

The Heavens 1291

Chapter 1291: Who Said It Was a Worthless Incantation?

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It was almost as if Meng Hao didn't even notice those incoming cultivators. He proceeded along as before, but then casually waved his hand. Instantly, the dozen or so cultivators began to tremble. Their faces went slack, then they toppled over and became a part of the surrounding ruins.

Meng Hao didn't kill them, but rather dispersed their consciousness, putting them into a state of sleep from which they would awaken in a few months.

As he traveled through the Heavengod Alliance, he noticed many places where planets had once existed which were now nothing more than rubble. Everything was in ruins, and corpses could be seen everywhere, cultivators from both the Eighth and the Seventh Mountain and Sea.

Meng Hao's face was very grim as he went along, getting deeper and deeper into the territory of the Heavengod Alliance. Up ahead, he could sense Heaven-shaking, Earth-shattering ripples, and could even hear the sounds of screaming mixed in, along with massive explosions.

That was clearly... where the front lines of the battle were.

His divine sense expanded out, spreading out through virtually the entire Heavengod Alliance. In that whole area, there were only two people he cared about. One was the Noble Ran, and the other... was on the Eighth Mountain.

In fact, those two people were the entire reason why he had come here to begin with.

With his divine sense, Meng Hao could see that half of the former Heavengod Alliance's territory was now in complete ruin, and was controlled by the Seventh Mountain and Sea. By now, their cultivators numbered in the millions, and had been divided into four main armies which stabbed into the Heavengod Alliance from four different directions.

The cultivators of the Heavengod Alliance were also split into four main armies to defend against the various offenses. However, it was obvious that they were being forced inexorably back, and would eventually be defeated. There was little hope of achieving victory.

Not too far away from Meng Hao, in the starry sky of the Heavengod Alliance, in the most bloody and bitter of the four battlefields, a shattered planet was transforming into a black hole, and had begun swallowing up many of the surrounding cultivators.

A grand battle was being fought here, with more than 700,000 cultivators on each side. It was a spectacular, sprawling fight, and at any particular moment the shrill cries of the dying could be heard.

Explosions echoed out constantly, and the glow of magical techniques rose up high into the starry sky. Terrifying ripples spread out chaotically, and the entire scene was one of disorder.

Higher up was where the Dao Realm experts were fighting. Meng Hao could see the Chief Dharma Protector of the Heavengod Society, as well as... the boy Xiao Yihan. The two of them were locked in a Heaven-shaking, Earth-shattering battle.

Clearly, the Chief Dharma Protector was no match for Xiao Yihan. However, he wore a green suit of armor that boosted his power to the point where he could at least hold his own.

There were more than a few Dao Realm experts in the battle, and wherever they fought, massive booms and explosions echoed out.

Meng Hao caught sight of the first Patriarch of the Righteous Noble Sect, who was in a very sorry state and seemed to be on his last legs. Meng Hao continued to scan the battlefield until he finally found the Noble Ran.

Shockingly, he was up against two Dao Realm experts from the Seventh Mountain and Sea, who were attacking him in unison. It was a breathtaking battle, and unfortunately, he was weakening by the moment. His body a mass of wounds and injuries, and his face was completely ashen. He looked like an oil lamp running low on fuel, sputtering on the verge of being extinguished.

As soon as Meng Hao caught sight of him, his eyes flickered coldly, and he took a step in that direction.

On the battlefield itself, the Noble Ran was laughing bitterly. Booms rang out, and blood spurted from his wounds as he was forced back relentlessly. His injuries were many and serious; in the past months, he had been in so many fights he had lost count.

Despite fighting so bitterly, the mad advance of the Seventh Mountain and Sea was unstoppable. The Righteous Noble Sect... was no more. Vast numbers of disciples had been killed, and the third Patriarch was dead. Only the Noble Ran and the first Patriarch remained.

“Perhaps this battle... is where I will perish,” thought the Noble Ran as he performed an incantation gesture, once again fighting back against his two Dao Realm opponents. One of those opponents was a middle-aged man, the other was elderly. Their cultivation bases were at the same level as his, and they attacked with complete viciousness. They clearly wanted to kill the Noble Ran more than anything else, and in response to his move, they unleashed their Essence power, creating a huge mountain of ice, within which was sealed a black eyeball.

