

## The Heavens 1271

### Chapter 1271: Foreigners Invade!

While Meng Hao was in the middle of transcending the tribulation, something else was happening in the starry sky not too far away from the Meng Clan, although nobody could detect it, not even Meng Hao. Numerous black willow leaves could be seen floating there, each one fully 3,000 meters long. The veins of the pitch-black leaves were clearly visible on their surfaces, and it almost looked like there was blood flowing through them, giving the leaves a completely bizarre appearance.

There were dozens upon dozens of them, and on the surface of each were dozens upon dozens of cross-legged cultivators, altogether, about a thousand in total.

Each one of them was very calm, with coldly flickering eyes. They wore long black robes, and had extremely cold auras. Furthermore, closer examination revealed that the cultivation bases of these thousand cultivators was unexpectedly... in the Ancient Realm!

Some were in the early Ancient Realm, others in the great circle. If Meng Hao could see them, he would definitely find them familiar. That was because their auras were exactly the same as the people who had attacked Meng Hao and Meng De on their way back to the Meng Clan!

More shocking was that on some of the willow leaves were cultivators who radiated Essence aura. There were a total of seven, all of them Dao Realm experts!

Among those seven people were men and women, young and old. However, none of them were weak. As for the three strongest, two were Dao Lords, and one, a young boy, had a cultivation base... that could even suppress transformations in the starry sky. He... was a 5-Essences Dao Sovereign!!

4-Essences Dao Realm cultivators could be called Dao Sovereigns, but that was only the threshold of that realm. 5-Essences was a true Dao Sovereign, and 6-Essences counted as the peak. In all of the Mountain and Sea Realm, 5-Essences Dao Sovereigns and above were considered the most powerful of all experts, people who were so domineering they could vie for the position of a Mountain and Sea Lord. People like that had statuses which ensured that wherever they went in the Mountain and Sea Realm, they could cause a huge sensation.

Right now, just such a person had appeared outside the Meng Clan.

“So someone is transcending tribulation...” the boy said, “and a very bizarre Ancient Tribulation at that...”

“There is something about his aura which I find completely unsettling.... Well, notify the sects in the area which come from the Seventh Mountain and Sea to make the first move. Have them ascertain the current situation.

“Our Mountain and Sea Lord has instructed that we be very careful. There are to be no slipups. After this mission is accomplished... not a single person from the bloodlines of the Meng Clan will remain!” The boy then closed his eyes.

As his voice echoed out, orders were distributed, passed out into the starry sky to numerous asteroids and floating continents in the Eighth Mountain and Sea that didn't belong to the Heavengod Alliance. Within those sects, figures appeared who accepted the orders from the young boy.

When the orders were received, the first result was silence. But then, sighs could be heard. Next, the Patriarchs of those sects issued further orders, causing their sects to mobilize and then transform into beams of light... that flew out toward... the Meng Clan!

There were dozens of such sects, each one of which dispatched no less than a thousand cultivators. Soon, tens of thousands of cultivators were flying from different directions toward the Meng Clan, drawing closer and closer by the minute.

Storm clouds were gathering!

This was the first war to ever break out between the Seventh Mountain and Sea and the Eighth Mountain and Sea, and apparently... the first battleground would be the Meng Clan. However it ended, it would surely cause a huge sensation in the Eighth Mountain and Sea.

Furthermore, considering the army was led by a Dao Sovereign, their first target in the war wouldn't be selected lightly. It would either be picked because of its strategic value or its overall importance in the Eighth Mountain and Sea!

In any case, Meng Hao was in the middle of transcending tribulation, and all the cultivators of the Meng Clan were completely mesmerized by it. However, anyone who was watching closely would

notice that as soon as that boy issued orders... there were people in the crowd on the Meng Clan continent whose eyes suddenly flickered with nearly imperceptible light.

It was as if a wind were blowing down from the heavens, sweeping across the world... filling it.

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RUMBLE!

Within the clouds out in the starry sky, Meng Hao was performing a double-handed incantation gesture as he faced off with the four 2-Essences faceless men. He unleashed the Mountain Consuming Incantation, causing numerous mountains to descend, emanating boundless pressure, crushing everything, sending the four faceless men into retreat.

Meng Hao's eyes flickered with killing intent, but instead of taking the time to kill them, he transformed into an azure roc and shot onward. He didn't have time for this humanoid tribulation.

However, in the same moment that Meng Hao began to move, his eyes widened as he realized that up ahead in the clouds... was a swing!

Sitting on the swing with her back to him was a young girl, swinging back and forth. Her laughter rang out like the tinkle of bells, and yet when it reached Meng Hao's ears, it caused his mind to reel.

He then craned his neck to examine the situation closer, only to find that the girl had vanished. Only the swing was left behind, gently swaying back and forth.

Meng Hao's eyes flickered but he didn't stop moving. Suddenly, as he was continuing forward, he sent the power of the Paragon Bridge exploding out behind him. In almost the same instant that it appeared, he suddenly heard hissing sounds coming from that same direction.

He looked back coldly and caught sight of the girl he had just seen, heading in the opposite direction, her head bowed. The hissing sounds were coming from that very girl.

Seemingly able to detect Meng Hao's gaze upon her, the girl suddenly looked up. When that happened, Meng Hao's eyes went wide as he realized that the girl's mouth and eyes had both been sewn shut, and that black blood was slowly oozing out from their edges....

The strange sounds coming from her suddenly caused Meng Hao's body to shiver. Then, he realized that he was being dragged along with her, his body completely out of his control.

The things that were happening were completely shocking. In his practice of cultivation down to this day, he had experienced many things. However, it was only in these clouds surrounding the Door of the Ancient Realm that he felt such shock rising up from his heart.

He tried to rotate his cultivation base, but it almost felt as if it were separated from his body. Not even the Paragon Bridge could be summoned, nor could any of his other techniques or magical items.

The only things he could operate were his Nirvana Fruits. Suddenly, wild power poured out of them as he fought back against the girl, and those seemingly unending hissing sounds.

Even as she dragged him off into the distance, the power of his four Nirvana Fruits surged out, causing rumbling sounds to echo about as some sort of connection to the girl was severed. A tremor ran through Meng Hao, and blood sprayed out of his mouth. The girl screamed, but didn't stop moving, and soon vanished into the clouds.

Meng Hao took a deep breath. His face was pale, and despite the level of his cultivation base he still felt a sense of powerlessness in this situation. Both the white-robed woman and the girl filled him with an entirely creepy sensation. It was almost as if... his current self wasn't actually at a level that could deal with such things.

"So this is the Ancient Tribulation of an Allheaven Dao Immortal...."

"In the Ancient Realm, one must seek the path of the ancestors, search for the Essence of one's techniques.... Well I guess that means that my version of the Ancient Realm involves searching for the source of the Allheaven Dao Immortal bloodline!"

"I refuse to believe that other people see such strange things when they deal with the Door of the Ancient Realm. I have the feeling that both the white-robed woman and that girl have something to do with the secrets of the Allheaven Dao Immortal bloodline!" Meng Hao's face was unsightly, but in his eyes persistence still shone as ever. His body flickered as he once again shot through the clouds in the direction of the Door of the Ancient Realm.

“The bizarre phenomena only happened in the clouds, after I encountered the faceless men. First were the 1-Essence Dao Realm enemies, and then the white-robed woman appeared. Next were the 2-Essences enemies, and then the girl appeared.... In that case, the next thing I face... should be 3-Essences Dao Lords!” Meng Hao shot forward like lightning, drawing ever closer to the Door of the Ancient Realm. Suddenly, the clouds up ahead seethed, and four figures emerged.

Just as Meng Hao had guessed, these four faceless men were emanating cultivation base fluctuations of... 3-Essences Dao Lords!

If Meng Hao hadn't fully absorbed his fourth Nirvana Fruit, then when fighting any one of these faceless men, he would have only been able to fight to a draw, and would have been seriously injured at that. But things were different now. Meng Hao's eyes glittered as he proceeded onward.

Rumbling could be heard as the Paragon Bridge appeared. The power of an Allheaven Dao Immortal exploded out, and then Meng Hao appeared directly in front of one of the faceless men. He reached out and touched the man's forehead with his finger, and the man exploded.

However, in the moment that the man exploded, Meng Hao's face flickered and shot backward. The exploding faceless man became a mist which, instead of returning into the clouds, transformed into a mist rope that shot toward Meng Hao. At the same time, the other three faceless men collapsed into pieces and also transformed into ropes, which then snaked toward Meng Hao.

Even as Meng Hao dodged to the side, a cold voice suddenly rang out from the clouds up ahead. It was the voice of a man, and the words it spoke were simple.

“Cease all movement!”

Meanwhile, outside of the clouds that surrounded the Door of the Ancient Realm, even as the members of the Meng Clan were riveted on the Ancient Tribulation, tens of thousands of beams of light were closing in on the Meng Clan.

None of them paused for even a brief moment; the cultivators had their jaws clenched, and radiated killing intent. Soon, they were actually within the territory of the Meng Clan, which suddenly caused a red light to spread out from the huge statue in the ancestral mansion.

When the Meng Clan cultivators saw that red light, their faces filled with shock. The five Patriarchs' faces also flickered with astonishment.

“That red light means... foreigners are invading!!”

“Foreign invaders are here!!”

As the voices rang out, rumbling sounds could be heard from the nine auxiliary continents as the clan’s protective spell formation automatically activated. It rapidly spread out to cover the entire clan, and fight back against the tens of thousands of attacking cultivators.

In the blink of an eye, countless cold voices could be heard echoing out.

“Meng Clan, blood calls for blood. The debt you owe to the House of Heaven and Earth... will be repaid today!”

“The Meng Clan is already weak. There is no place for you in the Eighth Mountain and Sea anymore. We have risen up this day to exterminate you, to put an end to that old legend that the Meng Clan will exist for all eternity!”

“The Cloudlands Sect is here to eradicate the Meng Clan!”

“The Water-Dao School is here to put an end to our grudge!”

“Even the fierce lion will grow old one day. That day has arrived, and on this day... funeral bells will toll for the Meng Clan!”

Chapter 1272: Retreat Is Not an Option!

Meng Hao was still in the clouds by the Door of the Ancient Realm, so he had no idea what was going on with the Meng Clan. The intense pressure weighing down on him made it so that even if he sent out divine sense, it would be shattered.

Furthermore, all of his energy was focused completely on the Ancient Tribulation. This was actually the most dangerous tribulation that he had faced in his entire life!

Even he wasn't absolutely certain whether or not he could succeed. However, the tribulation had descended, and whether he wanted to or not, he still had to attempt to transcend it. If he failed, he would die. The only chance he had to live... was to transcend the tribulation.

Massive rumbling sounds echoed out as Meng Hao faced the greatest danger of his life. Not even in the Windswept Realm had he faced a crisis like this. Currently, he was facing four 3-Essences Dao Lords, faceless men who had transformed into ropes that were now closing in on him.

Just as Meng Hao was in the middle of dodging, a sinister voice spoke out from the clouds. "Cease all movement!"

As soon as those three words entered Meng Hao's ears, the entire world seemed to go quiet and stop moving. It was as if they contained some boundless magical power that made Meng Hao cease all movement; suddenly, he hovered stock still within the clouds, completely motionless.

Actually, it was only Meng Hao who experienced such motionlessness. Everything else was normal, and the four ropes quickly began to wrap Meng Hao up. Two of them encircled his arms, hoisting him up as the other ropes bound his legs together, making it impossible for him to even struggle.

Simultaneously, another figure emerged from the clouds, an old man wearing a long gray robe. This man seemed completely ancient, as if even walking were difficult for him. However, his eyes shone with a brilliant light, and even avarice, as he stared at Meng Hao.

"It's been so many years...." the old man murmured as he slowly approached Meng Hao. "At long last, the Dao Immortal Ancient Tribulation that we've been waiting for, has come.... You.... Are you the Dao body sacrifice offered by the later generation...? A perfect Dao body...."

"I'm definitely going to succeed.... I will return. In fact, I'm already returning. Back then, we defeated those two people, but at far too great a cost. In fact, that cost was so great that we had to flee...."

As he neared, the clouds around him seemed to pass through countless years of time. They even changed colors, and behind the old man, the starry sky seemed to also pass through tens of thousands of years of time. Everything seemed to wither with age, and Meng Hao seemed to get older the closer the man got.

