

The Heavens 1211

Chapter 1211: Immortal Ancient Builds a Bridge Leaving the Ninth Mountain!

Actually, that vortex had not truly been created by Paragon Sea Dream. It had long existed within the Mountain and Sea Realm, a teleportation path that, theoretically speaking, could be opened by anyone in the Dao Realm. The caveat was... that the price to open it was staggering.

In fact, only Paragons could arbitrarily pay such a price. Even if an ordinary Dao Realm cultivator were to overdraw on their cultivation base, they would not be able to open that ancient teleportation path.

Therefore, most of the time the path was safe. For example, when Meng Hao and all the others used it, nothing untoward happened. However, the path was not under the protection of one of Paragon Sea Dream's magical techniques, it was merely a teleportation path. Therefore... accidents could happen.

Also, certain accidents could occur which not even Paragon Sea Dream would be aware of.

Originally, nothing bad should have happened to Chu Yuyan. Although her soul was in a state where it could be split, as long as she returned to the Ninth Mountain and Sea and spent enough time recuperating, she would return to normal.

Unfortunately... during the process of her teleportation, someone unleashed a soul gathering magic!

Although many cultivators could use such techniques, all of them were different, leading to different results. Some could affect an area only 3,000 meters wide. Others... could actually cover an entire Realm!

Its purpose was to find departed souls and collect them together, where they could then be used by certain cultivators to craft magical items.

In the second vision, Meng Hao saw a huge land mass and a sect. That sect was built into a black cliff, upon which were written three huge characters.

Blacksoul Society!

Meng Hao saw countless souls there, converged into a massive river that flowed toward the black cliff, and an incense burner into which the souls were being absorbed.

A cultivator sat cross-legged next to the incense burner. He looked middle-aged, but had a pale face. His expression was arrogant, and from the fluctuations of his cultivation base, it was possible to tell that, shockingly... he was a 2-Essences Dao Realm expert.

As Meng Hao looked on, he caught sight of one particular soul among the others which was... Chu Yuyan!

The key to it all was not the Dao Realm cultivator, but rather, that incense burner; that was how Chu Yuyan's soul had been extracted from the teleportation tunnel.

The incense burner was surrounded by thousands of other cross-legged disciples of this sect. When they waved their arms, black bottle gourds would fly out of their bags of holding, which would then belch forth innumerable souls.

Unexpectedly, most of those souls... belonged to mortals!

Miserable screams then rang out as the souls were refined by the cultivators. Slaughtering mortals was something absolutely forbidden within the Mountain and Sea Realm, something that most people would condemn!

After all, the mortal world was the foundation of everything. If cultivators were allowed to wantonly massacre the mortals which made up their foundation, then the Mountain and Sea Realm would eventually collapse.

In fact, the laws of the Mountain and Sea Realm expressly forbade such a thing. If something like that happened, Heavenly punishment would be rained down. And yet, there was no Heavenly punishment being inflicted on this Blacksoul Society!

The vision shattered into pieces, and everything was over. Killing intent flickered in Meng Hao's eyes, transforming into a tempest as he rose to his feet.

“The Blacksoul Society of the Eighth Mountain and Sea!” he thought. “So the laws of the Mountain and Sea Realm do not send Heavenly punishment your way. Regardless of the reason, I.. will become your Heavenly punishment!” His eyes glowed coldly, both from what had happened to Chu Yuyan, and also what the Blacksoul Society was doing to the souls of mortals. Such brutality was something that Meng Hao could not accept.

Even death could not wipe out the vileness of such crimes!

A murderous aura exploded out from him, causing all of the cultivators around him to tremble. Even the Dao Realm Patriarchs of the Kunlun Society looked on with serious expressions.

None of them had any idea why such a murderous aura had suddenly sprung up from Meng Hao.

He took a deep breath, causing the murderous aura to fade away, then gazed down at Chu Yuyan. As he looked at her, he could tell that the spiritual energy of Mount Kunlun had been gathered in the coffin, ensuring that Chu Yuyan’s fleshly body would not be destroyed.

The spiritual energy of the Kunlun Society was different from that of elsewhere. It was abundant in life force, and had existed in this place for a very long time. It inherently caused life force to flourish, and would significantly reduce the decay rate of the flesh itself.

The coffin itself was also a treasured item that was in harmony with the Kunlun Society, and would further slow the process of decay. However, if it left the Kunlun Society, that could harm Chu Yuyan.

Meng Hao was well-aware that he could not take her corpse away. It wasn’t that he was fundamentally incapable of doing so, rather, it would be best for Chu Yuyan to stay here.

Eyes flashing with determination, he extended his right hand and rested it on the coffin, silently unleashing numerous magical techniques to seal it. Glittering marks appeared all over its surface, imbuing it not just with Meng Hao’s aura, but more importantly... the will of the future Lord of the Mountain and Sea Realm.

That would ensure that Chu Yuyan’s corpse would not be defiled.

At the same time, Meng Hao waved his sleeve, causing a huge amount of Immortal jade to fly out and pile up around and over the coffin, forming a mountainous grave mound!

The grave mound of Immortal jade left Chu Yuyan completely protected. Coupled with the unique aura of the Kunlun Society, it would ensure that she remained preserved for quite some time.

Having done all this, Meng Hao waved his hand again, causing... an equally towering mountain of Immortal jade to pile up next to the first pile!

Clasping hands, he turned toward the Kunlun Society's Dao Realm Patriarch and bowed deeply. "Kunlun Society, I hope it will not be too much of an inconvenience to ensure that Chu Yuyan's body remains preserved. Please take this mountain of Immortal jade as a token of my deep thanks!"

The ancient old man looked at the mountain of Immortal jade. Even he was moved by the sight of so much wealth. Actually, as far as the old man was concerned, Chu Yuyan was a disciple of the Kunlun Society, and it wouldn't have consumed much of the Kunlun Society's spiritual energy to keep her body preserved in the first place.

Now, with all this Immortal jade added in as compensation....

The old man looked back somberly at Meng Hao and nodded. Then he said, "Young friend Meng Hao, please set your mind at ease. You have my word that as long as I live in this world, this place will be a restricted area in the Kunlun Society. Nobody will be able to step half a pace into it without Pill Demon's express permission!"

Meng Hao once again bowed deeply to the ancient man. He knew well what was expected in return for this promise.

"Many thanks," he said quietly. "I... owe the Kunlun Society a great favor!" Meng Hao rarely owed other people. But now, for the sake of the safety of Chu Yuyan's corpse, he was willing to do just that.

"Well then, young friend Meng Hao... did you find Chu Yuyan's spiritual soul?" The old man smiled in response to Meng Hao's words. In fact, to him the most important aspect of the whole exchange was to sow the seeds of a good relationship with Meng Hao.

"I did," Meng Hao replied, eyes shining coldly.

“Where is it?” the old man asked.

“The Eighth Mountain. Senior, I have some matters to attend to, so I’ll take my leave. I will do everything I can to bring Chu Yuyan’s soul back as quickly as possible!” He looked over at the grave mound of Immortal jade, then turned and left.

He knew that he owed far, far too much to Chu Yuyan. So much so, in fact, that he could never pay her back....

His journeys through the Ninth Mountain and Sea were now at an end. He was not in the mood to think about where his next destination was, nor did he need to. Filled with the desire to slaughter the Blacksoul Society of the Eighth Mountain, he turned, transforming into a beam of light that shot out of the Kunlun Society.

His heart was torn to pieces, and his mood was foul as he headed directly toward the Ninth Mountain!!

The Ninth Mountain was the home of the Ji Clan, but was also... the home of the Immortal Ancient Daoist Rite!

His plan to leave the Ninth Mountain and Sea had originally involved flying alone through the starry sky. But now, time was too short. Xu Qing was currently healthy and safe in the Fourth Mountain, and could wait for him. Unfortunately... Chu Yuyan’s soul could be refined at any moment at the hands of a cultivator of the Blacksoul Society....

When he thought about that, Meng Hao’s heart ached even more, and the killing intent in his eyes grew more explosive....

As he shot off into the distance, he murmured, “Mountains have no worries, ’til hit with snowy flurries; waters feel no woe, ’til the winds do gust and blow....”

The peak of the Ninth Mountain was occupied by the Ji Clan. Further down from them was the Immortal Ancient Daoist Rite. Apparently, the Dao Realm Patriarchs of the Immortal Ancient Daoist Rite had long since predicted the fact that he was coming, even down to his exact time of arrival. By the time he arrived, all of the cultivators of the Immortal Ancient Daoist Rite were seated cross-legged in a public square, chanting scriptures.

A huge cauldron was located in the middle of all of them, fully 300 meters tall, filled with swirling streams of smoke that formed the character 'Immortal'.

The character was faintly visible, radiating a feeling of ancientness that made it seem as if it had been transported from ancient times into the modern era.

Closest to the cauldron were five old men, all of whom were in the Dao Realm. The centermost of that group had white hair, and was the very Patriarch who had paid such close attention to Meng Hao during the trial by fire so many years ago.

He was also the one who had calculated... that Meng Hao would eventually join the Immortal Ancient Daoist Rite. He had already prepared the Immortal Ancient Daoist Rite grand spell formation, to help Meng Hao... open the path to the Eighth Mountain!

"I know why you've come...." he said.

"The Immortal Ancient will build a bridge connecting from here to the Eighth Mountain. Walk across that bridge... to pierce through the void, traverse the starry sky, and on the other side... will be the Eighth Mountain.

"I hope that your trip there... goes smoothly." When he finished speaking, he waved his right index finger toward the huge cauldron. Instantly, the other Dao Realm experts performed incantation gestures and pointed at the cauldron as well. The chanting of scriptures from the Immortal Ancient Daoist Rite disciples grew louder, echoing about in all directions, transforming into a strange power that shook the entire Ninth Mountain. It was almost as if there were some massive power within the Ninth Mountain itself that was complying with the cauldron....

To explode out!

To become a bridge!

It was a bridge that pierced through the void, a majestic vortex which connected the Eighth Mountain and the Ninth Mountain through the barrier that separated them. It was a majestic bridge, shining with boundless, scintillating light.

Meng Hao took a deep breath, then bowed deeply to everyone in the Immortal Ancient Daoist Rite. He was very appreciative of what they were doing, and even felt deep affection that caused him to hold the bow for several breaths of time. Then he looked up and stepped forward onto the bridge!

He followed the bridge up into the vortex in the starry sky, which he entered, taking him... far, far away!

This was... Immortal Ancient building a bridge!

To leave the Ninth Mountain!

Chapter 1212: Eighth Mountain and Sea

In terms of overall size, it was similar to the Ninth Mountain and Sea. It also had a sea, the major difference being that it wasn't called the Ninth Sea, but rather, the Eighth Sea....

There were also four planets which orbited the Eighth Mountain, although their names were different than the planets in the Ninth Mountain. And yet, when it came to the overall system of cultivation, and the way the place was set up, it was very similar.