As the mountain sped toward the Noble Ran, it melted, creating a powerful blast of freezing air. Cracking sounds could be heard as everything froze over and was covered by layer after layer of frost. Simultaneously, the black eyeball flew out, becoming a black beam of light that shot toward the Noble Ran.

He laughed bitterly as the freezing ice spread out over his body, and the black beam of light closed in. Finally, he bit his tongue and spit out a glob of blood, which transformed into a blood mist that blocked the black light.

Rumbling sounds could be heard, and a stubborn gleam appeared in the Noble Ran’s eyes. He took a deep breath and then said, “The Dao is in My Heart!”

Instantly, the ice covering him cracked and then shattered away.

The two Dao Realm experts he was facing began to laugh coldly.

“That move again? Noble Ran, we’ve fought back and forth numerous times, and this isn’t the first time you’ve tried to use that Seal the Heavens Incantation, and it never works! Anybody can see that it’s a completely worthless incantation!”

“The Seal the Heavens Incantation is a complete joke. I’ve heard people say that you got it to work once, is that right? To tell you the truth, I really look forward to seeing that happen. I want to see this ‘Seal the Heavens Incantation’ that you supposedly used to block tens of thousands of opponents at the same time.” The two Dao Realm experts continued to laugh coldly. Instead of unleashing attacks, they merely hovered there, looking at the Noble Ran with cold cynicism.

Their words stung, but the Noble Ran's eyes gleamed with stubbornness. He had succeeded, albeit only once. However, that one time in which he had succeeded had given his apprentice the chance to escape.

That one success was something he would never forget.

The Seal the Heavens Incantation is not worthless!!

"The Will is in My Eyes!" roared the Noble Ran, then gritted his teeth as he assumed the proper pose, to further mockery from his opponents.

"I Shall Possess the Mountains and Seas, Seal the Heavens Incantation!" The Noble Ran threw his head back and roared, splaying both arms out wide and then waving them out. However... absolutely no magical technique appeared.

The Noble Ran's eyes faded, and he coughed up a mouthful of blood. He chuckled bitterly, and yet deep inside he still believed that the Seal the Heavens Incantation was not worthless.

"How many times have you tried to use that magic? Every single time you prove that it's a completely worthless incantation!"

"What a pity. We've still never even seen this so-called Seal the Heavens Incantation." The two cultivators from the Seventh Mountain and Sea shook their heads and then began to speed toward the Noble Ran, pulsing with killing intent.

In his bitterness, the Noble Ran slowly began to speak, more to himself than to anyone else, "It's not a worthless incantation, it's the Seal the Heavens Incantation, which I created myself.... The Seal the Heavens Incantation!"

"I succeeded once before...." he murmured. He had paid an unimaginable price to create the Seal the Heavens Incantation, and the memories of what had occurred were something he didn't like to recall. It was an incredible pain that he kept hidden away deep in his heart.

RUMBLE!

As the two Dao Realm experts closed in, they joined forces to unleash a powerful magical technique. The image of a huge black centipede appeared, a vicious creature which opened its mouth as if to consume the Noble Ran.

“Take your worthless incantation with you into death!”

However, it was at this point that an icy cold voice suddenly echoed out across the battlefield, exploding into the ears of the two Dao Realm cultivators.

“You people want to see the Seal the Heavens Incantation? Well then, I’ll give you that chance right now.... The Dao is in My Heart!” As soon as the words “The Dao is in My Heart” echoed out, massive rumbling filled Heaven and Earth and everything shook. At the same time, a shocking aura spread out to fill the starry sky.

The two Dao Realm experts’ faces fell. The voice from just now had pierced into their minds, causing them to tremble physically. They looked up into the starry sky and saw a figure approaching.

That figure wore a long robe, and his descent caused the more than a million fiercely fighting cultivators on the battlefield to be filled with shock. As for his words, they echoed about like the crash of thunder.

This new arrival was none other than Meng Hao!

