Meng Hao's face flickered; although he wanted to put away the Paragon Bridge, because of the soul of the Bridge of Immortal Treading, he could not. Suddenly, he shot backward, moving to the location on the Paragon Bridge where Han Shan and his wife were. He quickly waved his hand to set up a shield around them, then looked out into the starry sky, his eyes shining with a strange light.

He even stopped trying to prevent the soul of the Bridge of Immortal Treading from interfering with his connection to the Paragon Bridge, and he looked up into the starry sky and caught sight of a beam of light.

That light... was caused because of the roaring of the nine Xuanwu turtles, and was... killing intent from the sun and moon!

An all-destructive arrow of light pierced through the starry sky, slamming into the Paragon Bridge to destroy it.

The Paragon Bridge started shaking, and because it was born from Meng Hao's magic, Meng Hao also trembled and coughed up a mouthful of blood. However, the soul of the Bridge of Immortal Treading was even more seriously wounded.

The Bridge Soul let out a bloodcurdling scream, and the entire Paragon Bridge shook. Massive destructive power washed over it, and the Bridge Soul could feel the menacing threat of death.

"Do you surrender or not!?" Meng Hao suddenly said. "Surrender, and become mine. A single thought on my part can make you the soul of the Paragon Bridge!

"Refuse to surrender, and you'll be destroyed by the power of the Mountains and Seas!" Meng Hao was now using the power of the Mountains and Seas to threaten the soul.

"I'll die before I surrender!!" the Bridge Soul howled. "If I die, the bridge will be destroyed, and you'll be wiped out too!" Suddenly, a second arrow of light appeared, even more powerful and terrifying than the previous one. It slammed into the bridge, shattering the azure light, overwhelming the white light, and causing the entire Paragon Bridge to tremble and begin to fall apart once again.

The rising energy was interrupted, and Meng Hao coughed up more blood. As he fought back against the power, the Bridge Soul screamed and weakened even further. It... could not withstand a third arrow!!

“I’ll give you one last chance.” he said, eyes shining. “Yield to me, and become my Bridge Soul. I, Meng Hao, swear an oath that I will use the blood of the Ji Tian to resolve your blood feud. I will help you resolve your outrage!

“If you don’t take advantage of this opportunity, then I’ll watch as the power of the Mountains and Seas obliterates you.”

Even as the words left his mouth, a third arrow of light appeared off in the distance. It looked like a sun, and the entire starry sky of the Ninth Mountain and Sea trembled from the ripples which emanated off of it. It seemed to contain a power that could shake Heaven and Earth... that would destroy anything with a single strike!

The Bridge Soul trembled. In this critical life-or-death moment of crisis, it let out a miserable cry.

“Even if I yield to you, I’ll still be killed by that power. You’ll still abandon the bridge to save yourself. I die either way!”

“I won’t abandon the Paragon Bridge,” Meng Hao said with decisiveness that could sever nails and chop iron. “If you yield, I’ll make sure you will not perish!”

The Bridge Soul shivered. Considering it was about to be destroyed, it had little choice. It immediately opened itself up. Meng Hao unleashed his divine sense, borrowing strength from the Paragon Bridge to leave his mark on the Bridge Soul.

That mark was now indelibly branded into the soul, never to be removed!

“Now let’s see how you keep your promise!!” the Bridge Soul roared. As soon as Meng Hao marked it, it had no need to attempt to possess the Paragon Bridge, nor any reason to interfere with Meng Hao’s connection to it. The Paragon Bridge approved of the Bridge Soul, allowing it to fill the bridge. Instantly, the bridge’s power exploded with incredible might.

Now that it was marked... it became part of Meng Hao. Furthermore, there was now absolutely no way for the Paragon Bridge to leave Meng Hao's control. Regardless of whether it was illusory or corporeal, that fact would never change!

You could even say that the Paragon Bridge, having absorbed the Bridge of Immortal Treading... now had the good fortune to one day become completely corporeal!

"The next step is to go to the Ruins of Immortality and absorb the entire section of the real Paragon Bridge!" Meng Hao thought, eyes gleaming. At long last, he understood the path of the Paragon!

By this point, the third arrow of light had almost arrived. The Bridge Soul trembled as Meng Hao stepped off of the Paragon Bridge, placing himself directly in the arrow's path. Then he lifted his right hand and pushed it toward the arrow!

That movement caused a tremor to run through the Bridge Soul. How could it ever have imagined that Meng Hao would do something like this, stand up directly to the power of the Mountains and Seas?

"He's crazy...." whispered the Bridge Soul.

However, what happened in the next moment caused the Bridge Soul to gape in complete disbelief.

That was because the arrow slowed to a stop directly in front of Meng Hao!

"I call upon the authority of my status to order you... to return whence you came!" he said softly, eyes blazing with determination. Although his hand did not possess the power to resist the arrow, his voice was like an unbreakable barrier that made his hand completely and thoroughly impenetrable. The arrow stopped as if it didn't dare to pierce through it.

A cold voice spoke out into Meng Hao's mind, echoing like thunder: "The Paramita Bridge may exist. However, to prevent anything untoward from occurring with this particular awakened bridge, it will be destroyed!"

"This bridge is my Paragon magic, nothing untoward will occur," Meng Hao said coolly.

"According to the law, the bridge may not--"

“If I say nothing untoward will occur, nothing will! Back down!” As he spoke, he caused the drop of Paragon’s blood inside of him to suddenly flare up. Its aura spread out, not much, but enough to completely shock the nine Xuanwu turtles on the tops of the Nine Mountains!

The cold voice that represented the will of the Mountain and Sea Realm was also astonished!

The arrow trembled, and the cold voice fell silent. Meng Hao said nothing more. He simply stood there, and even let his hand drop to his side. Behind him, the Bridge Soul inside the Paragon Bridge was staring in shock.

After a moment, the cold voice once again echoed out into Meng Hao’s mind.

“The orders of the Son of the Mountains and Seas shall be followed!” The arrow slowly faded away, transforming into motes of glittering light that spread out into the void.

Meng Hao breathed a sigh of relief. Everything that had just happened had been a gamble, considering he wasn’t sure exactly how much control he could wield over the Mountain and Sea Realm.

“Son of the Mountains and Seas....” he thought, smiling slightly. He liked the sound of that title. As he turned, the mark on his forehead completed its transformation. Shockingly... it now depicted nine mountains, which flashed briefly before vanishing.

The Bridge Soul inside the Paragon Bridge said nothing, but it now felt unprecedented respect and awe for Meng Hao. It did nothing at all to resist him, and when he waved his hand, the bridge slowly faded away.

Now, the only thing that remained in the starry sky was a floating block of ice. Within that ice were Han Shan and his wife. They looked just like they had before, sitting there together, leaning up against each other. Gradually, the ice began to melt. After the time it takes an incense stick to burn, Han Shan shuddered, then looked up in confusion at Meng Hao.

As soon as Han Shan looked at him, a smile broke out on Meng Hao’s face. Clapping hands, he bowed deeply and said, “Big bro Han Shan, I’m happy to say that I’ve fulfilled your request!”

Chapter 1202: Forever and Ever!

The starry sky was now completely silent. As for the Spirit Realm cultivators who had been on the bridge participating in trials by fire and who were now scattered about in space, Meng Hao assisted them, and encouraged the other cultivators who had followed him to do the same. These cultivators who had borne witness to the vanishing of the Bridge of Immortal Treading and the subsequent rise of the Paragon Bridge agreed with the request and began to send the Spirit Realm cultivators back to their respective sects.

Everything was brought to a perfect conclusion, and Meng Hao repaid his debt of gratitude. Not only were Han Shan and his wife saved, but Meng Hao's Paragon Bridge underwent shocking transformations.

Now, Meng Hao stood there, smiling warmly at Han Shan, thinking about everything that had happened so many years ago.

At first, Han Shan looked confused, but gradually, his eyes grew clear. His wife shivered as she woke up, and also looked around blankly. Then she saw her husband, and the blankness vanished, to be replaced with a gentle gaze.

It was as if... no matter where she was, or what hardships would come along, as long as Han Shan was there... she would be fine.

Han Shan slowly rose to his feet, looking around for a moment before his gaze came to fall on Meng Hao. An expression of appreciation appeared in his eyes, and he laughed. "Have any alcohol...?"

Meng Hao smiled and waved his hand. The alcohol flagon that Han Shan had given him years ago flew out. Han Shan grabbed it, threw his head back, and took a long swig.

Han Shan lowered the alcohol flagon and looked seriously at Meng Hao. "Young friend, I will remember this great kindness which you have shown us for all eternity!"

He didn't mention anything about Meng Hao freeing him. Giving voice to thanks wasn't important. What was important... was that he had not been mistaken to place his trust in Meng Hao.

What was important was that he and his wife had both been saved, and he now owed Meng Hao two lives. That was something that Han Shan would never forget!

Meng Hao shook his head. "I had no choice in the matter, big bro Han Shan. I had to do it! Didn't I say I would?"

He looked at Han Shan and his wife, and could see how happy they were.

Han Shan said nothing more. He simply stepped forward and embraced Meng Hao.

"No need to draw things out, bro," he said. "Suffice to say... if you need us, my wife and I will be there for you. Together!"

He and Meng Hao laughed heartily. Han Shan's wife stood off to the side, watching them silently, her eyes filled with appreciation.

Soon, it was time to part, and Meng Hao suggested that Han Shan and his wife go settle down on Planet South Heaven, and even gave them the appropriate identity medallions to go there. Han Shan was not of a mind to refuse. Now that he had his wife back, it didn't matter where they went.

Since Planet South Heaven was Meng Hao's home, Han Shan was more than willing to go there.

Meng Hao watched Han Shan and his wife leave. Soon, the flash of a teleportation portal could be seen, and they vanished. At that point, Meng Hao turned and looked one last time at the place previously occupied by the Bridge of Immortal Treading. Then he turned and headed toward another teleportation portal.

This time, he was not going to collect money from anyone. Instead, he was going to the Paleo-Immortal Mausoleum!

The Paleo-Immortal Mausoleum was also one of the Five Great Holy Lands, and was where... his childhood friend Fatty lived.

Although, by this point, it would probably be less appropriate to call Li Fugui simply Fatty. He now deserved to be called... Big Fatty!

He was now so fat that it would take four people to wrap their arms around him. However, he was still quite lively, and his teeth were sharper than ever. The Paleo-Immortal Mausoleum had treated him well, and he was already an Immortal.

When it came to his beloved partners, he actually had quite a few more than before. No longer did he only have one hundred. Now, he had five hundred!!

When Meng Hao got to the Paleo-Immortal Mausoleum and announced his intentions, Fatty came rolling out like a ball. When Meng Hao laid eyes on him, his jaw dropped.

“Biggest bro, you... you finally came to see me!!” Fatty roared, racing over to hug Meng Hao. Unfortunately, his belly was too big and his arms weren’t long enough, making an embrace impossible....

When the huge belly bumped into Meng Hao, he stumbled backward, laughing awkwardly. He looked over the spheroid that was Fatty, and started to get a bit worried. However, after scanning him with divine sense and seeing the level of his cultivation base, he felt a bit better.

“You should eat less....” Meng Hao said with a wry smile as Fatty led him into the Paleo-Immortal Mausoleum. Of course, the sect itself could by no means ignore the arrival of Meng Hao, and went all out to receive him. Even one of the Dao Realm Patriarchs emerged.

Meng Hao decided to stay there for several days, during which time he and Fatty would reminisce, talking about old times and wonderful memories.

On one occasion after they had been drinking and talking for a while, Fatty started crying. He told Meng Hao that he missed his father and mother, and had even gone back to Planet South Heaven on several occasions. However, the State of Zhao was gone, and he had never been able to track them down.

He knew that even if he did manage to find them, his parents had probably long since passed on, and the rest of the members of his household would have gone their separate ways....

However, he still missed them, and in fact, as time passed, that feeling had grown even stronger. In fact, sometimes he felt like it didn’t matter that he could live for such a long time, and had such a thriving harem. He... still wished that his parents could be around.

Seeing Fatty weeping in this way caused Meng Hao to sigh. However, all he could do was sit there listening and drinking.

Apparently, Fatty hadn't had a chance to vent in quite a while. After crying for a bit, he started chuckling again, and soon they were talking about the Reliance Sect.