After all, the Eighth Mountain and Sea and the Ninth Mountain and Sea were both parts of the Mountain and Sea Realm.

However, there was a barrier between each of the various Mountains and Seas, a barrier which was extremely difficult to pierce a hole through. That made it so that the cultivators from the different Mountains and Seas couldn't easily pass through. Unless... there was a war, and the power of countless cultivators could be converged to break through the barrier and enter the neighboring Mountains and Seas.

Another method would be to rely on an incredibly powerful cultivation base to rip open a tear that could be stepped through. However, to do such a thing required paying a heavy price, so unless some momentous situation had developed, few people would ever use that method. Besides, only Dao Realm cultivators could do so.

As for Patriarch Reliance, he had his own special methods. Even still, he had to pay a certain price to be able to break through from the Ninth Mountain and Sea and into the Eighth Mountain and Sea.

When the Immortal Ancient Daoist Rite built their bridge, they converged power from the Immortal Ancient Daoist Rite that had accumulated for many years. It created a passageway that could ignore the barrier, and could allow someone to pass between the two mountains without any hindrance. However... it would only last for a brief period of time.

In the western region of the Eighth Mountain and Sea was a stretch of the pitch-black void in which a white fissure had suddenly opened up. Brilliant, blinding light shone out in all directions, making the fissure completely conspicuous in the pitch-black darkness.

Gradually, boundless Immortal qi began to emanate out from the fissure, the type that would cause anyone who saw it to assume that there was some sort of precious treasure located inside.

The fissure was not motionless, but rather, was shrinking; apparently, it would vanish in a relatively short period of time.

In the area around that fissure... fierce fighting was currently underway!

Booms rang out, along with bloodcurdling screams. The glow of magical techniques could be seen, sending multicolored light flashing in all directions.

Shockingly, two groups of cultivators, over a thousand in total, were currently engaged in a bloody battle. One of the groups wore yellow robes with Gold Dragons embroidered on the sleeves, whereas the other group wore white Daoist robes. Both groups attacked viciously, as if they each couldn't stand to even live under the same sky as the other.

Occasionally, someone would even self-detonate, ensuring that the battle was a bitter one, filled with the reek of blood and gore, and of mangled corpses....

All of the cultivators had bloodshot eyes. The weakest among them were stage 3 Immortals, and each one fought without holding anything back. Above the main battlefield a smaller fight was going on between four people. Three were men and one was a woman, and all of them were in the mid Ancient Realm. The ripples caused by the magical techniques they unleashed far exceeded that of the group below.

Above them was yet another fight, between only two people!

Both were old men in the late Ancient Realm, just half a step away from the great circle. They sat cross-legged across from each other, a game board placed between them, upon which they were playing Go. However, the game they were playing was one that brimmed with a feeling of battle. Every time they placed a piece down onto the board, it would cause rumbling sounds to fill the void.

“Eccentric Watercloud,” said the old man in the yellow robe. “The entrance to this Arcane Pocket Realm was discovered by my Woodflame Society. It has nothing to do with your Watercloud Sect!” Eyes flickering coldly, he picked up a black game piece and put it down onto the board.

As soon as the piece touched down, rumbling filled the air, and an indescribably explosive force shook the starry sky.

“You spoke incorrectly, Daoist Woodflame. The Arcane Pocket Realms of the Eighth Mountain and Sea have always gone by right to whoever discovered them. As for this particular Arcane Pocket Realm... the Patriarch of our Watercloud Sect discovered it three hundred years ago. However, at that time, he didn’t have an appropriate physical body. He was forced to make a notation of its location, and wait for the next time it opened.

“Now that it has opened, the Watercloud Sect has come to claim it. You are the ones who are forcefully interfering!” The old man in the white Daoist robe snorted coldly, picked up a white game piece, and put it down. Immediately, rumbling sounds could be heard.

“Look, you old geezer,” the yellow-robed man roared angrily, “if you want to go that far, then let me tell you this, the Arcane Pocket Realm was discovered seven hundred years ago by the Woodflame Society!”

“Listen, you old coot,” the white robed man said with a cold harrumph. “I just accidentally left out the word thousand! Actually, our Watercloud Sect Patriarch discovered this place one thousand three hundred years ago!”

“Like hell! The Watercloud Sect didn’t even exist a thousand three hundred years ago!”

As the two men argued, their eyes glowed coldly. They continued to place game pieces, causing booms to ring out, shaking the entire starry sky. Below them, the fierce fighting grew even more intense.

However, it was at this point that the light shining out from the fissure grew more intense than before, covering the entire battlefield. The fighting cultivators subconsciously gasped as their cultivation bases leaped abnormally. Some of them even made significant progress, and signs of a breakthrough appeared in some of them. Interestingly, of those who now hovered on the verge of cultivation base breakthroughs, all of them cultivated flame magic!

Everyone was shocked by this, and their eyes began to shine with bright light.

Even the four mid Ancient Realm cultivators and the two old men playing Go all gasped, and their faces flickered with shock.

“That’s... a Dao-level Arcane Pocket Realm!!”

“It’s definitely Dao-level, otherwise, the Immortal qi emanating out wouldn’t have Essence in it! It can lead to cultivation base breakthroughs!!”

“That flame Essence indicates that whichever cultivator was put to rest in the Arcane Pocket Realm in the past was a Dao Realm expert with flame Essence!!”

The two old men began to murmur and eye each other murderously.

“A Dao-level Arcane Pocket Realm is a rarity in the Eighth Mountain and Sea....”

Although they had only been engaged in a battle of words before, and had held back from actually attacking, now that they realized how precious this Arcane Pocket Realm was, their cultivation base power exploded out. The game board between them shattered, sending the black and white game pieces flying out in all directions as attacks were unleashed.

The fighting intensified, and booms rang out, shaking the starry sky. Both sides were relatively evenly matched, making it difficult for either one to secure victory quickly. Furthermore... the white light emanating out from the fissure suddenly began to retract, as if it were about to vanish.

“Not good! The Dao-level Arcane Pocket Realm is about to close! Dammit! Why is it happening so fast? Could it be that all Dao-level Arcane Pocket Realms are like this?”

“It must not be allowed to close! The Dao soul hasn’t been extracted yet!!” The faces of the two old men fell as they fought. Suddenly, they looked into each other’s eyes.

“Let’s stop fighting for the moment, and send forth the bodies we’ve prepared. Let the Dao soul in the Arcane Pocket Realm make its own decision about who it belongs to!”

“Agreed!” The two old men gritted their teeth. Having no other option, and seeing that the fissure was about to fade away, the best option they had was to fight for a 50/50 chance.

They flicked their sleeves, causing their cultivation bases to erupt, using their power to separate the two groups of fighting cultivators. Then, they transformed into beams of light that shot howling toward the fissure. As they neared it, both old men cried out.

“Tong’er! Shanbin!”

“Shanshan! Muyi!”

In response to their words, four people flew out from the crowds, two men and two women. The men were handsome and the women were beautiful. They nervously faced the old men, clasped hands and bowed.

“Greetings, Patriarch!”

“Attempt to absorb the Dao soul into your bodies, and assimilate it. Use it to awaken the power within you. Whether or not you succeed will depend on your luck!” The four cultivators gritted their teeth, then flew toward the fissure. As they closed in, they bit down on their tongues, spitting out mouthfuls of blood that flew toward the opening.

Everyone in the area gazed fixedly at the scene which was playing out. When the four cultivators spit out their blood, a massive force exploded out from within the shrinking fissure. The opening suddenly expanded, causing brilliant light to explode out. It was so blinding that nobody could see what was inside the fissure other than light.

“It’s coming out!” the two old men cried excitedly.

RUMBLE!

As the fissure expanded, the massive force exploded out, and suddenly, a hand appeared from within the light... slowly stretching out from deep inside!

It grabbed onto the edge of the fissure, after which, a person began to emerge.

As soon as the figure appeared, Immortal power erupted out, joined by Essence, striking fear into the hearts of the other cultivators, who began to edge backward. The two old men fought back against the power, but it was almost too much for them. Their expressions were those of complete delight.

“This feeling, this aura... it’s the Dao soul!!”

“It’s coming out, it’s coming out....”

The two men and two women outside of the fissure were backing up, faces pale. They could sense that whatever was coming out of the fissure was some sort of supreme existence, something that filled them with terror.

RUMBLE!

The figure emerged fully from the fissure, a young man wearing a long white robe. He had long black hair, and looked like a handsome scholar. Almost as soon as he emerged, the fissure closed up behind him and vanished.

At the same time, the blinding light that had filled the area faded away.

The two old men stared with wide eyes at this young man, and they weren’t the only ones. The two men and two women stared in shock; this was definitely not what they had imagined a Dao soul would look like.

“Could it be that Dao Realm Souls really look like this?” That was what both old men were thinking in their confusion. The two of them had never seen a Dao-level Arcane Pocket Realm before, and therefore, weren’t really certain as to whether or not the young man standing in front of them was what a Dao soul was supposed to look like.

“Is this the Eighth Mountain and Sea?” the young man asked. Of course, he was none other than Meng Hao.

The fact that so many people were there to receive him was quite a shock, especially when he saw that the group up front was comprised of two handsome men and two beautiful women.

One of those beautiful women immediately dropped to her knees before Meng Hao and threw both hands up into the air. “Senior, please accept me as an offering!”

The other three quickly followed suit, kneeling down and raising their hands.

“Senior, please accept me as an offering!”

Meng Hao had a strange expression on his face as he looked around. When he looked over at the two old men with the highest cultivation bases, they began to tremble and back away.

“S-Senior, the offerings are all prepared,” said the old man in the yellow robe. “Those four in front of you. S-sir, whichever one you like, you can have. W-we’re too old, and not really suitable....”

Chapter 1213: Heavengod Alliance

A strange expression could be seen on Meng Hao’s face as he looked at the two old men, and then back down at the men and women kneeling in front of him. Having no time for delays, he once again asked,

“Is this, or is this not, the Eighth Mountain and Sea?”

The first of the women to have dropped to her knees quickly nodded and replied, “Senior, this most definitely is the Eighth Mountain and Sea.”

Hearing this, Meng Hao’s eyes glittered, and he waved his hand, causing a magical item suitable for the Immortal Realm to fly over to the woman.

“Take this treasure. Can you tell me how to get to the Blacksoul Society?” he asked.

The woman looked at the magical item, eyes flickering with pleasure. She quickly took it and was about to reply when suddenly, the two old men finally realized what was going on. Expressions flickering, they advanced.

“He’s not the Dao soul!”

“Dammit, he’s obviously got a fleshly body! He’s not the Dao soul, he just got here before us and already merged with it!” The two old men simply couldn’t think of any other reasonable explanation other than Meng Hao arriving before them and stealing the good fortune which they felt belonged to them.

The two men exchanged a glance, and then their killing intent surged. “If he just merged with the Dao soul, then he’s not stable and can’t awaken it! Kill him!”

They immediately shot toward Meng Hao.