Even the ropes on his body began to decay. Then, the old man reached out with a skeletal hand, and tapped his finger toward Meng Hao's forehead, his expression one of keen anticipation.

Just as his fingertip was about to touch Meng Hao, Meng Hao's eyes glittered. A cold glow could be seen as he suddenly uttered two words.

“Battle Weapon!” Instantly, a beam of light shot out from within his bag of holding. It was the copper mirror, and as it flew out, a vigorous power erupted. The copper mirror fused into Meng Hao's right hand, and in the blink of an eye, it had turned into a long, wicked blade!

This was... the Battle Weapon!

The sudden appearance of the Battle Weapon caused the starry sky to fill with rumbling sounds. The clouds churned, and the old man with the outstretched hand suddenly screamed. His eyes were fixated on the Battle Weapon, his expression one of disbelief and shock. Instantly, he began to fall back.

All of a sudden, he began to shout words that Meng Hao couldn't possibly understand.

“It's you, it's YOU.... They said to wait for you.... I can't believe that after all these years, it's you...” Even as the old man fell back, a flash of killing intent flickered in Meng Hao's eyes. Rumbling sounds filled his body as he cast off the decaying ropes, then shot forward like a shooting star toward the old man.

As they sped along in prismatic beams, Meng Hao roared and slashed out with the Battle Weapon. An explosively glowing light shot out, causing the clouds to fall back. It was a blade glow that, as it slashed out, caused the old man to tremble violently. Even as he began to fade away, he spoke in a growling voice that echoed out in all directions.

“I'll be back.... Now that I know it's you, you're DEAD!”

“Blah blah blah!” Meng Hao said with a cold harrumph. The blade glow slashed through the clouds, opening up a path, which Meng Hao followed with his eyes until he caught sight of... the Door of the Ancient Realm!

Just now, he really had been rendered immobile, and had been completely restrained by the three ropes. However, in the critical moment, his four Nirvana Fruits had exploded with power, allowing him to shake off some of the effects and then unleash his most powerful item, the Battle Weapon.



Meng Hao suddenly flashed into motion, becoming a beam of light that shot toward the Door of the Ancient Realm. He could sense that time was wasting away, and that the tribulation within the clouds had already reached a terrifying level. If he didn't get the Door of the Ancient Realm open, and get rid of the clouds, then he would surely die.

In the instant that Meng Hao charged forward, rumbling sounds could be heard, and roaring echoed out in the starry sky. Shockingly, four figures emerged from the clouds to stand in front of Meng Hao. They were... 4-Essences faceless men!

The instant they appeared, they shot toward Meng Hao. Although they had no facial features, they radiated a murderous aura that instantly weighed down onto Meng Hao.

Even Meng Hao would have to be very careful when facing four 4-Essences Dao Realm enemies. However, he was running out of time, and the clouds were becoming more terrifying by the second. Beads of sweat were running down his forehead, and his eyes were wide.

The level of danger he was now facing was completely unheard-of.

"Screw off!" Meng Hao roared, shooting forward toward one of the faceless men. Ignoring any potential chance of being injured, he slammed into him viciously. The faceless man was knocked back, but simultaneously performed an incantation gesture and waved his finger. A wild Essence power exploded out, causing Meng Hao to cough up a mouthful of blood. A vicious expression twisted Meng Hao's face, and he was just about to take advantage of the faceless man's backpedaling to charge past him, when two other faceless men closed in. Meng Hao's Battle Weapon flashed with light as he slashed it toward them!

He didn't hold back anything from his cultivation base in that attack. Explosive power burst out, and the blade glow was instantly upon the two faceless men. However, they didn't attempt to dodge. Instead, they quickly performed incantation gestures and then pressed down onto their bodies, instigating a self-detonation!

Although Meng Hao had predicted that possibility, in the face of a self-detonation by a 4-Essences Dao Realm opponent, he had no option other than to evade. Blood sprayed out of Meng Hao's mouth, and numerous wounds were opened up. However, he had no time to pay any attention to them. As he fell back, the Lightning Cauldron appeared. Even as the final faceless man closed in, Meng Hao transformed into an azure roc and smashed through the man. Blood oozed out of his mouth as lightning then surrounded him, creating an electric lake that shot toward the Door of the Ancient Realm.

Closer and closer!

3,000 meters. 2,400 meters. 1,800 meters.... It was at this point that, all of a sudden, four more faceless men appeared in front of him. When their cultivation base power radiated out, Meng Hao's mind spun. These were... 5-Essences Dao Sovereigns!

These four were completely different from the other faceless men he had fought. These four had eyes on their faces!

Their expressions were completely merciless, and radiated boundless coldness. Each and every one of them possessed Heaven-shaking, Earth-shattering energy. If any one of them could leave the clouds and emerge into the Mountain and Sea Realm, they would be powerful experts whose fame would spread throughout the entire Mountain and Sea Realm.

And now, four of them had appeared simultaneously. All they did was hover there, and they already emanated towering pressure that caused everything to shake violently.

Actually, the most powerful type of Dao Sovereign had six Essences; 4-Essences and 5-Essences merely led up to that most powerful state.

Meng Hao had already reached his limit by slaying 4-Essences Dao Sovereigns. After Greed remolded his fleshly body, and then fully fused with his Nirvana Fruits, his battle prowess was essentially equivalent to having five Essences.

Therefore, he wasn't confident at all in fighting a 5-Essences enemy. At most, they could fight to a draw and inflict serious mutual wounds. And yet, these 5-Essences faceless men were a bit different, and Meng Hao's eyes flickered with a mad light.

"Not giving me any chance to transcend the tribulation, huh...? Well, it's not completely hopeless. After fighting all of these faceless men, it's become clear that they're not really exactly the same as Dao Realm experts in the real world. They're missing a lot, including sentience. All they have is their cultivation base... they're essentially as mindless as puppets!" Meng Hao's eyes flickered with coldness, but there was little time. The terrifying, suffocating pressure grew on both sides, and howling sounds grew closer.

Even just the howls were enough to cause Meng Hao's scalp to go numb at the thought of what other terrifying entities might exist within the clouds.

“And here I thought this was nothing more than an Ancient Tribulation....” He smiled bitterly. How could he ever have imagined that an Ancient Tribulation would be this incredibly difficult....

Gritting his teeth, a light of madness filled his eyes as he shot forward. Waving his hand, he caused numerous mountains to descend, materialized a sun and a moon, and even summoned the Paragon Bridge. He went all-out with his cultivation base, rotating it at 120%. Even his fleshly body power exploded at its ultimate peak.

He called out the meat jelly, which became a suit of armor. By now, he couldn't use the Battle Weapon, so he pulled out his dragon spear, extending it in front of him as he shot forward.

As he began his charge, the four 5-Essences faceless men looked at him, killing intent flickering in their eyes. They attacked simultaneously, using the full power of their cultivation bases to stop Meng Hao.

From a distance, Meng Hao appeared to be soaked in blood and radiating madness. He was now completely committed to his course of action, as if becoming a crazed devil were his only path to survival!

Since retreat was not an option, the only thing to be done was strive forward!

RUMBLE!

Blood sprayed out of Meng Hao's mouth as his Mountain Consuming Incantation collapsed.

The sun and moon shattered!

His Paragon Bridge fell apart, and the meat jelly screamed miserably.

Blood spurted out from numerous wounds. Meng Hao's kneecaps were shattered as he exploded with cultivation base power. He threw his head back and howled under the combined attack of the four 5-Essences Dao Sovereigns.

“Get the hell out of my way!” he roared. The pressure bearing down on him from both sides had reached a horrifying level, and only one thought now existed in Meng Hao’s mind.

“I have to get through and open the Door of the Ancient Realm!” Blood oozed out all over his body, and half of his bones were shattered. These injuries were even more serious than the ones he had sustained in the Heavengod Alliance. Using his last bit of energy, he swung his spear viciously; it was like a long dragon that slammed into the faceless men, pushing them back and... opening up a gap.

Chapter 1273: Soul Extermination!

The faceless man being shaken by the long spear might have a 5-Essences cultivation base, but despite fighting back with everything he had, he was still shoved backward relentlessly.

The spearhead then morphed into a huge dragon, which emitted a shocking roar that caused the faceless man to shudder and then suddenly begin to turn to stone!

It started with his chest, then began to slowly spread out. The faceless man retreated, seemingly acting on instinct. When he got far enough away, Meng Hao was no longer locked in place by the full formation originally created by the four faceless men; a gap had been opened.

The moment that gap appeared, and before the other three faceless men could do anything to intervene, Meng Hao roared mightily, a sound that echoed out like thunder in all directions. The three other faceless men were stopped in their tracks as Meng Hao burst forward with all the speed he could muster.

He shot forward with lightning quickness, like a meteor, leaving afterimages behind him as he burst through the gap, following the dragon spear toward the Door of the Ancient Realm.

600 meters. 300 meters. 150 meters....

The door of the Ancient Realm was getting closer and closer, but even as it did, the clouds behind Meng Hao swirled and, astonishingly, four figures appeared... 6-Essences Dao Sovereigns!

The mere pressure exerted by these four faceless men caused Heaven and Earth to tremble, and the starry sky to vibrate. Meng Hao was hit with an invisible blow, causing blood to spray out of his mouth. More than half of the bones in his body were shattered, and he lost feeling in his legs. His eyes were shot with blood, and yet despite the pressure weighing down, he continued forward. He

was now a mere 90 meters from the Door of the Ancient Realm, and yet the 6-Essences faceless men were still closing in, radiating mind-boggling pressure.

“One Thought Stellar Transformation!” Meng Hao roared. The starstone in his eye melted and spread out to cover his body. Layer built upon layer, and before even a breath of time could pass, Meng Hao had transformed into a gigantic meteor which rumbled forward at incredible speed. He then passed the 30-meter mark; even as the 6-Essences faceless men continued in pursuit, he appeared directly in front of the Door of the Ancient Realm.

The area around the Door of the Ancient Realm itself was twisted and distorted. Time there flowed differently. As Meng Hao closed in, a wind sprang up, and in the blink of an eye, over a thousand years seemed to have passed....

It was at this point that roaring howls could be heard coming from the surrounding clouds. They got closer and closer, as if preparing to attack. Even the mere sounds contained boundless destructive power, intense pressure that was even more astonishing and terrifying than the 6-Essences faceless men.

The clouds seethed, and it was just barely possible to see two enormous arms, both struggling to emerge from the clouds. It was even possible to see the tips of the fingers on the leftmost arm.

The fingers were crimson, and the fingertips were violet. The entire arm was covered with scales, and on each of those scales were innumerable flickering magical symbols. Even just one of the fingertips on one of the hands was filled with the power to completely destroy souls. Apparently, nothing under the starry sky could possibly shake it, and it could rip anything and everything to pieces.

The clouds acted like restraints on the finger, which was currently struggling to break free, and a powerful howling sound even echoed out.

The crisis had reached a pinnacle, and if things stretched out any longer, the only thing that awaited Meng Hao was the end of his life, the destruction of his soul!

This Ancient Tribulation had become so difficult that he couldn't even comprehend it. Meng Hao couldn't imagine how any Allheaven Dao Immortal in the past had ever been able to fight back against this deadly tribulation!

However, there was no time to ponder the matter now. He would either open the Door of the Ancient Realm, and earn a chance to keep living, or... die!

“How could I possibly die here!?” Meng Hao roared in his meteor form. Filled with determination, courage, and even madness, he slammed into the Door of the Ancient Realm.

“OPEN UP!” he roared. His voice sounded like muffled thunder coming from within the meteor. It was a roar that coalesced the power of his soul, transforming into life force power that propelled the asteroid forward with even greater power.

BOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOMMMM!

A huge boom rang out into the clouds surrounding the Door of the Ancient Realm, reaching even the starry sky beyond. It was even audible on the battlefield of the Meng Clan.

The Meng Clan ancestral mansion was surrounded by a colorful, glittering shield, which rippled from the magical attacks being levied against it by tens of thousands of cultivators.

The spell formation had held this entire time. Occasionally, it would flicker with bright light, and colorful beams of light would shoot out to attack the invaders. Currently, the fighting had reached a deadlock.

The massive boom which had echoed out just now from the cloud-filled starry sky caused both sides to stop and look up. Everyone was completely shaken. In some ways, they were bearing witness to Meng Hao transcending tribulation. In fact, they were fighting directly beneath that tribulation, and couldn't help but be shocked to the core by what was happening.