That had been one of the happiest times of Fatty's life. Eventually they started reminiscing about the vendor booth they had set up, and Meng Hao couldn't help but laugh out loud. Fatty joined him, and soon their laughter was echoing out.

However, it was impossible to talk about the Reliance Sect and not bring up the subject of Xu Qing....

Fatty sighed. "You know, of the four of us who Elder Sister Xu took to the Reliance Sect, Wang Youcai has turned out to be the fiercest. He really shook things up over at Moonset Lake. They call him the Devil-Eyed Killer. He's really famous....

"As for me, I'm pretty useless, although I manage to get by. But biggest bro, you... well, I don't even need to talk about that, do I? And there's Dong Hu. I'm not sure what happened to him, he seems to have vanished without a trace.

"Now that I think about it, Elder Sister Xu... had some excellent powers of foresight....

"Oh, right. Meng Hao, remember that cave back on Mount Daqing, and how you threw that vine down? Hahaha! I guess you got lucky, didn't you? Otherwise you would never have been taken to the Reliance Sect...."

Meng Hao cleared his throat. The things Fatty was talking about caused him to recall everything that had happened back then. After failing the Imperial exams another time, he had gone for a walk on Mount Daqing, sighing to himself about his life. Back then, how could he ever have imagined that heading up the mountain that day... would completely change his life!?

The world had lost a scholar that day, and gained a cultivator. And the Mountain and Sea Realm... had gained its future Lord!

When Xu Qing's name came up, Meng Hao thought about the Red Wedding, and his mood sank. He finally told Fatty that he was going to the Fourth Mountain to get her back.

Fatty could see that Meng Hao's mood was sinking, so he quickly waved his sleeve, calling to a young woman who stood off in the distance. She approached, clasped hands, and bowed to Meng Hao.

“Biggest bro, come come, let me introduce you to one of my beloved partners. This is my true love, Little Emerald....”

Meng Hao looked at the woman, smiled, and nodded. Considering that Fatty had called her his true love, Meng Hao took out a magical item and handed it over.

Seeing this, Fatty's eyes suddenly gleamed. Before Meng Hao knew what was happening....

“Biggest bro, this is the love of my life, Little Scarlet....”

“Biggest bro, this is my heart and soul, Little Sweetie....”

“Biggest bro, this is my....” One by one, Fatty brought out all five hundred of his beloved partners to introduce to Meng Hao, even managing to recall the different pet names for all of them. Meng Hao looked at all the women, and Fatty's crafty smile and the exultant gleam in his eyes, and could do nothing but smile wryly as he gifted one magical item after another.

When the last beloved partner had been introduced, Meng Hao assumed the entire affair was over. But next, Fatty called a young man over.

“Why haven't you kowtowed to your Uncle Meng Hao yet!?” Fatty said, eyes wide with anger. Then he turned and smiled at Meng Hao.

“This is my son....”

Meng Hao's eyes went wide. He looked at the young man, and then back at Fatty. Chuckling wryly, he handed a magical item over as a gift. After that... Fatty introduced over three hundred sons and daughters....

And after that....

“Biggest bro, this is my grandson....”

Meng Hao felt numb. He had to admire how Fatty could remember the nicknames of all five hundred of his beloved partners and not make a single mistake. Neither did he forget the names of any of his sons or daughters.

Nor the more than one hundred grandchildren. Most terrifying to Meng Hao was that he soon found out that Fatty actually had great-grandchildren too.... Although the great-grandchildren were all toddlers or younger, Meng Hao couldn't hold back from giving them gifts too.

After all, having given so many gifts already, he couldn't stop short now.

He had originally planned to stay for several days, but by the second day, he quickly took his leave. He was worried that if he stayed any longer, the loot he had built up so carefully in his bag of holding would eventually all be divided up by Fatty's family.

“Since I can't take over the Paleo-Immortal Mausoleum, my goal is to have my descendants do it for me!” Fatty said as he saw Meng Hao off. His eyes glittered with a strange light as he gave voice to his grand aspirations.

Meng Hao couldn't help but admire such notions. He had the feeling that Fatty would definitely be able to pull something like that off. Eyes glittering encouragingly, he patted Fatty on the shoulder.

“Work hard, bro,” he said. “I think five hundred beloved partners is actually only a good starting point. You should really have at least five thousand. That way, you would have a great big clan!”

“Think about it, you would have thousands of sons and daughters, and then when they had children, the final number would be astounding....” It might be somewhat irresponsible, but Meng Hao egged Fatty on anyway.

In response, Fatty's eyes lit up, and he started laughing heartily.

“No wonder you're the biggest bro. That's a great idea! I was thinking the same thing, I'm going to start a clan!” Seeing the wild ambition flickering in Fatty's eyes caused Meng Hao to cough dryly and then turn to leave.

There was no bitterness to this parting, only smiles. Meng Hao didn't mention anything about when he would return again, nor did Fatty ask. Both avoided the topic.

When it came time to actually part ways, Fatty's smile faded away, and he clasped Meng Hao by the shoulders.

"Meng Hao... we're brothers, forever and ever!"

"Forever!" Meng Hao replied with a decisive nod. They looked at each other for another moment, then started laughing again. Finally, they turned and parted; one headed back to his sect, the other off into the distance....

Chapter 1203: Old Friends

After leaving the Paleo-Immortal Mausoleum, Meng Hao flew through the starry sky, thinking about the old days in the Reliance Sect. After a while, he turned and headed toward another asteroid and another teleportation portal.

This time, his destination was the Sublime Flow Sword Grotto!

He was not going there to collect money either, but to see an old friend. His Elder Brother Chen Fan had joined the Sublime Flow Sword Grotto years ago!

Meng Hao was not unfamiliar with the Sublime Flow Sword Grotto. Although he had never been there, since he was the joint disciple of the Three Great Daoist Societies, then technically speaking, the Sublime Flow Sword Grotto was also his sect.

As soon as he arrived, the sound of tolling bells rang out through the sect. The Dao Realm Patriarchs came out to see him, and Meng Hao was taken to offer respects to the Sect Leader and the Patriarchs and explain the purpose of his visit.

When he finally saw Chen Fan, he looked different than before. Last time, he had seemed middle-aged, but now he looked old, with grayish-white hair and a placid expression. His cultivation base was in the Immortal Realm.

Although he wasn't very well known among the disciples of the Sublime Flow Sword Grotto, the Elder Generation felt that he had unlimited potential!

Chen Fan sat in meditation. Wherever he went, he took a huge boulder with him, within which could be seen the faint image of a woman.

One of the Dao Realm Patriarchs of the Sublime Flow Sword Grotto stood next to Meng Hao, explaining. "He converges his love and transforms the love into a sword, a sword that can pierce the Heavens!

"The sword of your Elder Brother here is not merciless, and does not sever love. His memories of the past have filled his heart to the point where they have become his sword. His love... allows him to cultivate the Dao of the Heart-Sword!

"His latent talent is well suited to such a Dao. If he can step into the Ancient Realm within the next hundred years, then he will definitely be another Chosen of the Sublime Flow Sword Grotto!" The praise in his eyes as he looked at Chen Fan was impossible to conceal.

Chen Fan's eyes slowly opened as he looked first at the sword laid across his knees, then up at Meng Hao. A smile appeared on his face.

It was the same smile Meng Hao remembered from the Reliance Sect, and the Solitary Sword Sect. It was a warm, caring smile, although now it seemed much more ancient.

"Little Junior Brother," he said. As soon as those three words left his mouth, Meng Hao's heart surged with emotion, as he remembered all the things that had happened in the past.

"Elder Brother..." Meng Hao said softly. As he walked over toward Chen Fan, the Dao Realm Patriarch smiled slightly, then turned and left, leaving Meng Hao in Chen Fan's care.

Meng Hao first clasped hands and bowed in greeting to the boulder. He knew that the woman in that boulder was his Eldest Brother's true love, and that she had eventually come to be Chen Fan's entire life.

In my life, I will only love one person. I fell in love with you when you were alive. And after you died, that feeling became a memory.... If you live, I will spend my whole life with you. If you die, then I will accompany the memory of you for my whole life.

That was Chen Fan.

His naivety and obsession were why the Solitary Sword Sect chose to take him from the Reliance Sect in the first place. Back then, he didn't hesitate at all to make his decision. If the sect was going to be destroyed, then he would choose... to die along with it.

He was naive and obsessed. That... was Chen Fan!

Chen Fan's expression was the same as ever as he watched Meng Hao offer formal greetings to the boulder. Since Meng Hao was his little Junior Brother, then Meng Hao was also Junior Brother to his wife as well.

Years ago, he had constantly worried about this Junior Brother of his. But then, he had watched him flourish, one step at a time, and that made him very happy. He had always hoped that Meng Hao would continue to improve, and that one day, he would reach the true pinnacle.

"On the path of cultivation," Chen Fan said softly, "it doesn't matter if you talk about your own heart, or the Dao. The most important thing is to be steadfast."

Meng Hao nodded, then sat down cross-legged in front of Chen Fan. It felt just like it had back in the year they had met. Now, Meng Hao possessed a cultivation base that stood on equal footing with the Dao Realm. However, in the presence of his Elder Brother, he was still... the same little Junior Brother he had always been.

That was how it would be for their entire lives.

He told Chen Fan about his plan to leave the Ninth Mountain and Sea, to find Xu Qing and bring her back.

"I am aware of the purpose of your visit," Chen Fan said quietly. "We are cultivators, and our lifespans are long. Heaven and Earth are large, and it's a good thing to visit new places, and travel new paths.... There is no need to worry about us here in the Ninth Mountain and Sea. We all have our own different paths."

“You have to trust Li Fugui and myself, just as we trust you. All of our dreams... will come true eventually!” He looked over at the rock, and the faint image of the woman inside.

“Elder Brother.... If it ever becomes possible for me to do so, I will definitely... help you resurrect sister-in-law Shan Ling!” Meng Hao said softly. It was his first time he had ever said such a thing. Although he had been able to keep his promise to Han Shan, considering the level of his cultivation base, there was no way for him to resurrect someone who had been dead for so long.

“You’re thinking too hard on it,” Chen Fan said, chuckling. His eyes shone with a soft light. “To me, she’s always here.”

Meng Hao stared at Chen Fan in shock.

“When your Dao is the heart, then if you have something in your heart, it exists. If you don’t have it in your heart, it doesn’t exist.” Chen Fan waved his right hand, and something like a Domain appeared. It wasn’t very large, only about nine meters wide.

However, now that that nine-meter Domain existed, Meng Hao could see that the woman in the boulder was opening her eyes. Her life force seemed to be restored, and suddenly... she walked out from within the boulder and sat down next to Chen Fan. She looked at Meng Hao, smiling as she leaned up against Chen Fan’s shoulder.

“This....” Meng Hao said, taking a deep breath. This Daoist magic first gave him the sensation that he was looking at an illusion. However, as he examined the woman closely, she actually didn’t seem like an illusion at all.

Chen Fan looked deeply into Meng Hao’s eyes and said, “She might seem artificial to you, but to me, she is very real.... Sometimes the difference between what is artificial and what is real depends on different perspectives and different hearts.”

Meng Hao’s heart trembled as if he had just gained some sort of enlightenment. He closed his eyes and began to meditate. Three days later, he opened his eyes again. Rising to his feet, he clasped hands and bowed to Chen Fan.

“Many thanks for your advice, Eldest Brother,” he said. Although his cultivation base far exceeded that of Chen Fan’s, Chen Fan’s circumstances made him serendipitously proficient with the Dao of the real and the artificial. That was the reason that he cultivated the Heart-Sword, and was one of the reasons why the Sublime Flow Sword Grotto viewed him with such importance.

“Go. Bring Junior Sister Xu Qing back. I haven’t seen her in a long time, and I miss her.” Chen Fan’s eyes glowed with encouragement. Meng Hao took a deep breath, nodded, and took his leave.

His next destination was the Moonset Lake, one of the Five Great Holy Lands. In many ways, the place was not as beautiful as the name would have it sound. Meng Hao had never dealt much with the sect, but he was aware that the techniques of the Moonset Lake were similar to the Dao of the Devils!

When the moon hangs high in the sky, it might be nighttime, but there is still light. However, after the moon sets, when the sun has not yet risen, there is no darker time of night.

That was the meaning of the name Moonset Lake!