Meng Hao frowned and glanced at the two old men. His gaze was like an azure bolt of lightning , like a sharp sword that stabbed deep into their brains. Their faces fell; minds reeling, they coughed up blood and staggered backward.

“Attack together! Kill him and get that Dao soul back!” Behind the two old men were the four mid Ancient Realm cultivators, who howled and attacked. All of the other nearly one thousand cultivators in the area unleashed various divine abilities and magical techniques.

Meng Hao snorted coldly. His action from moments before had been a simple warning to these people to not provoke him. He didn’t want to cause any trouble here, he just wanted to know how to get to the Blacksoul Society. And yet they simply couldn’t get the message. Therefore, he decided to stop holding back. He lifted his right foot up and took a step forward.

That single step caused power to erupt off of him. A huge shockwave spread out explosively in all directions, transforming into an attack that swept over all of the nearby cultivators.

Miserable shrieks rang out, and countless mouthfuls of blood sprayed about. The cultivators all felt as if an invisible wall had slammed into them, a backlash that left them seriously injured and spinning off in multiple directions.

As the blood sprayed out of their mouths, they trembled, looking at Meng Hao with astonishment and terror. They didn't dare to approach even half a step closer to him. The four mid Ancient Realm cultivators were even more seriously injured. Blood sprayed out of their mouths, and their cultivation bases were seriously damaged. Even their souls became unstable, causing their faces to grow ashen.

However, it was in this moment that something seemed to awaken inside of them, which Meng Hao immediately noticed. As the four of them backed up, what appeared to be the shadows of souls appeared behind them, although they were faint.

"This... this..." The two old men were equally shaken with fear. However, they didn't give up on their idea. They continued to advance toward Meng Hao, roaring and performing incantation gestures. Their late Ancient Realm cultivation bases exploded with power, and something seemed to awaken within them too.

As that happened, illusory images appeared behind him. They weren't Dharma Idols, but rather Soul Shadows. They weren't the souls of the old men, but rather, the souls of two unknown cultivators who were both at the great circle of the Ancient Realm.

By merging with them, the two old men were actually able to increase the power of their cultivation bases. They rapidly rose from the late Ancient Realm to the great circle of the Ancient Realm, causing their attacks to burst with increasing power, sending ripples out in all directions.

"Well, isn't this interesting," Meng Hao said, eyes gleaming. This was his first time in the Eighth Mountain and Sea, and although the cultivators here practiced the same system of cultivation as in the Ninth Mountain and Sea, there were obviously some details which were different.

For example, this awakening... must have something to do with the Dao soul they had just mentioned.

After a moment of thought, Meng Hao lifted his right arm and waved his sleeve. Although the motion seemed ordinary, the faces of the two old men instantly fell.

The man in the white robe began to shake, and then vomited up a huge mouthful of blood. His body rapidly aged, and the soul behind him let out a miserable shriek as more than half of it withered away. The old man went all out to dodge away, only stopping after he had fallen back by 300 meters. It was there that he looked at Meng Hao with an expression of unprecedented amazement.

“Dao Realm!! He’s in the Dao Realm!! He didn’t absorb a Dao soul, he’s actually... in the Dao Realm himself!!”

At the same time as his voice rang out, the yellow-robed man’s face flickered. He did not cough up any blood, and yet at this point he would rather have been the one coughing up. That was because he was being wrenched through the void, Soul Shadow and all, directly toward Meng Hao.

In the blink of an eye, the man was suspended in front of Meng Hao, a look of terror in his eyes. He was completely immobilized and, being so close to Meng Hao, he could clearly sense the vast, boundless power within him. He knew that Meng Hao was powerful enough to eradicate him with a simple thought.

“S-Senior...” the old man said, trembling.

Meng Hao’s expression was calm as he measured up the yellow-robed old man. His eyes flashed like lightning, as if he could easily see through him. A few breaths of time passed, and then Meng Hao’s eyes came to fall on the Soul Shadow, which was also trembling as it sensed a force like that of Heavenly might emanating off of Meng Hao.

“Fuse the soul into the body, and use it to form blood vessels... thus... entering a symbiosis!

“Interesting. Not a bad technique. It ensures that the powerful party can avoid death and the weak party becomes more powerful. Now that I think about it, the green lightning Han Qinglei used back in the Windswept Realm was probably a secret magic derived from this method.” Nodding, Meng Hao looked away from the Soul Shadow.

“How do I get to the Blacksoul Society?” he asked slowly.

The yellow-robed old man immediately gushed, “The Heaven-- er, the Blacksoul Society is in the north, which is quite far from here. That region is controlled by the Heavengod Society, which means that unless you’re from the Heavengod Alliance, you can’t go there. Even if you obtain a writ of passage, you’re only allowed as far as the outer borders of the Heavengod Alliance.

“Senior, if you want to obtain such a writ, that’s fine.... You can come to the Woodflame Society. Our sect has a teleportation portal that goes in the direction of the Heavengod Alliance....”

“Heavengod Alliance....” After a moment of thought, Meng Hao released the yellow-robed man and asked him to lead the way.

The old man was instantly excited, and respectfully agreed. Looking haughtily out of the corner of his eye at the white-robed man from the Watercloud Sect, he gave a cold harrumph and then led Meng Hao off into the distance along with this Woodflame Society cultivators.

The white-robed man remained behind, heart pounding. He was aware that Daoist Woodflame wanted to pander to a Dao Realm expert. In fact, he himself also wanted the same thing; however, when he thought about how terrifying Meng Hao was, he hesitated. In the end, he simply watched as the Woodflame Society cultivators escorted Meng Hao off into the distance.

After a long moment, a grim look appeared on his face.

“I simply can’t believe that Daoist Woodflame didn’t notice that this Dao Realm expert is not from the Eighth Mountain and Sea. He’s obviously from one of the other Mountains and Seas, and is obviously strong enough to break through into ours.

“People like that... always have some major plot afoot, and we can’t afford to get involved with something like that....” Murmuring to himself, the white-robed old man led his people off into the distance, and also gave orders that they were to speak nothing about what had happened. He even ordered that the entire sect was not to divulge even the slightest scrap of information about Meng Hao.

Of course, Daoist Woodflame of the Woodflame Society absolutely could tell that Meng Hao had an extraordinary background. However, he was willing to make a gamble. In the Eighth Mountain and Sea, the Woodflame Society was a small sect that existed in the shadows of the Heavengod Alliance and the great clans. If he could acquire the favor of a Dao Realm expert, it would be of incalculable value to them.

As long as he could benefit it some way, then it didn’t matter where that Dao Realm expert came from....

Meng Hao was no fool either, and could tell what Daoist Woodflame was thinking. Therefore, as they proceeded along, he asked some questions about the overall state of the Eighth Mountain and Sea.

“Senior, there is only one alliance in the Eighth Mountain and Sea, and that is the Heavengod Alliance. It is made up of many sects and clans, and the Black Soul Society is only one of them. The alliance as a whole is led by the Heavengod Society!

“The Patriarch of the Heavengod Society is none other than the Eighth Mountain and Sea’s... Mountain and Sea Lord! He is referred to as... Heavengod!

“In addition to the Heavengod Alliance, the Eighth Mountain and Sea also has the Three Great Daoist Societies. However, they rarely dabble in the affairs of the outside world. In fact, they’ve hardly been seen at all in recent years.

“In addition to that are the Two Great Clans, which are the Meng Clan and the Han Clan!

“The Meng Clan is on the decline, but based on their former glory, they are still considered a major player....

“As for the Han Clan, they are like the sun at high noon....

“However, neither the Three Great Daoist Societies nor the Two Great Clans can compare at all to the Heavengod Alliance....

“Of the four planets in the Eighth Mountain, the Han and Meng Clans jointly occupy one of them. The other three are controlled by the Heavengod Alliance....” Daoist Woodflame explained everything that he knew, and in the end, gave Meng Hao a jade slip that contained a detailed map of the Eighth Mountain and Sea.

“I’m not sure about the other Mountains and Seas, but in the Eighth Mountain and Sea, we have something called Arcane Pocket Realms. There are quite a few of them, and if you can find one that has never been opened before, then you can bury a corpse inside. Once the soul has escaped the body, you can provide it with a suitable body to meld with and they become undying. This kind of symbiosis can be considered a kind of awakening for those who practice cultivation.”

Meng Hao listened to everything that Daoist Woodflame told him, but when he mentioned the Meng Clan, Meng Hao’s eyes glazed over as he became distracted by his own thoughts. After a moment, though, they gleamed as he sent some divine sense into the jade slip he now held in his hand. Instantly, a map of the Eighth Mountain and Sea appeared in his mind.

“There are no Ruins of Immortality?” he asked suddenly.

“Ruins of Immortality?” Daoist Woodflame asked, looking confused. “What are they?”

Meng Hao’s eyes flickered thoughtfully as he considered certain matters, then continued to ask questions, especially about the Arcane Pocket Realms.

A day later, Meng Hao reached the Woodflame Society, having a much better understanding of the Eighth Mountain and Sea. That was especially true of the Arcane Pocket Realms, which made Meng Hao think of the Ruins of Immortality.

“Actually, the Arcane Pocket Realms of the Eighth Mountain and Sea are really... the Ruins of Immortality. However, they are fragmented and scattered about randomly here, which is why numerous so-called Arcane Pocket Realms appear. And that is why they were used... to become graves for cultivators!

“You could even say that the Eighth Mountain and Sea is actually one huge graveyard!” Meng Hao’s eyes gleamed with understanding.

Chapter 1215: Single-handedly Rocking Blacksoul!

“What gall!!”

“How dare you invade the Blacksoul Society of the Heavengod Alliance! Who are you!?!?” Meng Hao heard numerous enraged roars filling his mind that were carried by the incoming streams of divine sense.

Were he an ordinary cultivator, such a convergence of divine sense would be enough to completely eradicate his mind.

Instead, he continued to stride forward. Voice cool, he said, “Like I said, my name is Meng Hao, and I’m here to exterminate this sect!”

When he spoke the final three words, his voice became like Heavenly might, crashing as loud as thunder, causing the combined power of the divine sense around him to instantly shatter like dried twigs!

RUUUUUUMMMMMBLLLLL!

Countless miserable shrieks could be heard in the distant Blacksoul Society.

“Kill him!”

“A foreigner is invading! Kill him!”

“I’m going to extract his soul and refine it into a flag, then I’ll fly that flag in the cold wind of an Arcane Pocket Realm... and let him scream for tens of thousands of years!!”

The sky grew dim, winds screamed, and the land quaked as countless cultivators flew into the air toward Meng Hao. All of them unleashed divine abilities, and in the blink of an eye, the sky was filled with innumerable evil souls, who shot screaming toward Meng Hao.

Meng Hao’s expression was as calm as ever as he continued to walk forward. He waved his sleeve, and the sky rumbled as a huge fissure opened up directly in the path of the incoming cultivators. Red mist roiled out of the fissure, along with sinister laughter. A huge blood-colored head appeared, and the fissure ripped open wider as something stepped out.