Within the clouds, Meng Hao in meteor-form was bashing himself into the Door of the Ancient Realm with all his might. As the boom echoed out, his meteor form shattered, revealing his true form, coughing up blood and trembling violently. All the bones in his body were broken, and his internal organs were mangled. In his entire life, he had never been wounded this badly.

Even more terrifying was that as each second passed, Meng Hao's hair grew grayer, and then even began to turn white. His body was incredibly weak, and was now beginning to wither away. His flesh became more and more emaciated, and he began to look extremely old.

The enormously huge door shuddered, and then oh-so-slowly... opened just a bit, revealing a thin sliver of light.

“Still not... all the way open...?” Meng Hao said with a bitter chuckle. He looked at the door, and the sliver of light, and his eyes shone with an unyielding gleam.

Almost in the same moment that the sliver of light appeared, the clouds in the area began to churn as if they possessed a will of their own. Apparently, the light from that huge door could dissipate the clouds, so suddenly, a powerful, apprehensive howl echoed out, filled with madness.

An entire legion of faceless men all charged Meng Hao. The enormous finger within the cloud fought back against the restraining power of the clouds as it shot forth in attack.

A will of soul destruction existed within the flickering light that emanated out from the fingertip, and it grew more intense and shocking by the moment

Meng Hao could sense that if that finger touched him, he would definitely be killed, and his spiritual soul and physical soul would both disperse.

If he didn't open the Door of the Ancient Realm, he would die. Therefore... he ignored the killing intent coming from the forces outside the door. His eyes were filled with an intense, unyielding glow, and deep within, flickering flames ignited, filling him. As of this moment... Meng Hao was burning his own soul!

Burning the soul was a huge price to pay in exchange for... an explosive increase of power to batter against the door a second time.

“OPEN!” Meng Hao roared. The burning of his soul caused intense pain, and his eyes were completely bloodshot. However, he didn't care about any of that pain. He only had one thought on his mind...

Open that door!

“OPEN! OPEN! OPEN!” he roared, lifting both hands into the air and shoving them toward the door. Meng Hao was like an ant compared to the massive door, but the power he was unleashing could shake Heaven and Earth. Suddenly, an image appeared behind him, like an ancient giant, stretching its hands out to shove against the door.

BOOOOMMMMMM!

The Door of the Ancient Realm opened a bit more. More light spilled out through the sliver, spreading out, causing the faceless men who were charging from behind to let out shrill shrieks.

One by one, they began to decay and fall apart, transforming into black smoke. Looks of shock appeared on their faces, and they fell back.

Meng Hao's eyes were crimson, and his soul was aflame. He roared again, exploding with power. It looked like he was just about to truly open the Door of the Ancient Realm, to conclude the tribulation, to succeed... as an Allheaven Dao Immortal, and acquire the true good fortune that came with stepping into the Ancient Realm.

But then, all of a sudden....

That crimson, scaled finger with the violet fingertip broke out of the clouds, rumbling directly toward Meng Hao with Heaven-shaking, Earth-shattering power and insane killing intent.

As it neared, the light spilling out from the door slammed into it. That light might be capable of terrifying the faceless men and forcing them into retreat. But this finger was far, far more terrifying, and when the light touched it, even though it began to melt, a howl rang out and... it just pushed on through, ignoring the light to reach out and tap Meng Hao!

Meng Hao chuckled bitterly. There was nothing he could do to fight back. Even were he at his peak, he wouldn't be confident in being able to handle the finger. That wasn't even to mention the fact that his soul was currently aflame, meaning that it was already starting to disperse.

"So I'm gonna die, huh...?" he murmured, fully able to sense the soul-destroying power. However, it was at this point that he suddenly seemed to recall something important. A tremor ran through him, and his eyes began to shine brightly.

"Perhaps... there's hope after all!" Almost in the moment that the thought occurred to Meng Hao, the terrifying finger slammed into him.



A massive tremor ran through Meng Hao, and then he exploded. The burning wreckage of his soul completely shattered.

Meng Hao was dead!

In the moment that he died, the Door of the Ancient Realm shuddered, then slowly began to fade away. The clouds around it began to thin, and the terrifying finger retracted. Cold laughter rang out from within the clouds.

Everything was over.

Meng Hao had gone all-out in his Ancient Tribulation, but had only been able to open the door a crack, a sliver. In truth, if Meng Hao had still had some power left in reserve, and if he had been able to batter the door just one more time, perhaps... combined with the energy from the two blows he had already delivered... It would not have been impossible... for him to actually open the Door of the Ancient Realm.

Not too far away from Meng Hao, the boy stood on the black willow leaf. When he saw what was happening, he said, "It's over. He was strong, and yet he still died in the tribulation. This Ancient Tribulation could not be matched by even Dao Tribulation. Well in that case, the time has come to go all-out and exterminate the Meng Clan."

Then, he prepared to charge into battle. However, it was at that point that his face suddenly flickered.

"This...."

Suddenly, just outside of the Door of the Ancient Realm, in the very spot where Meng Hao had died... something strange was happening!

Chapter 1274: Opening The Door of the Ancient Realm!

"As an Echelon cultivator... you shall be given... two... lives!"

Outside the Door of the Ancient Realm, after the enormous finger withdrew, the mangled gore and spattered blood that had been spreading out suddenly began to reform with indescribable speed.

It coalesced together into... Meng Hao!

His soul had just been destroyed, and yet it suddenly flared to life again. Meng Hao's eyes opened, and deep inside could be seen traces of the passage of time.

That was because the place where his body had exploded was right outside the Door of the Ancient Realm, where time flowed differently. Naturally, because of that, the newly reformed and resurrected Meng Hao had a body which contained the essence of the passage of time!

It was not Essence, but rather something more like a seed... a seed of the Essence of Time!

From ancient times until now, the Essence of Space and the Essence of Time were similar to the Essence of Life and Death in that they were very difficult to acquire. The only chance to do so was through incredibly rare good fortune.

As of this moment, it was by means of complete and utter coincidence that Meng Hao now had... a seed of the Essence of Time inside of him.

The moment he opened his eyes, he knew the truth. The two Echelon lives given to him by Paragon Sea Dream did not make his soul indestructible, but rather... branded him with a sealing mark, which split his soul into three parts. Each of those three parts grew in parallel as he progressed in his cultivation. Because of that, he could actually die two times before being truly exterminated!

That applied not only to his soul, but also to his flesh and blood. It was a unique natural law, a magic of the type that Meng Hao couldn't even begin to comprehend. It was... the power of a Paragon!

In almost the exact instant that Meng Hao's eyes opened, the Door of the Ancient Realm, which had been fading away, suddenly flickered with light and formed back together. The disappearing clouds seethed, and the retreating figures let out howls of disbelief.

Countless faceless men charged madly forth, and the huge finger once again stretched out toward Meng Hao, accompanied by an enraged howl.

However, Meng Hao had already died once; how could he possibly die a second time? Having been re-formed and resurrected, his face was icy. The feeling of death he had just experienced was

something he never wished to feel again. Even as the faceless men and the enormous finger closed in on him, a cold smile twisted his lips.

He had not merely recovered his soul and his fleshly body, but also... his cultivation base!

His right hand lifted up, and then he smacked it down hard onto the Door of the Ancient Realm. That blow was backed by the explosive cultivation base of an Allheaven Dao Immortal, his powerful fleshly body, his Paragon Bridge, and the combined power of all of his divine abilities. That power converged into his palm as he delivered a third blow onto the surface of the Door of the Ancient Realm.

RUMBLE!

When his hand made contact, the door rumbled, and that sliver which had appeared suddenly trembled as the door... began to open!

As the door opened, dazzling light spilled out, as well as whispering voices that seemed to come from ancient times, voices which filled Meng Hao's ears and also echoed out into the surrounding area.

The faceless men let out miserable screams as the light enveloped them, rendering them incapable of getting any closer. They stared at the Door of the Ancient Realm as it continued to open, and they continued to melt!

In that same moment, the finger, with its power of extermination and boundless howl, continued onward toward Meng Hao, melting and being shredded by the light as it went. However, just before it touched him, Meng Hao let out a cold snort, and stepped across the threshold of the door.

It was only one, single step!

However, it was like the difference between Heaven and Earth. As soon as he was inside the Door of the Ancient Realm, the finger stopped moving. It hovered there directly in front of Meng Hao, not an inch away from his face.

However, that inch was like the vast gap between the sky and the land, something completely and utterly impossible to pass.

“I’ll make sure you pay the price for trying to exterminate me,” Meng Hao said lightly. “I might not be a match for you right now, but one day I will be. I’ll drag you out of those clouds and then make sure you die a painful death!” Despite the calmness of his voice, the cold resolve therein was impossible to miss.

“Door of the Ancient Realm, open!” he said, flicking his sleeve. Boundless light began to radiate out from the Door of the Ancient Realm. The beams were like sharp swords that swirled around, dispersing the clouds. The faceless men that were able to escape into the clouds would disappear along with them as they faded away, but any who were caught outside by the swords of light would be stabbed through, provoking miserable screams as if they were dying in body and spirit. It only took moments for them to transform into nothing more than ashes.

The gigantic finger trembled, and a defiant roar echoed out from the clouds. The finger retreated, vanishing within the clouds. In that same moment, Meng Hao’s eyes gleamed coldly as he... stepped back out of the door.

If there were people present to watch what was happening, they would be completely shocked, and find his action outrageous. Anyone else in his position would surely be walking further into the Door and completing their entrance into the Ancient Realm.

But Meng Hao almost seemed to disregard the widely-open door. Not even the owner of that enormous finger could ever have predicted that he would meet someone like this during the transcending of tribulation.

Meng Hao was the type of person who repaid every slight he received. He wouldn’t go out of his way to provoke people, but when people provoked him, he wouldn’t simply let them off. That was especially true considering that this person had taken one of his lives. As far as Meng Hao was concerned, an enmity had been created that made it impossible for the both of them to exist under the same Heavens.

As soon as he stepped out of the door, the copper mirror appeared, transforming into the Battle Weapon with shocking speed. This was Meng Hao’s most powerful weapon among all of his magical items. His Allheaven Dao Immortal cultivation base went into overdrive, bursting with power. Every bit of muscle and blood in his fleshly body radiated an intense and terrifying strength.

Inside of him, the Paragon Bridge connected him to Heaven and Earth, and outside, the image of the bridge itself appeared, causing the entire starry sky to dim and tremble, and fill with roiling flames.

Meng Hao's legs then began to move in an odd cadence as he walked through Time, heading toward the retreating finger, and then slashing out with his blade!

BOOOOMMMMMM!

Meng Hao looked like a celestial warrior with surging energy that caused the starry sky to tremble. Because the clouds were disappearing, Meng Hao's current appearance was suddenly revealed on the projection screen down below, making him visible to all the cultivators of the Meng Clan. Their minds spun as they saw both Meng Hao, and the resplendent Door of the Ancient Realm behind him!

As for all of the invading cultivators from the other sects who were outside of the shield, they could also see, and their eyes went wide.

From their perspective, Meng Hao's silhouette was wreathed with the light shining out from the door, which was almost like a cloak. His Battle Weapon was raised, visible to everyone as it viciously slashed toward the enormous finger!

A massive cascade of light sliced through the starry sky, causing everything to shake violently as an indescribably powerful force exploded out. Next, the finger... despite being in a state of retreat, was still slashed by that cascade of light!

"Sever!" Meng Hao roared. A massive rumbling sound could be heard as the very tip of the finger was completely severed away!!

The piece cut away was only about three meters long. Compared to the rest of the enormous finger, it was insignificant. However, it was still part of the entire structure, and as it was cut off, blue blood flowed out. A miserable shriek could also be heard from within the disappearing clouds, a shriek filled with unprecedented madness and intense pain. To that entity within the clouds, who had existed for countless years, this was the first time... he had been injured!!

For far too long he had existed in the clouds and unleashed deadly tribulation upon Allheaven Dao Immortals who attempted to enter the Ancient Realm. Today, he had finally been injured!

"You're DEAD!" howled an ancient voice. "I hereby curse you.... You shall die, for when the time comes to extinguish your Ancient Realm Lamps, I will return!!" Then the finger and the clouds vanished completely.

Only the Door of the Ancient Realm remained in the starry sky, casting resplendent, dazzling light out in all directions. Suddenly, the fighting down below stopped as everyone looked up in shock at Meng Hao.

