

The Heavens 1261

Chapter 1261: One Option... Amputate!

Meng Hao's eyes were as cold as ice, but inwardly he was sighing. For a clan to decline in power was acceptable, but for the morals of its people to degenerate was sickening. Leaving them alive... was truly pointless.

By means of illustration, you could say that his grandfather's bloodline had fallen into dire straits and was now at a point of extreme weakness, consisting of the elderly, the frail, the ill, and the crippled. The younger generation was forced into servitude, and the older generation was sick and decrepit. However, its soul was still present, and the heart was strong. They still stuck together like a family, and as such, would one day be able to rise to prominence again.

It was possible to sense that spirit within Meng Ru, Meng Chen, and the other two young women from just now. They all clung stubbornly to their hope for the future.

However, when it came to the rest of the so-called Meng Clan, Meng Hao felt quite disappointed.

"Even scum like these can be called Young Lords?" Meng Hao shook his head. During his entire life, starting in the Ninth Mountain and Sea and then in his short time in the Eighth Mountain and Sea, he had seen all sorts of Chosen, including Young Lords and Sect Princes. However, he had never seen people like he was seeing now in the Meng Clan.

"When dealing with such malignant rot, there's only one option... amputate!" Meng Hao's eyes flickered with killing intent as the Meng Clan cultivators attacked him. He waved his right finger, causing rumbling to fill the air and ripples to spread out in all directions.

The ripples filled the area in the blink of an eye, and any cultivators they touched, regardless of their cultivation base, instantly exploded into ash.

The ripples spread, shaking everything, turning everything into dust. The two incredulous Young Lords didn't even qualify to try to flee. In the briefest of moments, they were inundated by the ripples. Of course, life-saving magic flared to life in the form of shields as they tried to defend against the ripples.

However... they were completely useless. All they did was to buy a few breaths' worth of time. Then the shields collapsed. The eyes of the two young men widened with disbelief, and then bangs could be heard as they were transformed into ash as well.

All of the cultivators behind them were also transformed into dust.

Soon the only people left were Meng Hao, the Meng Clan girls, and the other young women. Everyone else... was gone.

Everything happened so quickly that the young women could only gape in astonishment and stand there trembling and panting. As for Meng Ru, even if she were a stupid person who knew little about the Immortal Realm, she would still be able to understand that the power unleashed by Meng Chen just now... was definitely not that of an Immortal!

As for the other two young women from the same bloodline, their eyes were even wider. Their cultivation bases were significantly higher than Meng Ru's, so they could pick up on even more of the clues. They looked over at Meng Hao, trembling with awe and reverence.

Meng Ru hesitated for a moment and then said, "Big bro Meng Chen... you--"

Before she could finish, one of her older cousins held out a hand to stop her from speaking.

Meng Hao looked at the three young women and nodded, his gaze gentle. Then he looked off into the distance, and once again his expression turned icy and somber. Suddenly, a powerful aura began to roil out from him, filling the area, causing the sky to dim and the lands to quake. The surrounding buildings and structures seemed incapable of withstanding the pressure, and soon creaking sounds could be heard.

Then, the creaking turned into rumbling as one building after another began to collapse. It was at this point that, from two different locations, a group of a few dozen beams of bright light each began to shoot toward them from off in the distance. Roaring shouts echoed out, filled with fury and killing intent.

"Who are you that dares to get out of line in the Meng Clan!?"

"Are you looking to die!?" The two enraged shouts echoed out like thunder, causing two powerful shockwaves to speed toward Meng Hao.

Meng Hao stood there looking coldly at the incoming cultivators. The highest cultivation base among them was merely in the great circle of the Ancient Realm, and the others were far from that.

“You people don’t even bother to determine who is in the right and who is in the wrong?” he said coolly. “Leaving you alive would also be pointless.” He took a step forward, vanishing. When he reappeared, he was right in front of the lead cultivator, a middle-aged man in extravagant clothing. The man’s eyes were red with rage, but the instant Meng Hao appeared in front of him, he began to shake, and his anger instantly faded half away into shock.

He had no idea what sort of technique Meng Hao had used to vanish and then reappear, but that was actually of secondary importance. Most important... was the fact that he could sense a boundless power radiating off of Meng Hao, in fact it was far more intense than the pressure that he would feel when standing in front of a Patriarch.

The man gasped and blurted, “You--”

The killing intent in Meng Hao’s eyes caused the man’s scalp to tingle so hard it felt like it would explode. He began to fall back, looking completely shocked by the terrifying power he sensed.

“You’re too slow,” Meng Hao said, shaking his head and simultaneously waving his sleeve. A massive tempest sprang out, transforming into a tornado that connected the sky and the land. It was so conspicuous that anyone in the Meng Clan would be able to see it.

It swept toward the middle-aged man and the cultivators behind him, moving with such incredible speed that they were incapable of fleeing. They struggled and fought back, but it only took a moment for the tornado to sweep over them, after which miserable screams rang out. It was as if a gigantic hand were using a huge brush to paint the entire tornado bright red.

The entire Meng Clan was completely shaken. Numerous cultivators were pulled out of their meditative trances, and after looking up, many of them immediately shot up into the air with expressions of astonishment on their faces.

“An ambush!!”

“Another clan is invading!!”

“An enemy clan is attacking!! Dammit, why didn’t the clan’s grand spell formation activate!?!?”

Cries of alarm spread out, and the entire clan began to stir. There were also nine figures who began to fly toward the tornado from nine different directions.

They were followed by even more figures, and as their cultivation base power surged out, it transformed into a spell formation. Instead of flying directly to the tornado, they began to circle around it; soon colors flashed in the sky as the cultivators formed a massive vortex which thoroughly enveloped the area where Meng Hao was standing!

Meng Ru was trembling in shock, as were the other two young Meng Clan women. As for Meng Hao, he looked down at them from up in the air and smiled slightly. That smile seemed to contain the power to completely ease their hearts, and the fear the three young women felt instantly faded away.

Meng Hao turned. Completely ignoring the nine cultivators leading the formation, and all the others who were following them, Meng Hao looked off into the distance at one particular cultivator who had stopped in place and wasn’t moving.

He was an old man, and when Meng Hao’s gaze fell upon him, he gasped and began to tremble, then started to back up.

Even as he took a step back, though, Meng Hao waved his hand. A second tornado sprang into being, sweeping through the crowds toward the old man, provoking numerous bloodcurdling screams. The old man had a powerful cultivation base, but it didn’t matter. Nor did it matter what divine abilities and magical items he unleashed. He was still consumed by the wind.

Moments later, the second tornado was also stained blood red.

Meng Hao hovered in midair, looking around coldly. The two tornadoes whipped nearby, and if you looked at them long enough, it almost seemed as if two vicious wolves were lurking inside of them, peering out voraciously.

“Let’s go,” Meng Hao said calmly. He would not wipe out entire bloodlines this day. He would simply comply with Grandma Meng’s orders to bring the girls back. Furthermore, he could sense that although the clan’s defensive spell formation hadn’t been activated originally, the slaughter he had just carried out was causing rumbling sounds to rise up.

There were also ripples beginning to spread, and within them, Meng Hao could sense a terrifying power. That power was definitely... the Meng Clan's grand defensive spell formation!

As soon as Meng Hao spoke, he took a step forward, and the three young women followed him anxiously. Before they could get very far, though, nine beams of light began to close in on them.

"Don't even dream about leaving!" roared one of the nine. In response, Meng Hao looked back at the man. This man was a Clan Elder, with a cultivation base in the great circle of the Ancient Realm, very close to the Dao Realm. However, he suddenly stopped in place, as though a powerful hand had clasped him by the throat. Face flickering with shock, he fell back, then turned ashen as he coughed up a huge mouthful of blood.

One gaze seriously injured an Elder, which caused everyone else to gasp. They could sense how terrifying Meng Hao was, but they could never have imagined... that he was this terrifying!

"Dao... Dao Realm!" whispered the Elder in a shaky voice.

Completely ignoring the nine cultivators, Meng Hao continued on his way, followed by Meng Ru and the other two young women, who were incredibly excited. When they looked at Meng Hao, it was with complete enthusiasm and ardor. To them, Meng Hao was a towering mountain of their bloodline, someone who no amount of wind or rain could ever budge.

The nine cultivators didn't dare to try to stop him. The massive vortex spell formation also stopped in place, and the cultivators who were powering it parted to make a path for Meng Hao, looks of astonishment on their faces. As for Meng Hao, his expression was calm as he proceeded through.

Everything was extremely quiet. On the ground, numerous members of the Meng Clan stood outside of their houses and other buildings, looking up into the sky at what was happening, completely shocked. Meng De was there in a temple, looking up at Meng Hao with an expression of utter disbelief.

In another location in the Meng Clan, there were three other young women who were now looking at Meng Hao, Meng Ru, and the other young women of the bloodlines. These other three had complex expressions on their faces, and they almost looked as if they were being stabbed in the heart.

They were the bloodline relatives who had chosen not to return, and had instead opted to remain as servants to other clan members!

They had forsaken their bloodline, and therefore, their bloodline had cast them off.

It was at this point that, all of a sudden, an intense light exploded out from the enormous statue in the middle of the Meng Clan ancestral mansion.

“State your name!”

Chapter 1262: Activating the Clan Defense Formation

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As the voice echoed out, the light shining out from the statue transformed into pressure that spread out, then converged onto Meng Hao.

Rumbling filled the air, colors flashed, winds screamed.... As Dao Realm pressure descended from above, natural laws retreated and dissipated, until the only thing present was the Dao Realm pressure.

The members of the Meng Clan looked on with wide eyes. The nine cultivators in the great circle of the Ancient Realm clasped hands and bowed deeply.

“Greetings, Patriarch!”

The cultivators in the vortex did the same, excited expressions on their faces.

“Greetings, Patriarch!”

Down below, all of the Meng Clan cultivators who had stepped out of the various houses and buildings, even the servants and cultivators with other surnames... all bowed deeply and joined their voices to cry out, “Greetings, Patriarch!”

Meng Ru and the other girls’ faces fell; they might have complete trust in Meng Hao, but deep down inside, any Patriarch... represented the most supreme and paramount power of the clan, and

they were existences that were so far above them that even if they gazed upwards they would never be able to catch a glimpse of one.

The entire Meng Clan was completely shaken. Within that enormous statue were nine hidden chambers, four of which were empty. The other five were occupied by cultivators sitting cross-legged in meditation. The person who had just spoken was the figure in the eighth chamber, who now sat there with eyes open and a serious look on his face.

He was not the Patriarch from the ninth bloodline, the one that Meng Hao had previously encountered face to face. This was the Patriarch of the eighth bloodline!

Considering that the cultivators who had just been killed were members of his bloodline, he had no choice but to make an appearance.

Meng Hao stopped in place and turned to look at the statue behind him, without even sparing a glance at the Heaven-shaking, Earth-shattering pressure descending toward him. Then he began to speak, his voice cool. The words he uttered were the type that anyone would think were wildly egotistical and arrogant.

“I bet you don’t even have the balls to try and fight me!” His voice was calm, but echoed out in all directions, instantly arousing the ire of the other members of the Meng Clan.

“What incredible gall!!”

“Are you looking to die?!?!”

“You overestimate yourself!” Numerous shouts of rage echoed out within the central continent. The cultivators of the Meng Clan had to admit that Meng Hao was powerful to a terrifying degree. But in their minds, if he tried to fight one of their Patriarchs, he would be defeated with a single blow!

That was the type of faith exercised in the clan Patriarchs by all clan members, both young and old.

Even Meng Ru and the other two young women were extremely nervous as they stood there next to Meng Hao, and the panic was visible on their faces.

In sharp contrast to all that was the object of the clan members' veneration, the Patriarch sitting there in the eighth chamber, whose expression changed drastically. At the same time that Meng Hao spoke, the Patriarch was able to detect fluctuations that only someone in the Dao Realm would be able to feel.

Those fluctuations filled the Patriarch with a sense of intense terror, and he knew that even if he went all out with every scrap of power he could muster, it wouldn't do any good.