When the Noble Ran saw him, he began to tremble, and his eyes filled with happiness. He began to laugh, and the look in his eyes turned to that of excitement.

“My little disciple, my little disciple....”

“The Will is in My Eyes!” Meng Hao said, which was the second line of the incantation. His voice echoed out, booming like thunder, causing the two Dao Realm experts from the Seventh Mountain and Sea to cough up blood. Looks of shock and disbelief flashed across their faces.

They weren’t the only ones. The other Dao Realm experts in the area all looked over in astonishment. Of course, what was most shocking to them was not just the power of Meng Hao’s voice, but the fact that all of a sudden... an indescribable pressure had begun to weigh down on them.

That boundless pressure felt like an enormous mountain crushing down onto their backs.

It was... the power of the Mountain and Sea Realm!

The first Patriarch of the Righteous Noble Sect looked on in astonishment. The other Dao Realm experts on both sides of the battlefield felt their minds spinning. As for the Chief Dharma Protector of the Heavengod Society, when he recognized Meng Hao, he immediately gasped.

However, the one who was most shocked wasn't him, it was... the boy Xiao Yihan. He looked at Meng Hao with wide eyes for a moment before turning around and fleeing.

That was the reaction of the Dao Realm experts. As for all of the other million or more cultivators on the battlefield, the power of the Mountains and Seas caused them to tremble, and their minds to reel. Instantly, all of the fighting completely stopped. All because of a single person!

"I Shall Possess the Mountains and Seas...." Meng Hao said, the third line of the incantation. The entire starry sky was filled with booming sounds like those of war drums, sounds that caused everyone present to be completely shaken. Their minds buzzed as the power of the Mountain and Sea Realm seemed to become even stronger than before.

It was as if massive power had built up and was now being released, creating a pressure that overwhelmed the minds of everyone present. It was a pressure that didn't just affect their cultivation bases; it actually caused everyone to stop breathing.

Only the Noble Ran was smiling. As for the two Dao Realm opponents he had been fighting, their faces were ashen, and their minds spun out of control.

The entire world, the entire starry sky, seemed to converge upon Meng Hao. They watched as Meng Hao... spoke the third line, stretched his hands out wide, then waved them toward the starry sky, simultaneously speaking the final words of the incantation.

"Seal... the Heavens... Incantation!"

Chapter 1292: Are you... My Grandpa Meng?

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Rain began to fall in the starry sky.

Or perhaps it would be more accurate to call it the tears of the Mountains and Seas.... Tears for the battle, tears for the crumbled ruins, tears for the slaughter, tears because of the mutual destruction unleashed by the cultivators of the Mountains and Seas.

The tears began to fall in the instant that Meng Hao said the final words of the incantation. They fell from the starry sky down onto the battlefield, splashing onto all the cultivators there.

It was a gentle rain that seemed to contain no force whatsoever. The cultivators first stared in shock, but then began to relax. The pressure from moments ago had been shocking to the extreme, but in contrast, this rain seemed completely powerless. The Dao Realm experts from the Seventh Mountain and Sea, who had been so nervous moments ago, now had strange expressions on their faces.

The two who had been fighting with the Noble Ran even chuckled.

“Seal the Heavens Incantation? This is the Seal the Heavens Incantation?”

“How droll. What an amusing magical technique.” Their nervousness instantly began to fade away. After breathing sighs of relief, they then began to laugh loudly.

However, they backed up nonetheless. Although they did not fear the Seal the Heavens Incantation, the sudden addition of Meng Hao onto the battlefield was definitely fear-inspiring.

The Chief Dharma Protector of the Heavengod Society sighed inwardly, and the other almighty Dao Realm experts of the Eighth Mountain and Sea looked on with grim expressions. There were only three people on the battlefield who had different reactions. One was Meng Hao, and another was the Noble Ran.

The Noble Ran was laughing, a laughter filled with happiness and excitement.

The third person who was acting completely differently was the boy Xiao Yihan, who was fleeing at top speed, and in a flash had exited the battlefield. Of everyone present, he understood Meng Hao the best, and was completely terrified of him.

As for Meng Hao, he was completely calm as he closed his eyes. The Noble Ran's laughter continued to echo out as he too closed his eyes.