His face was pale as he put the Battle Weapon away. His actions just now had been risky, but that was just how Meng Hao was. Not taking advantage of a situation was the same as incurring a loss. If he didn't take the chance to strike back, then he wouldn't be Meng Hao.

Meng Hao then looked at the three-meter slice of severed finger, and his eyes glittered. All of a sudden, a variety of curse-type Daoist magics flitted through his mind. He made a snatching motion, and the slice of finger flew into his bag of holding.

With that, he turned to face the Door of the Ancient Realm, and began to stride forward. When he entered the door completely, it shook violently, and massive amounts of radiant light shone out. Ancient voices echoed out into the starry sky as Meng Hao sank into the brightness. His listless cultivation base was restored and then, rumbling sounds could be heard as it... began to ascend.

This was the ascension from the Immortal Realm into the Ancient Realm!

He closed his eyes as he detected a sensation of ancientness spreading out from within him, an aura that emanated the unique fluctuations of the Ancient Realm.

Everything was quiet, both in the Meng Clan and among the invading sects. Even the crowds waiting on the gigantic willow leaves were watching Meng Hao.

They had borne witness to a terrifying Ancient Tribulation, and all of them knew deep inside that they couldn't possibly have been able to successfully transcend it. And yet, the man standing right there in front of them had!

The young boy stood there silently. He was a 5-Essences Dao Sovereign, and yet even he wasn't confident that he could succeed in such a tribulation.

"Allheaven Dao Immortal..." the boy murmured, a torn look appearing in his eyes. "Next, he will actually begin to enter the Ancient Realm. He will absorb the light of the Door of the Ancient Realm, and form... his Soul Lamps!"

“I wonder how many Soul Lamps he will end up with.... Throughout all of history, the most ever converged was 29, by none other than Ksitigarbha from the Fourth Mountain and Sea! The more Soul Lamps there are, the more powerful one will eventually become, and yet, the more deadly the danger is.

“However, if cultivators feared death, then what would be the point of practicing cultivation to begin with? Considering this person’s personality, he will definitely open an extreme number of Soul Lamps....” The boy’s eyes flickered as he then lifted his hand and pointed toward the Meng Clan.

“Pass down orders. Exterminate the entire Meng Clan. Disturb this individual’s thoughts. If his mind is clouded when he ignites his Soul Lamps, then he will never reach the pinnacle. That is the way to cut off his path to the future. Reduce the number of lamps, and thus make him even weaker if he steps in the Dao!”

Chapter 1275: Drastic Upheavals in the Meng Clan!

As soon as the words left the boy’s mouth, the dozens of enormous willow leaves transformed into black beams that shot toward the Meng Clan. The black-robed cultivators atop the leaves had eyes that glittered with cold killing intent as they powered up their cultivation bases to the absolute peak.

The beams were like dozens of sharp arrows, screaming through the starry sky at incredible speed. In the blink of an eye, they were outside the shields surrounding the Meng Clan continent. Without even pausing for a moment, they slammed directly into the shield.

BOOOOMMMMMM!

As the sound reverberated out, the Meng Clan’s shield distorted, as if it were about to collapse. Cracking sounds could be heard as fissures spread out across its surface.

Seeing that the shield was about to collapse, the five Meng Clan Patriarchs roared, performing incantation gestures that caused a red glow to spread out from the spell formation. That red light caused the teetering shield to once again grow stable, and even resume counterattacking.

Numerous beams of blood-red light shot out toward the besieging cultivators. At the same time, rather than being resigned to their fate, the Meng Clan cultivators followed the commands of the five Patriarchs and borrowed the power of the spell formation to charge into the tens of thousands of enemy cultivators and began to fight them.

In the blink of an eye, the level of brutality on the battlefield increased significantly. Casualties were severe, and the reek of blood wafted out immediately. Bloodcurdling screams could be heard as... the slaughter began.

The cultivators from the random invading sects weren't difficult to deal with, as they had varied cultivation levels, and were, generally speaking, much weaker than the Meng Clan. The Patriarchs of those sects were a different story though, and even more important was the fact that the black-robed cultivators from the Seventh Mountain and Sea had intensely murderous auras, and were obviously famous individuals where they came from. When they attacked, the Meng Clan resistance was crushed like dry weeds, and the Meng Clan cultivators were pushed backward across the battlefield, over and over again.

Thankfully, the shield still held, ensuring that any members of the Meng Clan who were injured could quickly retreat from combat. The Meng Clan defenses were holding, and yet even as they held on tenaciously, all of a sudden, something happened in the nine smaller continents attached to the Meng Clan's main continent. With the exception of the Xu Clan, which Meng Hao had exterminated, four auxiliary clans on the other continents all rose up in rebellion!

At first, the Meng Clan merely experienced some inner turmoil. However, in almost that same moment, all of the cultivators in the Ancient Realm and above who came from the Meng Clan's seventh, fourth and third bloodlines suddenly shivered. Then, black glows appeared in their eyes, and cold smiles twisted their lips. They turned, and instantly began to attack their fellow clan members.

“You...”

“What are you doing!?!?”

“You're rebelling! You traitors!!”

Booms shook everything as the Meng Clan... was thrown into utter chaos!

Miserable shrieks rang out continuously, along with roars of disbelief. The Meng Clan was now in complete chaos. Not only were foreigners invading, internal strife had struck as well. The clan was on the verge of being overthrown.



Meng Hao was still up in the starry sky, standing there in the Door of the Ancient Realm, surrounded by boundless light. He was like a black hole, ravenously absorbing the light shining from the door.

Every beam of Ancient light that he absorbed caused his cultivation base to experience Heaven-shaking, Earth-toppling transformations as his Immortal power was transformed into Ancient mana!

Ancient mana was a unique source of power for Ancient Realm cultivators, a power that filled their bodies and could explode with force that far exceeded the Immortal Realm.

“Ancient Tribulation is the first step,” Meng Hao murmured. “After that, the light of the Door of the Ancient Realm is absorbed and transformed into Ancient mana.... That is the second step.

“The third step is to ignite the Soul Lamps. Only then can one truly be considered to be in the Ancient Realm.” At this point, he glanced down calmly at the Meng Clan, and saw the chaos unfolding, and the invading foreigners.

Truth be told, whether or not the Meng Clan as a whole survived didn't have a lot to do with Meng Hao personally. What he cared about was his grandmother and the rest of her people.

In the same moment that he looked down, the boy on the black willow leaf down below looked up, and he and Meng Hao locked eyes. It was then that Meng Hao realized that they were attacking at this moment to sow chaos in his heart.

The boy did nothing to hide that, and in fact, a gleam of sinister provocation could be seen in his eyes.

Meng Hao shook his head. A glance at the Meng Clan's spell formation confirmed that it would not easily be shaken; his grandmother and everyone else was currently safe behind its protective barrier.

Meng Hao looked away, ignoring the boy. Spreading his arms wide and throwing his head back, he allowed the light from the Door of the Ancient Realm to pour into him and spread even faster throughout his body.

As that happened, the Immortal power within him became Ancient mana. Simultaneously, the four Nirvana Fruits inside of him also began to transform, becoming... Dao Fruits!

“Ancient Realm cultivators have Dao Fruits, which serve as the foundation for stepping into the Dao Realm in the future. That is because Essence... blossoms from Dao Fruit!” Even as Meng Hao muttered to himself, rumbling sounds could be heard as roughly thirty percent of his Immortal power was converted into Ancient mana. At the same time, his first Nirvana Fruit began to emanate Dao fluctuations from his forehead.

Gradually, the shape of the Nirvana Fruit began to change and it began to glitter as if it were now filled with innumerable magical symbols, indicating that it was... a Dao Fruit!

As soon as that fruit appeared, Meng Hao’s cultivation base ascended to greater heights, and began to emanate intense cultivation base fluctuations.

“When all four Nirvana Fruits transform into Dao Fruits, then I can begin to ignite my Soul Lamps.” Meng Hao suddenly waved both arms, opening his mouth as he transformed into a black hole that began sucking in all of the door’s light.

As the light poured into him, the Door of the Ancient Realm began to grow dim, a sight shocking to all who were watching.

“His Ancient Tribulation was even more difficult than a Dao Tribulation,” murmured the boy on the black willow leaf, “and yet tribulations also count as incredible good fortune. After transcending it, the resulting transformative powers will be incredible!

“He has a bizarre cultivation base. Just how much Immortal power does he have inside of him? Usually it only takes the space of a few breaths of time to transform all of your Immortal power into Ancient mana....”

The boy’s pupils constricted. Filled with shock, he waved his hand, causing a black sea to erupt out from him. As it grew larger and larger, howling sounds emanated from it, and a gigantic scorpion emerged.

The scorpion roared as it scuttled rapidly across the surface of the black sea water toward the Meng Clan and its shield. When it slammed into the shield, massive rumbling sounds echoed out, and the shield trembled. During that time, Meng Hao had converted thirty, forty, and then fifty percent of his Immortal power into Ancient mana.

When he reached fifty percent, his second Nirvana Fruit finally transformed into a Dao Fruit. With two Dao Fruits, Meng Hao's cultivation base once again ascended rapidly.

He was experiencing transformations inside and out, incredible good fortune, which was... truly an indescribable cultivation base breakthrough!

He was stepping from the Immortal into the Ancient!

Meng Hao threw his head back and roared as more Immortal power was converted: sixty percent, seventy percent, eighty percent.

When he reached eighty percent, his third Nirvana Fruit transformed into a Dao Fruit. Meng Hao's aura became even more ancient, and he began to emanate an archaic air; it seemed that at this moment he could sense the true nature of his bloodline and had acquired the strength of his ancestral forefathers.

Meng Hao's fleshly body power was getting even stronger, and his eyes were shining brightly. He was now trembling violently, and also growing more and more gaunt. However, his Allheaven Dao Immortal aura was also growing more powerful.

"In the Ancient Realm," Meng Hao murmured, "one follows the path of one's ancestors, gropes for the nature of all living things. Searching, seeking... for the Essence of all life, for the qualifications to step into the Dao!"

"Because I am an Allheaven Dao Immortal, in addition to searching for the Essence of all living things, I also... must search for the true meaning of my bloodline." He swished his sleeve, causing rumbling sounds to emanate out. There was no longer much light coming from the Door of the Ancient Realm. It was so dim that it appeared to be on the verge of winking out. As Meng Hao sucked in another breath, the light surged toward him, absorbing into his skin, pouring into his body.

RUUUUUUMMMMBLLLLLE!

He threw his head back and roared as the final twenty percent of Immortal power inside of him was transformed into Ancient mana. At that point, his fourth Nirvana Fruit finished transforming into... a Dao Fruit!

Rumbling echoed out from inside of him as the Ancient mana flowed through him. The four Dao Fruits in his forehead began to shrink and then expand. With each cycle, the Ancient mana within him would also surge explosively, giving Meng Hao a sense of... just how powerful he now was!

“The Ancient Realm....” he murmured. It was at this point that rumbling sounds echoed out as the Door of the Ancient Realm actually shattered into countless fragments. However, instead of fading away, the remnants of the door transformed into a sea of flames.

Seven-colored flames, like the fire of purgatory, swirled around Meng Hao.

The time had come... to ignite the Soul Lamps!

It was in this same moment that the boy down below performed a double-handed incantation gesture and then waved his finger at the scorpion. The scorpion roared, its energy surging as it grew even bigger than before. In the blink of an eye, it began to emanate a terrifying aura as it increased in size until it was as big as the continent itself.

Then, it clutched the protective shield with its claws and began to stab its legs slowly down into it.

RUUUUUUMMMMBLLLLLE!

Massive rumbling could be heard as the Meng Clan’s protective shield shook violently. The members of the Meng Clan inside, including the five Patriarchs, were all aghast and attempted to counteract the attack. Even as they tried to repair the damage, the crowds on the dozens of willow leaves, as well as the cultivators from the random sects, all joined forces to attack. Shocking rumbling echoed out as numerous dazzling magical techniques were unleashed.

Then, a massive explosion could be heard as the Meng Clan’s shield... exploded!

Chapter 1276: Igniting the Soul Lamps!

Cracking sounds rang out as the gigantic scorpion’s claws completely shattered the shield and then slammed down into the Meng Clan ancestral mansion, creating several deep craters!