Wang Youcai fit in well. He was fundamentally a ruthless person; he treated others ruthlessly, and... he treated himself even more so. In order to further his cultivation and create his own technique, to see further than he had ever been able to see... he had dug out his own eyes.

The ruthlessness of that act had caught the attention of the Elders of Moonset Lake, and was what prompted them to take him in and help him grow and develop.

Although most people assumed he lived in a world of complete darkness, there was something that nobody knew. Wang Youcai could actually see things very vividly.

The divine ability he created remained eternally fixed inside his mind. From then on, he could actually see everything, even though he had no eyes.

After arriving at Moonset Lake, his ferocity and ruthlessness were even more evident. After going through some fierce battles, both with members of his sect and with others, he had earned the nickname Devil-Eyed Killer.

The word ‘Devil’ was a term of respect. The word ‘eye’ was a reference to the two empty eye sockets on his face. And the word ‘killer’... represented how he slaughtered his enemies!

When Meng Hao came and said that he wished to visit Wang Youcai, the disciple assigned to receive visitors looked at him with a flickering expression. Apparently, in Moonset Lake, Wang Youcai's name was even more awe-inspiring than Meng Hao's.

And that was despite the fact that Wang Youcai was still only an Immortal!

When he was taken to Wang Youcai, he found him sitting cross-legged next to a black pond. Vicious-looking faces floated in and out of the water, swirling around Wang Youcai as they consumed parts of his flesh.

"Long time no see, Meng Hao," he said in a grating voice. He lifted his head up, staring at Meng Hao with his two vacant eye sockets.

Meng Hao looked at him and sighed.

After a moment of silence, Wang Youcai slowly said, "There's no reason to sigh. Everything comes with a price."

The faces around him continued to tear at his flesh, and yet he didn't even frown. Apparently, he was used to this.

"These are all the people I've killed, whose souls I extracted. I allow them to chew on me day and night. It is only in this way that I can feel their hatred, and thus, see the colorful world around me."

Meng Hao looked at Wang Youcai and sighed inwardly. The four young men who had been taken from Mount Daqing all those years ago included himself, Fatty, Wang Youcai, and Dong Hu.... Fatty had the most carefree life, and Wang Youcai was the most vicious. As for Dong Hu, although had been missing for many years, Meng Hao had the feeling that... he was somewhere out there, shaking things up violently.

Meng Hao meditated with Wang Youcai for an entire night. The following day, he stood and turned to go, when Wang Youcai suddenly said, "Meng Hao... we're friends, right...?"

Meng Hao looked back at him and replied, "We were friends in the past, we're friends now, and we'll be friends in the future."

Wang Youcai laughed. It was grating, but not ear-piercing. This was the same bumbling young man from back on Mount Daqing, who thought that because he was the oldest, he had to take care of his friends.

“Meng Hao, you must become as strong as you can, and quickly.... The moon has set, and the sun has not risen.... The dark of night has come... and it’s impossible to say how long it will last.

“I have seen, and I can feel, that soon... great chaos... will strike!”

Meng Hao shivered. Although he knew exactly what was being referred to, he had never imagined that Wang Youcai would too. He gazed at him deeply for a long moment, then left.

Slowly, he faded away into the distance, leaving Moonset Lake behind.

Chapter 1204: As Of Now, Its Called the Paragon Bridge!

Next he went to the Ancient Demon Immortal Sect. Before leaving the Ninth Mountain and Sea, he wanted to see... Ke Jiushi!

However, although he could find the location of the Ancient Demon Immortal Sect, he was unable to enter. There was an invisible barrier in place that he could not pass without trying to break it open.

He hovered quietly outside of the ruins for a while before finally clasping hands and bowing deeply. Then he turned and left.

On a mountain peak inside the rubble of the sect, Ke Jiushi stood there looking at Meng Hao leave.

Suddenly Night’s voice spoke out next to him: “Why didn’t you let him in?”

“He has Ji Tian’s Karma on him... and I have even more than he does. If the two of us met now... it would be harmful for him.” Ke Jiushi sighed, then turned his head to look out at the ruins stretching out beneath him.

“Ji Tian....” he murmured, cold killing intent gleaming in his eyes.

Meng Hao didn't get a chance to meet Ke Jiushi again. He left and headed toward the Ruins of Immortality. He needed to get the incomplete Paragon Bridge that he had copied to make his Paragon magic. Back then, he had been unable to take away the bridge itself.

But now, his own Paragon Bridge had already transformed. Thanks to the Bridge of Immortal Treading, it was no longer illusory, but corporeal. With his current cultivation base... he would be able to use his Paragon magic and merge it with the true broken Paragon Bridge.

A prismatic streak shot into the Ruins of Immortality as Meng Hao followed the same course as last time. He saw many of the same things he had seen before. He saw broken down temples and huge disembodied heads. He saw numerous corpses, shattered lands, destroyed magical items, and the ruins of palaces, all floating out in the void....

After a long time, he reached the area where he had created his Daoist magic, and then found the location where he had gained enlightenment of his Paragon magic... the shattered bridge!

It was only a section of that bridge, but even from a distance and despite the fact that it had fallen into ruins, Meng Hao could sense the might of a Paragon emanating off of it, the incredible power of Heaven and Earth.

This bridge had once spanned the highest Heavens, and had been the object of worship by countless life forms, all of whom deeply desired to walk upon it!

But now, it was broken. Perhaps most of the bridge had faded away into the sands of time, and only this small section was what remained.

After all the years that had passed, it remained in this one spot. No one had ever been able to take it away. Not even Ji Tian could take it, much less other Dao Realm cultivators.

However, years ago, Meng Hao had forged his own Paragon magic by means of this bridge and thus had allowed it to become whole once again. It was that very Daoist magic that had earned him a spot in the Echelon.

Today, he had returned to take the bridge away!

“Are you really the Paramita Bridge?” he asked softly. “Well, I’m not completely certain what your previous name was, but I do know... that a lot of people know you.” He couldn’t help but think of the black-robed man who had emerged from the Paragon Painting in the Windswept Realm, and the expression on his face when he saw the Paragon Bridge.

“Perhaps in the so-called Paramita, even Paragons need to walk across you... to truly become Paragons....

“But today, I’m going to take you away. From now on, you... belong to Meng Hao. You are my... Paragon Bridge!” Meng Hao’s eyes shone with a bright light as he began to walk forward toward the bridge. The pressure of a Paragon rumbled out, and Meng Hao began to shine with scintillating light. He waved his right hand, and suddenly his Paragon Bridge appeared.

“Merge!” he roared, performing a double handed incantation gesture and then waving his finger toward his Paragon Bridge. Instantly, the two bridges began to merge together. The roar of the Bridge Soul could be heard from the Paragon Bridge as it ensured that nothing unexpected happened during the merger.

As the process continued, the pressure radiating off of the Paragon Bridge grew stronger. Rumbling filled the air, and everything grew dim. A wind swept through the Ruins of Immortality, as if the Paragon Bridge were truly awakening!

The pressure intensified, and the Heavens trembled. The Ruins of Immortality quaked, and soon the entire Mountain and Sea Realm was imperceptibly shaking. No power of expulsion could be felt from the Mountains and Seas, and yet it seemed like a pair of invisible eyes had turned their gaze towards it, as if recalling memories of the past.

That wasn’t all... above the Mountain and Sea Realm, in the 33 Heavens, everything was shaking. Countless cultivators there were shocked, although they had no idea what exactly was happening.

In addition... outside the 33 Heavens, far out in the great expanse, was a world in which several suns were hauling a huge statue. All of the cultivators there were also astonished.

Shockingly, it was also possible to see that in the land of the statue, which was growing inexorably closer to the Mountain and Sea Realm, there was also a bridge hovering in midair. It was also a Paragon Bridge, but it was in ruins, as if it were in place only as a symbol and had lost all of its previous significance.

That bridge also began to tremble.

The voice of woman spoke out, gloomy and serious: “Someone is awakening it....”

Beneath the 33 Heavens, back in the Mountain and Sea Realm, in the Ruins of Immortality in the Ninth Mountain and Sea, Meng Hao threw his head back and roared. He suddenly flew up to stand atop the Paragon Bridge, where he first lifted his hands up into the air and then slammed them down onto the surface of the bridge.

“Merge!”

RUMBLE!!

Meng Hao’s Paragon Bridge began to descend as the merging quickened. The aura of a Paragon rose up into the air, inundating Meng Hao. Even though this was his own Paragon magic, he was still affected, and coughed up a mouthful of blood.

However, his eyes gleamed with focus. This time, he was going to take away the ruins of the Paragon Bridge no matter what! He was going to merge them with his own Paragon Bridge to make it stronger!

“MERGE!” Meng Hao glowed with azure light as the Bridge Soul of his Paragon Bridge went all out, risking its own life as it controlled the bridge, causing it to descend further in its merging into the original bridge.

This time there was a force of expulsion, which turned into a powerful backlash attack. Blood sprayed out of Meng Hao’s mouth, and his Paragon Bridge appeared to be on the verge of collapsing.

Apparently, the majesty of the broken bridge would not permit anyone to take control or ownership of it!

“Meat jelly! Parrot! Get out here!” Meng Hao roared. Meng Hao wiped the blood off his lips as the meat jelly and parrot flew out of his bag of holding. As soon as they appeared, their eyes went wide.

“Y-y-you... what are you doing?!” the meat jelly said, trembling. The shattered bridge filled it with a sensation of complete terror. That bridge had once been powerful enough to affect Heaven and Earth, to shake the world. Even though that power was now broken, its aura was still there!

“It’s THAT bridge!!” the parrot squawked excitedly. “Suppress it! Fudge! Lord Fifth will definitely help you suppress it!” It transformed into a multi-colored streak of light that shot toward the broken Paragon Bridge. Meng Hao’s Paragon Bridge then increased its own pressure and began to descend once more.

The meat jelly gritted its teeth and spread out as it transformed into a flying rope. Apparently, the moronic meat jelly had decided to try to tie the broken Paragon Bridge and Meng Hao’s Paragon Bridge together!

Rumbling filled the air as the Paragon Bridges continued to merge together. Meng Hao’s cultivation base was in full rotation, exploding with the full might of an Allheaven Dao Immortal. By now, the forced merger had reached the point where the broken bridge and Meng Hao’s Paragon Bridge were now almost completely superimposed.

However, it was at this point that the power of a backlash attack, as well as the aura of expulsion both exploded out. Performing an incantation gesture, Meng Hao unleashed his Demon Sealing Hexing magic.

“You’re already broken!” he shouted. “You might have been supreme and almighty in the past, but now you’re rubble! You’re incomplete, not even half of what you used to be. With the will of my Paragon magic, and the form of the Bridge of Immortal Treading, I won’t believe that I can’t absorb you!” His eyes were shot with blood, and blood sprayed out of his mouth. Gritting his teeth, he produced his fourth Nirvana Fruit and pressed it into his forehead.

“Mastiff!” he roared, and the mastiff flew out to form a cape.

“Parrot!” The parrot and the copper mirror instantly formed together into the Battle Weapon. This time, it was not a long blade, but rather a glove! As the glove settled on Meng Hao’s hand, he took seven steps forward, building up massive energy and then unleashing a powerful punch!

It was the God-Slaying Fist, Meng Hao’s most powerful fist strike, capable of shaking even cultivators of the Dao Realm. His Paragon Bridge was already beyond qualified to absorb the ruins of the bridge. With the power of the fist strike pouring into it, that last final distance between the two was closed!

The two bridges were completely superimposed!

At some point a woman, dressed in white, had appeared up above. It was Paragon Sea Dream, who watched Meng Hao merge the two bridges, a complex expression on her face.

In the moment that the two bridges superimposed, the broken bridge trembled, and then... cracking sounds could be heard as it collapsed of its own accord! It was just like the World Tree, which destroyed itself rather than look up and see a sky controlled by the Ji Clan. The bridge was aware that it was simply too weak to do anything to prevent itself from being absorbed.

If it were anyone else, the bridge would be able to fight back, even if it were weaker than it was right now. However... Meng Hao was different. He had the will of the Paragon Bridge, and the form of the Bridge of Immortal Treading. He had a Bridge Soul. Essentially... Meng Hao's Paragon Bridge was... the true supreme Paragon Bridge.

Although it was not as paramount as the broken bridge had been, it was more complete!

Since that was the case, there was no way for it to prevent the merging, so the broken bridge chose to use the last bit of its aura to destroy itself! It would rather explode... than be absorbed!