The moment that Master and apprentice closed their eyes, the entire starry sky began to shake. The falling rain then erupted with a power that could shake Heaven and Earth. As it surged out, the gentleness from before became a burning madness.

It was as if the Mountain and Sea Realm had suddenly gone from being incredibly sad to being exceedingly furious!

It was furious that the living beings in the Mountain and Sea Realm would slaughter each other, furious that the 33 Heavens had completely sealed the Mountain and Sea Realm. It was furious at anything and everything!

RUMBLE!

A raindrop exploded, bypassing the cultivators of the Eighth Mountain and Sea to slam into the cultivators from the Seventh Mountain and Sea. Their faces fell as the power of that raindrop's explosion hit them like a mountain.

RUMMMMBLLE!

One raindrop after another began to explode, filling the battlefield with intense explosions. In the blink of an eye, the whole battlefield was collapsing as the boundless power of the Mountains and Seas erupted out violently!

Bloodcurdling screams rose up from the cultivators of the Seventh Mountain and Sea, as nearly a million cultivators coughed up huge mouthfuls of blood. That blood merged together into an entire sea of blood which swept out like floodwaters!

RUUUUUUMMMMBLLE!

Things weren't over yet. The explosions continued as all of the rain detonated. The power of the Mountains and Seas... was thoroughly unleashed; it was like a giant, roaring across the battlefield. Each time it waved its arms, blood sprayed from mouths and cultivators were sent spinning through the air.

The Dao Realm experts from the Seventh Mountain and Sea wore expressions of shock; they could clearly sense the power of the Mountains and Seas, and could tell that it was incensed!

“What... what power is this?!”

“I can feel the rage of Heaven and Earth, this... this is shocking!!”

“Heaven and Earth is furious, the Mountain and Sea Realm is rejecting us! I can even sense my Essence trembling!!” Cries of alarm rose up, filled with disbelief and astonishment. The Dao Realm cultivators from the Seventh Mountain and Sea were being suppressed by the will of the Mountain and Sea Realm itself. Rumbling echoed out as blood sprayed out of their mouths, and they were sent tumbling through the air.

This shocking scene played out all over the battlefield. Blood sprayed out of the mouths of all of the cultivators from the Seventh Mountain and Sea, and they began to fall back, albeit not voluntarily; they were being shoved backward by a massive force.

All across the battlefield, the cultivators of the Eighth Mountain and Sea looked on with gaping jaws. The Chief Dharma Protector of the Heavengod Society was astonished, and the first Patriarch of the Righteous Noble Sect was shocked. All of the Dao Realm experts of the Eighth Mountain and Sea were aghast.

That was not even to mention the other cultivators who were not in the Dao Realm. Everyone was flabbergasted.

“This power... it’s the power of the Mountain and Sea Realm, the will of the Mountains and Seas!”

“The Seal the Heavens Incantation... the Noble Ran’s Seal the Heavens Incantation can actually control the entire Mountain and Sea Realm!!” Looks of disbelief began to appear on the faces of the Dao Realm cultivators of the Eighth Mountain and Sea.

A huge gap now existed between the two sides on the battlefield. However, no one was killed. The cultivators of the Seventh Mountain and Sea were injured and shocked, and their cultivation bases were suppressed, but no one was killed.

Even still, what was happening was completely astonishing.

The two Dao Realm experts who had been fighting the Noble Ran were included in that. Their faces were masses of shock and fear, and when they felt the power of expulsion pushing against them, a deep sense of unease rose up in their hearts.

Both of them felt as if they were under attack by some monstrous power, and were sent flying backward accompanied by intense rumbling sounds.

Even as they tumbled back, Meng Hao's eyes snapped open, and they blazed with killing intent. Voice cool, he said, "As for you two. You shall die!"

It was not a request. It was a command, uttered with extreme calm.

The instant the words left his mouth, the two Dao Realm experts screamed miserably as the power of the Mountains and Seas shredded them to bits. Blood and gore spattered out, and although their Nascent Divinities appeared and tried to flee, they were quickly destroyed by the power of the Mountains and Seas.