It was the Blood Demon!

The Blood Demon roared as it charged forward, transforming into a sea of blood that surged out in all directions. When it reached the cultivators, numerous bloodcurdling screams rang out. Countless evil souls were destroyed, and many of the cultivators began to shake violently. Blood then started spurting out of their eyes, ears, noses, and mouths, and they were rapidly sucked dry.

Within the bloody mist, a blood spirit appeared. Lacking any emotion, it became a blood shadow which passed about, causing cultivators to scream as they withered away rapidly and then died.

The cultivators of the Blacksoul Society were known for their cruel techniques, and all of them were the type of people who had slaughtered so many others it was impossible to keep track of how many. They believed themselves to be the most brutal entities in existence. But what they were seeing right now left the Blacksoul Society cultivators astonished.

When it came to brutality and viciousness, they couldn't even compare at all to the Blood Demon and the blood spirit.

Meng Hao proceeded onward calmly, waving his hand again to cause numerous Immortal mountains to descend. The rumbling sounds were so intense that it sounded like an apocalypse had arrived to this world.

“How impudent!” A cold snort rang out, filled with matchless, awe-inspiring power. The thunderous sound caused the Blood Demon to tremble, the blood spirit to gape in dread, and the Immortal mountains to crumble to pieces.

As the sound echoed about, pitch-black smoke began to pour out from the vicinity of the black cliff. The smoke converged together into the form of a face, that of a middle-aged man, whose eyes sparkled like lightning as he looked at Meng Hao.

The Blacksoul Society only had one Dao Realm Patriarch. However, he was no ordinary Dao Realm cultivator. When Meng Hao had seen him by means of Karma Threads, he had been able to determine that he was a 2-Essences Dao Realm expert. However, from the power radiating out now, Meng Hao could tell that this was no 2-Essences expert... this was a 3-Essences Dao Lord!

He was the one who had called Meng Hao impudent, words which shook everything above and below. In fact, those words apparently could control the spiritual energy of Heaven and Earth, which formed a powerful force of expulsion against Meng Hao!

Meng Hao's pupils constricted, and his heart sank a bit.

It was at this point that ten old men flew out to surround the smoke face. When they unleashed their cultivation bases, the shocking power of the great circle of the Ancient Realm exploded out!

Some of them headed directly toward the Blood Demon and the blood spirit, whereas others shot toward Meng Hao, expressions vicious.

In addition to this were over a hundred other cultivators in the Ancient Realm, surrounded by Soul Lamps. It was an impressive sight, and as their power spread out, it formed a large spell formation with towering energy that seemed capable of superseding the Heavens.

More and more cultivators of the Blacksoul Society were flying up to participate in this Dao Realm-level battle!

This was how powerful a sect could be!

“3-Essences....” Meng Hao said coolly. “Well, so what? Since I’ve come all this way, I’m going to end things here and now!!” He was sure of what he had seen earlier via the Karma Threads. Perhaps there was some factor he had been unaware of, or maybe the man had experienced a breakthrough in these past few days. Regardless of the reason why, Meng Hao was here, and even if he had to fight a 3-Essences expert, he would!

He took a fourth step, and his energy rocketed up, causing everything to shake dramatically. Some parts of the land even crumbled. At the same time, a roar could be heard from inside Meng Hao’s bag of holding. The Blood Mastiff flew out, causing everything around it to shake as its great circle Ancient Realm cultivation base exploded with shocking power.

There was even a host of shrieking black imps that turned into black beams of light and shot into the crowd.

Shockingly, Meng Hao was single-handedly rocking the entire Blacksoul Society!

He didn’t give voice to his goal of retrieving Chu Yuyan’s soul. That was something he could not reveal, lest he advertise his weak spot. Of course, if they agreed to hand over the soul, he wouldn’t be opposed to working out a deal with them, even if it cost him a lot financially.

But... if they disagreed and became aware of why he’d come, it would be incredibly dangerous for Chu Yuyan.

Therefore, the simplest method... was to exterminate the entire sect and take Chu Yuyan’s soul by force!

Meng Hao radiated a murderous aura that took form in the shape of black shockwave, which shot outward in all directions. Whatever cultivators were hit by it were instantly thrown into mental confusion and insanity.

At the same time, Meng Hao's Allheaven Dao Immortal cultivation base erupted with power, bolstered by his Seven God Steps. His energy soared higher and higher as he took the fifth of those steps.

As he did, dozens of Ancient Realm cultivators closed in, joined by six experts in the great circle of the Ancient Realm. They unleashed massive, destructive power that merged together into an enormous Yama Soul that looked like it had just emerged from the underworld. It was clad in black armor, and while it looked human above the waist, from the waist down it had the body of a huge snake. Roaring, it hefted a Yama Weapon and lashed out toward Meng Hao with deadly force.

It was in that exact moment that Meng Hao's foot touched down with his fifth step, and his energy soared even higher than before. The Heavens trembled and the Earth quaked. Numerous crevices snaked out over the ground, and one mountain after another began to crumble on the planet below.

In response to his surging energy, his cultivation base caused an explosive tempest to rise up, transforming into a barrier that the Yama Soul collided with. Immediately, the Yama Soul was sent tumbling backward. Unexpectedly... it was completely incapable of doing anything to that barrier.

It wasn't even necessary to say anything about it attacking Meng Hao; it couldn't even get within 300 meters of him.

The Yama Soul wasn't the only thing sent tumbling away. The Ancient Realm cultivators all coughed up blood when they were hit by the barrier, and there were even some who exploded into bits. Those who weren't killed in body and soul were heavily wounded as they were shoved backward.

The cultivators in the great circle of the Ancient Realm looked on with ashen, shocked faces.

“Who are you?!?!”

That was the question uttered as Meng Hao's sixth step landed. His energy once again rocketed up, and his cultivation base expanded, causing the invisible barrier to push from 300 meters to 900. Even more cultivators were affected, including Immortal Realm disciples who were pushed back relentlessly. Many were killed, and the sounds of bloodcurdling screams filled the entire planet. By this point, anyone and everyone could tell that whoever this person was, he was astonishingly powerful!

“Dao Realm! He’s in the Dao Realm!!” Countless miserable screams could be heard, screams laced with terror. It didn’t matter how brutal and fierce these people normally were, their minds were now completely occupied by one thing: fear.

Their Patriarch might be in the Dao Realm, and considered mighty even among Dao Realm experts. Yet they were still filled with fear. Any Dao Realm expert was the type of person to strike indescribable dread into all hearts.

Almost in the same moment that people began to cry out, the enormous face formed from black smoke opened its mouth, causing a black wind to seethe out.

That black wind contained Essence power. Specifically, it was the shocking Essence of wind, and even more shockingly, it was intermixed with countless vicious souls whose howls filled the air. Concealed within the all-encompassing wind, the souls shot toward Meng Hao.

Now that his power had increased thanks to the sixth step, Meng Hao performed an incantation gesture with his right hand and then pushed it up into the air as if he were going to push the sky up!

“Essence of Divine Flame!”

Rumbling sounds filled the world as every cloud in the sky disintegrated. This Essence was not the color of blood, nor was it black, and not a single soul could be seen within it. What it was filled with... was a boundless sea of flames. The flames roiled outwards and became all-encompassing, causing the temperature in the entire world to rapidly reach a scaldingly terrifying level.

The sky formed a reservoir for the sea of flames, and the ground became the battlefield. Meng Hao was using the Divine Flame to counter the Soul Wind!

Essence power erupted out, causing the world to tremble even more violently. Since this was not a true planet, but rather an artificial one moulded together from smaller parts, the Dao Realm pressure currently weighing down on it caused it to show signs of imminent collapse. More and more cracks had spread out over its surface.

Then... Meng Hao took a seventh step!

That step caused his will to merge with the will of the Heavens, making him like a deity!

His energy surged up in an unprecedented fashion. He had never powered up to such heights before, and truth be told, he hadn't even unleashed his Paragon Bridge yet. This was pure cultivation base power, which was terrifying enough to shake the Dao Realm.

He now began to grow larger; in the blink of an eye, he was like a giant, fully 3,000 meters tall. The sky began to collapse as he clenched his hand into a fist that then rocketed from the battlefield directly toward the smoke-face floating above the black cliff.

This was none other than the God-Slaying Fist!!

The face in the smoke looked grave; the feeling of intense crisis it got because of Meng Hao was something that only some of the oldest experts in the Eighth Mountain and Sea could match, something that he hadn't felt in a very, very long time.

However, he could also tell that this was one of Meng Hao's most powerful attacks, which he was only able to unleash after building up a huge amount of energy. Although the face could fight back against this attack, he didn't see any need to actually do so. All he really had to do was wait for Meng Hao's energy to be spent.

Eyes flickering coldly, the face suddenly backed up from Meng Hao's fist strike and began to fade away. As it did, an astute gleam appeared in Meng Hao's eyes.

Just as the face had almost completely faded away, his fist suddenly transformed into a palm, which made a grab for... the incense burner at the base of the black cliff!!

His primary goal had never been the extermination of the sect as he had loudly proclaimed, but rather... Chu Yuyan's soul! Everything from before had been carefully executed in such a way that, even if his opponent evaded his blow, he would still be able to grab the incense burner.

Similarly, if the man didn't evade, then Meng Hao was prepared with a follow-up move!

Chapter 1216: Fledgling Mountains and Seas!!

The smoke-face's eyes widened slightly, and then gleamed as it broke into a grin. Voice cold, it said, "So, you're here for that after all!"

As its voice echoed out, it did nothing to stop Meng Hao, but instead allowed his enormous hand to sail directly toward the incense burner at the base of the black cliff.

Meng Hao's heart sank, and he sighed inwardly. His opponent was a 3-Essences Dao Lord, so not only was his cultivation base powerful, he was surely profoundly wise and cunning. Meng Hao knew his plan had been slightly careless, so it was no surprise that the man noticed.

However, it also made things slightly more complicated.

"So you knew," he said, eyes flickering. "Why does that matter?!" Even if the man had picked up on the clues, that wouldn't make Meng Hao to give up on trying to snatch the incense burner. He gave a cold harrumph as the hand smashed through the air, causing rumbling sounds and even distorting the air until it was blurry.

Just when the hand was about to grab the incense burner, an invisible shield flickered into place. It wasn't until Meng Hao's hand slammed into it that it became visible.

The shield was not like an inverted bowl, but more like a net that filled the entire Blacksoul Society. If anyone tried to grab the incense burner, then the protective net would appear!

His right hand made contact with the huge net, and massive rumbling sounds emanated out. Almost immediately, the force of Meng Hao's blow was absorbed, causing the huge net to glitter radiantly.

Blinding light shone out, and intense rumbling could be heard. A mere power of absorption was not the only function of the Blacksoul Society's protective net. After absorbing the power, it could then release it in a backlash attack. It shot out from the huge net, converging on a single point, where it prepared to batter Meng Hao with Heaven-destroying, Earth-extinguishing power.