At the same time, the vicious scorpion’s enormous head lowered down until it was right in front of the crowds from the Meng Clan. Then, it shuddered briefly and then sprayed a sea of black water.

At the same time, the invading cultivators surged in. The Meng Clan cultivators were thrown into pandemonium. Not only was fierce fighting going on with the rebellious clan members, the invading cultivators were now joining in on the slaughter.

Miserable shrieks rang out, the land quaked, and colors flashed in the sky. Furthermore, rumbling echoed out as the black willow leaves shot downward with shocking speed.

As the leaves stabbed down into the land, the black-robed men transformed into a thousand black beams of light that instantly joined the battle.

“Kill them! Leave no one alive!”

“From this day onward, there will be no Meng Clan in the Eighth Mountain and Sea!”

The sounds of explosions filled the air, and slowly, expressions of hopelessness appeared on the faces of the Meng Clan cultivators. Then, they began to fight back as if they had gone mad. It wasn't that none of them had thought of surrendering; in fact, some had attempted to do just that, but the result was... they had been slaughtered in response!

Their enemies did not want captives, they wanted to exterminate the entire clan.

Thankfully, the invading cultivators' target was clearly the central continent; as for the surrounding smaller continents, although the flames of war burned there, they were much weaker. As for the continent occupied by Grandma Meng's people, because the Xu Clan no longer existed there, virtually no invading cultivators went there.

The main force was levied against the Meng Clan ancestral mansion.

It was in this moment of chaotic fighting that Meng Hao's grandmother, granduncles, and other relatives all waded into the fight. However, they didn't attract much attention.

That privilege went to the Meng Clan's five enraged Patriarchs, who were fighting five black-robed Dao Realm experts from the Seventh Mountain and Sea.

That battle of ten experts shook Heaven and Earth, and was far more shocking than what was happening with the Ancient Realm cultivators.

“Getting nervous?” said the boy, who hovered in midair above the battlefield, looking up into the starry sky at Meng Hao, eyes flashing coldly. He hoped that attacking in this way would force his opponent’s hand. For some reason, his subconscious was nagging him, telling him that if Meng Hao transcended his tribulation, then events would change in unpredictable ways.

Meng Hao’s eyes shone with coldness as he looked down at what was happening. Unfortunately, he was at a critical juncture, and could not afford to be distracted. Eyes flickering, he waved his hand, causing the Blood Mastiff to appear, roaring. As it flew out, it was joined by his blackpod imps, who shot through the air, vicious expressions on their faces. Then he waved his hand, causing a rift to open, out of which leaped the Blood Demon, joined by Meng Hao’s Blood Spirit. In the blink of an eye, all of them shot down into the battle.

At first, it seemed as if their focus was slaughtering enemies, but Meng Hao’s orders were actually that they defend Granda Meng and the rest of the bloodline.

“Help me buy some time...” he murmured as he hovered there in the sea of flames formed by the remnants of the Door of the Ancient Realm.

“Soul Lamps, ignite!”

RUMBLE!

All of Meng Hao’s Ancient mana burst out, almost like an attack. It surged out of the top of his head, causing a tongue of fire to ignite in that same position and remain floating there!

As soon as the flame emerged, it flared up fiercely; soon, the image of something like a bowl appeared beneath it. In the blink of an eye, it formed... a Soul Lamp!

As soon as the lamp formed, Meng Hao could clearly sense a strand of his soul, joined by some of the power of his bloodline, peeling away to... merge into the lamp!

“The flame is my soul, the basin is my bloodline. This Soul Lamp is like a clone!” That was the first sensation Meng Hao got. In fact, he could also tell that as soon as the Soul Lamp appeared, it did much the same thing he did and... began to absorb the energy of Heaven and Earth that existed in the area.

“So that’s how it is. Soul Lamps are really clones. After separating from the original body, they can continue to advance in cultivation. Furthermore, with every Soul Lamp that is extinguished, it’s like that clone is absorbed back in, redoubling your power!” Meng Hao’s eyes gleamed with enlightenment. Taking a deep breath, he once again caused the Ancient mana within him to explode out!

A second Soul Lamp appeared, then a third, a fourth, and a fifth....

Every time his cultivation base erupted with power, he would form another Soul Lamp. Soon, he was surrounded by a total of 9 Soul Lamps. And he was still going!

As he continued with this process, the flames surrounding him were no longer enveloping him completely, enabling the crowds down below to clearly see him igniting his Soul Lamps.

“9 Soul Lamps.... He’s already ignited 9 Soul Lamps. Just... how many lamps will he ignite in the end!?!?”

“The number of Soul Lamps you can ignite has to do with your Immortal meridians. I’m not sure how many Immortal meridians he opened when he reached Immortal Ascension, but from the look of it, he’s probably going to ignite at least 20 lamps!!”

People on both sides of the battle were taking the time to look up and observe what was happening. Although this was not the first time for most of the combatants below to experience someone making a breakthrough in the middle of a battle, it was their first time seeing someone transcending tribulation in the middle of a clan extermination.

“Already igniting his Soul Lamps....” thought the boy as he hovered there. A cunning gleam appeared in his eyes, and he suddenly shot through the air toward where the five Meng Clan Dao Realm Patriarchs were fighting. He waved his hand, and immediately, the ninth bloodline Patriarch coughed up a mouthful of blood, and fell backward.

“Not that one...?” the boy thought, letting out a cold snort. Meng Hao apparently wasn’t reacting to his attack on the ninth bloodline Patriarch at all.

Of that, the boy was certain, the reason being because of his unique Daoist magic that allowed him to see the truth and falsehood within a person. That was the nature of the sixth Essence which he was currently studying; if he succeeded in his endeavor, he would become a 6-Essences Dao Sovereign.

As a 6-Essences Dao Sovereign, you could say that he would be virtually invincible!

For all intents and purposes, the level of 6-Essences Dao Sovereign was the limit for cultivators. For years and years, no one had ever been able to break through from six Essences to seven, to become an early-stage Paragon.

After all, Paragons, even early-stage Paragons, were still supreme beings!

Certain that Meng Hao would not intervene on behalf of the ninth-bloodline Patriarch, the boy was forced to change his tactics. Instantly, he disappeared in a flash toward the next Meng Clan Patriarch.

In almost that same moment, Meng Hao hovered out in the starry sky, cultivation base bursting with power as he ignited a 10th Soul Lamp. After that was number 11, 12, and then 13....

With each lamp that appeared, more of his soul and bloodline power emanated out. Despite how it was spilling out of him, he was not growing weaker. Quite the contrary. That power from his bloodline, and his soul, were actually naturally recovering!

Furthermore, his existing Soul Lamps were rapidly gobbling up the surrounding energy of Heaven and Earth. From the look of it, if they reached the absolute pinnacle, then they would actually be as strong as Meng Hao himself, or maybe even stronger.

“So this is the Ancient Realm....?” Meng Hao was shaken inwardly from the sheer fearsomeness and power of the Ancient Realm. He had slaughtered Ancient Realm cultivators in the past as if they were ants, but now he had to admit that the Ancient Realm... was a Realm in which cultivators would most definitely experience drastic transformations!

With each Soul Lamp that one extinguished, one could reabsorb its soul and bloodline power, causing oneself to double in all aspects.

With ten Soul Lamps, you could experience tenfold growth. With twenty Soul Lamps, twentyfold growth!



Meng Hao took a deep breath, and his eyes shone with a strange light. Although he knew that the more Soul Lamps he had, the more danger he would face... he still wanted to get more.

Each additional Soul Lamp represented another factor of power in the future, assuming he could successfully extinguish it.

“Essentially, if my current cultivation base counts as ‘one’, then each of my current Soul Lamps will have the potential to grow to equal that ‘one’. The only thing I don’t know is if, once I absorb my first Soul Lamp, will the remaining Soul Lamps stay at that same level, or will be able to break through by absorbing even more energy from Heaven and Earth and become equivalent to ‘two’?”

“If the latter is true, then the Ancient Realm... is definitely a major dividing line!

“Although cultivators in this Realm are all technically in the same Realm, the weaker ones are vastly weaker than the stronger ones. It all depends on the foundation; the moment you ignite those Soul Lamps, that is when your power is determined!

“Step into the Ancient Realm weak, and in the end, you will still be weak!

“Step into the Ancient Realm powerful, and in the end... that explosive, multi-factored growth will make you powerful to a terrifying degree!

“The Ancient Realm. Ah, the Ancient Realm...” Finally, Meng Hao threw his head back and roared, bursting with even more cultivation base power, causing more Soul Lamps to appear, all the way until he had... 18!

And he wasn’t finished!

Meanwhile, the boy down below had passed from each of the five Patriarchs to the next, seriously injuring them all. When he injured the final one, Meng Hao seemed to suddenly get ever so slightly nervous, but the boy’s Essence told him that it was merely an act on Meng Hao’s part.

“You might be able to disregard the Meng Clan as a whole, but there are definitely people here that you care about.” The boy laughed coldly, then waved his hand, causing one of the Meng Clan cultivators to fly up, whereupon he grabbed him by the head and began to perform a Soulsearch.

That was the point in which Meng Hao ignited his 19th Soul Lamp!

“I can still ignite more!” Meng Hao’s eyes were crimson, and he was trembling violently. 19 Soul Lamp indicated that his cultivation base had burst out with power through the top of his head nineteen times. Not even Meng Hao could completely ignore such pain.

“IGNITE AGAIN!” he roared, bursting with cultivation base power. Pain filled him, then surged toward the top of his head. Rumbling sounds echoed out as yet another tongue of fire appeared and transformed into... his 20th Soul Lamp!

In that instant, the Meng Clan cultivator being held by the boy let out a bloodcurdling scream. Blood oozed out of his eyes, ears, nose, and mouth, and then he exploded. As for the boy, a strange gleam appeared in his eyes.

“It seems I was in secluded meditation for too long, and allowed my powers of deduction to grow rusty. I can’t believe I wasted so much time coming to such a simple conclusion.” Smiling faintly, the boy suddenly shot toward Grandma Meng, eyes flickering coldly.

Chapter 1277: Battling a Dao Sovereign!

In almost the same moment that the boy began to close in on Grandma Meng, Meng Hao was up in the starry sky attempting to ignite his 21st Soul Lamp. Suddenly, his eyes flickered, and he looked down toward the Meng Clan ancestral mansion.

“Looking to die!?” he said, his voice echoing like thunder. Suddenly, he vanished, reappearing between the boy and Grandma Meng, still surrounded by the sea of flames.

It happened so quickly that the boy could never have anticipated it happening. Meng Hao’s speed was completely shocking, and the very instant that he appeared, he clenched his right fist and let loose a punch.

The Life-Extermination Fist!

As the fist rocketed out, the boy’s eyes gleamed, and he placed both hands together to perform an incantation gesture, then blew out a gust of air. Immediately, the black sea around him swept out to meet Meng Hao’s fist.

BOOOOMMMMMM!

The fist slammed into the materialized sea, instantly shattering it. Seawater sprayed out in all directions, and the boy fell back, an expression of shock on his face.

Even as he retreated, Meng Hao's 21st Soul Lamp appeared.

"Oh?" Meng Hao thought, eyes flickering coldly. "So it works that way too, huh?" Then he punched out again.

Bedevilment Fist!

A huge boom could be heard, and the ground quaked. A huge rift was torn open in front of Meng Hao, and cracking sounds echoed out. The boy's face fell, and an intense sensation of crisis welled up within him.

"Dammit, he still hasn't transcended the tribulation. How could he be so strong!?" The boy didn't hesitate for a moment. He made a grasping gesture, causing an enormous turtle shell to appear in the air in front of him. Eight ancient magical symbols could be seen on the surface of the shell, and yet when Meng Hao's fist hit it, it exploded into pieces.

In conjunction with the explosion, the boy's face went ashen, and he fell back yet again. However, his eyes flickered strangely.

"Eight Sealing Mountains!" As soon as the words left his mouth, the eight magical symbols on the remnants of the shattered turtle shell flickered, causing a mountain to suddenly appear above Meng Hao's head, which then began to descend.

Next was a second mountain, a third and a fourth, all the way until eight mountains could be seen, all of which crushed down onto Meng Hao. Meng Hao's legs trembled, and cracks radiated out on the ground down below. However, he simply began to chuckle, causing his cultivation base power to erupt out through the top of his head.

BOOOOMMMMMM!