The sensation he got was that he was like a tiny firefly, and Meng Hao was a burning torch!

"Impossible... what... what cultivation base does he have!?" The old man's eyes were wide; moments ago, he had been on the verge of stepping out in person, but now he was hesitating. In the end, he didn't dare to emerge and in fact... couldn't even think of words to say in response.

Meng Hao's expression was calm as he looked coolly at the statue for a moment before turning and heading off with Meng Ru and the other young women. The only reason he was backing down was because he didn't feel like making complete enemies of everyone in the Meng Clan.

"This is the Meng Clan after all," he thought. "Once Grandma Meng's cultivation base is restored, she can decide what to do." He wouldn't exceed his authority in this matter. Even if his mother was a member of the Meng Clan, he himself was a Young Lord of the Fang Clan.

There were certain things he could do if he wished, but he had to do them very carefully. Even if he had good intentions, if he went too far it could lead to misunderstandings, which he didn't want to happen.

That was why, after a bit of thought, Meng Hao decided to just back down. Behind him, the various cultivators of the Meng Clan followed after him and stared at him murderously, even mockingly. However, their expressions of outrage quickly began to die down, until in the end, not a sound could be heard. These Meng Clan cultivators' faces flickered with bewilderment, and there were even some faces that went deathly pale with astonishment.

That was because, unexpectedly, after Meng Hao spoke, their Patriarch... didn't respond at all. It even seemed like his aura had gotten much weaker.

It was as if... Meng Hao had been completely correct about their Patriarch; he didn't dare to show his face and fight!

That fact caused the minds of numerous members of the Meng Clan to reel in shock. As for the cultivators in the great circle of the Ancient Realm, waves of astonishment battered their minds. Earlier, they had suspected that Meng Hao was in the Dao Realm, but now, there didn't seem to be any need for speculation. Apparently, this young man... really was in the Dao Realm!

“He... he really is... in the Dao Realm!” Gasps could be heard from among the cultivators in the great circle of the Ancient Realm as they watched Meng Hao leaving.

Meanwhile, the Patriarch in the eight chamber of the statue gritted his teeth. At the same time, he could sense that the Patriarchs in the ninth and first chambers were also awake, and yet were doing nothing.

“Dammit, they want me to probe this guy's abilities, huh...?” A gleam of determination could be seen in the eyes of the eighth Patriarch. No person could reach the Dao Realm if they lacked courage; if they did, how could they possibly have passed the Dao Realm Tribulation?

“With the clan spell formation, I can give it a shot!” he said, gritting his teeth. Suddenly, his cultivation base erupted with power, sending the fluctuations of a 1-Essence Dao Realm expert shooting out from within the statue.

The other members of the Meng Clan saw golden light shining out, which became a golden ocean then that transformed into an enormous hand, stretching out toward Meng Hao.

Colors flashed as the golden hand filled the sky, casting shadow over all the lands beneath!

Rumbling filled the air as boundless power bore down on Meng Hao. Even as the faces of Meng Ru and the other young women went pale, Meng Hao turned, and his eyes flashed with icy coldness.

“So you do have some balls,” he said coolly. He did nothing to avoid the incoming golden hand, and in fact, leapt up toward it.

Then he slammed into it bodily and with complete disregard. Massive rumbling could be heard as the golden hand tried to crush him; and yet, as soon as it touched him, it began to tremble, and then... collapsed into pieces!

As the hand shattered, the golden ocean disintegrated. Apparently, a Dao Realm attack couldn't stand up to a single move by Meng Hao.

When the hand collapsed, the old man in the eighth chamber of the statute trembled and then coughed up a mouthful of blood as he was sent flying backward, out of control. A moment later, he appeared outside the statue, where he coughed up another massive mouthful of blood. Face pale white, he stared at Meng Hao in complete terror and astonishment.

“Dao... Dao Lord? Dao Sovereign?” Intense fear pounded within the heart of the Patriarch of the eighth bloodline.

Equally shaken was the Patriarch of the ninth bloodline. He recognized Meng Hao from their earlier meeting, and to see him fighting at this level was completely and utterly shocking.

They were shocked, but as for the rest of the members of the Meng Clan, they were utterly dumbfounded. Their jaws dropped as they saw their Patriarch coughing up blood, whereas Meng Hao was standing there with a completely calm face. All he had done was take a step forward!

That single step caused a Dao Realm expert to fall into retreat, and to be injured. The faith of the Meng Clan cultivators in their Patriarch was completely toppled.

All faces were completely gray and ashen. Within the crowd was the young man Meng De, who had been watching all along, and had instantly recognized Meng Hao. His eyes were wide with shock as he watched everything play out.

Other than the gasps, there was no sound at all. Meng Hao looked over indifferently at the wounded Patriarch of the eighth bloodline. However, it was at this point that the Patriarch's eyes turned crimson. He suddenly threw his head back and howled, then slapped his forehead viciously with his right hand. A boom rang out, and the sky went dim. Suddenly, a massive pressure radiated out from the enormous statue. In the blink of an eye, it had filled the area, and although no one in the audience could see anything out of the ordinary, Meng Hao was able to clearly see the shield which had sprung up.

“Defensive spell formation....” he thought. However, he didn't back up. Instead, he stood in place, eyes flickering as the shield expanded out toward him and then clashed with him briefly.

That brief clash caused Meng Hao's pupils to constrict slightly. He could sense a Heaven-destroying, Earth-extinguishing power in that shield, something that he couldn't resist for very long with only his fleshly body power.

"This defensive spell formation could actually be even more powerful. It's strong enough with one person controlling it, but with more people backing it, I would actually be in significant danger." After sensing the power of the shield, Meng Hao decided not to fight it. Instead, he turned, flicking his sleeve as he took Meng Ru and the other young women away, vanishing off into the distance.

As Meng Hao left, the Patriarch of the eighth bloodline watched him go, his expression unsightly. The fact that Meng Hao had been able to stand up to the attack of the spell formation was completely shocking.

"I can't believe... that he stood up to the ancestral spell formation and wasn't even hurt.... Just what Realm is he in? He's not a Dao Lord. Could it be... could it be that he really is a Dao Sovereign? But that's impossible!!"

Back in the statue, the Patriarchs in the first and ninth chambers had very serious expressions on their faces, especially the Patriarch from the first bloodline.

"The tenth bloodline...?" he murmured quietly, face grim.

Chapter 1263: Removing Nine Spikes; the Seventh Sea Mobilizes!

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Of course, Meng Hao was not a Dao Sovereign, nor was he equivalent to such a level. However, if he unleashed his full battle prowess, he could fight any Dao Realm cultivator under the level of a Dao Sovereign. That had to do with this fleshly body, his Paragon magic, and most importantly, the fact that he was an Allheaven Dao Immortal!

Because of that, despite the fact that he was merely an Immortal, he could still shake the Dao Realm.

"Soon all four Nirvana Fruits will be fully fused. When they become my Dao Fruit, they can help me push open the Door of the Ancient Realm and extinguish my Soul Lamps! The only thing I'm not sure about is exactly how many Soul Lamps I'll end up with." Meng Hao's eyes gleamed with anticipation. Considering that he could already fight the Dao Realm, in his view the Ancient Realm was merely a stepping stone.

He hadn't even considered the possibility of failing, and as far as he was concerned, the Ancient Realm wasn't even very important. Of course... before Meng Hao, it had been a very, very long time since any Allheaven Dao Immortal had appeared. Virtually no one knew how difficult it was for someone like him to step into the Ancient Realm.

Meng Hao, being able to sense that his fourth Nirvana Fruit was nearing a state of complete absorption, was incredibly excited. Currently, he was whistling through the air with Meng Ru and the other young women in tow as he headed back toward the continent where their bloodline waited.

Soon, they were back. When the two young women who had just been saved saw how different everything was, they became very excited. Meng Hao went to see his grandmother and granduncles. After he told his grandmother about what had happened when he had rescued the two young women, she asked, "Hao'er, how confident are you that you can fully heal our injuries?"

All three of the oldtimers looked at Meng Hao as they waited for his answer.

He thought for a moment, then looked up and replied, "I wouldn't dare to say 100% confident. Perhaps... 80%!"

In response to his words, his grandmother began to breathe heavily, and his two granduncles began to tremble. All three of them exchanged glances and then nodded.

"Hao'er, use whatever techniques you can. It doesn't matter how dangerous the process is, we're willing to risk it!"

Meng Hao took a deep breath, then nodded seriously. He had long since come to the realization that if his grandmother and granduncles could recover their cultivation bases, then considering their previous standing within the clan, the bloodline would no longer continue to decline.

Time passed. Meng Hao spent his days giving sermons about the Dao and treating his grandmother and granduncles. He also worked on the cultivation bases of his three aunts and two uncles.

As the entire group improved, their auras grew more powerful, day by day.

As for his two uncles who had previously been so down and out, their eyes burned with life and vigor. Now, they had hope!

His three aunts recovered fastest of all. Within about ten days, they already possessed the battle prowess of Immortals. His grandmother and granduncles recovered the slowest, and yet, were gradually beginning to emanate more profound pressure.

Because of the strong Immortal qi available for cultivation, all the other bloodline clan members were stabilizing their cultivation bases, and every few days, someone would make a breakthrough.

Although all such breakthroughs were within the Spirit Realm, it was still possible to see that the bloodline had excellent latent talent, and the previous hard work they had gone through in their cultivation was now leading to large numbers of cultivation base breakthroughs.

Lately, everyone in the bloodline felt full of hope, and whenever they looked at Meng Hao, it was with fervent ardor.

In sharp contrast was the ancestral mansion of the Meng Clan.

People there were as jumpy as if enemy soldiers lurked around every corner, and the slightest breeze could cause panic. During the ten days which passed, everyone in the nine bloodlines learned of what had happened, much to their shock. The defensive spell formation was constantly on, as if war were expected to break out at any time.

Another month passed, and Meng Hao could tell that his fourth Nirvana Fruit had been completely absorbed. A mere thought on his part could summon the Door of the Ancient Realm.

Furthermore, his grandmother and the others had reached a critical juncture in the healing process. On one particular day, all of the bloodline clan members ceased meditating and stood guard. It didn't matter that their cultivation bases were relatively weak, they would still not allow anyone to disturb what was happening.

His grandmother and everyone else was out in the courtyard, while Meng Hao sat cross-legged alone indoors. Wisps of white mist rose up from his head, transforming into clouds, within which could be heard the faint sound of thunder.

After a moment, Meng Hao's eyes opened, and they shone brightly. He began to speak, and soon his words were heard by his grandmother and granduncles. "Grandma Meng will go last. Granduncles, you will go just before her. I'll start with everyone else."

Meng Hao could accept that accidents might happen with the others, but he wanted to be absolutely certain of being able to successfully treat his grandmother. He would use the others to ensure that he was comfortable with the process. That was why the final person he would treat would be his grandmother.

Grandma Meng took a deep breath, eyes shining brightly as she extended her hand, pointing toward one of her two sons, who had a very excited expression on his face.

That was Meng Hao's 7th Uncle, who took a deep breath as he entered the room where Meng Hao awaited them. He looked at Meng Hao sitting there cross-legged, then clasped hands and bowed deeply. Finally, he sat down cross-legged in front of him.

Meng Hao nodded, then reached out and placed a finger onto his 7th Uncle's forehead. Then he rotated his cultivation base, and poured the power of an Allheaven Dao Immortal into him. 7th Uncle's body began to tremble, and he was clearly in pain. Gradually, nine spikes began to emerge from within him.

A moment later, a pinging sound could be heard as one of the spikes fell to the ground. In that instant, 7th Uncle's cultivation base surged with power. Next was a second spike, then a third, until eight of the spikes were removed. In that moment 7th Uncle's cultivation base was completely restored, and surged with the power of the early Ancient Realm!

Meng Hao's eyes glittered as he pulled his hand back from 7th Uncle's forehead. As he did, a ninth spike flew out from 7th Uncle's forehead!