Meng Hao's face flickered as he looked at the broken bridge crumbling and turning into ash. Then his eyes shone with a shocking, icy gleam.

"You would rather destroy yourself than be absorbed, huh...? Well then, go ahead and blow yourself up. Your death will allow my Paragon Bridge to take your place, to be born anew!" Roaring, Meng Hao pushed both hands down onto the Paragon Bridge, which instantly began to shine with brilliant light. Instead of attempting to merge with the broken bridge, the Paragon Bridge would consume it!

It would consume the ancient broken bridge to give itself new life!

In the future, there would be no broken bridge. There would only be Meng Hao's Paragon Bridge!

Rumbling could be heard as the Paragon Bridge voraciously consumed the flying ash that was the remnants of the broken bridge. As it did, its aura rose dramatically, shaking Heaven and Earth!

The Paragon Bridge truly did have new life. It was now no longer illusory in any sense of the word. It was... completely corporeal!

When it became real, the 33 Heavens trembled, and all the bridges there collapsed. The incomplete bridge in the world of the statue, out in the vast expanse, also trembled and collapsed. For all eternity... it would never again exist!!

Back in the Ruins of Immortality, Paragon Sea Dream's soft voice echoed out,

"It used to have a name," she said. "It was called the Heaven Tra--"

"As of now," Meng Hao interrupted, "it's called the Paragon Bridge!" His words were not a show of disrespect. Rather, he didn't want to hear the former name. What he cared about was the current bridge, not what it had been in the past.

Turning, Meng Hao waved his hand, causing the Paragon Bridge to emit a rumbling drone. The Ruins of Immortality shook as the bridge faded away. Meng Hao clasped hands and bowed to Paragon Sea Dream, then turned and left.

Paragon Sea Dream hovered there, watching Meng Hao make his way off. Her eyes flickered with an absent-minded gleam.

"Back in the day, Big Brother Nine Seals... was just as imposing...."

Chapter 1204: As Of Now, It's Called the Paragon Bridge!

Note from Deathblade: The following is a little anecdote from Er Gen, translated by anonpuffs. Keep in mind that in China, virtually all cell phones are basically pre-paid, although many allow you to overdraw your account.

Note from Er Gen: Let me tell you an embarrassing story, this afternoon I made a phone call to my old lady. There was a notification that the phone card was overdrawn, so I paid 10 yuan (about U.S. \$1.60 at the time) for her. Then I called a friend, and there was another notification about an overdrawn card, so I paid 10 yuan again. I ended up making 4 calls and every time the cards were overdrawn, so I got mad. I ended up paying 10 yuan every time.

Finally, I made yet another call, but outrageously enough they were overdrawn yet again. I got super mad and called customer service and let them have it. After a round of complaining, the customer service agent told me gently, ‘Sir, they actually didn’t owe any money on their accounts, it’s your card that’s overdrawn...’

Chapter 1205: Slaughter Appears Again!

Meng Hao had finished collecting debts from the Five Great Holy Lands, the Three Churches and Six Sects. He had visited his old friends and completed his Paragon Bridge. Now, the only debts left were among the Three Great Clans.

Of course, as far as the Li Clan was concerned, Meng Hao felt a bit embarrassed to go there. That left... only the Song and Wang Clans!

“Song Luodan and Wang Mu. Once I collect your debts, then I’ll leave the Ninth Mountain and Sea!” He flew out of the Ruins of Immortality, eyes flickering as he headed toward an asteroid teleportation portal. Actually, deep in his heart, there was still one other place he wanted to visit, right before he left.

Planet North Reed was far larger than Planet South Heaven. It was even larger than Planet East Victory. From a distance, it looked like an enormous blue sphere. Shockingly, it was orbited by three other smaller planetoids.

Those three planetoids housed the Three Great Clans, and even Planet North Reed itself was divided amongst those clans.

All of the sects and schools here were auxiliary branches of those very clans.

Currently, Meng Hao was walking out of a flickering teleportation portal on one of Planet North Reed’s three planetoids, the one that belonged to the Song Clan.

As soon as he appeared, he found himself facing several hundred disciples of the Song Clan. Apparently, they had been waiting for him. Almost as soon as he appeared, one of the Song Clan disciples stepped forward with a bag of holding.

“Our Clan Prince said that all of the extortion money he owes you is here!” the Song Clan cultivator said angrily. Then he threw the bag toward Meng Hao.

Meng Hao blinked in response to the way the Song Clan was handling the matter. He was aware that word had spread throughout the Ninth Mountain and Sea about him going around collecting debt. It was something that clearly would not endear him to others, so the Song Clan handed over the balance of the debt immediately in order to shoo him away.

But Meng Hao didn't care, so long as he got his money. After scanning the bag of holding with divine sense to confirm the amount inside was correct, he turned to leave. His destination was not the teleportation portal, but rather, the starry sky, and beyond that, the Wang Clan!

Currently, the teleportation portal behind him was flashing continuously as one cultivator after another showed up to watch the scene of Meng Hao collecting debt. However, what was happening now was actually fairly boring. They had hoped to see Meng Hao collecting his debts through force, not just this lukewarm scene of him accepting the money without ado.

Meanwhile, Song Luodan sat on a mountain peak some distance away, watching the events unfold via a secret magic. When he saw that everything was ending, he let out a sigh of relief. Although he felt truly wronged in the whole matter, there was nothing he could do about it. If he could settle his debt with the miserly Meng Hao and make him leave, that was all the better.

However, just as Meng Hao was about to leave, the Song Clan cultivator who had given him the bag of holding, apparently disgusted with what was happening, sarcastically said, "Our Clan Prince said that the Heavens see everything we do. If you go around extorting people like this, you'll get your comeuppance sooner or later!"

The other Song Clan cultivators gaped in shock. Off in the distance, Song Luodan's jaw dropped, and he shot to his feet, rage building up in his face. He was willing to swear an oath that he had never said such words.

He was familiar with Meng Hao's personality, and he knew that uttering words like that would turn the situation into a disaster!

"Dammit!!" he thought, instantly flying off of the top of the mountain. He couldn't just sit around and watch what was happening; he had to go give Meng Hao an explanation. In order to raise the money he needed to pay back Meng Hao, he had borrowed from virtually every willing party in the sect. In fact, he had even taken out a loan from the sect itself. If all of that was destroyed because of a single sentence, he would be reduced to tears.

Just before Meng Hao left, right before he flew up into the air, he heard the words being spoken and then looked back at the Song Clan cultivator. He also noticed the surrounding rogue cultivators who had come to watch the show, who were all looking on excitedly. There were even some who seemed to want to thank the Song Clan cultivator for speaking up.

“Well, now, isn’t this interesting?” Meng Hao said, smiling. The other members of the Song Clan were trembling, and when they saw him smiling, they edged backward, beads of sweat popping out on their foreheads. “Based on what I know about Song Luodan, he isn’t that stupid. He would either grit his teeth and hand over the money, or grit his teeth and refuse.

“Whatever his choice , he wouldn’t say something like that. It seems... Song Luodan’s position within the Song Clan has become a bit unstable. Well, that doesn’t matter. Since he and I are friends, I might be able to help him out a bit.” His smile grew more radiant, and even a bit bashful and embarrassed.

His smile and his words caused the faces of the surrounding Song Clan cultivators to flicker.

“That’s what the Prince told me to--”

“Song Luodan, get out here!” Meng Hao said suddenly, his voice rumbling like thunder, echoing throughout the entire planetoid.

Almost as soon as the words left his mouth, Song Luodan appeared, flashing in his direction as fast as lightning. As soon as he arrived, he waved his sleeve, causing a wild wind to spring up and wrap around the clan member who had spoken moments ago. The man was immediately sent flying off into the distance, blood spraying out of his mouth, clearly seriously injured.

“Fudge,” he roared. “How dare you try to frame me! Men, arrest him!” The surrounding Song Clan cultivators immediately flew out and grabbed ahold of the man.

Not even taking the time to ask the man who had given the orders for him to speak, Song Luodan spun and looked at Meng Hao, face grim and heart filled with bitterness. He suddenly regretted his earlier decision to try to save face by not meeting Meng Hao in person. If he had, then what had occurred moments ago would never have happened.

Meng Hao looked at Song Luodan with an enigmatic smile, waiting for him to speak.

“I never said that!” Song Luodan grated stiffly.

“I know,” Meng Hao said with a smile. “Actually, since we’re acquainted, why don’t I help you out with this situation? I’ll do it for a great price.”

Song Luodan was about to refuse, but then, his eyes glittered. “How much do you want?”

“Double what was in the bag of holding you just gave me.”

“You’re ruthless! Fine. His name is Song Luoshen, Chosen of the direct bloodline of the Song Clan. He’s trying to steal the position of Dao Child from me. Don’t kill him! Just ruin his reputation!”

Meng Hao chuckled, and then suddenly called out in a voice like thunder, “Song Luoshen! You owe me money! Time to pay me back!”

His voice seemed to contain Heavenly might as it echoed out through the planetoid, causing countless mountains to tremble. A coldly-spoken response drifted in from off in the distance.

“Fellow Daoist Meng, I don’t remember owing you anything. The person who owes you money is Song Luodan.”

“If I say you owe me, then you owe me!” Even as he spoke, Meng Hao took a step forward. His body flickered, and he reappeared off in the distance, where he launched a punch into the ground. Immediately, the land collapsed, and a figure flew out.

It was a young man, handsome, but with narrow eyes. Originally, those eyes had been glittering with venomous coldness, but now, they were bright with alarm at the sight of Meng Hao’s display of domineering might.

“Fellow Daoist Meng, what are you trying to do!?!?” the young man roared. He urgently backed up, and at the same time, dozens of beams of light began to fly out from within the Song Clan. Those would be the powerful experts in charge of guarding the area.

By now, all of the various sects and clans had gotten the news about the way Meng Hao went about collecting debt. The Song Clan didn’t want to be any further entangled with him; they simply wanted to get him to leave as quickly as possible.

However, these people had been ordered to stand guard in the area just in case something unexpected happened. Now that they saw Meng Hao making a move, they showed their faces.

“Meng Hao, you’ve been paid what you were owed, what are you trying to do!?” Roaring shouts could be heard as the dozens of beams of light closed in to protect the young man from being attacked by Meng Hao.

“Song Luodan already paid me,” he replied coolly, “but this Song Luoshen hasn’t.” He waved his right hand, causing a wild wind to spring up and envelop the group. Even as their minds were shaken, Meng Hao strode forward toward Song Luoshen.

“I don’t owe you money!!” Song Luoshen cried. He was already filled with regret at trying to use Meng Hao to weaken Song Luodan. However, regret was now useless. As he shot backward, he crushed a jade slip, requesting assistance from the Clan Elders.

“You don’t deserve to owe me money, and yet you try to incite a conflict between me and Song Luodan? What a flimsy plan! I really don’t understand how someone with an intellect like yours could possibly cause Song Luodan to feel threatened.” Shaking his head, Meng Hao waved his hand toward Song Luoshen, then made a grasping motion, which caused Song Luoshen to fly toward him, trembling.

“Patriarch, save me!!” Song Luoshen screamed. Meng Hao suddenly clenched his left hand into a fist and then punched out into the air next to him with the God-Slaying Fist!

That punch caused the air to collapse. A muffled grunt could be heard as an emaciated, grim-faced old man appeared. He had been attempting to save Song Luoshen, but hadn’t been fast enough. He could now do nothing but watch as Meng Hao grabbed onto Song Luoshen.

“Meng Hao,” he said in a dark tone, “don’t push things too far. The Song Clan doesn’t want to make you an enemy, but you can’t be so excessive!” This man was emanating the aura of the Dao Realm. He was obviously one of the Dao Realm Patriarchs of the Song Clan.

Even as he spoke, another Dao Realm aura began to emanate out from the planetoid. Although no one appeared, the aura locked down onto Meng Hao.

Further off on Planet North Reed, another even more terrifying Dao Realm Aura seemed to focus its attention on what was happening.

“The struggles over the position of Song Clan Dao Child have nothing to do with me. However, Song Luoshen clearly plotted against me, and for that, he shall pay the price.” Meng Hao held Song Luoshen in hand and looked steadily at the emaciated old man, completely ignoring his Dao Realm Aura.