The eight mountains then collapsed into pieces, causing the boy's eyes to widen with shock. It was also in that very moment that three more Soul Lamps appeared!

22. 23. 24!

24 Soul Lamps swirled around Meng Hao, flames flickering, causing him to emanate a profoundly ancient energy that made him seem like an Emperor straight out of ancient times.

Moments ago in the Meng Clan ancestral mansion, the members of the Meng Clan had been sustaining heavy casualties. However, then Meng Hao had appeared, launched two fist strikes, ignited numerous Soul Lamps and caused flickering flames to illuminate his surroundings. The result was that the battlefield went completely silent. Both the invading cultivators and the Meng Clan cultivators all began to back away.

When they looked at Meng Hao, their eyes were filled with terror, although for the members of the Meng Clan, that terror also contained... a bit of hope!

"Dammit," thought the boy. "What momentum! Can I... even stop him? Just how many Immortal meridians did he actually open when stepping into the Immortal Realm!?" His eyes flickered with killing intent and suddenly, he stopped retreating and instead advanced, waving both arms out in front of him. A shocking whistling sound could be heard, and the air around him distorted as an enormous scorpion appeared. It was pitch black, and immediately let out a howling screech as it leapt toward Meng Hao.

As it bore down on him, Meng Hao's eyes gleamed. He took a step forward, causing the Ancient mana within him to explode out in the form of another fist.

It was none other than... the God-Slaying Fist!

Heaven and Earth flashed with bright colors, and a howling wind kicked up. All of the surrounding cultivators coughed up blood and fell into retreat. Countless buildings and structures were transformed into ash, and even the distant sun and moon went dim. When the God-Slaying fist was unleashed, it led to boundless slaughter.

The boy let out an agonized shriek and simultaneously performed an incantation gesture. As for the scorpion, as soon as it made contact with Meng Hao, an enormous boom rattled out, and the air distorted so badly that no one could see what was happening.

When everything returned to normal, people could see the scorpion shattering into pieces. The boy was in full retreat, blood oozing out of the corners of his mouth. As for Meng Hao, he hovered in midair, energy surging, surrounded by three more Soul Lamps than the 24 he had already ignited!

He now had 27 Soul Lamps!!

“Ksitigarbha of the Fourth Mountain ignited 29 Soul Lamps,” the boy thought, face falling as he fell back. “This man... has already ignited 27 Soul Lamps. From the look of it, he still has more to go!

“Dammit, I slipped up. I should never have interfered or tried to force his hand. I essentially helped him to ignite his Soul Lamps!”

Meng Hao’s eyes shone with a bright light, and he licked his lips. During his brief exchange with the boy, he could tell that igniting Soul Lamps while fighting was actually much easier....

He wasn’t sure why, and was fairly certain that other people wouldn’t experience a similar thing in a state like his, but he did know that this was an opportunity that wouldn’t come again. As such, he didn’t take the time to try to figure out what was happening. Instead, he shot directly after the boy.

“Dammit,” the boy yelled to his subordinates, “all of you get out there and kill that old woman and everyone with her!” The boy’s terror regarding Meng Hao was growing, and he was feeling very disheartened. He just couldn’t reconcile himself with the fact that he had actually helped Meng Hao by fighting him.

The invading cultivators from the random sects hesitated, but the black-robed men from the Seventh Mountain and Sea didn’t. They instantly flew toward Grandma Meng and the others.

Grandma Meng and the others were completely outnumbered, and couldn’t possibly match up. At this point, killing intent flickered in Meng Hao’s eyes and he roared, “How dare you people!”

His voice was like Heaven-rending, Earth-crushing lightning. At the same time that he called out, he waved his hand, causing a massive quantity of black mist to surge out. Seething, it formed into a huge black hand which shot toward the black-robed men.

The black-robed men were initially shaken just by Meng Hao's voice. Some of them began to bleed from their eyes, ears, noses, and mouths, then went stiff. Some directly exploded, down to their Nascent Divinities, and as for the others, before they could recover, the black mist palm smashed into them.

As the hand passed along, the black-robed men screamed and rapidly began to wither away.

"A curse! That's curse power!"

"That's the curse power of our Seventh Mountain and Sea! How does he know how to unleash it...? Nooooo...."

Miserable screams rang out as the black-robed men who had been converging on Grandma Meng all were transformed into black liquid, which then showered down onto the ground. Everyone who saw this happen gasped, especially when people heard the words uttered by the men before they died. That left the Meng Clan cultivators completely shaken.

"The Seventh Mountain and Sea...."

"They're from the Seventh Mountain and Sea! Heavens! Cultivators from the Seventh Mountain and Sea are actually here, and there are so many of them. Could it be... that a Mountain and Sea War is starting!?!?"

Although the members of the Meng Clan were shocked, the clan rebels and the invading cultivators didn't seem surprised at all, as if the matter wasn't even a secret. Actually... they had been aware all along that the Seventh Mountain and Sea's army would soon be coming to the Eighth Mountain and Sea.

A war between two great Mountains and Seas was beginning, and this day... was merely the first battle in that war.

Ignoring everything else, Meng Hao advanced toward the boy, whose face darkened as he looked back at Meng Hao.

"Do you really think I'm scared of you?" the boy said. "Since you're looking to die, then even if you are in the middle of igniting your Soul Lamps, I... can still kill you anyway!" Gritting his teeth, he suddenly began to emit a green glow. At the same time, green grass sprouted beneath his feet,

which rapidly grew to cover the entire area. In the short span of a single breath, the area surrounding the boy... became a huge grassy plain.

Enormous trees then began to rise up, and at the same time, a powerful plant-like aura began to fill the entire area.

On each and every bit of vegetation visible, faces could be seen which were none other than... the face of the boy!

“Get ready to be killed!!” the boy said. At the same time, the faces on the grass, trees, flowers and other types of vegetation all howled.

If that were all there were to it, it might not be a big deal, but at the same time, rain began to fall in the starry sky. The rain was black, and it rapidly formed into a huge sea. All of the drops of water in that rain and sea, shockingly, also had the boy’s howling face on them.

“Time to die!!”

The matter wasn’t over yet. The boy waved his sleeve, and immediately, he began to grow vastly larger. His black hair spread out, superseding the starry sky, creating a field of black that was like the dark of night!

His eyes then began to grow brightly, forming a contrast with the darkness. It was... light!

Of course, it was all illusory. All of the faces and the plants, the black rainwater, the light and darkness, and the boy’s enormous frame, none of it was real. Any cultivator would be able to see that it was all illusory. Furthermore, although some pressure emanated from these things, it wasn’t very strong!

It was at this point that all of a sudden, the enormous boy said one single word, a word that caused everything... to change.

“Reality!”

**RUMBLE!**

The plants became real, the black rain became real, the darkness became real, the light became real!

This was the boy's fifth Essence. Reality!

Chapter 1278: Essence of Reality!

The boy's first four Essences were extraordinary to begin with. His Essence of plants and vegetation was not common, and his Essence of rain was unexpectedly black, indicating that it contained poison. Those two Essences alone were rare.

From the nature of these Essences, it could be imagined that just with these four the boy would occupy a position at the pinnacle of 4-Essences Dao Sovereigns. This was without even mentioning his fifth Essence, the Essence of...

Reality!

That fifth Essence was able to thoroughly transform his other four Essences, immediately conjuring forth from them a power that could shake Heaven and Earth. Currently, rumbling sounds were echoing out, and the starry sky was vibrating. A boundless cultivation base power was now erupting out from the Essence world that the boy had summoned.

"In the entire Mountain and Sea Realm," the boy said, "there are only four cultivators who are 6-Essences Dao Sovereigns!

"The most powerful is Ksitigarbha of the Fourth Mountain and Sea, who is at the peak of six Essences. Rumor has it that he's less than half a step away from becoming a 7-Essences Paragon. As for the other three people, they are the three great Doyens who were entrusted with the three classic Daoist scriptures!

"When it comes to 5-Essences Dao Sovereigns, there are a few more than the 6-Essences Dao Sovereigns. However, even in all of the Nine Mountains and Seas, there are no more than fifteen. Among those fifteen, I might not be the strongest, and am weaker than the Mountain and Sea Lords!

"However, even still, it doesn't matter that you've stepped into the Ancient Realm as an Allheaven Dao Immortal, and have a bloodline that reaches back to the Paragon Immortal Realm... you still aren't a match for me!"



The boy's eyes glittered coldly as his voice echoed out. His Essence world rumbled as it surrounded Meng Hao. Boundless greenery grew at an astonishing rate, sending out an intense power of plants and vegetation. Then there was the seemingly infinite black rain, each drop of which emanated astonishing pressure onto Meng Hao.

As for the darkness, it was even more terrifying, completely covering Meng Hao, turning him pitch black, as if he were being assimilated by the night.

And then there was the Essence of light, which was a power that could actually dispel darkness. It was slowly vaporizing Meng Hao; whereas before it had been illusory, with the Essence of reality, it was now truly capable of harming him.

BOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOMMMM!

The cultivators of the Meng Clan, as well as the invaders, were so shocked by what they were witnessing that they completely forgot that they had just been fighting and killing each other.

All eyes were completely fixed on the battle between Meng Hao and the boy!

"5-Essences Dao Sovereign... that boy... is actually a 5-Essences Dao Sovereign!" The five Patriarchs of the Meng Clan were shaking in fear and astonishment. Although all of them were in the Dao Realm, this was actually their first time ever seeing someone brandishing five Essences simultaneously.

Although they had previously fought Meng Hao, the battle prowess he had put on display had only led them to speculate about the true limits of his power. However, now that five Essences really were on display, it was impossible to even describe how truly shaken they were.

Nowadays in the Mountain and Sea Realm, Ksitigarbha of the Fourth Mountain and Sea was a 6-Essences Dao Sovereign, but the other eight Mountain and Sea Lords were all at the 5-Essences level. The weakest of them all was Lord Ji of the Ninth Mountain and Sea, who hadn't even reached the 5-Essences level!

As such, it was possible to say that 5-Essences cultivators were peak almighty experts in the Mountain and Sea Realm. Any one of those people were the type who were powerful enough to destroy vast swaths of the starry sky.

In the Seventh Mountain and Sea, the most powerful people were two 5-Essences Dao Sovereigns, one of whom was the Lord of the Seventh Mountain and Sea, and the other was none other than this boy, Xiao Yihan!

Only an almighty expert like him was capable of leading the vanguard in the invasion of the Eighth Mountain and Sea, to begin the Mountain and Sea War!

Another reason that only he qualified was that... the reconnaissance carried out by the Seventh Mountain and Sea throughout the years had long since revealed to them that in the Eighth Mountain and Sea, there was only one almighty expert who had reached the level of 5-Essences, and that was the Lord of the Eighth Mountain and Sea. After him, the next strongest were only 4-Essences experts!

The next most powerful expert after the Lord of the Eighth Mountain and Sea was the Chief Dao Protector of the Heavengod Society, who was technically at the 5-Essences level. However, in Xiao Yihan's opinion, his fifth Essence was actually borrowed from the Lord of the Eighth Mountain and Sea, and was not something he had personally gained enlightenment of. Therefore, Xiao Yihan wasn't worried about him at all.

"Still not dead!?" Xiao Yihan roared, eyes flickering coldly. The appearance of Meng Hao threw a wrench into their understanding of the power structure of the Eighth Mountain and Sea, which was not something that he could just accept casually. In order to ensure that the Mountain and Sea War went as planned, Xiao Yihan now wanted to kill Meng Hao more than ever.

"If I don't kill him now, and he goes on to successfully extinguish his Soul Lamps, then his battle prowess will only continue to increase. He might even exceed the level of the Mountain and Sea Lords!

"So this is an Allheaven Dao Immortal.... Back in the Paragon Immortal Realm, the ultimate terrors, the most powerful of all... were the Allheaven Dao Immortals!

"Thankfully, from ancient times until now, not a single Allheaven Dao Immortal has ever stepped into the Dao. All of them died in the process of extinguishing their Soul Lamps in the Ancient Realm. This man will be no exception. However, if I don't kill him now, he will definitely be a thorn in our side later!" Xiao Yihan looked on with coldly gleaming eyes as his Essence world crushed down like a millstone onto Meng Hao, bent on completely obliterating him!

Rumbling sounds echoed out, and the starry sky vibrated. Meng Hao was also shaken; he could sense how the plants were trying to suck away at his life force in order to grow, and how the poison in the black rainwater was trying to eat away at his soul.