7th Uncle shivered, then threw his head back and roared. His cultivation base erupted with explosive power, moving past the mid Ancient Realm. Trembling as he took stock of his body's condition, he stood up, expression one of complete excitement as he once again clasped hands and bowed to Meng Hao, then turned and left.

The process went similarly with the second person in line, and the third, and the fourth....

Two uncles, three aunts. All five people had nine spikes stuck in their bodies, which Meng Hao extracted one by one. As of this moment, his grandmother's bloodline now had five Ancient Realm experts!

The highest cultivation base among them belonged to his 5th aunt, who was in the great circle of the Ancient Realm, just on the verge of being able to break through.

Around the same time that the spikes were being removed from the five of them, in the Seventh Mountain and Sea, past the invisible barrier which separated it from the Eighth Mountain and Sea, an altar could be seen floating in the starry sky. Suddenly, rumbling booms could be heard coming from that altar.

The huge altar had an enormous magical symbol on its surface, and it only took a single glance for one to be able to tell that it was the character Meng. Numerous stone spikes could be seen stabbing into the character, a total of nine of them. The spike in the middle was the largest, with the spikes growing smaller as they neared the edges of the character.

Furthermore, all of those stone spikes oozed blood, causing the entire altar to be stained bright red....

That was only one of the altars. There were other altars in the area... a total of nine! Apparently, this was a very important part of the Seventh Mountain and Sea, as roughly 100,000 cultivators were standing watch over the area, including nine Dao Realm experts.

About the time that Meng Hao removed the spikes from his two uncles and three aunts, rumbling sounds filled the area, and on two of the nine altars, all of the stone spikes suddenly collapsed.

The 100,000 cultivators suddenly shivered and opened their eyes. The Dao Realm experts seemed especially affected, and their faces darkened.

“Something's happened in the Eighth Mountain and Sea, in the Meng Clan.”

“Someone is tampering with the Lord-Elimination spell formations!”

“It doesn't matter, as long as the master formation isn't broken, it will be nothing more than an inconvenience....” The nine Dao Realm experts' faces flickered as they looked at the fifth altar out

of the nine respectively. Then they went to action, both stabilizing the altars and also sending their divine sense out in an explosive tempest.

As the nine Dao Realm experts were working on the altars, back in the Meng Clan in the Eighth Mountain and Sea, one of Meng Hao's granduncles walked into the room and sat down cross-legged. A serious expression flickered on Meng Hao's face, and he placed not just a finger, but his entire palm onto his granduncle's forehead.

Seeing the serious look on Meng Hao's face, his granduncle laughed heartily and said, "Go all out with your cultivation base, my life isn't that important!" As Meng Hao's cultivation base power poured into him, he began to shake.

Meng Hao spent more time with him than he had with the previous five combined. As he extracted the spikes, his granduncle's cultivation base rocketed up madly, and soon was in the great circle of the Ancient Realm.

"Last one!" Meng Hao said. He pulled his hand back, and rumbling sounds could be heard. Blood sprayed out of his granduncle's mouth as the ninth spike few out of his forehead. As it did, it was possible to see a black thread attached to it, which caused Meng Hao's eyes to flicker. He quickly cut the thread, causing a cracking sound to be heard. His granduncle coughed up another mouthful of blood, and yet, his face began to change. He no longer looked like he had just crawled out of a grave. Although he was still old, his face radiated a powerful life force, and his cultivation base progressed even further. He was now past the great circle, and was comparable to the Quasi-Dao Realm!

He laughed heartily as he rose to his feet, his energy surging, and brilliant light shining from his eyes. He was now as he had been before all of the tragedy. He looked down at Meng Hao with a gentle expression and murmured, "It's high time our bloodline rises to prominence again!"

With that, he turned and vanished, reappearing outside, where he took a long, deep breath. Rumbling could be heard as he sucked in a massive quantity of the energy of Heaven and Earth.

When that ninth spike was extracted, and the thread was severed, back in the Seventh Mountain and Sea, the stone spikes on another of the nine altars shattered. Furthermore, the altar itself trembled, and cracks spread out across its surface. It looked like it would collapse at any moment.

The surrounding cultivators' faces flickered, and they performed incantation gestures. The nine Dao Realm experts frowned, once again going to work to stabilize the altars. However, before much time passed, the same thing happened to the fourth altar that had just occurred to all the others.

That was when the second of Meng Hao's granduncles had his final spike extracted, and experienced an incredible increase in cultivation base.

The nine Dao Realm cultivators' faces flickered, and one of them roared. "Dammit, we can't let any more of the altars be cracked. The fifth altar is the primary formation, it mustn't be interfered with! That will influence the entire offensive. Pour your divine sense into it and stop whoever is breaking the formations!"

The other eight had serious expressions in their eyes as they performed incantation gestures and sent their divine sense rumbling out.

Chapter 1264: Just Where Are You...?

Something else happened when four of the altars cracked, something that occurred in the Eighth Mountain and Sea, but not in the Meng Clan. Instead, it was in the Heavengod Alliance, in the very middle of the Eighth Mountain and Sea... on the Eighth Mountain!

At the very peak of that mountain was a heavenly pool, within which was a Xuanwu turtle, sitting there with its eyes closed. Next to the pond was a temple....

Heavengod Temple!

That was where the legendary and mysterious Lord of the Eighth Mountain and Sea resided... Heavengod!

No one other than Heavengod could set foot into that area of the mountain peak, as it was a restricted area. Currently, there was an oil lamp burning in Heavengod Temple.

That lamp burned eternally, and despite the fact that there was no wind, the flame danced, casting flickering lights about in the temple. Also visible within the temple was a huge throne, upon which sat a mysterious-looking figure.

His face was impossible to see. He wore a black robe, and his head was bowed as he sat there, completely unmoving. However, it was possible to see that this Heavengod was wearing a mask.

On that mask was an image of an intertwined turtle and snake....

As one altar after another cracked in the Seventh Mountain and Sea, the figure on the throne began to twitch... almost as if he were waking up.

Each time he did, the flame in the lamp also danced.

The figure on the throne... was the most supreme and paramount figure in the Eighth Mountain and Sea... the Mountain and Sea Lord Heavengod. There were many, many legends about this person. Some said that Heavengod came from the Han Clan. Some said that he came from the Meng Clan. There were some people who claimed that Heavengod had always existed, and did not originate in the Mountain and Sea Realm.

Regardless of any of that, in all the years, no one had ever seen the true features which lay beneath Heavengod's mask. What people saw never changed; he always looked exactly like this.

Gradually, other rumors spread, although few people believed them because of their utter bizarreness. According to those rumors, Heavengod... had not always existed.

According to these legends... Mountain and Sea Lords did not live forever, and in fact, all of them had limited longevity. The only reason they continued to exist was because each Mountain and Sea Lord had a unique way of fooling the Heavens to continue on existing.

Supposedly, one of the methods, the one used by Heavengod of the Eighth Mountain and Sea... was the transference of their legacy. Supposedly, when Heavengod died, he would find a successor to pass on his legacy to, and thus ensure that Heavengod existed forever in a type of transmigration.

Meanwhile, back in the Eighth Mountain and Sea, on one of the Meng Clan's continents, Meng Hao rose to his feet and bowed deeply as his grandmother entered the room.

Meng Hao had not bowed in greeting to anyone else who had entered the room, only to her.

Grandma Meng looked at him with a kind expression on her face, nodding as she sat down cross-legged in front of him. Meng Hao took a deep breath, and a look of concentration covered his face as he sat down somberly.

“Don’t be nervous,” she said quietly. “I’ve lived for a long, long time, and experienced many things. There are few hardships which I would shy away from anymore, so even if you fail, it doesn’t matter. With your two granduncles having been restored, our bloodline is already destined to rise to prominence.

“If I die, the only thing I’ll regret is that I won’t have a chance to see your Grandpa Meng again. I can sense that he hasn’t perished, and that... he isn’t very far away.” Finally, she sighed.

Meng Hao had mixed feelings, especially considering that his grandfather had gone missing while trying to save him.

“Grandma Meng, you won’t have any regrets,” he said softly. “I’m going to succeed in this, and one day, I’m going to find Grandpa Meng too!”

His grandmother chuckled, and the kindness in her eyes grew stronger.

Meng Hao took a deep breath and performed a double-handed incantation gesture. He was now very familiar with how to extract the spikes, and was very confident in his actions. He raised both hands and placed them onto his grandmother’s forehead, then unleashed the full power of his cultivation base!

Even when treating his two granduncles, he had only used thirty percent of the power of his cultivation base. Now, he was going all out. His grandmother began to tremble, and suddenly, nine areas on her body, including her forehead, began to shine with brilliant light.

Those nine areas were where the spikes were located. As soon as Meng Hao saw the glowing light, his face flickered, and he suddenly heard nine voices roaring in his ears.

“Whoever dares to touch this spell formation will die!!” Those nine voices joined together, and their words stabbed into Meng Hao’s mind as if to destroy it.

“You overestimate yourself!” he replied with a cold snort, eyes flickering with killing intent. Because he had cultivated the Dao Divinity Scripture, his divine sense was incredibly powerful. He immediately sent it out to counter the nine wills entering his mind.

He was essentially fighting the Dao Realm now, in a one-against-nine fight!

Rumbling could be heard as Meng Hao trembled. However, his two hands remained firmly in place. As his grandmother trembled, and the light grew more brilliant, the spikes began to be forced out.

It was at this point that, back in the Seventh Mountain and Sea, the nine Dao Realm experts' faces flickered, and they went all out with every scrap of power they could muster, and yet they were completely incapable of doing anything to the person interfering with the spell formation.

“I’m familiar with all the powerful experts in the Eighth Mountain and Sea, where did this person come from?!?!”

“It must be a peak Dao Lord, someone on the verge of becoming a Dao Sovereign! Dammit!”

“Just wait and see how long he can hold out. As long as Heavengod doesn’t wake up and make a move, he won’t have an easy time breaking the altar spell formation!” Roaring, the nine Dao Realm cultivators unleashed their divine sense again in an attempt to stop Meng Hao.

Rumbling sounds emanated as they fought, separated by a vast distance, yet no one besides they themselves could hear it.

Meng Hao’s eyes flickered as he reached down and smacked the ground. The Lightning Cauldron appeared, floating above his head, pulsing with the power of lightning. In the blink of an eye, Meng Hao and his grandmother vanished from the room to reappear in an empty field a vast distance away.

Meng Hao’s grandmother had her eyes closed, and thus didn’t even notice that the teleportation had occurred. Almost as soon as they appeared, he summoned the Paragon Bridge, sending a massive power shooting out in nine different directions.

Intense rumbling sounds echoed out as nine ravines were carved deep into the earth, within which black flames burned.

“Looking to die?!” Meng Hao’s face was grim as his right hand flashed with an incantation gesture. Then he pressed down onto his grandmother’s shoulder, from within which popped out a spike.

His grandmother didn't tremble, but the spike did. It also emanated a black mist which formed together into the face of an old man, who howled at Meng Hao. Meng Hao's eyes went wide, and he quickly sucked in a breath. The face collapsed back into black mist, which Meng Hao then breathed in.

Then he bit down hard, and a scream could be heard. At the same time, back in the Seventh Mountain and Sea, one of the nine Dao Realm experts next to the altars suddenly coughed up a mouthful of blood.

“He consumed the divine sense I sent out!!”

It was at this point that, one by one, the other old men began to cough up blood. First a second, then a third, and a fourth, and a fifth....

Next, rumbling could be heard from the fifth altar as the stone spikes there began to shatter. The altar was trembling, and cracks spread out across its surface.

“Combine all of our power!” roared one of the nine Dao Realm experts. “Prevent the spell formation from being broken! The fifth altar is too important! It must not be broken!!” Immediately, the surrounding 100,000 cultivators performed incantation gestures, and began to murmur complex curse spells. Almost immediately, they began to shiver, and their bodies withered visibly.

Within the space of a few breaths of time, all 100,000 cultivators looked like nothing more than bags of bones. It was a huge sacrifice on their part, but the result was a shocking curse power that surged toward the altar.