The old man glared angrily at Song Luoshen. It was only now that he realized that Song Luoshen had actually taken the initiative to scheme against Meng Hao, and he cursed him for his foolishness. The entire Song Clan had tacitly approved of the way Song Luodan had collected the money he needed to pay Meng Hao, and when those efforts had fallen short the clan itself had been willing to loan him money. It was easy to see from this that generally speaking, the Song Clan had no desire whatsoever to provoke Meng Hao.

But now, this idiot had gone and done exactly that. From the emaciated old man’s perspective, Song Luoshen was simply incurably moronic. If it weren’t for the fact that his bloodline was uniquely important to the safety of the clan, he would ignore the matter.

“We will definitely compensate you for this matter,” the old man said slowly. Meng Hao smiled and release Song Luoshen. He was just about to speak when, all of a sudden, a tremor ran through him, and he stared blankly over the old man’s shoulder.

The old man’s eyes widened, and he turned around, but didn’t see anything. As he frowned, he could sense Meng Hao’s eyes narrowing.

Meng Hao began to pant. Moments ago, he had seen something very bizarre behind the old man. It was a man in a black robe, with long white hair, strolling along through the void.

He had a shocking murderous aura. It was... none other than the man who had walked out of the Paragon magic in the Windswept Realm... the Paragon!

Slaughter!

Chapter 1206: Daoist Magic of Time!

Meng Hao could see the black-robed man, but no one else could. He seemed lonely, with the supreme air of a Paragon, and yet he radiated a boundless murderous aura as he walked past the Song Clan Patriarch and headed out toward the starry sky.

Panting anxiously, Meng Hao completely forgot about the matter of settling accounts. He instantly flashed through the air to follow the black-robed man.

In the Windswept Realm, he had personally watched this man walked out into the void and then vanish. He would never have been able to imagine that he would actually... see him again here.

The emaciated old man frowned. He hadn't seen anything unusual at all; Meng Hao's bizarre reaction caused his eyes to narrow.

"Fellow Daoist Meng...." the old man said.

Almost at the same time, Meng Hao cried out, "Senior, wait for me!" He kept his eyes fixed on the black-robed man, who was strolling off into the distance at incredible speed. Almost as soon as the words left his mouth, the black-robed man paused and then slowly turned his head to glance casually at Meng Hao.

That single glance caused Meng Hao's mind to tremble as if lightning were striking it. It didn't matter that he was an Allheaven Dao Immortal, as of that moment, his entire consciousness felt as if it were sinking into boundless slaughter.

He trembled violently, and blood sprayed out of his mouth. It felt as if some indescribable power were pounding through his mind, simultaneously... wiping away all his memories of the black-robed man!

The rumbling wasn't just affecting Meng Hao. The emaciated old man also started trembling. That was because in the instant that the black-robed man had turned around, he was also able to see him!

That single glance caused blood to spray out of the old man's mouth, and his Essence aura to grow unstable. His expression was one of shock before it suddenly went blank. His memories of how he had been injured just now, as well as the sight of the black-robed man, were instantly wiped away.

It wasn't just him, it was also the other Dao Realm Patriarch on the planetoid. When the black-robed man turned and became visible, they had caught sight of him. However, his single glance sent

their minds spinning, caused them to cough up blood, and made them feel like they were about to explode. It was as if a huge hand were forcibly wiping away everything about the man that existed in their minds.

The same thing happened to the Song Clan's most powerful Patriarch, the one on Planet North Reed itself, who had been watching Meng Hao the entire time. Meng Hao's bizarre behavior had startled him, and when the black-robed man turned around, it caused the Dao Realm Patriarch to cough up several mouthfuls of blood. His memories were also wiped away, no matter what he did to fight back. It was like he was so weak that he couldn't stand up to a single blow.

All of these things take some time to describe, but actually happened in a brief moment. The ordinary clan members' memories were not wiped away because they had never laid eyes on the black-robed man in the first place.

However, they saw Meng Hao and the Patriarchs coughing up blood, which, coupled with the miserable shrieks that echoed from their mouths, made the scene completely bizarre. All of the surrounding Song Clan cultivators gasped.

Meng Hao was the first to regain his senses. His eyes were completely bloodshot as the invisible hand threatened to wipe away his memories of the black-robed man. Apparently, this gaze embodied a paramount Daoist magic. The black-robed man did not wish memories of him to exist in anyone's minds. To ensure that no trace of him was remembered by anyone, he would wipe their minds clean.

However, in the moment that Meng Hao's memories were about to be wiped away, he roared, and azure light suddenly exploded out of him. The power of an Allheaven Dao Immortal surged out, and the drop of Paragon's blood inside of him seethed. His eyes shone with wild light, and he gritted his teeth as he produced his fourth Nirvana Fruit, then pushed it down into his forehead.

"My memories belong to me for all eternity! If I want them wiped out, that's my decision. Other people... don't have the right or the qualifications to touch my memories!"

He continued to cough up blood as the Nirvana Fruit melted down into him. It caused the azure light to become even more radiant and, combined with the Paragon's blood, made Meng Hao just barely capable of resisting the enormous hand, which he shoved out of his mind.

RUMBLE!

He staggered backward, coughing up another mouthful of blood, but completely clear-headed. He lifted his head up to find the black-robed man looking at him with a surprised expression.

The black-robed man stared at him for a moment, then nodded, as if he approved of Meng Hao's existence. Then he turned and began to walk off into the distance.

Meng Hao took a deep breath, gritted his teeth, and flew after him. He could sense that this man harbored no malice. That gaze from earlier could shake Heaven and Earth, but in actuality... it was apparently some sort of test.

Of those he tested, only those who managed to maintain their memories of him could qualify... to follow him off into the distance.

After a long moment, Meng Hao and the black-robed man were gone, and the emaciated old man from the Song Clan regained his senses, as did the other two Patriarchs.

They quickly communicated with each other via divine sense, and came to the realization that none of them had any memories regarding what had just happened. They only remembered Meng Hao acting strangely.

However, these were Dao Realm experts. The black-robed man might have taken action to wipe away their memories, but he didn't hide that fact. After the three of them considered what had happened, they quickly reached a conclusion.

“We saw some being that we should not have seen....”

“That terrifying entity erased whatever it was that we saw....”

After questioning some of the surrounding disciples, the three Song Clan Dao Realm Patriarchs' hearts sank, and their fear of Meng Hao increased.

From the various clues they had gathered, they came to the conclusion that whatever being it was that had erased their memories must also have some connection to Meng Hao. After all, Meng Hao had caught sight of the man before they had. Therefore... what was written between the lines was that Meng Hao knew that terrifying entity!

“Pass orders down that no members of the Song Clan are to have anything to do with Meng Hao.... He harbors too many terrifying secrets, secrets... that we should not know anything about!” Having made their decision, the three Song Clan Patriarchs officially sent their orders out. As for Song Luoshen, who had dared to provoke Meng Hao, the three Patriarchs actually didn’t rebuke him at all. However, the way they ignored him left him feeling very uneasy.

Song Luodan had been watching from off in the distance. He looked thoughtfully in the direction Meng Hao had headed, and realized... that it was the planetoid controlled by the Wang Clan.

Out in the starry sky, the black-robed man didn’t take very long strides, and yet every step was like a teleportation. Meng Hao drew on the full power of his cultivation base, and yet was quickly falling behind.

Seeing that he couldn’t catch up, he didn’t allow himself to get nervous. Instead, he keyed in on the movement of the man’s legs. As he watched, he was able to detect that there was a certain cadence to the way he walked. Meng Hao began to imitate it, lifting his feet up and placing them down in a certain way.

Although he wasn’t able to tell, the way he was imitating the man caused his own figure to pulse between being blurry and being clear. Every step he took caused the starry sky to seemingly shrink. When his foot landed, the starry sky would return to normal.

Without even realizing it, he was actually matching his steps to the black-robed man’s, even catching up. Every time the man lifted his foot up, so did Meng Hao. Every time he stepped down, so did Meng Hao.

Time passed, although Meng Hao wasn’t sure how much. On the one hand, it seemed like a moment, but on the other hand, it seemed endless. He was lost in the special cadence of walking, step after step....

Suddenly, the black-robed man stopped walking, and Meng Hao shivered as he awakened from his reverie. He looked around to find that he was still in the vicinity of Planet North Reed, although he had traveled from one of the smaller planetoids to another.

Although the planetoids were some distance away from each other, they weren’t that far. In fact, you could even reach from one to another with divine sense. Considering the level of Meng Hao’s cultivation base, it would only take a few breaths of time to go from one to another.

But for some reason, he felt as if a long time had just passed, which would seem to indicate that he had traveled for a very long distance. However, the situation seemed to be the exact opposite, which left Meng Hao feeling as if something strange was going on.

By now, he was sure that the state he had been in just now and that special way of walking was definitely some strange Daoist magic, and an unusual one at that. However, the facts of the matter made Meng Hao feel as if... he had overestimated the walking technique.

He couldn't say that he was disappointed, but he did sigh inwardly. At this point he turned to look back in the direction of the Song Clan's planetoid, and suddenly, he began to shake. His eyes went wide with disbelief and shock.

His whole body shook; it was as if all of the amazing and shocking things he had experienced in his entire life put together weren't nearly as stunning as what he was seeing now....

He had seen many astonishing things in his years, but as of this moment, what he was seeing... was truly unbelievable!

His mind felt as if it were being struck by a million lightning bolts. His jaw dropped, and he stared in the direction of the Song Clan's planetoid as the flicker of teleportation could be seen and a person emerged from the teleportation portal.

He was handsome and had the air of a scholar. He even seemed to glow with azure light. He watched this scholar be handed a bag of holding by the Song Clan cultivators, and then saw the young man cry out in a thunderous voice.

"Song Luodan, get out here!" What he was seeing was almost like a vision... of himself!!

He watched himself move forward and grab Song Luoshen. He saw the emaciated man make his appearance, and then saw the black-robed man appear. He saw the test administered, then saw the black-robed man strolling out into the starry sky. Then... he saw himself following, all the way... until the other black-robed man and the other Meng Hao superimposed with their real selves.

Meng Hao was shaking, and great waves of shock roared through his head.

"That walking technique wasn't too slow," he murmured. "It was too fast! So fast... that it can cause you to travel through time.... I can't believe that I actually walked backward... for one incense

stick's worth of time!" The bizarreness of the Daoist magic caused his mind to rumble with sounds like thunder.

After a long moment passed, Meng Hao turned to look at the black-robed man, who was now looking down toward an area down below, situated between a mountain and a river.

Meng Hao's heart was gripped with shock as he also looked down at the foot of that mountain, where there was a bamboo forest. Inside the bamboo forest was a vulgar-looking old man, sitting there cross-legged.

Directly in front of the old man was a young man, who happened to be none other than Wang Mu.

Chapter 1207: Grievous News!

Meng Hao's eyes flickered as he looked at the black-robed man, within whose eyes had suddenly appeared... gentleness.

That gentleness was not directed toward Wang Mu, but rather, to the old man sitting in front of him.

That old man was a stranger to Meng Hao; he had never seen him before. However, the moment he laid eyes on him, Meng Hao got the feeling that there was something terrifyingly powerful about him.

Time passed; the black-robed man and Meng Hao both hovered there, looking down.

After a while... the black-robed man suddenly took a step forward. Meng Hao imitated him subconsciously, and when his foot landed, the world seemed to momentarily become magnified and his vision blurred momentarily. When it became clear, both the black-robed man and Meng Hao were now standing in the bamboo forest next to the old man and Wang Mu.

Meng Hao took a deep breath, but apparently Wang Mu hadn't the slightest idea any of this was happening.

"Alright," the old man said coolly, "this session of cultivation is done. Come back tomorrow." He waved his right hand, and Wang Mu staggered backward. He looked up with an unyielding gleam in his eyes.

“I want to defeat Wang Tengfei!!”

“Then you need to work harder at cultivation,” the old man replied, his voice echoing out. Wang Mu once again staggered backwards uncontrollably, then vanished.

After Wang Mu disappeared, complete silence fell over the bamboo forest. For some reason, the ambiance of the area felt somewhat eerie to Meng Hao. Furthermore, within the silence, a slight droning sound began to rise.

Soon, Meng Hao realized that flying towards them from within the bamboo forest was... a cloud of mosquitos!

They didn't seem any larger than ordinary mosquitos, but for some reason, when Meng Hao looked at them, his heart trembled, and a sense of grave crisis exploded up within him.