Most shocking of all was the power of darkness, which seemed to disregard how powerful his fleshly body and cultivation base was as it began to assimilate them. That in turn ensured that when the boy's power of light assailed him, it was like ten thousand swords stabbing at his heart, filling him with intense pain. Meng Hao felt as if he were being swept over by floodwaters, as if he couldn't move, as if his blood had stopped flowing. Countless wounds covered his skin, and he was even starting to fade away, as if the power of the five Essences were wiping him out of existence!

Meng Hao roared inwardly; the Essence world could put pressure on his body, but not his Soul Lamps!

In the critical moment of crisis, rumbling filled him as his cultivation base climbed up again and again! In the moment of deadly danger, Meng Hao's 28th Soul Lamp flew out of the top of his head like a blossoming flower!

And that wasn't it! It was at this point that a 29th Soul Lamp also appeared!

Then, the 30th! Now, a total of 30 ignited Soul Lamps were swirling around Meng Hao, letting off brilliant light. The darkness was dispelled, the light was shoved away, the black rain was cut off, and the vegetation was severed away.

Blood oozed out of the corners of Meng Hao's mouth as his body rapidly recovered. He suddenly looked up at Xiao Yihan, who was now frowning.

"You're definitely strong," Meng Hao said. "My profound thanks for helping me to understand... what a 5-Essences Dao Sovereign is like!" As he wiped the blood from his mouth, he realized that he was now much more certain of the true level of his battle prowess.

"I'm curious," Meng Hao asked. "That old man from the Heavengod Society also has a 5-Essences cultivation base. Why is the difference between the two of you so great?"

If any other person asked this question of Xiao Yihan, he would never answer. However, Meng Hao was so threatening that, even though his cultivation base was not at the same level, his battle prowess was. The terrifying fact that he was an Allheaven Dao Immortal caused Xiao Yihan to

consider for a moment, and then say, “You mean the Chief Dharma Protector of the Heavengod Society? He’s really at 4-Essences. His fifth Essence is borrowed.”

“Got it,” Meng Hao replied, nodding.

Before transcending the tribulation, Meng Hao had believed that his cultivation base was sufficient to fight against a 5-Essences Dao Sovereign, but now he realized that his judgement had been based on the very Chief Dao Protector in question.

Most accurately speaking, before he transcended the tribulation, his battle prowess was comparable to the peak of the 4-Essences level, about half a step or so away from the true 5-Essences level. Therefore, during the actual process of transcending the tribulation, when he had faced the four 5-Essences faceless men, he had only been able to handle one of them. After all, they were not truly cultivators, and were actually slightly weaker than real 5-Essences cultivators. Had he been facing someone like this boy, he would not have been able to get past them.

Having transcended the tribulation and ignited his Soul Lamps, his cultivation base rose, his Immortal power was converted to Ancient mana, and his Nirvana Fruits became Dao Fruits. At that point, he was truly equipped to battle 5-Essences Dao Sovereigns.

“In all of the Mountain and Sea Realm,” he thought. “there are only about fifteen 5-Essences Dao Sovereigns... including most of the Mountain and Sea Lords.... As for the Lords, most of them are at the peak of the 5-Essences level, just a hair away from 6-Essences.... Apparently, I’m still half a step behind people like that. This must be the case, because it seems that Xiao Yihan and I... are about even.” Meng Hao frowned. The root of the problem lay with the Soul Lamps. After all, Soul Lamps really just represented the potential for future power.

“Assuming I’m close to the level of the Mountain and Sea Lords, then as I successfully extinguish my Soul Lamps, then I will quickly bridge that gap!” Meng Hao’s eyes shone with a bright light as he began to stride toward Xiao Yihan.

Xiao Yihan’s eyes widened. He had already begun to view Meng Hao as a powerful opponent, so seeing him advance in this way caused him to immediately fall back. His hands flashed in a double-handed incantation gesture, causing his Essence world to collapse.

As that happened, the fragments of the Essence world formed into five hands. Each of those hands was made of Essence, and they grabbed toward Meng Hao, causing the starry sky to shake and rumbling sounds to echo out in all directions.

Meng Hao's eyes flickered as the copper mirror suddenly flickered in his right hand. It spread out, covering his hand, transforming into the Battle Weapon. At the same time, he performed an incantation gesture with his left hand, causing the Paragon Bridge to rumble out to defend against the five huge hands.

A massive boom rang out, shocking everyone. The Paragon Bridge slammed into the hands, causing radiant light to explode out. At long last, the Paragon Bridge was able to erupt out with something approximating its original power.

Rumbling sounds continued to echo out as the five hands and the Paragon Bridge pushed at each other, clearly in a deadlock. Xiao Yihan's face flickered, and he suddenly looked over at Meng Hao and screamed.

That scream caused the void in front of Xiao Yihan to shatter, layer by layer, and then sweep toward Meng Hao. When the sound wave attack hit him, he trembled, and was apparently incapable of moving any further forward.

Meng Hao snorted coldly, unleashing explosive cultivation base power as a 31st Soul Lamp appeared over his head. Simultaneously, he lifted his right hand up and then chopped it down toward Xiao Yihan.

Chapter 1279: Prime Lamp!

The chopping motion caused the starry sky to shudder as an indescribably intense beam of light slashed out. The scream-turned-soundwave was completely outshone. The blade's glow slashed down on it, cutting it in two, after which the light cascaded toward Xiao Yihan.

A vicious expression appeared on Xiao Yihan's face, and his hands flashed in a double-handed incantation gesture. Then he spat out a glob of white mist, which transformed into a white feather. That feather didn't attempt to block the Battle Weapon, but rather, shot directly toward Meng Hao.

Shockingly, Xiao Yihan was choosing to end the battle in mutual destruction!

The Battle Weapon landed on Xiao Yihan, and he instantly began to shake, and then shattered into pieces. However, what shattered was only an exterior surface. It was as if that boy had merely been an outer skin! A roar echoed out as the spot previously occupied by the boy was now occupied by a young man!

That young man appeared to be about twenty years old, and his features were similar to that of the boy. He wiped the blood off of his mouth, then looked venomously over at Meng Hao.

The shattered skin around him, were it formed back together, would definitely be able to form the shape of a boy!

Simultaneously, the white feather shot toward the top of Meng Hao's head with indescribable speed. He was incapable of dodging or evading, any more than Xiao Yihan had been able to avoid the Battle Weapon.

The feather seemed to merely be floating down toward him, but the reality was that it felt as if the entire starry sky had converged on that one point and was crushing him!

Meng Hao's body trembled, and blood oozed out of the corners of his mouth as he was shoved downward beyond his control. Xiao Yihan in young man form looked on, killing intent flickering in his eyes, then took a step forward.

However, in the moment that he took that step, Meng Hao's cultivation base erupted with power over and over again! The feather on top of his head shot upward as if a fountain were propelling it, and Meng Hao's 32nd Soul Lamp shot out!

A Soul Lamp that was the color of blood!

As soon as it appeared, all of the starry sky was stained red. Furthermore, strands of blood connected the blood-colored Soul Lamp to the top of Meng Hao's head. Even more shocking was that its sudden appearance apparently caused Meng Hao to begin withering away!

It seemed as if this was the limit to the number of Soul Lamps that Meng Hao could ignite. The instant the blood-colored Soul Lamp appeared, it became the Prime Lamp among all the other Soul Lamps!

Most importantly, this lamp looked completely different from all of the other Soul Lamps which had appeared. In addition, the energy of Heaven and Earth that surrounded Meng Hao and supported him as he ignited his Soul Lamps started boiling in an unprecedented fashion. It began to surge toward him with mad speed, some of it pouring into Meng Hao's body, the other portion entering the Soul Lamp!

The Soul Lamp became like a blood-colored black hole, sucking in the energy of Heaven and Earth and the Essences which existed in the starry sky.

RUUUUMMMMMBLE! A huge sound rose up around Meng Hao, and the Soul Lamp's flame burned brighter and brighter. As for the feather, it was pushed further and further away. Apparently, it couldn't stand up to the power of the blood-colored Soul Lamp, and caught on fire.

The burning feather rapidly began to fade away. In the blink of an eye, it turned into ash, which then began to dissipate. That removed any pressure from weighing down on Meng Hao, and his blood-colored Soul Lamp began to shine even more brightly.

Because of the whole series of strange transformations of Heaven and Earth that led up to this point, as soon as that unique Soul Lamp appeared everyone could see it very clearly, including the members of the Meng Clan and the invading cultivators.

“Prime Lamp! That's a Prime Lamp!!”

“When igniting Soul Lamps in the Ancient Realm, the final lamp to be ignited is the Prime Lamp!”

“Once the Prime Lamp appears, it means... the igniting of Soul Lamps is over!!”

“32 Soul Lamps. Heavens! None of the ancient records mention anything like this. This is definitely something that didn't happen even in ancient times!!” In the fight between Meng Hao and Xiao Yihan, things had been happening too quickly for people to consider the ramifications of Meng Hao igniting so many Soul Lamps.

Now that they thought about the blood-colored Soul Lamp for a moment and realized what it was, they began to gasp and utter exclamations of amazement. Massive rumbling echoed out, and the entire Eighth Mountain and Sea vibrated.

Meng Hao's act of stepping into the Ancient Realm was causing tremors across all of the Eighth Mountain and Sea. Furthermore, back in the Ninth Mountain and Sea, all of the members of the Fang Clan could feel their blood boiling as a pulsing, gentle power erupted inside of their qi passageways.

When the Patriarch grew, the bloodline clan members also grew!

Meng Hao himself had become the source of the Fang Clan bloodline!

Back in the Eighth Mountain and Sea, Meng Hao was trembling. From the moment his blood-colored Soul Lamp appeared, he sensed that it was different from all of the other Soul Lamps. It was connected to his bloodline, and... it almost felt like he could transform into the lamp, and similarly the lamp would be able to reform his body!

As soon as it appeared, the flames of the other Soul Lamps raged even brighter, and Meng Hao's injuries immediately improved. In this state of igniting Soul Lamps, he had special protection from Heaven and Earth!

However, Meng Hao could also sense that the energy of Heaven and Earth that had been fueling the ignition of his Soul Lamps was now fading away. Apparently, it was exactly as the crowds were speculating. This newest Soul Lamp... would be his final one!

However, Meng Hao wasn't quite convinced. He could sense that even after the blood-colored Soul Lamp appeared, astonishingly... there was still another Soul Lamp stirring inside of him!

"So, the blood-colored Soul Lamp is not my Prime Lamp. The true Prime Lamp is still inside, waiting to be ignited....

"If I truly want to ignite that Prime Lamp, I need more power, more pressure to force it out. Otherwise... it will remain dormant inside of me forever!" Meng Hao had the intense premonition that the true Prime Lamp inside of him was not something that could be underestimated. Even the energy of Heaven and Earth around him couldn't sense it.... That would definitely be his most powerful Prime Soul Lamp!

Xiao Yihan suddenly stopped in place. Instead of getting any closer to Meng Hao, he stared at him and then began to laugh.

"So your Prime Lamp has appeared. That means no more Soul Lamps will be appearing. 32, huh.... Definitely powerful. However, I've been waiting this entire time just for your Prime Lamp to appear!" His eyes flickered with killing intent, and his lips twisted in a cold smile. He sent out his divine sense, and could immediately sense that the energy of Heaven and Earth was fading away. Feeling assured that Meng Hao could not ignite any more Soul Lamps, he took a deep breath.



Although they were out in the starry sky, as he inhaled, a massive windstorm appeared around him. Even more shocking was that a portion of the energy of Heaven and Earth that had been sustaining Meng Hao's ignition of the Soul Lamps began to be sucked away, as if it couldn't resist the power being unleashed by Xiao Yihan.

Boundless power was sucked up by Xiao Yihan, it was formed together into... an arrow!

It was a colorless arrow, completely invisible to anything other than divine sense, and it contained terrifying power.

Next, all of the black willow leaves down below near the Meng Clan ancestral mansion began to vibrate and emit loud rumbling sounds. Then they were uprooted and flew up into the air, rapidly growing smaller as they neared Xiao Yihan. Unexpectedly, they circulated around him and then transformed into... a meter-long black bow!

He reached out to grab the black bow, nocked the invisible arrow, and then pulled the bow back until it formed the rough shape of a full moon!