That point of convergence... was the exact point where Meng Hao was touching the net!

"You take my power, augment it, and then fire it back at me, huh...?" Meng Hao murmured, shaking as the power slammed into his hand. He suddenly laughed coldly.

"Well then, let's see if this protective spell formation is really qualified to stand in my way!" Eyes glittering icily, his right hand suddenly snapped open and he grabbed the net itself. Azure light exploded out in all directions, as did the power of an Allheaven Dao Immortal.

The ground quaked, and majestic crashes of thunder could be heard. Meng Hao roared and pushed forward. As he did, the net began to struggle back, and the backlash attack power grew even stronger.

“Think you can reflect this one?!” It was at this point that something new appeared within him... Paragon power!

It was... the power of the Paragon Bridge! It didn't manifest externally, but rather, inside of him. After causing the Paragon Bridge to become corporeal, this was a new way that he could unleash its power.

As the power of the Paragon Bridge exploded out inside of him, it became like a celestial bridge which connected every part of his body, causing indescribable power to flow through all of his qi passageways.

As soon as that massive power touched the huge net, it permeated its entire structure, which began to vibrate. It wouldn't matter if the net was even stronger than it was now, it was powerless to fight back, and even began to shatter!

The smoke-face's expression immediately flickered.

At the same time, Meng Hao roared, ripping the net upwards.

“BREAK!” His voice was so loud it could shake the Heavens and rock the Earth. The surrounding disciples of the Blacksoul Society looked on with gaping mouths. They almost couldn't believe that Meng Hao had actually... uprooted their protective net!

The huge net was hundreds of thousands of meters wide, and as it was lifted into the air it looked almost like a cape. In addition, countless muffled booms could be heard as the entire thing crumbled. Meng Hao then tossed the net to the side, causing it to shatter into pieces which spiraled toward the cultivators of the Blacksoul Society.

“NO!!” countless terrified screams could be heard as the cultivators of the Blacksoul Society attempted to back up across the battlefield, their faces flickering with shock. However, their attempts to evade were in vain. Meng Hao was too fast, and when he sent the shattering net sweeping out, the cultivators it hit were instantly shredded to pieces.

In a brief moment, the entire battlefield was filled with the reek of fresh blood. The slaughter which was unfolding was happening too quickly, too suddenly. Before anyone could even think or react, the entire area was turned into a scene from hell!

As soon as Meng Hao released the net, his hand shot forward toward the incense burner.

It didn't matter that his opponent had seen through his plan. And it also didn't matter that this incense burner could potentially be fake. He would still attempt to grab it; it was something he simply must do!

However, in the moment that he was about to lay his hand on it, the incense burner... suddenly flickered blurrily, and Meng Hao's hand snatched at nothing but air!

"Well, in that case, I'll just have to enact Plan B," Meng Hao said coolly. Even as his fingers closed around nothing, they formed into a fist which then... punched out toward the black cliff!

This action caused the smoke-face's expression to fall. He had guessed at why Meng Hao had come here, and thus, what actions he would take, and had never considered... that he was actually determined to exterminate the Blacksoul Society.

He had assumed that he would use the threat of sect extermination as a bargaining chip to get what he wanted. How could he ever have guessed that Meng Hao had never intended to do any such thing!?

When a powerful expert came who threatened to exterminate the disciples of a sect, it wasn't always an unresolvable situation. However... when someone truly set about to destroy the entire sect, that signified... that there was some enmity in place that was impossible to dispel!

"How dare you!" The smoke face roared, a sound that weighed down like Heavenly might, shaking everything in the area. More black smoke converged, but just when it was about to form the shape of a body, Meng Hao's fist made contact with the black cliff.

"You watch and see how I dare!" he said, his voice cold and filled with determination as his cultivation base exploded out through his fist!

That explosive power was backed by all the cultivation base power of an Allheaven Dao Immortal, his peak fleshly body power, and his Seven God Steps. It even contained the mighty Paragon power built up by the Paragon Bridge inside of him!

All of that formed together... into the most powerful strike Meng Hao was capable of!

Rumbling sounds filled the air, and the black cliff shook. Cracking sounds could be heard, and then fissures spread out across the cliff. Suddenly, the black cliff, which represented the highest power in the Blacksoul Society... shattered to pieces!

As it did, countless souls suddenly flew out up into the sky. A Yellow Springs river appeared in midair, into which the souls merged as they sped in the direction of the Fourth Mountain to begin the cycle of reincarnation....

As the souls merged into the Yellow Springs river, they looked in Meng Hao's direction with appreciative eyes, and would even clasp hands and bow....

As for the total number of souls, there were more than a billion!!

Even Meng Hao was shaken by the vastness of the number. He knew that the Blacksoul Society was savage, but he had never imaged than they would actually... be this savage!

Furthermore, many of those souls actually belonged to mortals!

"NO!!" howled the surrounding Blacksoul Society cultivators, trembling as though their faith had been toppled.

And yet, things weren't over yet. Meng Hao's display of peak power didn't just destroy the black cliff. As it fell into pieces, the cracks continued to spread out. In the blink of an eye, they reached numerous nearby mountains and buildings, filling... the entire Blacksoul Society sect!

In fact... the entire planet was affected!

RUUUUUUMMMMBLLLLLE!

A cacophony of sound could be heard as mountains toppled and buildings were transformed into ash. In the blink of an eye, the entire Blacksoul Society collapsed. A huge crater appeared in the ground, like an enormous mouth that swallowed up the entire sect.

Everything about it that existed was completely eradicated!

As the sect was destroyed, countless souls flew out from all areas, more and more of them until they blotted out the sky. Seemingly infinite numbers of souls poured into the river of the Yellow Springs, and as they did, all of them expressed their thanks to Meng Hao.

There were so many souls that it was literally impossible for Meng Hao to determine how many there were!

The collective gratitude of so many souls caused Meng Hao to tremble; it was as if an invisible qi flow were somehow blessing him!

As the invisible qi flow built up within him, the drop of Paragon's blood also began to bubble. Suddenly, that bubbling blood caused something to appear in Meng Hao's mind. It was... Nine Mountains and Nine Seas, as well as a sun and a moon!

Meng Hao could see all of the living entities in the Nine Mountains and Nine Seas, regardless of whether they were in the Dao Realm or mortals, whether they were the Mountain and Sea Lord or ordinary cultivators....

This sudden development caused Meng Hao to stare in shock.

The vision only lasted for a moment, but in that brief moment, Meng Hao had a feeling like... he could actually... change the entire Mountain and Sea Realm with a single thought.

The sensation vanished almost immediately, and the image of the Mountain and Sea Realm left his mind. Afterward, it almost seemed like a hallucination.

"I am the future Lord of the Mountain and Sea Realm.... Perhaps exterminating the Blacksoul Society really was as I said... representing the Mountain and Sea Realm to mete out Heavenly punishment...." Even as those thoughts went through his head, countless disciples of the Blacksoul Society around him were roaring.

In the same moment, a towering will of rage suddenly exploded out from the depths of the crater into which the Blacksoul Society was sinking. The intensity caused colors to flash in the sky and everything to shake. Even the Yellow Springs river suddenly stopped moving, and the countless souls therein began to shiver. Suddenly, shocking black fire erupted out from within the crater. It was like a sea of flames that rapidly took the shape of a face, the same middle-aged man as before.

He looked at Meng Hao with a furious expression and said, “Are you looking to die, knave!?”

Even as the roar echoed out, Meng Hao could see a figure slowly emerging from the flames.

As he did, a shocking, explosive power emanated out from him!

Chapter 1217: Patriarch Blacksoul!

Almost as soon as the man appeared, the surrounding disciples of the Blacksoul Society were enlivened, and began to cry out in loud voices.

“Patriarch!!”

“The Patriarch’s Dao might is completely unrivaled!!”

“Greetings, Patriarch!”

These disciples were terrified of Meng Hao, and found his savagery virtually impossible to describe. Were it not for the presence of their Patriarch, they would long since have fled in fear!

The sect was in ruins, and many of their compatriots were dead, but as long as the Patriarch was there, the sect still existed!

Meng Hao’s eyes flickered as the Blacksoul Society’s only Dao Realm expert emerged from the flames. He was the 3-Essences Dao Lord... Patriarch Blacksoul!

Meng Hao’s mouth curled up into a cold smile. The vision he had just experienced regarding the Mountain and Sea Realm had caused many thoughts to rise up in his mind. All of a sudden, he began to back up.

That was the first time he had retreated since he had arrived in the Blacksoul Society. In the blink of an eye, he was in the middle of the surrounding Blacksoul Society disciples. In their shock, they watched Meng Hao wave both hands through the air, summoning numerous Immortal mountains. Then, miserable shrieks could be heard as the disciples on either side of him were crushed. It didn't matter how they fought back or resisted, their cultivation bases were far too weak compared to his, leaving them completely unqualified to resist.

It only took a moment for dozens of disciples to be reduced to a bloody mist as they were completely killed in body and spirit.

It wasn't over yet, though. Even as the Immortal mountains descended, he performed an incantation gesture and then pointed down toward the ground below. Instantly, the Immortal mountains trembled and then unexpectedly... detonated!

Thousands of Immortal mountains all exploded, transforming into innumerable fragments that spread out in all directions. The ground shook and the sky lurched. In one brief moment, nearly ten thousand cultivators were wiped out by the power of the explosion.

As they died, Meng Hao suddenly sensed the qi flow inside of him growing stronger. This was the same sensation he had experienced moments before, and although he did not see images of the Nine Mountains and Nine seas, the feeling was the same.

It was also like... when he had received the blessing of qi flow in the Windswept Realm!

The main difference was that back then, the qi flow had been given to him by the Windswept Realm, but now... he was feeling something like... the return of a qi flow!!

It was similar to what had happened in the Windswept Realm, and yet was fundamentally different. One of those qi flows had been bestowed, while the other... already belonged to him!

A qi flow return!!

Meng Hao took a deep breath as hundreds of thoughts ran through his mind. The fact that the qi flow was returning indicated one thing: when all of that qi flow from the Mountain and Sea Realm returned to him.... he would be the Mountain and Sea Lord!

An enraged roar could then be heard from within the sea of flames. “Are you looking to die!?!?”

The sea of flames shot up into the air, transforming into a shooting star of fire. It moved directly toward Meng Hao with shocking speed, closing in on him in an instant, intent on blocking his attack.

At the same time, the might of a 3-Essences Dao Lord rose up. It quickly became corporeal, turning into something like indestructible city walls which smashed toward Meng Hao.

Generally speaking, anyone under the Dao Realm would be completely crushed by such pressure. Even Meng Hao couldn't stop his eyes from widening. However, he was an Allheaven Dao Immortal, which was fundamentally a defiance of the Heavens, and enabled him to rock 2-Essences Dao Realm experts. Currently, his eyes flickered as the flame meteor closed in him. Suddenly, he made a grasping motion, causing the Lightning Cauldron to appear. Electricity danced, and just as the flame meteor was about to engulf him, he switched places with an Ancient Realm cultivator.