These were definitely not ordinary mosquitos, of that Meng Hao was certain. The kind of aura that was emanating from them was something he had never sensed on any beast before.

It was an aura filled with murderous intent, and a towering brutality. Most importantly, there was a sensation of profound ancientness. Based on the level of Meng Hao's current cultivation base, he gradually reached a conclusion that caused his heart to tremble!

“These mosquitos are... more ancient than the Mountain and Sea Realm itself!” He began to pant as he stared at the mosquitos, especially one in particular that was completely gold and flying in the lead. Boundless ripples spread out from it as it flew directly toward Meng Hao and the black-robed man.

It then began to circulate around the black-robed man, buzzing with what seemed to be both joy and grief. From the way it flew around him, it seemed to want to get closer to him, and yet was separated from him, as if by some invisible barrier that it could not cross.

Meng Hao suddenly realized that the black-robed man seemed to have the same expression of both joy and grief.

It was at this point that a sigh could be heard coming from the skinny old man. Although he normally looked vulgar, right now, he seemed filled with complicated, melancholy emotions. He suddenly turned and looked directly at Meng Hao.

Meng Hao's mind trembled. It was as if that gaze were a sharp sword that was currently stabbing into his mind, attempting to shred his divine sense into nothing. Azure light suddenly sprang up, and the power of an Allheaven Dao Immortal exploded out. Not only did it shield his mind, it also transformed a portion of his cultivation base into a swordlike gaze which stabbed back into the eyes of the old man.

"Eee?" the old man said, eyes flickering. Moments later, everything returned to normal. The old man looked thoughtfully at Meng Hao for a moment before turning his complicated gaze toward the black-robed man.

Obviously, he was completely aware that both Meng Hao and the black-robed man were standing there!

"You..." the old man said softly. Apparently, that was all he could say before he was at a loss for words, as the complex feelings within him grew stronger.

After a moment of silence, the black-robed man suddenly spoke, his voice hoarse, cold, and ancient. "Where is he?"

Although the three words he spoke were completely ordinary in nature, when spoken by him, they were filled with a shocking murderous aura, as if this man were fundamentally... formed from a murderous aura.

Meng Hao took a deep breath. Although he had no idea who this black-robed man was, if he didn't understand what was going on between him and the old man, then he had no right to have practiced cultivation to his current level.

"They know each other!!

"We're in the Wang Clan, and this old man is one of Wang Mu's teachers. He also knows Wang Tengfei. That means that it's very likely that he is also a member of the Wang Clan!!

"This black-robed Paragon is very mysterious, and clearly cannot be a cultivator from the modern era. He's existed for ages, and certainly comes from before the time when the Mountain and Sea Realm existed. That much is obvious because of what happened with those ancient mosquitos.

“In that case, since they know each other, this old man....” Having reached this point in his train of thought, Meng Hao’s pupils constricted. In his past dealings with the Wang Clan, he had always felt their magical techniques to be bizarre. Furthermore, there was something very mysterious and extraordinary about their bloodline.

Even as Meng Hao’s mind spun, the skinny old man thought for a moment and then spoke in a hoarse voice that seemed to be filled with reminiscence.

“Back then, he left, and never came back....”

The black-robed man closed his eyes for a moment. Finally, he opened them, and asked, “What about her?”

“They left together. She never came back either.” The old man sighed. Within the complicated gaze he leveled at the black-robed man was hidden astonishment and disbelief. Unable to hold back, he finally asked the question that burned in his mind. “You... back then, didn’t you dissipate?”

The black-robed man shook his head. Declining to say anything else, he turned to leave....

“Wang....” The old man only spoke one word before stopping, as if he wasn’t sure exactly how to address the man.

However, that single word caused Meng Hao’s mind to tremble. He looked at the old man, then at the black-robed man. The character ‘Wang 王,’ had two meanings of course. One carried the meaning of a king. The other... caused Meng Hao to gasp.

“He’s... a member of the Wang Clan! The Wang Clan Patriarch?” Meng Hao felt his thoughts going wild.

“If he’s a Wang Clan Patriarch, then that means... the Wang Clan definitely did not originate in the Mountain and Sea Realm. They... existed in the time of the Immortal World!” His eyes went wide, and he moved to follow the black-robed man as he left.

He took a step, and his vision blurred. When it cleared, he was with the black-robed man back up in the starry sky. The black-robed man hovered there thoughtfully, before finally looking out into the void.

It was as if his gaze could pierce the 33 Heavens and see the expanse beyond, including the butterflies dragging the land mass, and the suns pulling the statue, as they rumbled in the direction of the Mountain and Sea Realm.

“They’re almost here....” the black-robed man murmured, his voice so icy that the void around him grew colder. That was not done intentionally, it was merely a result of his murderous aura.

He looked off into the distance and then began to walk. Each step he took seemed without end, and Meng Hao hurried to keep up. However, in the space of a few breaths, the man was so far away... that he knew it would be impossible to catch up to him!

Meng Hao knew that he couldn’t catch up because the man didn’t want him to. Urgently, he called out, “Senior, who are you, sir?”

“A person... who probably shouldn’t be here,” was the icy response. The black-robed man was now further off in the distance.

Meng Hao was the type of person to seize every opportunity. As the saying went, he would pluck feathers from a passing goose. Although he was awestruck by the black-robed man, he gritted his teeth and said, “Senior, look, we are bound by ties of destiny. Could you please teach me some of your Daoist magic, Senior? I mean, the reason you’re here has something to do with me, right...?”

The black-robed man paused in midstep. It seemed he rarely encountered cultivators the likes of Meng Hao.

“Spatial Bending. If you master that, and we meet again... then I guess I can pass on to you the secret to... Call the Wind.” The black-robed man’s voice drifted out behind him as he vanished into the starry sky.

There was no way for Meng Hao to catch up. However, several different emotions could be seen on his face as he looked at the man leaving, and in fact, his eyes began to shine.

“So he really is a Patriarch of the Wang Clan...” The magic of Call the Wind was something Meng Hao had seen Wang Mu unleash. He had always felt it to be extraordinary, but had never been able to acquire it.

“Ah well, it is what it is. Wang Mu, you owe me money, but now I’m in no hurry to get it back. Having Karma connecting me to you is the same as having Karma with the Wang Clan!” Heart filled with decisiveness, he turned, closed his eyes for a moment, then opened them and took a step. Much the same as before, he slipped into a strange state as he began to experiment with walking in that strange, prescribed fashion.

“This magic is called Spatial Bending, huh...? It seems that this is just the first step, a way to bend space-time....” Meng Hao was very excited. He could already think of many ways that this Daoist magic could be used in magical combat.

In fact, if he got familiar enough with it, perhaps he could even use it to travel through time!

At this thought, a strange look appeared in Meng Hao’s eyes as he walked off into the distance.

Time passed as he walked in that special fashion for several days. During that time, he didn’t worry about collecting any debts, nor did he stop by any asteroid teleportation portals. He was separated from the world, alone as he traversed the starry sky, getting familiar with the walking technique.

In the middle of his enlightenment, the transmission jade slip within his bag of holding vibrated many times. However, he didn’t notice that, as he was fully immersed in the strange state.

He had no idea, but during those several days, someone he knew was traveling all around looking for him, engulfed in grief.

That person went to Planet South Heaven, and then to Planet East Victory. He scoured the entirety of the Fang Clan, and then went to the Song Clan, to Mount Sun, and any other place where Meng Hao might have been found.

Unfortunately... that person did not find Meng Hao.

“Is this the working of fate...? Is he fated... to not be able to see her one last time?” The person searching for Meng Hao was Pill Demon!!

His expression was one of grief, and he sighed constantly. Eventually, he gave up the search and returned to the Mount Kunlun....

Another three days passed, and eventually Meng Hao awoke from that strange state. His eyes shone with the glow of augury, and then gradually began to flicker with joy. During the past few days, he had grown much more familiar with that strange walking technique.

It was only after awakening that Meng Hao noticed that on the transmission jade slip in his bag of holding, there were several hundred messages that had unexpectedly accumulated during the past few days....

After scanning the messages with divine sense, his mind began to rumble as if with thunder, and his body shook as if it were being struck by lightning. In fact, he almost couldn't believe what was happening!

Chapter 1208: Slaying Ji Dongyang Again!

Although the messages in the jade slip were all from different people, the words were virtually the same!

“Chu Yuyan's soul is rapidly dispersing. Come to the Kunlun Society!”

They all said the same thing!

He received messages from his mother, father and sister, from Patriarch Shoudao... even from Taiyang Zi, Song Luodan, and Sun Hai....

The greatest number of messages came from... Pill Demon!

In addition, there was one message that had come through on the first day that Meng Hao had slipped into his strange trance of walking. It had come from Chu Yuyan.

“Meng Hao.... I hope that you and Xu Qing can have a safe and peaceful life together....” That single message caused Meng Hao's heart to feel as if it were being stabbed with blades.

Meng Hao was trembling; he couldn't quite tell what he was feeling at the moment. However, one thing he was sure about was that if Chu Yuyan's soul was dispersing, it couldn't be an accident. There had to be more to the story.

He had no time to sit there thinking. Nor was he even sure what exactly he should be thinking about. Only one thought filled his mind, and that was that he did not want Chu Yuyan to perish.

“How could this have happened...?” he murmured, transforming into a colorful streak of light that shot toward the nearest asteroid teleportation portal at high speed.

As soon as he appeared there, people recognized him and their faces flickered. Many of them were well-aware of how everyone in the Ninth Mountain and Sea had been looking for him over the past few days.

Immediately, sounds of discussion could be heard:

“Did you hear about Meng Hao’s old flame Chu Yuyan from the Kunlun Society...? Her soul is dispersing....”

“These past few days, everyone has been trying to find him, but sadly, nobody could. And now here he is....”

“Well, he deserves it with that vicious personality of his. A lot of people are happy to see this happening.”

Meng Hao blasted forward like the wind, but he could still hear everyone talking, and their words stabbed at his heart like sharp swords. Suddenly, he turned his head, sweeping over them with his gaze. Rumbling sounds could be heard, and one cultivator after another coughed up blood and staggered backward, their cultivation bases collapsing as they let out miserable shrieks.... Those were the cultivators who had just spoken biting words.

On any other occasion, Meng Hao wouldn’t even have acknowledged them. But now, in the throes of deep anxiety, the words they spoke crossed his bottom line.

Rumbling could be heard as he shot toward one particular destination. It was none other than the teleportation portal leading to the Kunlun Society.

However, just before he reached it, a dozen or so figures suddenly emerged from the crowd to block his path.

Based on the ripples emanating from their cultivation bases, it was obvious that these people were from the Ji Clan. Furthermore, the person leading them was... Ji Dongyang!!

Who knew how long he had been here, and now, in Meng Hao's most anxious moment, he was leading members of the Ji Clan to prevent Meng Hao from entering the teleportation portal.

"Well well, if it isn't Brother Meng? What's gotten you so anxious?" Ji Dongyang laughed heartily, eyes shining with a strange light. He almost seemed to be eyeing prey, as if he were trying to lure that prey in a certain direction, to control its growth and development.

"The dispersal of Chu Yuyan's soul has really given me a good opportunity to domesticate my prey." Ji Dongyang's smile grew more radiant, and the eyes of the Ji Clan cultivators behind him glittered with killing intent.

"Screw off!" Meng Hao roared, his face grim and his voice echoing like thunder. The Ji Clan cultivators were instantly enraged, and shot directly toward him.

"What gall! Our Clan Prince allowed you to stop and chat! How dare you say rude things!"

"Scram!" Meng Hao's expression didn't change at all as he performed an incantation gesture. Everything rumbled, and the starry sky shook. The entire asteroid vibrated as an amorphous tempest shot out toward the members of the Ji Clan.

As he flew through the air, everything around him shook violently. The tempest was like a huge mouth, bellowing in rage at the Ji Clan cultivators. Blood sprayed out of their mouths and they were sent tumbling backward. There were even a few who directly exploded, killed in body and spirit.

Meng Hao had already reached the point of disregarding everything else!

"Brother Meng, did I offend you or something? All I did was call out a greeting, and yet you dared to kill the people of my Ji Clan?" Ji Dongyang's face was grim as he took a step forward, causing explosive waves of qi to roll out in all directions. Shockingly, they transformed into a shield of light, which... completely blocked the way to the Kunlun Society teleportation portal.