In the Eighth Mountain and Sea, Meng Hao sat on the wide plain, hands flickering as he placed numerous sealing marks onto his grandmother. The entire time, she hadn't trembled once, and had kept her eyes closed. It was a completely different scene from when he had extracted the spikes from the others.

That was because she was Meng Hao's grandmother, and he was working as hard as possible to ensure that any pain she felt was reduced as much as possible.

As the spikes were removed, they emanated black mist, which turned into faces. Meng Hao consumed them all, until finally, eight spikes had been forced out. His expression was very serious as he placed both hands onto his grandmother's forehead and then wrenched them backwards.

Shocking rumbling sounds could be heard, as if lightning and thunder were pounding the land. A black spot appeared on his grandmother's forehead as the ninth spike flew out. It was accompanied by numerous illusory figures, all of them screaming as they spewed forth like an eruption.

This was the curse power converged by the sacrifice of the 100,000 cultivators, plus the rage of the final Dao Realm expert directed at anyone who would try to sever this connection's power.

Meng Hao's face turned grim, and he let out a cold snort. Then his right hand lifted into the air, and his eyes began to shine. Almost in the same moment that the curse power touched him, it exploded out into boundless black mist that instantly enveloped him.

However, it was also in that same moment that Meng Hao completely severed the ninth spike from his grandmother. The restrictive spell that had been placed upon her vanished, and the fifth altar in the Seventh Mountain and Sea shattered into countless pieces.

The other four had merely been cracked and fragmented, but now they also exploded, ensuring that of the original nine altars, only four remained intact!

At the same time, in the Heavengod Temple on the Eighth Mountain, the figure seated on the throne began to tremble violently. Almost imperceptibly, the mask flashed with light, as if the eyes behind that mask had opened a sliver. A terrifying pressure then radiated out from within those eyes!

Gradually, the figure's mouth moved, and he said something that no one could hear, something said only to himself.

He said... "Hao'er!"

Meanwhile, back on the vast plain on the continent in the Meng Clan, Meng Hao was trembling. Then he threw his head back and roared, and cracking sounds rang out from inside of him. His cultivation base surged with power, and Greed's life force began to emanate from his fourth Nirvana Fruit.

That was the moment in which his grandmother awoke. As she did, her cultivation base rocketed up, and her eyes opened to see Meng Hao and the black mist covering him.

“Hao’er, you....”

Within the black mist, Meng Hao took a deep breath. Just as he was about to dispel the mist, he suddenly experienced a sensation of extreme danger, coming from out in the starry sky!

“Grandma Meng, I’m fine. You head back now, I just need some time to get rid of this curse.” Eyes narrowing, he suddenly teleported out into the starry sky along with the black mist.

His grandmother’s face darkened, and she fell back a few steps. Looking up into the sky toward where Meng Hao had disappeared, she didn’t even think about her own cultivation base, but instead, began to worry about Meng Hao’s safety.

If something bad happened to him, it wouldn’t matter that her cultivation base had recovered, she would feel unending guilt. Suddenly, she thought about Meng Hao’s grandfather, and she sighed.

“Just... where are you...?”

Chapter 1265: Comeback

Meng Hao teleported out into the starry sky, where he hovered cross-legged, surrounded by black mist. At the same time, further out in the inky black and beyond the continents of the Meng Clan, a figure hovered a great distance from Meng Hao, gazing at him.

It was a handsome young man in a long black robe. His hair floated around him, and in some respects he almost seemed as if he were a part of the starry sky itself. Few people would ever be able to detect his presence.

It was none other than... Ji Dongyang from the Ninth Mountain and Sea!!

As soon as Meng Hao left for the Eighth Mountain and Sea, he had followed, and now here he was, looking at Meng Hao!

Ji Dongyang seemed a bit hesitant, but his eyes glittered. He had been watching Meng Hao for three days now, and currently, a slight smile could be seen on his face.

“This Meng Hao is one cunning, crafty character. Even if the curse power from the Seventh Mountain and Sea is tough to deal with, it shouldn’t have caused him this much of a problem....” Ji Dongyang’s eyes gleamed with decisiveness as he backed up and then vanished.

In the moment that he vanished, Meng Hao was hovering cross-legged above the Meng Clan continent, surrounded by black mist. However, his eyes were flickering as he stared in the direction in which Ji Dongyang vanished.

The curse power was not weak, but just as Ji Dongyang had said, it wasn’t anything that would cause difficulty for Meng Hao.

Three days ago, just when he had been about to dispel the mist, he had suddenly experienced a sensation of crisis coming from the direction of the starry sky. That sensation was too sudden, and was something he almost hadn’t sensed coming. Apparently, the fully-absorbed fourth Nirvana Fruit had bestowed him even keener senses than before.

Meng Hao wasn’t sure of the source of the danger, but he had decided to delay in dispelling the curse, all in the hopes of drawing out whoever it was that was a threat. However, that person was too cautious, and after waiting for three days, had given up.

After a moment of thought, Meng Hao waved his right hand, causing the black curse mist to begin to roil. A moment later, it began to converge inside of him. The three days of refinement ensured that it only took the time it takes an incense stick to burn for the black mist to vanish completely.

The only part that remained of it was a tiny black spot on the tip of Meng Hao’s finger. Shockingly, that was the refined combination of all of the curse power.

Meng Hao looked at his pitch-black fingertip and thought, “Getting rid of this curse power would be a big waste. I’m sure I can find some way to use it.”

After looking out into the starry sky once more, he swished his sleeve and vanished. When he reappeared, he was back down on the Meng Clan continent, where he became a beam of light that shot toward his grandmother’s location.

His grandmother had been waiting nervously for days, so when Meng Hao returned, she breathed a sigh of relief, her eyes radiating boundless affection. Meng Hao was her grandson, and although he might not have a strong blood connection to the others, he was still her direct relative and descendant.

After Meng Hao's return, all of his grandmother's people continued to make cultivation base breakthroughs. That was especially true of Meng Hao's two uncles and three aunts, and even moreso his two granduncles. By now, their cultivation bases had returned to their previous peaks!

His granduncles were in the great circle of the Ancient Realm, and although they had not yet stepped into the Dao Realm, they could battle evenly with Quasi-Dao cultivators.

As far as his grandmother, she was also in the great circle of the Ancient Realm, but now that her cultivation base was restored, Meng Hao could sense some unique fluctuations on her. Apparently... that had something to do with the Meng Clan itself.

As of this point, everyone was making preparations... to make a comeback in the clan!

"The time has come to settle things in the Meng Clan," Grandma Meng murmured. "What once was ours, will be ours once more." The gleam in her eyes had been buried for too long. As she stood there with Meng Hao's two granduncles next to her, rumbling sounds began to echo out.

"It's time to leave. We're... going home!" With that, she took a step forward, joined by Meng Hao's two granduncles, two uncles, and three aunts. All of them transformed into beams of light that shot toward the Meng Clan's central continent.

Meng Hao's expression was calm as he followed along at his grandmother's side. As for the other members of the bloodline, they were told to stay behind; even though their cultivation bases were higher than before, they weren't high enough to allow them to participate in the fight that was about to take place.

Rumbling echoed out as Meng Hao and the others shot toward the main continent. It only took a short time before they arrived at the ancestral mansion.

Mixed emotions could be seen on the faces of his grandmother and granduncles, and as for his uncles and aunts, reminiscence could be seen in their eyes. They had been chased away from this place years ago, and had never imagined that they would be able to return. But now... here they were.

The only reason they could do so was because of Meng Hao, and although you couldn't tell by the expressions on their faces when they looked at him, their hearts were filled with infinite gratitude.

The Meng Clan ancestral mansion was surrounded by a shimmering shield, which was the clan's grand protective spell formation. Meng Hao had clashed with the shield before and knew how powerful it was. Just when he was about to advance toward it, his grandmother held out her hand.

"Hao'er," she said softly, "I can handle this spell formation." With that, she waved her finger at the grand spell formation.

That swipe of a finger caused the grand spell formation, which filled even Meng Hao with dread, to suddenly begin to rumble. Then, a fissure spread out across its surface.

One of Meng Hao's two granduncles turned to explain.

"Your grandmother's skill with spell formations is something that few people in the Eighth Mountain and Sea can match. After marrying into the Meng Clan, she was entrusted with the responsibility of maintaining and adjusting the clan's defensive spell formation. Other than the Patriarchs, nobody else in the clan understands it better than her.

"This spell formation... is your grandmother's most powerful precious treasure."

Then his granduncle transformed into a beam of light that shot into the Meng Clan ancestral mansion.

Meng Hao stared in shock for a brief moment, then looked over at his grandmother and smiled as he followed her along.

Their entering the ancestral mansion threw the entire clan into an uproar. The nine bloodlines were already on guard because of what had happened earlier with Meng Hao, and now that the spell formation was rumbling and rippling, numerous people flew out to investigate.

In the blink of an eye, hundreds of beams of light were flying directly toward them.

"Meng Chen," someone roared, "just what do you-- huh?" The person speaking stopped in mid-sentence. He wasn't the only shocked one; everyone was staring in astonishment at Grandma Meng and the others.

“Y-you’re...”

“They...”

People soon began to recognize who had just arrived, although the only ones who did were old-timers, whose faces were now filled with shock.

“Recognize me?” said one of Meng Hao’s granduncles, stepping forward. “Even if you don’t, that’s fine. I’m Meng Hong!” When his foot descended, everything rumbled violently, and the clouds above roiled. It was as if lightning were striking, and numerous booming explosions echoed out through the ancestral mansion.

Even as the ground quaked, Meng Hao’s other granduncle stepped forward, expression cold. His voice was soft like a hissing viper, causing chills to run up the spines of everyone who heard him speak.

“I’m Meng Yan. It’s been a few hundred years, but there should be a few of you who remember me.”

Gasps could be heard among the hundreds of Meng Clan cultivators up ahead.

“The tenth bloodline. It’s the tenth bloodline....”

“It doesn’t matter if you call us the tenth bloodline or the first,” Grandma Meng said coolly, “Today... we’re back.” She waved her hand, causing the entire defensive spell formation to rumble loudly. The sound was incredible, and it was bolstered by Grandma Meng’s voice until the sound itself whipped around, transforming into a tempest!

It was at this point that rumbling could also be heard from within nine separate districts of the Meng Clan ancestral mansion. Numerous beams of light shot out like lightning, filling the sky above the Meng Clan with over ten thousand beams of light.

Down on the ground were even more members of the Meng Clan, who were looking up into the sky, shocked expressions on their faces as the spell formation rumbled in response to Grandma Meng’s voice.

Soon, all eyes converged onto Meng Hao's grandmother. Then the shocked experts of the clan noticed that Meng Hao was standing right behind his grandmother, and they gasped.

Grandma Meng stood there stoically, looking around. To her, it was easy to differentiate between the various factions that were the nine bloodlines. With a cold snort, she began to advance, and no one made a move to interfere.

Right now, nobody wanted to offend the tenth bloodline, especially considering that Meng Hao was with them. His fight with the Meng Clan Patriarchs had struck fear deep into the hearts of all onlookers.

Before Grandma Meng got very far, she suddenly looked down at the ancestral mansion, toward one particular hall that was surrounded by smaller halls and other buildings to form something like a small city.

"This is where Hao'er's mother once lived...." Grandma Meng said coolly, a domineering air radiating off of her. "Whoever is in there now had better scram immediately.... We're taking the place back."

The faction affected was immediately enraged.

"That's pushing things too far!!"

"This is the ancestral home of the seventh bloodline! How dare you!!"

Next, a cold voice rang out from that large hall. "Liu Xiu, this is too much."

A white-haired old man emerged, whose cultivation base was in the great circle of the Ancient Realm.

"So you still recognize little old me," said Grandma Meng, her eyes flickering with killing intent. "Wasn't it you who watched us getting chased away back then, and did nothing to help? Even worse, you were happy to kick us when we were down." Waving her right hand, she caused the Meng Clan grand spell formation to converge above her head.