Moments ago, this Ancient Realm cultivator had been fighting the black imps off in the distance, until all of a sudden, he was in a new location. His vision swam, and then the sea of flames caused him to scream as he was engulfed. “Noooo....”

Patriarch Blacksoul showed no reaction whatsoever at having killed the wrong person, but his desire to kill Meng Hao climbed to the pinnacle. He was a cautious person, and had originally planned to use the power of the sect as a whole to probe Meng Hao and see what trump cards this daring individual held, who dared to take on a whole sect.

But now that Meng Hao had actually already destroyed the Blacksoul Society, Patriarch Blacksoul's hand was forced, and he personally appeared. As of now, it didn't matter what trump cards Meng Hao might have, he had to show his face.

However, after showing up to fight, Meng Hao didn't battle him, but instead began to slaughter his disciples. That caused Patriarch Blacksoul's rage to grow even stronger. As the flame meteor shot toward Meng Hao, the figure within the flames stepped forward, instantly spanning the distance between himself and Meng Hao. Then he stretched out his hand violently to grab Meng Hao.

That grasping motion caused the natural laws in the area to twist. The land was transformed, as if this will were the will of Heaven, as if this Dao were the Dao of Heaven, as if this Essence could shake the Mountains and Seas!

Meng Hao's eyes flickered. However, even as Patriarch Blacksoul appeared in front of him, he waved his finger.

Demon Sealing, Eighth Hex!

The hex immediately bound up Patriarch Blacksoul. Although he was able to break free almost immediately, that still bought Meng Hao some time, and also interfered with the natural laws, making his effort to supplant the will of Heaven become unstable.

Meng Hao's Lightning Cauldron flickered again, and he switched positions with someone further back who was in the great circle of the Ancient Realm. Without any hesitation, he waved his hand, causing an intense sensation of danger to rise up in the man's mind. Even as the man turned to charge toward him, a swath of Divine Flame suddenly sprang up and consumed him.

A bloodcurdling scream rang out as the magnificent great circle Ancient Realm cultivator was wiped out by the Divine Flame. In the blink of an eye, the charging cultivator was transformed into ash; not even his Nascent Divinity could escape, and was completely destroyed.

"Dammit!" Patriarch Blacksoul said, glaring at Meng Hao. Meng Hao was being very troublesome; especially the way he used his Lightning Cauldron, making it almost impossible to do anything to him.

Patriarch Blacksoul suddenly snorted coldly, then performed a double-handed incantation gesture and pointed toward the sky.

"Fire!"

Immediately, the land began to shake, and roaring filled the sky. A black sea of flames appeared, which began to sweep out in all directions.

Then, Patriarch Blacksoul pointed down, causing the land to tremble.

"Earth!"

The shattered lands below began to form together into a Soil Golem, surrounded by countless drifting motes of dust which swirled around it.

“Wind!”

Next, Patriarch Blacksoul stamped his foot down violently, causing rumbling to echo out as a black wind sprang up. It stoked the sea of flames, causing the fire to rise up, sending a blast of heat across the dust and rubble in the area, giving rise to a massive tempest!

“3 Essences; seal sky and land; melt the Heavens; become... a Dao Lord Prison!” As soon as the words left Patriarch Blacksoul’s mouth, the wind, fire, and earth transformed into three sealing marks which covered the entire world!

Each essence caused Meng Hao to feel increasing pressure weighing down on him. By the time the third one appeared, he was locked in place in midair. Massive rumbling could be heard as the disciples in Meng Hao’s vicinity were forcibly pushed away from him.

A tempest caused him to spin in place as Patriarch Blacksoul strode toward him through the winds. Then Patriarch Blacksoul extended his right hand, his eyes flickered with killing intent as he made to grab Meng Hao.

That gesture caused the natural law of Heaven and Earth to transform. An enormous face appeared, which was none other than Patriarch Blacksoul’s face. It felt as if the entire world were filled with Patriarch Blacksoul’s aura, as if his will had replaced the natural laws. It was as if this small portion of the universe, and its Dao of Heaven, had been completely replaced by Patriarch Blacksoul!

This was the most terrifying aspect of Dao Lords. They could become the Lords of the world in which they existed. Furthermore... they were the Lords of the Dao of Heaven there. That was why 3-Essences Dao Realm cultivators were referred to as Dao Lords!

“How will you flee now? How will you exterminate my Blacksoul Society disciples now?!”

Patriarch Blacksoul’s voice echoed out, causing the disciples Meng Hao had just been slaughtering to roar excitedly in support of their Patriarch.

Their voices joined together like thunder, and their killing intent merged and radiated out as they waited in anticipation for their Patriarch to eradicate Meng Hao.

However, even as Patriarch Blacksoul neared Meng Hao, and the hand that superseded the Dao of Heaven appeared in front of him, Meng Hao's eyes glittered, and he stretched both hands out to his sides.

Scintillating light suddenly shone out as a hand-sized clump of dirt suddenly shot out from Meng Hao's bag of holding, and he responded to Patriarch Blacksoul. "I'll kill your disciples and then you'll know!"

As soon as the clump appeared, it began to grow with wild speed. Soon it was 300 meters, then 3,000 and then 30,000. It was indescribably heavy, and all of that weight instantly bore down onto Patriarch Blacksoul.

It slammed into his hand, causing a huge boom to echo out. At the same time, Meng Hao was hit with a backlash attack, causing blood to spray out of his mouth, and his body to tremble on the verge of collapse.

However, he forced himself to resist, and his eyes gleamed with a vicious expression. He looked at Patriarch Blacksoul, who was currently facing the 30,000-meter land mass, his face flickering. An intense sensation of deadly crisis exploded out within Patriarch Blacksoul as he realized how indescribably heavy the land mass was.

It was so heavy that it could even crush natural laws. It didn't matter that Patriarch Blacksoul had replaced the will of the world he was in, that 30,000-meter land mass was like a dull blade that could cut a hole in the entire world with its weight alone.

"Th-that's... a piece of the Ruins of Immortality!" Patriarch Blacksoul's face fell, and he immediately fell back. However, the land mass continued to descend. Completely ignoring the tempest of three Essences, it crushed down toward the surface of the planet itself.

From down below, the land mass was like an enormous shadow, rumbling downward. All of the cultivators who saw it were completely astonished and began to cry out in alarm.

"What... what is that?!?"

"Let's get out of here!!"

The Blacksoul Society disciples that were currently in the shadow of the descending land mass held nothing back in their attempts to flee. However, the shadow itself seemed to have some strange, magnetic power that made it impossible for them to flee.

All they could do was scream in despair and look at the enormous darkness growing larger and larger above them. And then... they were crushed.

Chapter 1218: Mutual Deception!

Massive rumbling could be heard as the 30,000-meter chunk of the Ruins of Immortality crushed the Blacksoul Society disciples beneath it to death!

Simultaneously, an intense shockwave spread out from the place where it landed, filling the entire planet. A massive blast of wind surged out, engulfing Heaven and Earth.

Countless mountains were ripped up, and numerous rivers were transformed into raindrops. It was as if the entire planet had been punched!

The disciples in the periphery were smashed by the shockwave and sent tumbling out of control through the air, blood spraying from their mouths. It was an incredible spectacle!

The ground on the entire planet trembled and then sank downward; massive fissures spread out, and cracking sounds could be heard. The planet... had already been destabilized, and it was now showing signs that it would collapse. It was as if it had been pushed beyond the point where it could endure any longer, and... would begin to crumble at any moment!

The Blacksoul Society disciples on the surface were hit by a deafening roar. Blood sprayed out of their mouths; they were struck dead on impact. Those who survived were now numb with fear. Trembling, they began to scream, and soon, all of them were in full retreat.

Unfortunately for them, all of the teleportation portals had been sealed tight, but even so they chose to attempt an escape. The all-consuming shadow of death loomed within the hearts of all present.

Patriarch Blacksoul's face fell. Never in his wildest conjectures could he ever have imagined that Meng Hao would actually possess a part of the rarely-seen Ruins of Immortality, here in the Eighth Mountain!

Even as the planet showed signs that it was beginning to collapse and the disciples of the Blacksoul Society were scattering in terror, killing intent flickered in Meng Hao's eyes.

"Terracotta soldier," he growled, "your presence is requested!" Instantly, the terracotta soldier appeared from within the 30,000-meter chunk of the Ruins of Immortality, which was still crushing down into the planet. It leaped into the air, transforming into a beam of light that shot out of the ruins to appear directly in front of one of the disciples of the Blacksoul Society. It waved its hand sweeping its greatsword through the air in a flash of flickering light.

Instantly, an enemy was killed!

The terracotta soldier's eyes flickered and it attacked again.

"Quasi-Dao puppet!" Patriarch Blacksoul's face flickered, and shot toward the terracotta soldier to destroy it. However, this time, Meng Hao didn't fall back, but instead attacked.

He stepped forward, transforming into an azure-colored roc that shot toward Patriarch Blacksoul with incredible speed.

Patriarch Blacksoul's eyes flickered with killing intent. He hated the terracotta soldier which was slaughtering his disciples, but he hated Meng Hao even more.

"When I kill you, that Quasi-Dao puppet will belong to me!" he said, spinning in place. The wave of a sleeve caused the power of flame Essence to erupt out, transforming his surroundings into a sea of flames. A wind sprang up, and soil materialized. The power of three Essences exploded out, transforming into visible killing intent that shot toward Meng Hao.

Meng Hao's eyes flickered almost imperceptibly. He still had not utilized his all-powerful Paragon Bridge, nor his Battle Weapon. Instead, he performed an incantation gesture, sending the Essence of Divine Flame out, backed by the will of an Allheaven Dao Immortal.

He was relying on his own power alone to fight the three Essences of Patriarch Blacksoul. Blood sprayed out of Meng Hao's mouth as he fell back. Patriarch Blacksoul grinned maliciously and advanced.

As he neared, Meng Hao waved his right index finger, causing the Eighth Demon Sealing Hex to appear. After that was the Seventh Hex, the Sixth Hex, and the Fifth Hex, all in quick succession.

Patriarch Blacksoul lurched to a stop in midair. Karma Threads appeared around him, and soul blood flew out from his forehead. A massive rift opened up in front of him, which emanated the power of the Inside-Outside Hex as it tried to consume him.

All of this happened in a brief moment. Meng Hao threw his head back and roared, and his energy surged up as he fused with the starstone in his eye and transformed into a shooting star, surrounded by scorching Divine Flame, swirling Immortal mountains, and even the explosive power of the sun and moon.

It was even possible to see the faint image of nine mountains. Meng Hao was apparently using his most powerful divine abilities to attack Patriarch Blacksoul.

They closed in with rapid speed as Patriarch Blacksoul threw his head back and roared. He waved his arm, casting off all the Hexing magics, then waved his right index finger out, tapping Meng Hao's shooting star form.