The surrounding cultivators looked on silently, and even backed up. They looked at the shield with mixed feelings. Anyone who was watching this scene would be able to see what the Ji Clan was overtly attempting to do.

In Meng Hao's moment of deepest anxiety, when he wanted nothing more than to get to the Kunlun Society, the Ji Clan actually blocked his path, in order to delay him even further. All of it was to make Meng Hao even more anxious than before.

In any other circumstance, he could shrug it off. But now, when he wasn't even certain whether Chu Yuyan was alive or dead, for the Ji Clan to do something like this... caused even the surrounding cultivators to feel that they were being excessive.

And yet, some of them were happy to delight in the misfortunes of others, and their eyes glinted wickedly.

Seeing that his way to the teleportation portal was being blocked caused Meng Hao's eyes to burst with killing intent. Without stopping, he charged forward like a meteor directly toward Ji Dongyang.

As he closed in, Ji Dongyang snorted inwardly, performed a double-handed incantation gesture and then shot backward, unexpectedly passing through the protective shield. Next, Meng Hao slammed bodily into the shield.

A huge boom could be heard; Meng Hao's fleshly body was comparable to a magical item, and his attack power was backed by the cultivation base of an Allheaven Dao Immortal. He was like a sharp arrow that instantly pierced through the shield.

As it shattered, he continued on toward the teleportation portal like a lightning bolt. He took no time to get entangled with Ji Dongyang; his only goal was to get to the Kunlun Society as quickly as possible.

However, just when Meng Hao was about to step into the teleportation portal, cracking sounds could be heard as it... shattered into pieces!

Ji Dongyang smiled at Meng Hao as if he were looking at a trapped animal.

"Brother Meng, how could you be so rash?" he said. "I wasn't actually trying to stop you, I had just set up some defenses around the teleportation portal because it was too old, and in need of repair. It was already on the verge of shattering. See how much I care about you? I didn't want any problems to occur if you stepped into it, that's why I blocked your way."

“Well, there’s no need to thank me. It was really the right thing to do.”

Meng Hao trembled, slowly turning around, his murderous aura exploding up. Ji Dongyang continued to smile as he slowly backed up.

“Brother Meng, I did all of this with the best of intentions. I’ll take my leave now, but don’t worry, we’ll have plenty of time to get to know each other better in the future, and also... to build up plenty of Karma between us....” Smiling mysteriously, his body began to fade away.

“You want Karma? I’ll give you some Karma!” Meng Hao took a deep breath, and his murderous aura grew stronger as he shot in a beeline toward Ji Dongyang.

He moved as fast as lightning, using the exact same bizarre walking technique that he had just spent the past several days getting familiar with!

None of the onlookers could see anything strange about it, not even Ji Dongyang. He continued to smile as he faded away.

Meng Hao rumbled through the air, making a grasping motion with his right hand. Immediately, the copper mirror began to materialize. Before it could even become fully clear, it changed shape, wrapping around Meng Hao’s hand, wriggling into the shape of... a long, pitch-black sword!!

It was a wicked blade, like the weapon of a Devil, and it instantly slashed down toward the virtually invisible Ji Dongyang.

However, the direction of the slash was not the position in which Ji Dongyang was vanishing, but rather, the space in front of that!

As the blade slashed down, Meng Hao took another step. All of a sudden, all of the onlookers experienced something bizarre.

Suddenly, everything split apart as two different periods of time appeared in front of their eyes. They were like mirror images that twisted... and then turned into a strange vision.

Within that vision, the teleportation portal which had just collapsed... twisted and returned to a state of wholeness. Different versions of Ji Dongyang and Meng Hao could now be seen, like reflections. The reflection of Ji Dongyang had exactly the same expression as before, and was saying the same things. Everyone could see exactly what had just happened moments ago. Then, Ji Dongyang's reflection began to move back to the location where he began vanishing, and also, toward the place where Meng Hao was slashing the sword down.

It was almost as if Ji Dongyang were personally delivering himself up to Meng Hao's blade. Meng Hao's Battle Weapon slashed through the reflection of Ji Dongyang, which didn't stop, but rather, continued on to the vanishing Ji Dongyang, with whom it then merged.

At the same time, the teleportation portal collapsed, and Meng Hao... said the same cold words he had spoken before. Then he shot forward, formed the Battle Weapon, slashed out, and merged with his true form.

All of it happened very quickly, and made people confused as to what they were actually seeing. Everyone was shocked and dazzled.

When the true forms of Meng Hao and Ji Dongyang merged with their reflections, Meng Hao looked the same as before. However, Ji Dongyang, who was fading away, suddenly let out a bloodcurdling scream. His blurry figure was then separated into two parts!!

"What Daoist magic is that!?!?" he roared in disbelief. Then the two parts of him faded away.

The only thing that remained behind was an echoing voice filled with terror and astonishment,

An injury inflicted within the flow of time, which then merged with the present!

Meng Hao had used the strange walking technique to come up... with a battle tactic that was perfectly suited to him!

I twist time, giving me the power to go back into the past and slash you with my blade. When your reflection merges with your true form, then that injury... will become a reality!

The surrounding cultivators all gasped. If you added all these people together, the types of magical techniques they had seen collectively throughout their lifetimes were vast. And yet... none of them had ever seen anything as unbelievable as what they had just witnessed.

Chapter 1209: Mountains Have No Worries

A slash in the past was equally fatal in the present. A Timeshift magic like that was similar to the Time magic that Meng Hao already used, and yet it was far, far different.

One was the root, the other was the lily pad!

As Ji Dongyang faded away, Meng Hao's body flickered as he changed course toward another teleportation portal. Because of Ji Dongyang and how he had obstructed Meng Hao's path, he now had to waste even more time finding another teleportation portal to the Kunlun Society!

Almost as soon as he materialized out of that teleportation portal, he could see the Kunlun Society.

It was a cloud-wreathed Immortal mountain, boundless and majestic, filled with singing of birds and the fragrance of flowers. It was like a celestial paradise, and at first glance, nothing about it seemed out of the ordinary. However, on one of the mountain's tallest peaks, thunder and lightning crashed. Further up above, black clouds seethed, seemingly incompatible with their surroundings.

As soon as he saw that mountain peak, Meng Hao also caught sight of a figure there who seemed to be offering sacrifices. Every flick of his sleeve would cause colors to flash, and rumbling booms to echo out.

He was an old man with whom Meng Hao was unfamiliar. However, at that man's side was someone who Meng Hao knew well. It was... Pill Demon!

Meng Hao's heart began to thump, and he instantly took to flight in the direction of that mountain peak. His arrival instantly attracted the attention of the disciples of the Kunlun Society. Furthermore, because of how he charged in, countless disciples flew out to intercept him, and numerous streams of divine sense converged on him.

"Let him come!" an ancient voice called out just as the numerous spell formations of the Kunlun Society were about to activate. It came from none other than the old man who was currently fighting back against the powerful vortex up above. Next to him was Pill Demon, who looked over at Meng Hao with mixed feelings, and sighed.

Meng Hao flew as fast as he could. In the blink of an eye, he had spanned the distance to appear in the air above the mountain peak, directly in front of Pill Demon and the old man.

As soon as he appeared, a tremor ran through his body because of what he saw on top of the mountain. It was... a jade coffin!

Numerous Kunlun Society disciples were arrayed around the coffin, their faces filled with grief. They sat there cross-legged, as if they were trying to come up with some sort of way... to resurrect the person in the coffin!

“You’re too late...” Pill Demon said in a quiet, hoarse voice. “Yesterday at dawn... her physical soul dispersed.

“I asked the Patriarch to come help re-converge the spiritual links to Chu Yuyan’s soul. Unfortunately... he was unable to re-form that which has dissipated.”

Meng Hao was shaking, and his mind roared. What Pill Demon had just said almost didn’t seem to register as he stared at the coffin, and Chu Yuyan inside. She almost seemed to be sleeping.

Even now that he was here, Meng Hao felt that all of this was too sudden. It was so sudden that he couldn’t accept it. It seemed impossible.

“How could this have happened...” he murmured. Stabs of pain filled his heart as he approached the coffin. Immediately, the surrounding Kunlun Society disciples’ eyes went wide with rage.

“Screw off! You don’t qualify to come here!”

“Are you Meng Hao? The man Junior Sister Chu could never forget about is you? You don’t deserve to be standing here!”

“Heartless, unethical people like you are prohibited from defiling the corpse of Elder Sister Chu!!”

These Kunlun Society disciples were people who had developed friendships with Chu Yuyan during her time in the Kunlun Society. Some were her Sisters, others were people who admired her. To see Meng Hao show up here when they were so heartbroken caused them to immediately vent their rage.

When the words hit Meng Hao's ears, his heart twinged with intense pain. As he stepped forward silently, a young man burst out from the crowd to stand in front of him, eyes bloodshot. Enraged, he yelled, "Are you a man or not? You knew how Chu Yuyan felt about you. You knew, and yet you heartlessly refused her! What do you think you're doing here now? Screw the hell off!"

The young man extended his right hand, performed an incantation gesture and pointing toward Meng Hao. A magical technique immediately materialized and shot toward Meng Hao.

His action caused other disciples to immediately make moves of their own. Meng Hao didn't respond at all, nor did he dodge their attacks. He just kept walking forward, surrounded by booming sounds. Finally, Pill Demon shouted, "Stay your hands! Let him pass. Nobody qualifies more than him to see Yan'er!"

His voice crashed like thunder, booming out in all directions. Chu Yuyan's fellow disciples immediately ceased attacking. Glaring at Meng Hao, they began to file past him as they returned to their places, filled with rage and grief. As they passed, all of them made various biting comments.

"Chu Yuyan waited for you for years, until she finally perished," one woman said icily. "What a waste!"

"I'm not sure why the link to Junior Sister Chu's soul suddenly dispersed. But I do know that when she returned recently she was seriously injured! She never fully recovered from those injuries. Don't tell me you're unaware of why they occurred!"

"Meng Hao, Meng Hao.... It won't matter how famous you get in the Ninth Mountain and Sea, don't you ever forget for all eternity that you owe this woman far, far too much."

Their words were like razor-sharp swords against which there was no possible defense. It didn't matter how powerful his fleshly body was, he could do nothing to prevent them from piercing deep into his heart.

His insides ached, and his face was ashen as he silently walked forward. He let the people say what they wished to say as he neared the coffin and then looked down at Chu Yuyan laying inside.

She wore a long white garment, and her countenance was beautiful. Her skin was so delicate it seemed that a breeze could shatter it. If it weren't for the fact that she was completely devoid of any color of blood, Meng Hao might think that she actually was sleeping.

However, the aura of death on her made the difference between life and death very clear. It was like the difference between Yin and Yang, boundless and infinite.

His mind was a blank as he stared down at her. He had never imagined that a day like this would come.... Back in the Nine Seas God World, something similar had happened, but in the end, Chu Yuyan didn't die.

Now, though... Meng Hao lifted a trembling hand and placed it on Chu Yuyan's forehead. After sending some divine sense into her, he began to shake even harder.

"Dead..." he murmured. His heart ached as he recalled an image from the past. It was a scene in which Chu Yuyan stood next to Wang Tengfei, as if they were a celestial couple.

Next, he saw Chu Yuyan and himself in the volcano, after which came everything that happened in the Violet Fate Sect. Later, they saw each other again in the Southern Domain, when he and Xu Qing got married. Chu Yuyan had been there, a complex expression in her eyes. Although she wore a smile on her face, that smile only hid her silent weeping.

All of those were memories that he would keep in his mind forever.

Proud. That was Chu Yuyan. When she realized that Meng Hao hadn't picked her, she chose to leave. She thought that she could forget, but later, when she looked back at everything that had occurred, she had realized something.

You can choose not to fall in love with me. But I... have only two choices: fall in love with you, or fall in love with you harder.

That was why, when she saw Meng Hao again in the Ninth Sea, she was actually very happy and content. No matter how she seemed on the surface, in her heart, those were wonderful times. Back then, she had wished that things could go on like they had for a bit longer. She hadn't hoped for an eternity, only that time would slow down for just a little bit.

Therefore, when she saw Meng Hao fighting so hard in the Windswept Realm, when she heard his unyielding roar, she didn't hesitate or even think about what to do. In a moment which wasn't appropriate for her to make her breakthrough, she... risked her own cultivation base and even... risked the chance of being seriously injured.