Chapter 1266: Not Strong Enough

“Kill them!” Grandma Meng said calmly. The instant her voice rang out, Meng Hao’s two granduncles transformed into beams of light that shot toward the old man outside the hall. Meng Hao’s uncles and aunts also unleashed their cultivation bases as they charged forward.

The old man’s face flickered, and the other members of the seventh bloodline roared and attacked. Instantly, shocking and fierce fighting broke out.

The wave of Grandma Meng’s hand caused a roaring to fill the air that sounded like it came from the mouth of an enormous giant. Under her control, the Meng Clan’s grand protective spell formation became numerous beams of light that shot through the air toward the cultivators of the seventh bloodline.

Miserable screams rang out; although the spell formation wouldn’t kill members of the Meng Clan, the cultivators of the seventh bloodline who were hit by the beams of light experienced an instant drop in cultivation base.

In the end, the protective spell formation became boundless light that covered the entire seventh bloodline.

It didn’t matter how many of them there were, they were incapable of fighting back. The miserable screams continue to ring out, and soon blood began to flow, filling the air with the reek of gore.

Cries of shock and disbelief began to echo about.

“She... she can actually control the protective spell formation!!”

“That’s the Meng Clan’s spell formation! She doesn’t have the blood of the Meng Clan in her, how can she control it!?”

“Is the spell formation actually the Meng Clan’s, or not?!” As the shouts of alarm filled the air, the older experts suddenly remembered something, and their faces fell.

The old man outside the hall roared in rage, and yet was no match for the granduncles. However, this was one of the nine bloodlines of the Meng Clan, and they had many powerful experts, including numerous cultivators in the Immortal Realm. All of them attacked simultaneously, causing massive rumbling to fill the air.

They might have been suppressed by the spell formation, but the cultivators from Meng Hao's grandmother's bloodline were few in number. Just as it seemed like they were about to be overwhelmed, Meng Hao prepared to step in. However, Grandma Meng gave a cold harrumph and pushed her hand down toward the ground.

"Sin Blade, come hither!" she said. The main hall of the seventh bloodline suddenly began to shake, and then a huge crevice opened up, out of which a black light shone. Shockingly, within that light was a black dagger!

The sight of that dagger caused the minds of the Meng Clan cultivators to reel, and their blood to suddenly surge.

"A Sin Blade... I can't believe it's really the Sin Blade.... Those things still exist? How could it be possible!?"

"Sin Blades are formed from thousands of years of clan blood, and are used to punish traitorous clan members. Only three were ever forged, and according to the legends, they were lost in the sands of time. But, that's definitely a Sin Blade!"

"She... she's not a real Meng Clan cultivator, she married into the clan. But it doesn't matter how old she is, she shouldn't be able to control the spell formation and also a Sin Blade!"

The old man from the seventh bloodline stared with wide, disbelieving eyes. He obviously knew what Sin Blades were, but he could never have imagined that there was one buried beneath his bloodline's territory, and furthermore...

... could actually be controlled by this old woman!

Grandma Meng eyed the black dagger, and she seemed to be thinking about the past. With a soft sigh, she made a grasping motion with her right hand, causing the dagger to fly into her grasp. Then, she pointed it at the old man.

"By the authority conferred upon me by the Meng Clan torture hall," she said coolly, "I hereby excise you from the Meng Clan !" As she spoke, a flickering, blood-red sealing mark appeared on her forehead. As soon as the members of the older generation saw that mark, they let out a collective gasp.

“A bloodline seal.... Now it makes sense. As the Grand Elder of the clan back then, Meng Shan would have been qualified to bestow bloodline seals like that, to pass on his legacy to others.”

In that same moment, Grandma Meng slashed the blade toward the old man from the seventh bloodline, causing black light to flare out and then stab down toward him.

He tried to fight back, but was instantly cut down by Meng Hao’s granduncles.

His head flew off of his shoulders, and his body exploded. The other members of the seventh bloodline, even the Elders, were shocked, and immediately began to flee. Grandma Meng ignored them. Then a tremor ran through her which no one except for Meng Hao noticed. He could tell that the so-called Sin Blade really was formed by a convergence of will.

That will came from the spirit of the people who had sacrificed their blood to forge the blade. Because of that, only someone with a bloodline sealing mark could control the weapon. Although nothing seemed out of the ordinary, slashing out with the blade just now had actually injured her. After all, she really wasn’t a true member of the Meng Clan.

As for how she was able to control the grand protective spell formation, Meng Hao had already picked up on some of the clues. He could sense some of his grandmother’s aura within the grand spell formation, and could also sense fluctuations from the spell formation on her.

“It’s not because of any Daoist magic. Actually... the grand protective spell formation is allowing her to control it.” Meng Hao looked thoughtfully at the Meng Clan ancestral mansion, and the tallest structure therein... the enormous statue!

That was not only where the Dao Realm Patriarchs stayed in secluded meditation, it was also the nucleus of the grand protective spell formation.

There were now no more members of the seventh bloodline in the main hall below. They had all fled.

Meng Hao remained in a position behind his grandmother, watching everything play out silently and not interfering. He would comply with his grandmother’s wishes in everything. Truth be told, he only cared about his grandmother’s bloodline; as for the rest of the Meng Clan, they didn’t matter much to him at all.

Grandma Meng turned to Meng Hao, a kind smile on her face as she said, “Hao’er, this is where your mother used to live, and today, I’m bequeathing it to you.” Then she turned, looking coldly in the direction of where the first bloodline lay, in the shadow of the enormous statue.

“That is where we used to live,” she said, proceeding forward. The other members of the Meng Clan who were in her way hesitated for a moment, then fell back to make way, the fear in their eyes clear.

Meng Hao’s grandmother could control the spell formation and the Sin Blade, plus had a bloodline sealing mark. All of that ensured that none of the other bloodlines were willing to attack. After all... they were confident that the tenth bloodline wasn’t out to exterminate all of the other clan members.

However, as Grandma Meng and the others neared the district where the first bloodline was located, a growling voice echoed out from within the enormous statue.

“Enough. We’re all part of the Meng Clan after all. There will be no more internecine strife within the clan. The tenth bloodline has returned, and the whole Meng Clan should be celebrating that. There’s no need for fighting.”

In response to his words, all of the surrounding members of the Meng Clan began to bow their heads. Grandma Meng was the only one who simply looked up at the statue, a complex look in her eyes. After a long moment, she spoke in a raspy voice, “Is that you, Patriarch Meng Yan? I’m fine with holding back from killing, but the place occupied by the first bloodline belongs to us. Tell them to clear out, and we can call an end to the matter immediately!”

“Impossible!” said a cold, grim voice from within the district occupied by the first bloodline. “Your cultivation base is in the piddling great circle of the Ancient Realm. If it weren’t for that Junior generation expert behind you, it wouldn’t matter that you can control the spell formation and the Sin Blade, you still wouldn’t be qualified to cause a ruckus!”

The owner of the voice emerged, a white-haired young boy.

His face was distorted in rage, and he emanated the aura of the Quasi-Dao Realm. However, that aura was filled with a sensation of decay, as if his longevity within the Quasi-Dao Realm was almost completely expended.

That just made him seem more maddened, and as he emerged, killing intent surged. He flicked his sleeve and was just about to continue speaking, when Meng Hao interrupted.

“Pipe down!” he said, his voice cool and calm. His words transformed into a powerful, invisible force which instantly stopped the white-haired boy in his tracks. “When the adults are talking, pipsqueaks like you should keep their traps shut. If you don’t, however many hundreds of years of longevity you have left, I can end them now.” As Meng Hao’s cold voice echoed about, the white-haired boy stood there trembling, eyes bright red as he glared at Meng Hao.

Grandma Meng stood there silently, as did Meng Hao’s granduncles, uncles, and aunts. They had to admit that all of this was happening because of Meng Hao, and if it weren’t for his help, their comeback would have been impossible.

Meng Hao sighed. How could he not have come to realize the same thing himself? It became especially apparent to him when he realized that his grandmother had injured herself in the attack. Finally, he turned, clasped hands and bowed deeply to his grandmother.

“Grandma Meng, may I please take care of the situation?”

His grandmother looked back at him for a moment, then finally smiled.

“I guess there’s no need to hold you back. Alright, go ahead and take care of things.”

Meng Hao smiled, then turned, gaze calm as he looked at the white-haired boy. “Scram!”

“YOU!!” the boy cried, eyes widening, body trembling. It didn’t matter that he wasn’t a match for Meng Hao. Considering he was in front of the entire clan, he couldn’t help but yell at Meng Hao in such a way. After all, his life would be ending soon anyway, so how could he fear death?

Before he could say anything else, Meng Hao snorted coldly. Then, he flickered into motion, suddenly appeared directly in front of the young boy. There, he waved his hand, causing a massive tempest to spring up, with the boy at the center. It rapidly became a tornado, which spread out in the blink of an eye to cover the entire district occupied by the first bloodline, picking up their cultivators and spinning them around, causing bloodcurdling shrieks to ring out.

The white-haired boy was at the center of it all. Meng Hao burned with hatred because of the insulting words he had spoken to his grandmother moments ago, so he waved his hand, causing the

boy to let out a miserable scream. His body trembled and then began to disappear into a haze of blood and gore. His already reduced longevity was now forcibly being scraped away. Within the space of a few breaths of time, he transformed into ash which then faded away.

Everything was deathly silent; all eyes came to rest on Meng Hao, and they were filled with fear.

That was the exact result Meng Hao had been aiming for. He couldn't stay in the Eighth Mountain and Sea for long, and if Grandma Meng wasn't willing to go to the Ninth Mountain and Sea, then he had to ensure that they had a strong position within the Meng Clan.

If their position was strong enough, then when he left, the bloodline would be safe. Anyone who dared to think about provoking them would definitely consider the ramifications first.

“Unfortunately, their position.... isn't strong enough yet,” he thought. Then he looked up at the statue, eyes flashing like lightning as his gaze pierced inside to stare at the five Dao Realm experts sitting there.

Chapter 1267: Together!

In almost the same moment that Meng Hao looked over at the statue, the three lucid Dao Realm experts inside could tell, and their faces flickered.

The Patriarch from the ninth bloodline looked at Meng Hao, then at the members of his own bloodline, and especially Meng De, who wore a very complex expression.

The Patriarch from the eighth bloodline had fought briefly with Meng Hao already, so he sat there gritting his teeth, not daring to emerge. However, his heart was filled with anticipation at the prospect of the Patriarch from the first bloodline stepping into the fray.

That very Patriarch was the last among the group of three to have awakened. He had long red hair which continuously burned with fire, and he currently sat there cross-legged, a grim expression on his face. After a long moment passed, he slowly rose to his feet and stepped forward, appearing outside the statue in front of Meng Hao.

As soon as he appeared outside, the surrounding members of the Meng Clan looked up at him. No one cheered, though; everyone stared at him and Meng Hao.

“You’re not part of the Meng Clan,” the red-haired old man said, his voice ancient and sinister.

“Whether I am or not doesn’t matter,” Meng Hao replied calmly.

“That’s true, it’s not important. Old Eighth, Old Ninth, if you don’t do something, then our Meng Clan is going to fall to a stranger this day.” Flames burst out around the red-haired old man, a manifestation of Essence of flame which caused the surrounding air to distort.

Back in the statue, the Patriarch from the eighth bloodline gritted his teeth, then finally chose to emerge. The Patriarch from the ninth bloodline, the one who had actually met Meng Hao, also came out.

Three Patriarchs had emerged, and finally, anticipation began to shine in the eyes of the Meng Clan cultivators, as well as excitement. In their minds, even if Meng Hao were stronger than he was now, he still couldn’t stand up to the combined might of these three Patriarchs.

“Just the three of you won’t be enough,” Meng Hao said, looking them over. Then his gaze shifted to the two slumbering figures that remained in the statue. “You’ve been awake for a while now, what’s the point in pretending that you’re still asleep?” he said. “You’ve lost the chance to make a sneak attack, so how about I give you the opportunity to come at me five against one?”