“That Quasi-Dao puppet and these magical techniques are your trump cards, huh?” Patriarch Blacksoul said coldly. “I can crush them in an instant!” As his finger tapped down onto the shooting star, cracks spread out, and the One Thought Stellar Transformation formed from Meng Hao's starstone collapsed into pieces.

However, as that happened, Meng Hao appeared, his right hand already transformed into the Battle Weapon!!

Shockingly, he had used the starstone to hide the transformed copper mirror. As soon as the power of the starstone fell apart, Meng Hao's killing intent skyrocketed, as if he had been holding back and building it up. All of a sudden, his blade was flashing like lightning toward Patriarch Blacksoul.

The attack was completely unexpected, and was backed by the terrifying power of numerous natural laws. Suddenly, fear welled up within Patriarch Blacksoul's heart.

He fell back rapidly, causing his cultivation base to explode out with its full power. He also called upon the full power of his Essences to attempt to block the blade. A massive boom rang out, and scintillating light shone out as if the Heavens were being split open. Blood oozed out of Patriarch Blacksoul's mouth. However, a mocking gleam could be seen in his eyes.

Although the slash of the blade wounded him in a way that didn't heal... it was only a slight wound. After all, Patriarch Blacksoul was a very cautious person. Everything he had been doing so far was an attempt to get Meng Hao to use his trump cards. He wanted to know for sure exactly what made Meng Hao so confident that he would take the Blacksoul Society on alone.

Stupid people could not practice cultivation to his level. Not knowing exactly what trump cards his opponent had left him in a state of unease....

“So this is your trump card,” Patriarch Blacksoul said coldly. “Not bad. Unfortunately, although it's pretty good, you used it at the wrong time. Or perhaps it's better to say that it doesn't really matter how you use it, I have already taken precautions against something like that! You are doomed to be defeated.”

Now that he felt a bit less on edge, he smiled viciously and waved his finger through the air. Rumbling could be heard, and the air distorted as a huge incense burner suddenly appeared above his head.

“Well then, now it's my turn to attack... and extract your soul!”

In the instant that the incense burner appeared, Meng Hao looked at it closely. After confirming that it was what he was looking for, a grin appeared on his face, along with an emotional sigh.

“Well it took long enough,” he murmured softly, “and I even had to reveal my Battle Weapon. Finally you pull it out....”

As soon as the words left his mouth, Patriarch Blacksoul gaped in shock!

Chapter 1219: Planet Blacksoul, Crumble!

In almost the exact same moment that Patriarch Blacksoul's face fell, Meng Hao lifted his right hand. A strange gleam flickered in his eyes as he pointed up toward the Heavens.

“Paragon... Bridge!” he said softly. Rumbling sounds could be heard coming from inside Meng Hao himself, and suddenly, everyone could see something inside his body. Not even his clothing could cover up the bright arc of light that stretched from the top of his head all the way to his dantian region and formed... a bridge!

A spectacular bridge hidden inside his body, almost like a qi meridian. Then... the bridge materialized up in the sky....

The Paragon Bridge!

RUUUUUUMMMMBLLLLL!

Massive rumbling could be heard as the sky collapsed, the space it had occupied now completely filled by the Paragon Bridge. It radiated awe-inspiring might, and a dazzling glow. The countless magical symbols which covered its surface glittered, and the bridge was so large that anyone who saw it couldn't help but stare with wide eyes.

“What magic is this...?” The fleeing disciples of the Blacksoul Society gasped and stared, eyes wide with disbelief.

Patriarch Blacksoul was also gaping. Based on the level of his cultivation base, he knew what he was looking at and cried out in alarm.

“Paragon magic! Y-you're... in the Echelon!!” At the same time that his voice echoed out, pressure exploded out from the Paragon Bridge, crushing down onto the lands, causing the entire world to tremble. Instantly, Patriarch Blacksoul was engulfed by massive force.

He trembled, and a look of astonishment appeared on his face. Not only was he terrified by the pressure that was crushing down onto him... his body was physically shaking.

A terrifying sensation rose up in his heart, and he sensed an indescribable feeling of deadly crisis. That sensation told him that if he tried to fight against this Paragon Bridge, there was a great risk that he would perish!!

“Impossible! Even the Paragon magic of the Echelon isn't this powerful. This is impossible!!”

At the same time that Patriarch Blacksoul was completely shaken, a glowing beam shot out from the Paragon Bridge, a dazzling light filled with Paragon power. In the blink of an eye, it enveloped the incense burner which floated above Patriarch Blacksoul's head.

The incense burner began to vibrate, and was then slowly dragged toward the Paragon Bridge.

“Get back here!” Patriarch Blacksoul growled. He might be experiencing a sensation of deadly crisis, and might have been shaken by the Paragon Bridge, but he was still a 3-Essences Dao Lord. He was the overlord of this world, a person who had fought countless battles throughout his life. Despite being surprised, but he still let out a vicious roar, causing his divine sense to spring out and prevent the incense burner from being taken.

He had realized earlier that his opponent had come for the incense burner, and he had no intention of letting him take it.

In the instant that Patriarch Blacksoul roared, Meng Hao extended his hand and made a grasping motion toward the incense burner. The Star Plucking Magic was unleashed, which combined with the power of the Paragon Bridge, causing the incense burner to be dragged rapidly toward Meng Hao.

“That’s my treasure, the legacy of the Blacksoul Society! You think you can just take it away!?” Patriarch Blacksoul bit the tip of his tongue and spit out some blood. Then he roared, causing the incense burner to stop in place. Despite the power of the Paragon magic, it suddenly began to fly back in the direction of Patriarch Blacksoul.

Meng Hao frowned, and his eyes flickered icily. With a cold harrumph, he stepped forward and appeared on top of the Paragon Bridge, where he stamped down violently with his right foot.

The Paragon Bridge rumbled, and the light surrounding it spread out in all directions. The pressure from the bridge then increased to the absolute maximum Meng Hao was capable of unleashing.

That amount of crushing force could shake Heaven and Earth!

The planet had already been in a state of imminent collapse, but now, it couldn’t endure any longer. Massive rumbling could be heard... as the surface of the planet crumbled completely!

Massive chunks of land were hurled about wildly, and intense crashing sounds could be heard as cracks spread out everywhere. Mountains were leveled, and rivers evaporated. The countless fleeing Blacksoul Society disciples on the planet were experiencing an apocalypse, and none of them possessed the wherewithal to successfully escape it.

In the blink of an eye, the cultivators began to scream as the power of planetary destruction completely pulverized them. Even more were consumed by the fissures forming in the crumbling lands around them, and some actually exploded into clouds of blood and gore from the pressure emanating from the bridge.

The few cultivators who somehow managed to evade death would suddenly find themselves facing the terracotta soldier, which swung its greatsword and slaughtered any escapees.

The entire planet that housed the Blacksoul Society was experiencing a doomsday!

The destruction of the lands accelerated, and the sky collapsed. The entire planet... looked like a clenched fist that was now quickly opening up.

“Crumble!” Meng Hao cried, pushing his hand downward.

That gesture caused the pressure coming from the Paragon Bridge to increase by a full order of magnitude, ensuring that the entire planet was completely destroyed.

RUUUUUUMMMMBLLLLLE!

The whole planet was collapsing!

Countless fragments shot out into the starry sky as a massive force exploded out from the planet itself. It exploded, sending a huge shockwave blasting out in all directions. Without exception, all of the Blacksoul Society disciples were hit, causing blood to spray out in all directions as their bodies were shredded.

The entire planet was now reduced to countless fragments which floated out into the starry sky.

The only things that remained were wreckage, corpses, and chunks of gore....

The reek of blood hung heavy over the area, and it seemed as if it would never dissipate for all eternity.

Patriarch Blacksoul stared in shock and coughed up a mouthful of blood. His body withered a bit, and began to tremble. His mouth opened, and a strange sound could be heard, as if he had thousands of things he wanted to say, but they were all stuck in his throat.

In the moment that the planet collapsed and the blood sprayed from his mouth, the incense burner which he had been attempting to wrest control of, was wrenched away by Meng Hao and the Paragon Bridge.

In a bright beam of colorful light, the incense burner... flew toward Meng Hao, shrank down, and landed in his palm!

In that instant, Meng Hao shivered as he was sensed some familiar fluctuations coming from inside the light.

However, whether it was because they were inside the incense burner, or because of other reasons, those fluctuations were very faint. So faint, in fact, that they seemed to be on the verge of fading away completely. For some reason, Meng Hao... felt uneasy.

However, there was no time to investigate the matter now. Planetary debris was floating about in all directions, and in the middle of it all was a bridge, upon which stood Meng Hao. Beneath that bridge was Patriarch Blacksoul, trembling violently, eyes completely bloodshot, seemingly on the verge of going mad.

He looked around at the destroyed planet that had once housed the Blacksoul Society, and all of the dead disciples. The sect which he had personally built up was now fading away into the starry sky.

The sight caused him to tremble, and throw his head back and let out the most piercing of howls!

“Child, I won’t rest until you are dead!!” As the sound of his howl echoed out in all directions, his energy surged up. His hair was thrown into disarray as he went completely mad. Staring dead at Meng Hao, he charged in attack.

Essence power erupted around him, causing Meng Hao’s eyes to widen. Of course, he was well aware that his action of destroying this planet would catch the attention of the Heavengod Alliance.

In fact, he probably didn’t have very much time left before the Alliance’s almighty experts showed up.

Meng Hao sighed. He had chosen to destroy the planet because he had no other alternative. That was the only way to inflict serious damage to Patriarch Blacksoul, and thus lay hands on the incense burner.

“I’ve got to end this quickly!” Meng Hao’s eyes flickered with killing intent. He quickly placed a sealing mark on the incense burner and put it away, then lifted his right hand high into the air, causing the Battle Weapon to appear once more as a shocking blade!

RUMBLE!

Meng Hao’s energy surged up and then exploded out, causing a Heaven-shaking, Earth-shattering murderous aura to transform him into something like a celestial warrior!

Next, the meat jelly flew out of his bag of holding, transforming into a suit of armor. His energy once again exploded up, creating a tempest that swept all the dust and rubble around him away.

A red beam of light flew out, which was the mastiff. As it became a cape, Meng Hao threw his head back and roared, and an intense, bloody glow erupted up.

Then he lifted up his left hand, within which was his fourth Nirvana Fruit, which he pushed down onto his forehead.

As it merged into him, rumbling filled his mind, and the world around him changed. The rubble of the planet, the starry sky... all turned azure!

As Meng Hao stood on the Paragon Bridge, he suddenly breathed in sharply, which caused the Paragon Bridge to immediately flare with boundless light. A sensation of unbridled supremacy emanated from it, which was sucked in and absorbed by Meng Hao, so that it seemed as if he were....

A living, breathing Paragon!!

As Patriarch Blacksoul closed in, Meng Hao performed a tremendous downward slash toward him with the Battle Weapon!