Those two deaths caused the cultivators on both sides of the battlefield to gasp. Now that the two sides had been forcibly separated, everything went silent. The Noble Ran opened his eyes, and a wide smile broke out on his face.

That smile was one of happiness and contentment, and when he looked at Meng Hao, his eyes glowed with deep gratitude.

Meng Hao looked around the battlefield, then slowly said, "Who said the Seal the Heavens Incantation was a worthless incantation?"

No one responded. Not a single cultivator dared to say a word. Everyone from both the Seventh Mountain and Sea and the Eighth was completely shaken, and when they looked at Meng Hao, it was with deep awe and dread.

Anyone who could draw upon the power of the Mountains and Seas was someone completely terrifying. Someone like that... was similar to the Mountain and Sea Lords. They wielded power that ordinary people did not possess. Not even Dao Sovereigns were awe-inspiring enough to command the power of the Mountains and Seas, not unless they became Mountain and Sea Lords.

Were it not for the fact that the Dao Realm experts from the Seventh Mountain and Sea were sure that the Lord of the Eighth Mountain and Sea was slumbering and had not awoken, they would have believed Meng Hao to be the Lord of the Eighth Mountain and Sea!

Meng Hao's gaze swept across the crowds, then came to rest on the Noble Ran. Clasp hands, he bowed deeply.

"Greetings, Master."

"Wonderful. Wonderful!" the Noble Ran said excitedly, laughing, but also staggering a bit from weakness and his internal injuries. Meng Hao hurried forward and held out an arm to help support him. As soon as he touched him, a gentle power sprang out from within Meng Hao and began to course through the Noble Ran, healing his injuries.

As of that moment, all eyes were on the Noble Ran, and as for the cultivators from the Seventh Mountain and Sea, their expressions were those of dread.

When the Noble Ran felt his injuries healing rapidly, he looked at Meng Hao and mused that he really had made the right decision in taking him as an apprentice. In fact, for Meng Hao's sake, he had offended everyone in the entire Heavengod Alliance.

"Master, I can't stay," Meng Hao said quietly. "There's an important matter I have to attend to. Master, please take this jade slip. If... this Mountain and Sea is ever overrun by the enemy, please use it to borrow some of the power of the Seal the Heavens Incantation. Go to... the Ninth Mountain and Sea. That is my home." He handed the Noble Ran a jade slip that could be used to pierce through the barriers between Mountains and Seas, one of several that he had made at the same time that he had set up the spell formation in the Meng Clan.

The Noble Ran smiled kindly and nodded, accepting the jade slip. He looked very content, as well as deeply proud. From this moment on, no one would ever dare to say that the Seal the Heavens Incantation was a worthless incantation!

To say that it was worthless was to say that the entire Mountain and Sea Realm was worthless!

Meng Hao once again clasped hands and bowed deeply to the Noble Ran. Then he looked around at the surrounding cultivators and said, “Anyone who dares to harm my Master, regardless of their status or the level of their cultivation base, will have their entire sect or clan exterminated by me!”

Everyone, both those from the Seventh Mountain and Sea as well as those from the Eighth, all heard him, and their hearts trembled.

A threat from someone who was similar to a Mountain and Sea Lord was a threat that even a Dao Sovereign had to take seriously.

Meng Hao once again clasped hands to the Noble Ran, then made his way off the battlefield. The only reason he had come here was because of the Noble Ran. He resolved the situation, healed his Master’s injuries, then said his parting words, certain that his Master would now be safe regardless of what happened in the war.

After Meng Hao left, neither side on the battlefield felt like fighting any more, and gradually dispersed, faces filled with awe and other mixed emotions.

This was the first time since the Mountain and Sea War began that... a battle ended in such a way.

News quickly spread among both sides, and soon, everyone in the Eighth and Seventh Mountains and Seas were aware of how terrifying the Seal the Heavens Incantation was. They learned of Meng Hao, and also... that there was someone else in the war who was not to be provoked... the Noble Ran.

No cultivators from the Seventh Mountain and Sea dared to venture into the interior of the Heavengod Alliance. As for Meng Hao, he proceeded along through the starry sky, getting closer and closer to the Eighth Mountain.