“If you win, I’ll give you this treasure.” With that, Meng Hao waved his hand, causing the Lightning Cauldron to materialize up above. It crackled with lightning, and the aura of a precious treasure, causing the three Patriarchs’ eyes to widen, and their minds to spin.

Suddenly, two auras erupted out from within the statue. One of them was not quite at the level of a Dao Lord, but was very close. The other was very much at the Dao Lord level, and apparently was approaching four Essences. However, the little bit that he lacked meant that he was not quite powerful enough to earn the title of Dao Sovereign.

These two were the true Patriarchs of the Meng Clan, and the two of the most powerful forces that the Meng Clan had produced in many, many years.

As soon as their auras appeared, the air next to the three Patriarchs standing outside of the statue flickered, and two people appeared out of nowhere. They looked incredibly old and emanated powerful ripples, especially the nearly-4-Essences expert. He wore a long gray robe, and emanated an air of decay. He looked deeply at Meng Hao and said, “What if you win?”

“If I win, then the five of you must swear Dao oaths to protect my grandmother’s bloodline for a thousand years.” Meng Hao stared at the nearly-4-Essences Patriarch, who was one who he deemed most worthy of his attention. He was curious to see if the fully absorbed fourth Nirvana Fruit would enable him to fight four or more Essences.

“Why only a thousand years?”

“Because a thousand years from now,” Meng Hao replied calmly, “as long as I haven’t perished, no one in the Mountain and Sea Realm would dare to harm any of my relatives in the least.” Although his words seemed wildly arrogant to most of the people who heard them, the five Dao Realm Patriarchs’ expressions turned serious.

After exchanging glances, the five of them then nodded. In truth, they had no choice other than to fight. Besides, the stakes that Meng Hao had offered helped to ease the tension a bit. After all, the matter was an internal affair of the Meng Clan, and handling it in this way would be mutually beneficial.

“Very well!” said the 4-Essences Dao Realm expert. Then, he shot high up into the starry sky, followed by the four other Patriarchs. After all, a Dao Realm battle couldn’t be fought down below, lest the power of the attacks seep out and lead to widespread destruction in the Meng Clan.

Meng Hao looked over at his grandmother, and could see the care and concern in her eyes. He smiled and nodded, then transformed into a beam of light that shot up into the starry sky.

Instantly, certain members of the Meng Clan utilized various magical techniques to project an image of the starry sky down below so that the other clan members could watch the fight.

What they saw was Meng Hao appearing on the battlefield and then, instantly, the five Patriarchs attacking together!

Rumbling filled the starry sky as soon as Meng Hao arrived. The Patriarch from the first bloodline was slightly quicker than the others. An incantation gesture caused a sea of flames to burst out, which then transformed into a huge hand that reached out toward Meng Hao as if to grab him.

The Patriarch from the eighth bloodline threw his head back and roared, smacking his hands together in front of him, which caused a massive windstorm to erupt. That windstorm was backed

by the power of his cultivation base and his Essence of wind. It quickly transformed into a huge tornado which swept out in attack.

The Patriarch from the ninth bloodline made a somewhat strange attack. As he performed an incantation gesture, ripples spread out from his feet, filling the starry sky and causing an enormous mirror to materialize.

Those three attacks were the most normal of the group. There were still two Patriarchs left. The one who was close to being a Dao Lord began to glow with the color of blood, a glow that contained a towering will of slaughter.

Shockingly, this was a type of Essence that was very difficult to cultivate, but very powerful... slaughter Essence!

The final Patriarch was the strongest of the group. He took a deep breath, and as he did, a green glow appeared in the void. In the blink of an eye, even his body turned green, and a ring of green-colored lightning appeared around him. This was none other than Green Lightning Magic!

This was the most powerful Daoist magic in the Meng Clan; green lightning filled the area for a thousand meters around the Patriarch, a completely different type of green lightning than that used by Han Qinglei in the Windswept Realm.

Meng Hao's expression didn't even flicker. Currently, his fourth Nirvana Fruit was completely absorbed, and a mere thought on his part could summon the Door of the Ancient Realm. However, even if he didn't intend to do so, the powerful ripples of his cultivation base meant it was possible that the door might appear on its own.

"Well," he murmured quietly, "before I step into the Ancient Realm, let's see how powerful my battle prowess has gotten!" With that, his eyes gleamed brightly as he shot out toward the Patriarch from the first bloodline. That Patriarch performed a double-handed incantation gesture, causing the enormous, all-powerful hand of flames to speed faster toward Meng Hao.

That hand was formed completely from Essence power, and was so strong that even a Quasi-Dao cultivator who was struck by it would be completely destroyed, let alone weaker cultivators. It could even shatter massive asteroids.

It whistled through the void, seemingly capable of burning everything as it bore down on Meng Hao.

“I won’t be unfair,” Meng Hao said. “Since you’re using flame Essence... then I’ll use the same thing to beat you!” As soon as the words left his mouth, fire raged up around him, the complete manifestation of Meng Hao’s Essence of Divine Flame. As it appeared in full, it instantly began to rumble toward the first bloodline Patriarch’s flame essence.

This was fire fighting fire, and it wasn’t a matter of who could control it better. Rather, the question was... whose Essence was stronger!? Whose Essence was more terrifying!?

Meng Hao waved his hand, causing the flame Essence around him to transform into a giant fist made of flames, which then punched out toward the first bloodline Patriarch’s flame hand.

BOOOOOOMMM....

Everything shook as the Patriarch’s flame hand exploded. Meng Hao’s Divine Flame fist also fell apart, but as it did, it revealed the image of a monkey, which threw its head back and roared.

That roar caused all of the fire out in the starry sky to seethe. The power of Divine Flame then swept up together, forming a huge mouth which shot toward the first bloodline Patriarch as if to consume him. However, in the moment before it did, Meng Hao snorted, causing the flame mouth to stop in place, let out howl of defiance, and then slowly fade away.

The Patriarch from the first bloodline coughed up a mouthful of blood and then fell back into retreat, face flickering with shock. This was the first time he had ever been defeated by a similar Essence, and were it not for the fact that Meng Hao wasn’t in a killing mood, then he would have been killed beyond the shadow of a doubt!

“You lose,” Meng Hao said. Then he took another step, placing him directly in front of the eighth bloodline Patriarch and his screaming windstorm, which shot menacingly toward Meng Hao.

“I can’t use wind Essence,” Meng Hao said, shaking his head. He allowed the windstorm to slam into him, a terrifying force that could even kill a Quasi-Dao expert. Even Dao Realm cultivators of the same level would fear that wind. However, as it swept over Meng Hao, although some wounds appeared... that was the extent of the matter. That caused the eighth bloodline Patriarch to gasp, and instantly flee.

“I concede!” he blurted, expression that of astonishment.

The main source of his fear was that he could see that the injuries inflicted by the powerful windstorm couldn't keep up with how quickly Meng Hao's body was healing itself. Wounds that took two breaths of time to inflict were completely healed up almost instantly....

“What a terrifying fleshly body! How... how do you fight something like this!?!?”

Meanwhile, the members of the Meng Clan were all watching the scene play out on the enormous projection screen.

They could clearly see Meng Hao use flame Essence to defeat the first bloodline Patriarch, and then use his astonishing fleshly body to defeat the Essence Daoist magic of the eighth bloodline Patriarch.

From the position of the audience, he almost seemed invincible!

“C-compared to last time, it seems like he's... even more powerful!!”

“What... what cultivation base does he have? He's so young! How could he be... so strong!?!?”

This was the first time for Meng Hao's grandmother to see how truly powerful he was. As she watched the images on the screen, a broad smile broke out on her face.

As of this moment, she didn't care at all who was responsible for the comeback of the bloodline in the Meng Clan. Whether it was her or Meng Hao didn't matter. That was because... he was her grandson!

Chapter 1268: The Door of the Ancient Realm is Coming!

In almost the same moment that the eighth bloodline Patriarch conceded, the ninth bloodline Patriarch, the old man who had met Meng Hao before, suddenly roared, raising both hands into the air and then clapping them together viciously.

“Mirror Massacre!” he yelled. Almost instantly, the starry sky beneath Meng Hao's feet began to ripple as if with waves. Shockingly, the area beneath him then transformed into a gigantic mirror that reflected everything above it, including Meng Hao and everyone else involved in the fight.

“Eee?” said Meng Hao. He had fought with Dao Realm experts a few times, but this was his first time seeing Essence magic in the form of a mirror. He looked down at his reflection in the mirror, and the other version of himself did the same thing. When their eyes met, Meng Hao could suddenly feel a power like that of possession spreading out inside of him.

At the same time, a bloody glow was closing in on him, within which was the Essence of slaughter. It transformed into a blood-colored blade that slashed down toward Meng Hao. Meng Hao’s right hand flashed with an incantation gesture, causing numerous mountains to descend, blocking the blood blade. However, the blood blade blasted through them and a moment later, slashed Meng Hao himself!

Meng Hao looked down at the wound on his arm, and the blood that oozed out from it; apparently even his restorative powers were incapable of healing the wound.

“Slaughter Essence....” he thought with some indifference. Without a moment of hesitation, he suddenly turned and raised his hand to point behind him. Instantly, the more than 1,000 green lightning bolts which had been shooting toward him stopped in place.

But then, an ancient voice echoed out.

“Detonate!”

BOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOMMMM!

More than 1,000 lightning bolts exploded, inundating Meng Hao. At the same time, a red blade of light shot up from within the mirror down below, slashing toward Meng Hao with an air of blood and slaughter.

At the same time, the over 1,000 bolts of green lighting in the mirror also exploded; apparently the mirror was a type of magic that could cause wounds to double in severity. Meng Hao was surrounded by explosions.

The three Patriarchs who were still in the fight were staring at Meng Hao with serious expressions, having been deeply moved by his display of power.

The three old men exchanged glances, and then one said, “Even if that didn’t kill him, at least it should have seriously injured him....”

But then their faces fell as Meng Hao’s cold voice rang out from within the green lightning. “Well, isn’t this interesting.”

A figure flashed through the void toward the ninth bloodline Patriarch. The old man’s face flickered, and he bit his tongue, spitting up a mouthful of blood.

“Second Mirror!” he cried. Another huge mirror appeared in the void, directly in Meng Hao’s path. When he flew into the mirror, he actually emerged from the location of the first mirror.

As he did, the other two Patriarchs unleashed simultaneous attacks. The blood blade turned into a blood sea, and the green lightning became lightning chains, which shot out toward Meng Hao.

“Third Mirror!”

“Fourth Mirror!” As the ninth bloodline Patriarch roared, blood oozed out of his eyes, ears, nose, and mouth. Four mirrors was his limit, and as he unleashed the magic, more attacks shot out from them.

The appearance of these mirrors caused the power of the various Daoist magics aimed at Meng Hao to increase dramatically. A boundless blood sea and seemingly infinite green chains rumbled through the starry sky toward Meng Hao.

Down in the Meng Clan ancestral mansion, all of the clan members were watching excitedly. As for Grandma Meng, her eyes were filled with concern.

Just in the moment when all the other members of the Meng Clan seemed so excited, an intense rumbling sound echoed out from inside Meng Hao.

“Nice. What a useful Daoist magic you have there!” he said, sounding very enthusiastic. Suddenly, he began to radiate cultivation base power.

Astonishingly, he hadn't been using his cultivation base at all in the fight; he had relied only on his fleshly body strength. But now he called upon the power of an Allheaven Dao Immortal. His energy rose up to towering heights, causing the blood sea to evaporate and the lightning chains to shatter.

At the same time, Meng Hao's drawing upon the power of an Allheaven Dao Immortal caused him to experience the sensation that the Door of the Ancient Realm was coming. Although no one else could sense it, he fully understood what was happening.

The arrival of the Door of the Ancient Realm was imminent. He didn't need to call it; it could descend on its own at any time!

Meng Hao's expression was calm as he strode forward, waving his finger, a motion that caused his Allheaven Dao Immortal power to erupt out, and his four Nirvana Fruits began to rotate inside of him. That wave of a finger seemed capable of shattering the Mountain and Sea Realm. When it landed on the mirror, cracking sounds rang out, and fissures spread out all over its surface. Then it simply shattered.