This was his most powerful state, and his most powerful strike. He was at the pinnacle!

The starry sky seemed to lurch to a stop. Natural laws scattered. Time seemed to come to a standstill in the Eighth Mountain and Sea....

The only thing that remained within the starry sky was the long blade, radiating brilliant light as it flashed toward Patriarch Blacksoul.

Patriarch Blacksoul threw his head back and roared, waving both hands. Suddenly, he exploded, causing flesh and blood to burst about. It transformed into a blood mist, from within which surged... a seemingly endless amount of souls!

“Blacksoul Heaven Slaughter!” A droning sound could be heard as seemingly endless numbers of souls filled the starry sky, spreading out to fill nearly half of the starry sky above the Heavengod Alliance. The shocking sight caused all of the planets within the affected area to tremble. Countless Heavengod Alliance cultivators who were in meditative trances opened their eyes and looked up in shock.

In that moment, countless streams of divine sense swept through the void toward the area where Meng Hao and Patriarch Blacksoul were fighting!

The Heavengod Alliance was thrown into a huge commotion!

Chapter 1220: When Rivals Face Off, Victory Goes To the Brave

The blood mist formed from Patriarch Blacksoul’s body used his essence-blood to release the souls that he had refined over countless years of cultivation. The seemingly infinite amount of souls exploded out into the starry sky, where they transformed into an enormous mask. The mask of souls writhed, and shrill screams could be heard, as if the souls wished to consume all things to dispel their pain.

The screams they uttered could not be heard by living things; they were screams born of death, and resulted only in boundless, amorphous ripples!

The ripples spread out through the starry sky as if over the surface of water. As the rings expanded, natural laws trembled and fell into retreat. Even the will of the Mountain and Sea Realm seemed to flee from the affected area.

Gradually, a shocking image of the underworld appeared. The Yellow Springs could be seen, as well as the cycle of reincarnation, along with the images of countless evil ghosts.

More shocking than that was that behind the ghosts could be seen numerous... enormous tombs!

The tombs were all illusory, and it was almost as if the excessive number of souls in the area had caused them to descend. As the tombs appeared, they became a backdrop that served to emphasize the size of the mask.

Everything that was happening made the strangeness of the soul mask and its formidability seem more pronounced.... Furthermore, it had such a terrifying aura that Meng Hao's pupils constricted.

This was the explosive power of a 3-Essences Dao Lord, someone who could shake Heaven and Earth. Meng Hao had been in mortal danger from the moment he had arrived in the Blacksoul Society, but now that level of danger increased dramatically.

The sensation of crisis he was experiencing told him that this battle, and especially this attack... could end with him perishing!

"But the danger is mutual...." he said, eyes glittering viciously. He always treated both himself and others with incredible viciousness. If he felt the inclination to back down for even a moment during this fight, then he would be dead for sure!

The only option was to reject the option of retreat and to keep fighting. After all... when rivals face off, victory goes to the brave!

Meng Hao's eyes shone with a strange light, and he didn't back down in the least. All of the peak level of power in him converged on the Battle Weapon, which slashed through the starry sky with scintillating light as he slashed it down.

The soul mask let out an intense roar as it slammed into the most powerful of Meng Hao's attacks, the slash of the Battle Weapon.

A huge boom could be heard, and a massive, explosion rumbled out for 50,000 kilometers in every direction, then 500,000 kilometers. Then 5,000,000....

By now, more than half of the Heavengod Alliance could sense the ripples!

The streams of divine sense which had converged in the area were instantly distorted by the explosive outburst, and then shattered!

The surrounding dust and rubble vibrated, and then transformed into ash, which slowly faded away. The battle between Meng Hao and Patriarch Blacksoul was releasing far too much power. The starry sky trembled and began to crack apart. Suddenly, an enormous black hole appeared right between Meng Hao and Patriarch Blacksoul!

Everything shook and trembled violently!

Endless amounts of Patriarch Blacksoul's countless screaming souls were wiped away. And yet, he used the remaining souls he had to disregard all danger and charge toward Meng Hao.

He slammed into Meng Hao, who trembled violently in response. The cape separated from his back, transforming into the mastiff, who coughed up a mouthful of blood. Meng Hao was now in far more danger than before.

There was even a voice inside of him yelling at him to flee, to escape, to stop fighting lest he be killed!

And yet, he gritted his teeth, ignored the voice inside, and continued to fight.

He knew that in this battle, he couldn't back down. He had to fight, and keep fighting until the very end. Whoever could walk that narrow line between life and death would be the victor!

Rumbling could be heard as more and more of the souls in Patriarch Blacksoul's soul mask collapsed. Each soul that collapsed sent pain into Patriarch Blacksoul's mind, but he also held on. He was filled with an obsessive desire to strike down Meng Hao!

"DIE!" screamed the converged voices of all the souls in the soul mask.

RUUUUUUMMMMMBLLE!

Meng Hao's meat jelly suit of armor was torn off of him. Numerous streams of light swirled out to form together behind Meng Hao in the form of the meat jelly, who looked incredibly listless.

Meng Hao coughed up some more blood; his body was now a mass of completely mangled flesh!

And yet he held on. Patriarch Blacksoul was also trembling; despite the severe loss of souls, he used what he had left to charge madly toward Meng Hao. From a distance, it would look like Meng Hao was hovering alone in the starry sky, surrounded by a boundless sea of souls!

He was holding on, as was the sea of souls!

However, it was at this moment that a tremor ran through him, and his fourth Nirvana Fruit was forced out of his forehead.

When that happened, Meng Hao was severely weakened. Blood sprayed out of his mouth, and yet, his momentum didn't falter. Eyes bloodshot, clearly weaker than before, he lifted his foot up and took a step forward.

That step represented his determination, and also his ruthlessness!

As he took that step, Patriarch Blacksoul's consciousness began to blur, and yet, boundless ripples exploded out from the sea of souls!

Both of them were almost completely drained, and were waiting to see... who could hold on longer!

"DIIIIEEEEEEEEEE!" screamed Patriarch Blacksoul's countless souls. As they howled, they burst into flames, increasing their attacking power. Some of them even landed on Meng Hao and began to voraciously attempt to consume him!

As Patriarch Blacksoul continued to fight, every soul of his that died was like a powerful mental blow. And yet, he held on, his obsession burning like an undying fire.

Meng Hao was wracked with pain as the souls gnawed at his flesh and tore out bloody chunks to reveal the bones beneath. Then the souls began to chew on the bones, even boring into his body to eat his organs!

The scene which was playing out was extremely shocking; to be eaten alive in such a way was something ordinary people would never be able to endure.

But Meng Hao simply frowned and ignored the souls. He rotated his cultivation base, causing his qi and blood to surge, crushing the voracious, evil souls like a giant millstone.

Soon, his entire body was a mass of bloody gore. By now, Meng Hao's power was severely lacking, and his Paragon Bridge, which was also the subject of suicidal attack by Patriarch Blacksoul's numerous souls, was forced back inside his body.

The instant the Paragon Bridge vanished, the souls let out piercing shrieks and pounced on Meng Hao. He was now completely engulfed by wild, ravenous souls!

The Battle Weapon began to fall apart, but just before it faded away, Meng Hao coughed up a mouthful of blood and then slashed down one more time!

“Patriarch Blacksoul, do you... have the courage to die together with me!”

The souls which formed Patriarch Blacksoul had been rapidly fading away. From 10,000,000 to 1,000,000 to the current 100,000. A huge boom could be heard as the souls were shaken off of Meng Hao, either destroyed or sent spinning away.

Patriarch Blacksoul once again appeared, although he had no body left, only a screaming Nascent Divinity. He was now completely terrified of Meng Hao; he had never encountered someone as vicious as this. Moments ago, Meng Hao had been completely engulfed by souls, which had instantly started to chomp away at his bones and organs.

That was a type of pain that very few people could endure. And yet, even in such a state, Meng Hao made a counter-attack. That was something even more rarely seen!

“Dammit, when did someone as vicious as this show up in the Eighth Mountain and Sea?! He's definitely not a local cultivator, he must be from another Mountain and Sea!!” Patriarch Blacksoul was trembling internally, and had apparently regained his senses from the anguish caused by seeing his sect destroyed. Finally, he began to think reasonably; without any further hesitation, he ceased any thoughts of attacking Meng Hao and simply fled.

When rivals meet, victory goes to the brave, and in this case... Patriarch Blacksoul was the one who backed down!

That wasn't what he wanted to do, but he had no other choice. His heart was pounding in fear, and his mind was filled with terror. He might be a 3-Essences Dao Lord, but right now, he was the one who was scared!

He was completely shaken by Meng Hao's viciousness, completely moved by his determination. Meng Hao's madness caused Patriarch Blacksoul to feel almost as if the person whose sect had just been exterminated was not himself, but actually, Meng Hao!

"Crazy!" he cried. "You're just a lunatic. Dammit.... You don't deserve to have me die together with you, but I swear that I will pay back the enmity of this day upon you a hundredfold!!"

Roaring defiantly, Patriarch Blacksoul's Nascent Divinity fled at top speed. It wasn't that he didn't dare to keep fighting, but rather, that he feared dying. He didn't even want to die while delivering a fatal blow to his enemy.

Seeing that Patriarch Blacksoul was fleeing, Meng Hao almost began to give chase. However, after he took a single step, he trembled and stopped in place. Roughly seventy percent of his entire body was nothing more than bones, and of those bones, thirty percent were broken and shattered.

His was completely covered with bite marks, and one of his eyes had even been ripped out. His internal organs were also severely damaged.

In terms of physical appearance, he looked horrifying.

Without his Eternal stratum constantly replenishing his life force, Meng Hao would have long since passed away....

The Battle Weapon faded away, and his body suddenly seemed to age. He coughed up a mouthful of blood, and his mangled organs shifted. Meng Hao sagged, and his aura weakened.

Based on his current battle prowess, he was not a match for a 3-Essences Dao Lord, not without the Paragon Bridge. And yet, even with the Paragon Bridge, and his various powerful divine abilities, he still couldn't manage to cut down a 3-Essences Dao Lord. In the end... they were evenly matched!

He wanted to give chase, but it was impossible. Even more importantly, the numerous streams of divine sense in the area indicated that almighty experts from the Heavengod Alliance were currently rushing in his direction.

He had been aware all along that his actions would arouse the wrath of the Heavengod Alliance, and as of now, it would only be moments before the area would be filled with countless cultivators, who would then lock down the entire region.

He looked at the direction in which Patriarch Blacksoul was fleeing, eyes flickering coldly. Finally, he turned and left.

Moments later, numerous beams of colorful light filled the area. In the lead position was a man in a violet robe, whose aura placed him in the Dao Realm.

“Send orders to the entire Heavengod Alliance. Lock down all exit routes within Alliance territory. All Alliance cultivators in the Ancient Realm and higher are to be mobilized to kill the foreign cultivator!” The old man swished his sleeve, using a special technique to spread a message to all regions of the Heavengod Alliance.