"This is my most deadly weapon, son. Today is the day you perish!"

An intense sensation of deadly crisis rose up in Meng Hao's mind. It was like a voice roaring loudly inside of him, telling him that whatever happened next, he was mostly likely going to die!

However, at the same time, Meng Hao could sense that the true Prime Lamp inside of him was growing more solid. It felt as if it were thirsting... for the power being built up by Xiao Yihan!

"This 33rd Soul Lamp... is my Prime Lamp. Therefore...." Meng Hao's eyes flickered with determination. There was little time for contemplation. Almost in the same moment that Xiao Yihan pulled the bowstring back, Meng Hao's cultivation base rocketed up. Ancient mana filled his body, and his fleshly body power was at its peak. He summoned the meat jelly to form armor, pulled out the Battle Weapon, and called upon the blood-colored Prime Lamp. Then he summoned his Paragon Bridge and took a step forward to stand on the bridge itself, whereupon he faced Xiao Yihan and attacked!

“First arrow!” Xiao Yihan said with a cold smile. He loosed the arrow, whereupon green qi began to stream out of his eyes, ears, nose, and mouth, which was absorbed by the arrow, transforming it from being invisible into being green!

Rumbling could be heard as the green arrow transformed into a beam of green light that shot toward Meng Hao, leaving behind a trail of afterimages of plants and vegetation that then bloomed and flourished.

Meng Hao’s eyes flickered as he slapped at the incoming arrow with both hands. A boom rang out. Meng Hao could not halt the force of the arrow; blood spurted out from his hands, and the arrow stabbed onward, piercing into his chest!

However, because Meng Hao’s attack had deflected it, the place it struck was not his heart, but simply flesh. It stabbed through, accompanied by a huge boom. At the same time, the power of plants and vegetation exploded out, and green grass instantly sprouted from Meng Hao’s wound as he coughed up blood.

Meng Hao seemed injured, but the truth was that he was very excited. He had actually let himself be injured by the arrow, and had intended for it to stab into him. As it did, the true Prime Lamp inside of him began to seethe as it madly absorbed the force of the blow.

“Second arrow!” Xiao Yihan said, apparently not having noticed what was happening. Smiling coldly, he once again pulled back on the bowstring. This time, black water streamed out of his eyes, ears, nose, and mouth, transforming into a black rain arrow, which he immediately let loose!

Next was a third arrow, and then a fourth!

One was an arrow of darkness, the next, an arrow of light. They turned into two beams which shot directly toward Meng Hao.

Meng Hao looked up at the three incoming arrows, and his eyes gleamed brightly. He could sense that his final Soul Lamp... was about to ignite!

Chapter 1280: Paragon Soul Lamp!

This was a completely unheard-of Soul Lamp. The starry sky shook because of the completely astonishing... true Prime Lamp!

Fundamentally speaking, it should never have appeared. Were it not for Xiao Yihan, perhaps Meng Hao would have been able to ignite that 32nd blood-colored lamp, but he would never have reached 33 lamps!

Xiao Yihan had actually been attempting to prevent Meng Hao from igniting his Soul Lamps. How could he ever have imagined that the exact opposite had occurred... he had actually been the biggest factor in helping Meng Hao open his 33rd Lamp, his true Prime Lamp.

“I can tell that once this 33rd Soul Lamp appears,” Meng Hao murmured, “everything... will change significantly.” At the same time that Xiao Yihan’s second arrow rumbled toward him, Meng Hao raised both hands to perform an incantation gesture. Then he pushed out toward the black rain arrow. Although he slowed it down, he didn’t stop it. The arrow stabbed relentlessly into him, then spread out, becoming millions of black drops of rain that filled his body.

The black rainwater almost seemed self-aware; it burrowed into his flesh and blood, bored through his body, merged into his qi passageways, filled him completely with destructive power.

However, that power caused his final Soul Lamp to emanate a brilliant glow which then began to absorb the quivering black rain.

By now, Xiao Yihan could tell that something was going wrong. However, his arrows of darkness and light were already flying toward Meng Hao at top speed. A moment later they stabbed into him.

BOOOOMMMMMM!

Blood sprayed out of Meng Hao’s chest, which virtually exploded. Bones were visible, as was his beating heart. The wound seemed very serious, and yet, a smile broke out on Meng Hao’s face, and he even started laughing.

Xiao Yihan’s face completely fell with disbelief. He was shocked, astonished, could hardly believe that he was sensing... the aura of another Soul Lamp inside Meng Hao!!

“Th-this... is impossible! His Prime Lamp already appeared. It’s impossible for another Soul Lamp to emerge. Unless... unless the lamp from before wasn’t actually his Prime Lamp!!

“But that’s even more impossible. That blood-colored lamp was clearly his Prime Lamp!!”

Even as Xiao Yihan’s face fell, the Soul Lamp aura on Meng Hao didn’t just seep out, it erupted explosively. The four arrows which had just struck him completely vanished, having been absorbed by the new Soul Lamp.

Meng Hao threw his head back and roared and then, a beam of light appeared above him which was... azure!!

That light caused massive transformations in Heaven and Earth; the starry sky trembled, and the energy of Heaven and Earth, which had been fading, suddenly grew strong again, surrounding Meng Hao, turning into a vortex of power that poured into him. This was the power he needed to ignite his 33rd Soul Lamp!

Meng Hao’s roar echoed out as the azure light above him grew more and more intense. Everyone watching was flabbergasted, and uncontrollable fear exploded out from deep in their souls.

That included the members of the Meng Clan and the invading cultivators. No matter the level of their cultivation bases, be they in the Immortal Realm, the Ancient Realm, or even the Dao Realm, as of this moment, everyone was involuntarily struck with awe.

Even Xiao Yihan, who had started out as a boy and was now a young man, could not suppress the reverence that grew in his heart.

“That... that azure color...” he muttered, shivering. Everywhere in the Eighth Mountain and Sea, all regions were filled with rumbling sounds. At the same time, the Xuanwu turtle in the celestial pool on the Eighth Mountain lifted its head and howled.

In the Ninth Mountain, the Seventh Mountain, the Sixth Mountain... in the entire Mountain and Sea Realm, the Xuanwu turtles in the celestial pools on all of the Nine Mountains trembled, threw their heads back, and howled.

The howls of the Nine Mountains’ Xuanwu turtles shook the entire Mountain and Sea Realm, and everyone in it.

In fact, in the starry sky of the Eighth Mountain and Sea, Patriarch Reliance, who was floating along comfortably, also shivered. Suddenly, he felt as if he couldn't control his own body, as though his blood was somehow being awakened by something. He also... lifted his head up and howled!

Unexpectedly, his howling combined with the howls of the nine Xuanwu turtles, joining together, as if... there were a Tenth Mountain and a tenth turtle!

The sun and moon flickered and stopped orbiting. The Nine Mountains shook, and the Nine Seas churned. The azure light above Meng Hao grew more and more clear, until in the end, it was possible to see an azure flame there, within which was the figure of a cross-legged cultivator.

That cultivator wore a long azure robe, and although he resembled Meng Hao, if you looked more closely you would be able to see differences. Apparently, that azure-colored flame contained a bit of aura.

That was... the aura of a Paragon!

Meng Hao's 33rd Soul Lamp flared to life, and shockingly... it was the will of Paragon Nine Seals' blood inside of him that transformed... into a Soul Lamp!

It was... a Paragon Soul Lamp!

"Paragon Soul Lamp!!" Xiao Yihan thought, heart trembling. His eyes went wide with disbelief and shock as he suddenly recalled a legend, something that he had once read about in the ancient records and had assumed was an impossibility.

"He's... he's..." Xiao Yihan's scalp went numb as he watched Meng Hao. Then he looked at Meng Hao's head and the azure Paragon Soul Lamp hanging over it, and realized that he could sense something on both Meng Hao and the Soul Lamp. It was... the aura of the Mountain and Sea Realm!

He backed up slowly, and then without the slightest hesitation whatsoever, turned tail in retreat, vanishing without a trace.

Even as he fled, Meng Hao suddenly looked up and said, "33rd Soul Lamp, ignite!"

He waved both hands, causing his cultivation base to erupt with power as the azure Soul Lamp floated up from the top of his head to float above in the starry sky.

Soon, the only color that could be seen in the starry sky was azure!

Because of that azure light, all of the other Soul Lamps dimmed, even the blood-colored Soul Lamp. Not only was it clear that this lamp was the sovereign over the others, it also caused Meng Hao to emit a stifling pressure that suppressed everyone whom it swept over, making it extremely difficult for them to rotate their cultivation bases.

It was as if the appearance of this azure Soul Lamp had caused something to awaken in Meng Hao... the aura of the entire Mountain and Sea Realm!

It came from the legacy of the League of Demon Sealers, and was... the pressure that came from the Lord of the Mountain and Sea Realm! Although it wasn't very powerful at the moment, the more profound Meng Hao's cultivation base grew, the stronger the aura would get. In the end, even a single look from him would cause a 6-Essences Dao Sovereign's cultivation base to be thoroughly suppressed.

This was... the Lord of the Mountain and Sea Realm!

An image appeared in Meng Hao's mind, an image of the Mountain and Sea Realm. He had the intense sensation that he... could stretch out his hand and take the entire Realm into his hand.

Then, he decided to do just that; he stretched out his hand, and it felt as if he were holding up something invisible. That motion caused the Eighth Mountain and Sea to tremble, as well as all of the other Mountains and Seas. Even the sun and moon shone with brilliant light, and trembled... with anticipation!

It was only a brief moment, but that was all it took to almost instantly drain Meng Hao's cultivation base. He immediately pulled his hand back, and gradually, his cultivation base was restored.

33 Soul lamps circulated around him, emitting soft light. All of them were continuously absorbing the energy of Heaven and Earth, and constantly growing stronger.

"The Ancient Realm...." Meng Hao murmured. As of this moment, he truly was in the Ancient Realm. The next step would be the experience of slowly extinguishing all of his Soul Lamps. After

reaching the great circle, he would... break through as an Allheaven Dao Immortal into the next Realm, the Dao Realm!

Meng Hao could already sense that he... despite not being in the Dao Realm, was already able to gain enlightenment of Essence, even to acquire it....

Furthermore, he had a gut feeling that these Essences pointed toward... his Demon Sealing Hexing magic!

“I’m a member of the League of Demon Sealers, and my Essences will be my Demon Sealing Hexing magics!” Meng Hao’s eyes glittered.

“I just wonder if, after extinguishing my 33 Soul Lamps, I’ll be able to acquire nine Essences. If I do, the realm that I’ve broken into... will it still be considered the Dao Realm...?”

“Or is it possible... that... I could reach that Realm which Paragon Nine Seals only managed to step halfway into... the Daosource Realm. Then I myself could become... a source of Essence!” Meng Hao’s face shone with enlightenment. Although he was actually speculating, he at least had a direction to aim in.

“Since I’m an Allheaven Dao Immortal, and no one like me has ever successfully completed traversing the Ancient Realm, then I must surely travel a different path from others, and thus be able to increase my chances of passing through the Ancient Realm!

“To Allheaven Dao Immortals, the Ancient Realm is actually an entire set of Ancient Tribulations. For me that means... 33 Ancient Tribulations!” His eyes flickered as he looked at his 1st Soul Lamp, and had the feeling that with a mere thought on his part, he could easily extinguish it.

At the same time, all of his Soul Lamps seemed as though they were somehow connected.

Meng Hao looked away, flicking his sleeve and causing his 33 Soul Lamps to enter his body. Then he turned and looked back at the Meng Clan and all the invaders and traitors.

As soon as he looked at them, they began to tremble.

It was at that point that, all of a sudden, a muffled roar echoed out in the Eighth Mountain and Sea. It came from far off, and gave rise to powerful ripples, and a tempest that swept across the entire Eighth Mountain and Sea!

All of the cultivators were shocked, and in that moment, the Heavengod Alliance was thrown into astonishment.

The sound came from the border region between the Eighth Mountain and Sea and the Seventh Mountain and Sea. Suddenly a huge rift opened in the barrier between the two Mountains and Seas. Lightning danced and the wind screamed as numerous figures shot through the rift, radiating killing intent. In an instant, it was clear that the number of cultivators was vast... and they were all entering the Eighth Mountain and Sea.

These were none other than the cultivators from the Seventh Mountain and Sea!