When the first mirror shattered, the ninth bloodline Patriarch coughed up a mouthful of blood. Then Meng Hao waved his finger again, causing the second mirror to explode.

Then he waved his finger a third and a fourth time!

The third and fourth mirrors both shattered into fragments. The ninth bloodline Patriarch coughed up more blood, and his body withered. When they had first met, this man had acted completely arrogant, but now he was shivering, and his scalp was numb as he cried, "I concede!"

In almost the same moment that the two words left the man's mouth, the void in front of him crumbled, only a few meters away from his position. That area emanated a powerful will of destruction, and the ninth bloodline Patriarch knew that if he had been any slower in conceding, the collapse would have reached him.

The mere thought of that caused him to gasp.

"His gaze. That happened merely from his gaze.... His cultivation base is definitely similar to that of a Dao Sovereign. But how come I can't sense much Essence on him...?"

Even as the ninth bloodline Patriarch conceded, Meng Hao turned and waved his hand toward the Patriarch proficient with the Essences of blood and slaughter. Instantly, the starry sky began to shatter as a rift opened up and the Blood Demon emerged. It threw its head back and roared, which made everyone feel as if the blood in their own bodies had gone out of control. The Blood Demon then charged the Dao Realm Patriarch, emanating brutality, madness, and a thirst for blood.

The slaughter Essence Patriarch's face fell. However, instead of retreating, he suddenly shot forward to fight the Blood Demon. Meng Hao gave a cold snort, appearing suddenly in front of the Blood Demon, whereupon he unleashed a punch.

It was none other than the Life-Extermination Fist!

As the fist flew out, the Dao Realm Patriarch's face fell. He wanted to retreat, but had no time. The starry sky trembled, and blood sprayed out of the Patriarch's mouth. It was only then that he fell back, face filled with astonishment and terror. However, he wasn't giving up. As he retreated, his hands flashed in a double-handed incantation gesture, causing nine coffins to fly out of his bag of holding, all of which emanated a sinister, cold air. At the same time, a funeral garland appeared in his hand, filled with blood-colored flowers!

"Using magical items and a puppet, huh?" Meng Hao asked, looking over at the man.

"There were never any rules that said we couldn't use magical items," the Patriarch replied, his eyes flickering coldly.

It was at this point that the strongest of the five Patriarchs, the one with four Essences, opened his mouth and spit out a green trident. Instantly, the starry sky trembled, and countless bolts of green lightning began to converge on him. Soon, he was shining a bright green color, which, in addition to the green lightning, made him look like an actual green lightning bolt. He hefted the trident and was just about to charge Meng Hao, when a long spear suddenly appeared in Meng Hao's hand. The spear looked like a dragon, and emanated a terrifying aura that caused the void to vibrate and even shatter. This was clearly a precious treasure!

Even more shocking was that as soon as the long spear appeared, the funeral garland in the hand of the slaughter Essence Patriarch began to shake. Then, the blood-colored flower petals began to wilt and dry up!

As for the nine coffins, they emanated strange droning sounds that seemed to be some sort of language. As soon as the Patriarch heard those voices, his face fell.

Things weren't over yet, though. The trident held by the nearly-4-Essences Patriarch almost seemed scared, as if an incredibly powerful enemy had suddenly appeared. The Patriarch's face flickered, and his heart began to thump.

This spear which could cow other treasures was none other than the weapon which Greed had unsealed. If it was the type of weapon that Greed would think was an incredible treasure, then obviously it wouldn't be weak.

"Since you're using magical items, then I guess I'll use one of mine," Meng Hao said coolly. "I happened to meet a kind-hearted person who helped unseal this spear for me. I still haven't had a chance to get used to it, so I'm not sure if I can fully control it. Are you two sure you want to keep fighting?"

He was now convinced that his battle prowess was enough to be able to fight a 4-Essences Dao Sovereign. However, as for whether or not he could fight five Essences, that was a different matter.

As soon as the words left his mouth, the remaining two Patriarchs' faces turned very unsightly. They didn't believe at all what Meng Hao said about a kind-hearted individual unsealing the spear, especially one powerful enough to make their own treasures wither and tremble as if facing some arch-nemesis treasure. Who would believe that a person would voluntarily refine such a treasure for someone else? The more they thought about it, the more Meng Hao's line about the kind-hearted individual seemed like complete nonsense.

Besides, if kind-hearted individuals like that really existed, why had they never run into one...?

To them, Meng Hao was using those words as an excuse. An excuse... to be able to kill them under the guise of stumbling in battle!

"I concede!" said the Patriarch adept with slaughter Essence. Gritting his teeth, he waved his hand, causing the coffins and the funeral garland to vanish.

The nearly-4-Essences Patriarch chuckled bitterly. The green glow faded, and he put his trident away. Then he clasped hands and bowed.

"I also concede," he said, looking at Meng Hao with a smile. "We're all from the same clan, so there's no need to fight to the death. As for the tenth bloodline... I admit that they are the primary

bloodline, and promise to support them. What do you say, young friend. Do you agree to end things here?”

Meng Hao didn't respond. Instead, he looked up into the starry sky, a gleam of anticipation in his eyes....

Simultaneously, the five Dao Realm Patriarchs all looked up in shock.

The Door of the Ancient Realm was coming!

Chapter 1269: Shocking Tribulation!

Ripples spread out in the starry sky, sweeping about, instantly covering the entire area surrounding Meng Hao.

Those ripples contained layers of Dao, and as they spread out, anyone who heard them felt as if they were listening to countless living beings whispering in their ears.

The five Meng Clan Patriarchs' faces flickered as they looked up into the starry sky at... the origin of all of the ripples.

As of this moment, the starry sky was completely quiet, as was the Meng Clan with its central continent and nine auxiliary continents. The only thing which could be heard was the increasingly anxious panting of the audience.

The members of the nine bloodlines, regardless of the level of their cultivation base, could sense the ripples spreading out over the lands, and the indescribable pressure radiating down from the starry sky.

RUMBLE!

The lands began to tremble, breaking the silence as mountains crumbled and rivers suddenly went still.

Every face in the Meng Clan flickered, and their minds filled with roaring sounds.

“That’s....”

“What happened?”

“What’s going on? I can sense an indescribable pressure.... It’s almost like Heavenly Tribulation!!”

Grandma Meng’s eyes went wide as she looked up; she had her speculations about what exactly was happening, but almost couldn’t believe them to be true. It wasn’t just her; all the other Ancient Realm cultivators in the clan were filled with shock and astonishment.

That was especially true when they realized that all of it was happening because of Meng Hao. Then, their astonishment reached a pinnacle.

“This is impossible!”

“The Door of the Ancient Realm!? This aura and pressure clearly indicates that the Door of the Ancient Realm is coming!!”

“No way! That’s not the Door of the Ancient Realm. This pressure far, far exceeds that. If this is really the Door of the Ancient Realm, then... it’s thousands of times more powerful than an ordinary Door of the Ancient Realm!!”

“None of those things are that important. The most important thing to remember... is that this Door of the Ancient Realm is coming for Meng Chen. In that case... his cultivation base.... Could it be in the Immortal Realm!?!?” People felt like their minds were about to explode.

The five Patriarchs up in the starry sky began to fall back, faces flickering with various emotions. Finally, the shape of an enormous door became visible. An ancient, archaic aura began to spread out, and expressions of utter disbelief appeared on the faces of the five Patriarchs.

“The Door of the Ancient Realm. It’s really... really the Door of the Ancient Realm!”

“He... really is in the Immortal Realm. But I’ve never heard of any Immortal who was strong enough to fight the power of the Dao Realm!!”

“Wait, I remember... there is one type of Immortal....”

“Allheaven Dao Immortals!!” The five Patriarchs’ minds were spinning, and as they exchanged glances, each of them could tell how utterly shocked the others were.

As of this moment, every single person in the Meng Clan was having the same reaction. After everyone sensed that it was indeed the Door of the Ancient Realm, massive waves of shock pounded their hearts, and they almost felt as if they were hallucinating.

Meng Hao stood alone in the starry sky, looking up into the boundless expanse, and the majestic ripples which were spreading out. Soon, the shape began to take form... the Door of the Ancient Realm!

Meng Hao’s Door of the Ancient Realm!

By converging Dao Fruit power and pushing open that door, he could be baptized by the Mountains and Seas, gain their approval, and thus, figuratively return to ancient times. He could... search for that ancient path in which the lamps were extinguished but the cultivator was not. Become... an Ancient Realm expert!

“My Door of the Ancient Realm!” he murmured quietly. Meng Hao’s eyes shone with a brilliant light, and in almost the same moment that he spoke, a sound like muffled thunder could be heard ringing out, filled with power that could shake Heaven and Earth.

Amidst the rumbling, massive amounts of ripples spread out, and the Door of the Ancient Realm began to grow larger, larger, larger.... Eventually, clouds actually appeared in the starry sky, spreading out to cover everything.

Shockingly, figures could be seen within those clouds, people who wore clothing from ancient times, and who immediately began to emanate shocking auras.

There were even faint shouts coming from within the clouds, which grew more intense and strong as they echoed out, until finally it sounded like the Heavens were roaring. The ripples grew more intense, and the clouds seethed, covering the entire Door of the Ancient Realm, making its ancient, archaic aura even more prominent.

Soon, the area around the Door of the Ancient Realm began to twist and distort, almost as if time were flowing differently in that area, an area that was almost like another world!

Pressure suddenly exploded out, a terrifying pressure that caused Meng Hao's face to flicker. Without even thinking about it, he fell back a bit.

His hair began to whip about, and cracking sounds could be heard from within his body. It was as if the incredible pressure from Heaven and Earth wished to crush Meng Hao out of existence. Meng Hao's mind began to reel.

"This isn't right!" Meng Hao's pupils constricted, and he fell back again. As for the five Meng Clan Patriarchs, they had long since fled far off into the distance.

They were now filled with intense fear, and their faces had drained of blood.

"Th-that's... the Door of the Ancient Realm? How come it seems even more terrifying than Dao Realm Tribulation!?!?"

"The ancient records don't mention anything about a Door of the Ancient Realm like this. I've never even heard of anything like it. How can a Door like this even be transcended!?"

"This is a grand tribulation of Heaven and Earth. Not even Dao Realm Tribulation can match up to this Door of the Ancient Realm...." The five Patriarchs didn't even think it was possible for anyone to be able to pass through a tribulation like this Door of the Ancient Realm.

They weren't confident that they could deal with it in their current states, and that wasn't even taking into consideration the shocking, terrifying aura that could be felt from the clouds surrounding the door.

Meng Hao's face looked extremely unsightly. As for the members of the Meng Clan down below, they stared with wide eyes at the door and the clouds, which were definitely the most terrifying thing they had ever seen in their lives.

They were one of a very small group of people in the Mountain and Sea Realm... who could personally witness an Ancient Tribulation that actually... exceeded Dao Tribulation!

Meng Hao's face was exceedingly grim. He had believed all along that he would simply breeze through the Ancient Realm. After all, he was already strong enough to fight the Dao Realm. In fact, in the entire Mountain and Sea Realm, there were only a few people who might be able to beat him in a fight. Therefore, Meng Hao had considered himself to essentially be at the peak of the Mountain and Sea Realm.

But now he realized that he had been mistaken. Very, very mistaken. That mistake was not his understanding of the level of his battle prowess, but rather... the fact that an Allheaven Dao Immortal being able to defeat Dao Realm experts in battle indicated that his battle prowess was actually... a complete defiance of the Heavens!

Heaven-defying people would receive Heaven-defying punishment. Perhaps it wasn't merely a matter of ordinary defiance. Perhaps... like everything, a price had to be paid in order to acquire anything. Meng Hao had acquired incredible battle prowess, and the price he now had to pay for that... was an indescribably terrifying Ancient Tribulation!

He looked at the clouds, and the door just barely visible within them, and he could sense death!