At that time, she didn't consider what consequences there might be, she only considered... how to help Meng Hao.

And so she did what she did, even though Meng Hao hadn't spared her a second glance at the time...

“What a dummy.... Perhaps the reason he loves Xu Qing is because she's a dummy too....” That was what Chu Yuyan thought to herself as she sighed and stepped into the vortex after the events in the Windswept Realm.

Meng Hao's face grew more and more pale as he thought about everything. Chu Yuyan's smile seemed to occupy all of his memories about her, and all of a sudden, Meng Hao felt as if his heart... were cracking open.

Everything that she had done caused deep regret to well up from deep inside of him.... It was a regret so profound that it ensured he would never be able to forget this woman, not for the rest of his life.

“How could this have happened...?” he murmured, coughing up some blood.

It was at this point that a cold, enraged voice echoed out like thunder from up above.

“Meng Hao, she chose you, so I wished you well.... I hoped that she would be happy and blessed....

“But how could you be so callous, so heartless!?”

“If you didn't love her, why did you have to encourage her? If you didn't choose her, why give her hope...? Why... did you have to steal her away from me!?!?”

“MENG HAO!!” The voice was filled with endless fury, fury mixed with grief. As it descended from the sky, an enormous figure appeared up above. He had stars on his forehead, and it was none other than... the man who had awoken the bloodline of the Gods... Wang Tengfei!!

He roared furiously, causing colors to flash in the sky as he shot down like a meteor, heading directly toward Meng Hao. As he did, he clenched his hand into a fist which he struck out at Meng Hao's chest. Meng Hao didn't fight back as Wang Tengfei's thunderous voice slammed into his ears.

Blood sprayed from Meng Hao's mouth, and his face became even whiter. It wasn't that he didn't have any feelings for Chu Yuyan. However, between her and Xu Qing, he cared for Xu Qing more.

That didn't mean that he wanted to treat Chu Yuyan coldly. Deep in his heart, he wanted her to be happy. He even wished that she could somehow forget about him, and find her own path to happiness.

It was something he had never really taken the time to think about before, about whether or not... he had been selfish. But now, looking down at Chu Yuyan's corpse, hearing Wang Tengfei rage, Meng Hao's heart tore apart. Within that pain, he finally realized that he truly had been selfish.

His voice nothing more than a murmur, he said, "Mountains have no worries, 'til hit with snowy flurries; waters feel no woe, 'til the winds do gust and blow..."

Chapter 1210: Using Karma to Track the Soul

BOOM!

Wang Tengfei's eyes were crimson as he launched a full-force attack, which slammed into Meng Hao, causing blood to spray out of his mouth. Despite the fact that Wang Tengfei was likewise hit with a backlash attack, he didn't seem to care. Roaring, he flew back to attack again.

"So you also know mountains have no worries, 'til struck by snowy flurries; waters feel no woe, 'til the winds gust and blow!!" The stabbing pain Wang Tengfei felt in his heart was not any less than Meng Hao's.

He had loved Chu Yuyan from the very beginning, and that had never changed. However... he had been too proud. Back in the early days, his pride had allowed him to turn a blind eye to her. He thought that if he could just defeat Meng Hao, if he could somehow get stronger and stronger, then it would be possible to sacrifice everything else... including Chu Yuyan!

But when he lost everything, he finally realized, to his bitterness, that he truly had nothing. From that moment on, he began to wish that Chu Yuyan could simply be happy, and live a life of laughter and smiles.

Many years went by, and he believed himself to have forgotten his love from the past. But then one day he emerged from secluded meditation to hear from his fellow clan members about what was happening with Chu Yuyan. He had then done everything in his power to come here. In the moment he arrived, he saw Meng Hao, then completely lost control and exploded with violence.

“If you didn’t care about her then why did you have to steal her from me!?!? MENG HAO!!”
Roaring, Wang Tengfei attacked again. Meng Hao didn’t respond. He stood there trembling, his heart in pieces. Wang Tengfei’s words slammed into him like bolts of lightning.

He didn’t raise a hand to fight back. Wang Tengfei battered him with one fist after another. In Meng Hao’s mind, this was all his fault. The debt he owed was too profound, and he felt deep regret.... He regretted everything from the past, and now knew the mistakes he had made. He had never realized how deeply, how severely he had affected others.

“I’m sorry....” he murmured bitterly. Although the words were spoken quietly, when Wang Tengfei heard them, he stopped in place. His fists dropped to his sides, and he began to weep.

Meng Hao walked back to the coffin and looked at the beautiful Chu Yuyan laying there as if slumbering. Tears streaming down his face, he reached up and gently touched her forehead with his right hand.

The tears rolled off his face, dropping down onto Chu Yuyan’s cheek....

A moment later, he looked up at Pill Demon and the ancient old man hovering next to him in midair.

“There’s something off about Chu Yuyan’s death. Tell me why, immediately!” He spoke slowly, one word at a time, and by the time he reached the final words, his voice boomed deafeningly, causing colors to flash in the sky and a sweeping wind to spring up. The entire Kunlun Society began to shake violently.

As he spoke, his cultivation base exploded with power, pushing him to the point where he could slaughter Dao Realm cultivators. Right now, he could cut down 1-Essence Dao Realm experts, could cause 2-Essences cultivators to tremble, and could even take on... 3-Essences Dao Lords!

Pill Demon gaped in astonishment and turned to look at the ancient man next to him. That old man had not mentioned anything suspicious about Chu Yuyan’s death. Pill Demon had assumed that it

was because after reaching Immortal Ascension, Chu Yuyan's foundation was unstable, which led to the dispersal of her soul.

Pill Demon wasn't the only one to stare in shock. Wang Tengfei's eyes went wide, and the surrounding Kunlun Society disciples all looked up at the old man, astonished.

This old man was one of the Patriarchs of the Kunlun Society. He looked down at Meng Hao and sighed. He had long since heard about how powerful Meng Hao was, but now that he could see it for himself, he realized that Meng Hao was able to see the clues on Chu Yuyan's corpse.

"Her spiritual soul is lost..."

"When she returned last time, she seemed normal, but the truth of the matter was that she had already lost her spiritual soul. The only thing that remained behind was her physical soul. She could only last for so long in such a state. Without the support of her spiritual soul, in the end... her physical soul dispersed.

"That is why she died, and is also why I was unable to reverse the situation and resurrect her..."

The old man spoke in a low voice, and uttered no lies. He went on to explain the full process of how he had attempted to treat Chu Yuyan.

Meng Hao was trembling. Because of the level of his cultivation base, he was well aware of the ramifications of a person losing their spiritual soul. With only the physical soul remaining, one had no foundation, and at any time, that person could lose touch with reality and begin to disperse into death.

From the moment Chu Yuyan had returned, she had begun to weaken. With every day that passed she struggled against death, but unfortunately, there was absolutely nothing she could do.

She could only wait until her physical soul dispersed, and the day of her death arrived...

She knew that she was dying, and therefore... had sent that final message to Meng Hao.

"Meng Hao.... I hope that you and Xu Qing can have a safe and peaceful life together..."

Meng Hao's eyes were completely bloodshot, and he shook from the increasingly intense pain in his heart. Based on how high his cultivation base was, it was easy for him to inspect Chu Yuyan's corpse and confirm that what the old man had said was no lie.

"Her spiritual soul is lost.... Well, where did it go...?" Meng Hao's eyes were filled with madness; he knew that all of this was caused because Chu Yuyan had helped him in the Windswept Realm, leading to her serious injuries. However, although her soul had been in a fragile state that could split apart at any time, when she stepped into the vortex to return home it had been whole. Meng Hao had looked at her as she had left, and could confirm that that was the case.

The problem must have occurred... after Chu Yuyan entered the vortex leading from the area of the Windswept Realm back to the Ninth Mountain. Meng Hao had also made that trip, which had taken only a brief moment.

Clearly, though, that brief moment was all it took... for Chu Yuyan to lose her spiritual soul!

"The physical soul lives because of the spiritual soul. The spiritual soul nourishes the physical soul.... If I can find Chu Yuyan's spiritual soul, then maybe... bringing her back to life wouldn't be impossible!" Meng Hao looked back down at Chu Yuyan, his eyes flickering with a glint of obsession as he decided that he would definitely track down Chu Yuyan's spiritual soul!

His right hand flashed with an incantation gesture as he unleashed Karmic Hexing. He gently pushed down onto Chu Yuyan's forehead, and yet, no Karma appeared. His eyes flickered with madness as he suddenly began to walk around Chu Yuyan's coffin. He moved faster and faster, until ghost images of himself appeared.

First it was one ghost image, and then two, three, four...

He moved so quickly that a wind sprang up, and even more ghost images appeared. Soon there were ten, fifteen... and even more.

Meng Hao didn't hesitate at all to use the strange walking technique, which would enable him to return... to the day before!

One day earlier, Chu Yuyan's physical soul had not completely dispersed!

As Meng Hao walked, gradually, the power of time travel began to surge out. As soon as the aura appeared, it blurred the vision of the surrounding cultivators. Even Pill Demon's eyes went blank.

It was only the Kunlun Society Patriarch whose eyes suddenly began to shine with a bright light. Inwardly, massive waves of shock battered his heart.

“The Dao... of time travel!!

“I can't believe that Meng Hao... can actually use the Dao of time travel!!”

He wasn't the only one who was shaken. The other Dao Realm Patriarchs in the Kunlun Society were all shaken. As they watched the scene with divine sense, they were thoroughly flabbergasted by Meng Hao.

They all watched as gradually, more and more ghost images of Meng Hao appeared, until finally, they merged together into a ring.

In the middle of that ring was the coffin and the area around it, which apparently... was moving through time. The grass swayed, and ripples spread out. Numerous figures appeared, coming and going, going and coming.

None of the spectators noticed how incredibly pale Meng Hao's face was. This walking technique was bizarre and enigmatic to be sure, but it was incredibly difficult for Meng Hao to use it to return Chu Yuyan to the previous day.

However, no thoughts of giving up entered his mind. He moved faster and faster. Regardless of how much blood oozed out of his mouth, regardless of how his body withered, regardless of how his cultivation base trembled, he persisted.

As he continued onward, more ripples flowed through the area around Chu Yuyan, moving faster and faster. More time passed, and suddenly Chu Yuyan's eyes opened.

It was in that moment that Meng Hao finally stopped in place. He coughed up nine mouthfuls of blood, and a patch of his hair turned white and then transformed into nothing but ash, and his entire body looked much older.

Chu Yuyan's eyes were listless, which was how she had looked the previous day just before she died. She was not aware of the things around her, nor could she sense that Meng Hao had traveled back an entire day just to see her.

He didn't hesitate for a moment. Still coughing up blood, he performed an incantation gesture and unleashed a Demon Sealing Hexing magic, reaching out to push his finger down onto Chu Yuyan's forehead.

In that moment, his mind trembled, and suddenly, faint Karma Threads appeared all around Chu Yuyan.

More than half of the threads were connected to Meng Hao himself, which caused the pain in his heart to intensify. However, he knew that time was of the essence. He focused all of his concentration and began to examine the other Karma Threads, hoping to use them to locate her spiritual soul!

He held nothing back, rotating his cultivation base to the full, causing azure light to shine around him. Finally, he found one particular Karma Thread that led out into the void. He sent divine sense to follow it, going further and further until he was also in the void.

It was there that Meng Hao caught sight of a vortex, a familiar vortex that was none other than... the vortex which Paragon Sea Dream had summoned after the collapse of the Windswept Realm, allowing everyone to return to where they had come from.

It was there that the Karma Thread began to collapse. Seeing that the thread was about to vanish, Meng Hao roared, causing more Time magic to explode out. Coupled with his cultivation base and the Karmic Hexing, he once again began to walk, using the Dao of time travel.

He unleashed all of his power, until finally, he saw... two visions!

In the first vision, he saw Chu Yuyan stepping into a vortex, her face pale. That was the moment in which everyone returned through Paragon Sea Dream's vortex.

By means of this particular divine ability, Meng Hao was able to follow Time back to its Essence to see what had happened here in the past.

What he saw was that, as Chu Yuyan traveled through the vortex, she passed by the Nine Mountains of the Mountain and Sea Realm. When she was passing by the Eighth Mountain and Sea, all of a sudden, a voice could be heard within the vortex.

“Soul, come to me!”