"This won't just be a simple matter of opening the door and stepping into the Ancient Realm, then going through the process of extinguishing the lamps.... To me, the Ancient Realm will not be passed through casually. It will be a series of deadly crises.... As an Allheaven Dao Immortal, it's something that must happen...." Now that he finally understood, he sighed.

"I wonder if there were Allheaven Dao Immortals in the Paragon Immortal Realm... who succeeded in getting past the Ancient Realm and into the Dao Realm?" That question caused Meng Hao to suddenly feel completely shaken by this shocking Door of the Ancient Realm. He truly wished to know whether or not an Allheaven Dao Immortal had ever succeeded.

It was at this point that rumbling sounds could be heard from within the clouds. It almost sounded like people shouting, and it caused everything to shake. The minds of all the people up in the starry sky began to tremble.

The five Patriarchs' faces were pale white, and without any hesitation, they shot back down toward the Meng Clan continent, where they activated the Meng Clan's grand defensive spell formation, cutting themselves off from Meng Hao.

Apparently they feared the possibility of the tribulation of the Door of the Ancient Realm pulling them in....

Although they knew that tribulations only targeted individual cultivators, and not bystanders, the terrifying nature of this Ancient Tribulation left them completely petrified.

Now, Meng Hao was the only person left out in the starry sky, facing the boundless clouds and the enormous Door of the Ancient Realm. Compared to them, he looked like nothing more than an ant.

Despite the intense sensation of deadly crisis, Meng Hao looked calm as he studied the clouds. It was at this point that his grandmother's voice could be heard calling out anxiously from the continent down below.

“Hao'er, get down here into the spell formation!” As she cried out, an opening appeared within the spell formation shield.

The appearance of the opening caused the five Patriarchs to cry out in fear. “Absolutely not!!”

Meng Hao looked back down at his grandmother. Her clear state of anxiety warmed his heart, but he shook his head.

“Grandma Meng, this... is my Tribulation!” With that, he turned, unleashed the power of his cultivation base, and shot toward the clouds. “It doesn't matter whether the process is difficult or easy. I'm still going to give it a shot, no matter what!

“I've been practicing cultivation for hundreds of years now, and I'm an Allheaven Dao Immortal. I'm not sure if there were people like me in the past, but... since I've gained so much, I have to pay the price!

“This Ancient Tribulation is that price, and it's nothing more than a thorny patch on the road stretching out in front of me.

“I'll just pluck the thorns up and keep going. If there were Allheaven Dao Immortals in the past who walked in the Ancient Realm, then I'm going to do the same thing!” Meng Hao threw his back and laughed, then shot like lightning toward the clouds.

He was directly tackling the tribulation of the Door of the Ancient Realm!

Chapter 1270: Weird!

To most cultivators, the Ancient Realm was just another level. By walking the ancient path, one could follow in the footsteps of their ancestors, they would search the techniques they possessed to find... the most original strand of Essence that was hidden within them.

By extinguishing one Soul Lamp after another, one could sink further and further into one's own self, into the depths of one's cultivation base....

In the end, in the great circle of the Ancient Realm, when Essence began to stir and life force thrived, Dao Tribulation would occur. One could tread the Dao path and enter... the Dao Realm, to become a truly almighty figure in the Mountain and Sea Realm.

During that process, each lamp that was extinguished was a deadly crisis, which made the Ancient Realm very difficult.

Meng Hao had originally assumed that his journey through the Ancient Realm would be the same. He would rely on his cultivation base to reduce the level of difficulty and make things much easier. But now he understood what the Ancient Realm meant to an Allheaven Dao Immortal... it was a truly deadly situation.

The difficulty level involved was many times greater than that of the ordinary Ancient Realm. Generally speaking, when it came to the deadly act of extinguishing Soul Lamps, the success rate was about fifty percent. When it came to Allheaven Dao Immortals though, it could be considered more like ten percent!

Allheaven Dao Immortals were vastly more powerful, and their tribulation was far more deadly.

Meng Hao took all these things which he had been thinking about and buried them in his heart as he sped forward. In the blink of an eye, he was closing in on the seething clouds.

Even as he neared, the clouds churned as a figure emerged from within them. It was a person who wore ancient clothing, and yet... completely lacked any facial features!

It was... a faceless man!

He moved with incredible speed as he closed in on Meng Hao, performing an incantation gesture at the same time. Rumbling could be heard from the clouds, transforming the energy of Heaven and Earth into numerous stone fragments which spun toward Meng Hao. The faceless man brimmed with towering killing intent, as if Meng Hao were an archenemy he could not live under the same sky with, as if he would not rest until one of them was dead.

Meng Hao's eyes flickered with killing intent as the faceless man bore down on him. He didn't slow down at all, but instead barreled forward. When the stone fragments hit him, they shattered, and Meng Hao shot like a meteor into the faceless man.

"DIE!" he growled, grabbing the faceless man's throat and crushing it. A bang could be heard as the faceless man exploded into pieces. However, there was no flesh and blood; instead, he faded away into streams of mist that then surged back into the cloud mass.

Next, three more faceless men flew out. When their cultivation base power emanated out, astonishingly, it was in the great circle of the Ancient Realm. Their attacks caused the starry sky to tremble, and the clouds to churn. However, Meng Hao's only response was a cold snort as he advanced, waving his sleeve, his cultivation base surging.

The three faceless men collapsed into pieces, completely incapable of resisting Meng Hao at all. However, an unsightly expression could be seen on Meng Hao's face. He didn't look happy at all, and the reason was... he had just begun the tribulation, and was already facing a humanoid tribulation of the great circle of the Ancient Realm. As for what would be coming later... he could only imagine.

What caused his heart to sink even further was that there was an incredible pressure pushing at him from behind. Apparently, even if he didn't want to try to transcend the tribulation, and attempted to flee, that pressure would prevent him from doing so.

"I'm... being forced to face the tribulation...." he murmured. He rotated his cultivation base again, and rumbling sounds could be heard as he shot toward the clouds. Next, six faceless men appeared, and this time, they weren't in the great circle of the Ancient Realm, but rather, appeared to be closer to the Quasi-Dao Realm.

They moved so fast they looked like lightning bolts as they closed in on Meng Hao.

"Scram!" Meng Hao barked. The sound of his voice exploded out, causing the six lightning-like figures to explode, and causing even the clouds to churn.

These opponents didn't count for much to Meng Hao, and his eyes burned like fire as he continued to press on.

“You don't have to force me to try to transcend this tribulation.... I've been looking forward to it for a long time!” He took another step forward, causing the starry sky to shudder, and the roaring in the clouds to grow more intense.

At the moment, countless members of the Meng Clan were down in the ancestral mansion, eyes glued to the scene which was playing out, looks of shock written on their faces.

That was especially true of the five Patriarchs, whose eyes were wide as they watched.

“Ordinary Ancient Tribulation sends lightning out of the clouds, or perhaps five elements magic. It isn't until the very end that the humanoid tribulation comes....”

“If your cultivation base is high enough, and you seize the moment, you might not even have to wait for those terrifying humanoid creatures to appear before opening the Door of the Ancient Realm....”

“But in this Ancient Tribulation, the humanoid figures appeared at the very beginning. How could you possibly transcend this...?” The five Patriarchs couldn't help but share a shocked glance with each other.

Meng Hao's grandmother was trembling from extreme anxiety. Unfortunately, there was no way for her to help Meng Hao; she could only look on as he tried to transcend the tribulation, her heart stinging as if from the stabs of a knife.

Behind her were Meng Hao's granduncles, uncles and aunts, and all of them looked incredibly nervous.

Although not everyone in the Meng Clan felt worried for Meng Hao like his direct relatives, they were all shocked. Meng Hao had now closed about twenty percent of the distance to the clouds, and as he was speeding along, more roaring could be heard as, shockingly, twelve figures shot out at top speed.

Those twelve figures... were in the Quasi-Dao Realm!!

Meng Hao's heart sank further.

“Twelve Quasi-Dao. Will the next group have twenty-four 1-Essence Dao Realm enemies? Then forty-eight 2-Essences? Ninety-six... Dao Lords.... One hundred and ninety-two 4-Essences? Then four hundred 5-Essences. Eight hundred Dao Sovereigns....?” As Meng Hao followed this train of thought, his scalp began to go numb.

“Impossible. This tribulation comes from the Mountain and Sea Realm, and the will of the Mountain and Sea Realm cannot be interfered with. Even I, the future Lord of the Mountain and Sea Realm, must face this tribulation and experience this life-or-death struggle. But there's no way that eight hundred Dao Sovereigns are going to come out....” Face pale, Meng Hao gritted his teeth and shot forward to begin fighting with the twelve Quasi-Dao enemies.

He transformed into an azure roc which sped forward. Immediately, the Quasi-Dao enemies began to fall apart, and yet they didn't dissipate, but instead, self-detonated!

Shocking booms rang out, and a fierce expression could be seen on Meng Hao's face as he shot off into the distance in an azure flash. A Quasi-Dao self-detonation creates a destructive force that would cause even Dao Lords to frown. Meng Hao swished his sleeve, causing the force to fade away. Although it looked like he didn't need to use much cultivation base power, Meng Hao was well aware that if he kept going... he wouldn't be able to get very far through the clouds.

“I can't let these clouds continue to grow. I need to get to the Door of the Ancient Realm as quickly as possible, that's my only chance!” Meng Hao clenched his jaw. Then, the azure roc threw its head back and roared. Meng Hao transformed into an azure beam that sped into the clouds, rocketing toward the Door of the Ancient Realm.

However, before he could get very far, numerous cold snorts could be heard echoing around him. Astonishingly... four faceless Dao Realm enemies appeared!

Those four faceless men were all 1-Essence cultivators, but as soon as Meng Hao laid eyes on them, his eyes glittered, and he breathed a sigh of relief.

“Only four, huh...?”

As the four faceless men closed in, he clenched his right hand and punched out. The starry sky shook, and a massive windstorm swept out, instantly shattering the four Dao Realm enemies.

As they fell to pieces, Meng Hao suddenly felt a cold chill on his spine. Without the slightest hesitation, he shot forward. However, the coldness remained at his back, almost as if... there were someone behind him, breathing down his neck.

Meng Hao sent his divine sense out, but didn't see anyone. But then, his face fell. Gritting his teeth, he spun around, and when he did, his scalp felt like it would explode. Standing there right behind him, almost touching his face, was... a white-robed woman.

She had long hair, pale skin, and listless eyes that stared dead at Meng Hao. Everything was very quiet; this woman's sudden appearance on the scene was very strange. Why couldn't he see her with divine sense?

Meng Hao's pupils constricted, and just when he was about to back up, the woman suddenly reached out and grabbed him. She moved so quickly that he couldn't dodge, and in the briefest of moments, her hand closed around his arm. Then she suddenly began to pull him further into the clouds.

Meng Hao's face flickered. The place where the woman held his arm felt ice cold, and pulses of some sort of aura of decay were boring into him. Apparently that aura wished to corrode his entire body away.

Most shocking of all was that, as the woman dragged him along, the clouds up ahead transformed into a huge mouth, which was apparently where the woman was dragging him.

A sensation of deadly crisis rose up inside of Meng Hao, and he had the intense feeling that if the cloud mouth swallowed him up, he would be completely dead in spirit and body!

"Scram!" he shouted, causing the Paragon Bridge to erupt with power. An amorphous bridge appeared outside of him, and he wrenched himself free from the woman's grasp, and fell back.

The white-robed woman looked at the Paragon Bridge behind Meng Hao, and laughed. The laughter contained something completely blood-chilling about it as it echoed out.

Meng Hao could sense how terrifying this Ancient Tribulation was, but he couldn't flee. Gritting his teeth, he continued to speed in the direction he remembered the Door of the Ancient Realm being.

"Faster. Faster. Must go faster..." Meng Hao knew that his only chance to transcend the tribulation was to avoid spending a lot of time fighting in the clouds.

Just as he began to speed forward, four more figures appeared, figures that were far more powerful than the four he had fought moments ago.

2-Essences Dao Realm enemies!