As he neared, it became more and more clear that the shocking fluctuations coming from the top of the Eighth Mountain... were filled with a familiar aura.

A few more hours passed, and Meng Hao arrived at the foot of the Eighth Mountain. Looking up toward the peak of the mountain, he murmured, “Sir... are you my Grandpa Meng...?”

Chapter 1293: Storm Clouds Approach

Describing Meng Hao's thoughts at this moment would be a very difficult thing to do. He stood there silently at the foot of the Eighth Mountain for a long moment before taking a step forward and beginning to climb.

Considering the level of his cultivation base, there was really nothing to cause him any hesitation. However, he couldn't stop thinking about how important this was, and how much he wanted his Grandpa Meng to be at the top of the mountain.

Although he had his suspicions, he still wondered why his grandfather had come to be the Mountain and Sea Lord. Although, in the end, that part wasn't really important. What was important... was that his grandfather was still alive.

Deep in the memories of his childhood, he could recall the images of both of his grandfathers, how they had cradled him in their arms, how they had smiled happily, and how they had even devolved into angry arguments over whose turn it was to hold him.

Even more unforgettable was how his Grandpa Meng and Grandpa Fang had left together to search for a way to save him. After leaving... they never returned. Because of that, both of their bloodlines, which had once stood at the pinnacles of their respective clans, entered a state of decline.

Meng Hao was deeply moved, but also felt very guilty. Therefore, even if he had to pay a heavier price than he already had, he would willingly do so to protect his Grandma Meng and her people, and with no regrets at that. He had led the Fang Clan to prominence, but as for the Meng Clan, all he could do was protect them as best he could.

"It might be you, it might not," he murmured. "I'll find out when I get there...." After more time passed, he slowly began to walk up the Eighth Mountain. As he did, many memories swirled through his mind.

This was one of the great Nine Mountains, and it was actually the first time he had stepped onto one of them.

It was huge, so huge that a mortal could spend a lifetime climbing it and never reach the top. In fact, even among cultivators, there were few people who could ever reach the true peak of the mountain. However, this proved to be no obstacle for Meng Hao. As he walked along, time passed, although he wasn't sure how much. Soon he was halfway up the mountain, where he saw the Immortal Ancient Daoist Rite.

It looked just like the Immortal Ancient Daoist Rite on the Ninth Mountain, except that it was completely sealed, not by outside forces, but from the inside.

Meng Hao looked at it and could sense that there were cultivators inside, including several extremely powerful auras. In the same moment that he was studying them, they were doing the same of him.

A long moment passed, after which Meng Hao clasped hands and bowed. Then he proceeded along, slowly approaching the peak of the mountain.

Eventually he found himself standing in front of an enormous stone stele, upon which were written the words...

Heavengod Society!

As he looked at the words, he could sense the archaic feeling of many years upon the stone stele, as if it had experienced a baptism of time. He passed the stele, whereupon he caught sight of a narrow path. A path that led... to the peak of the mountain!

It was a peaceful little path with no people on it. Not a sound could be heard anywhere. He followed the path until he saw a body of water that was like a celestial pond.

Within that water was a statue of a Xuanwu turtle. Actually, despite the fact that it looked like a statue, Meng Hao could tell that within that Xuanwu turtle was... a spark of life, as well as... the aura of the Mountain and Sea Realm.

In that moment, the Demon Sealing Hexing magic inside of him trembled. Meng Hao felt almost as if something were calling to him. All of a sudden, the Xuanwu turtle opened its eyes and looked at him.

One man. One turtle. As they looked at each other, Meng Hao's mind reeled. It was as if he was looking directly at the Mountain and Sea Realm itself. A long moment passed, after which Meng Hao finally settled his thoughts. Then, the Xuanwu turtle slowly bowed its head, indicating... that it was offering him its allegiance. It was offering formal greetings... from the Mountain and Sea Realm to its one and only Lord.

Past the celestial pond was a palace. It was not luxurious, but rather, built into the mountain itself. The front gate was closed, and everything was quiet and peaceful.

Meng Hao's gaze lingered on the Xuanwu turtle for a moment before he walked past it toward the palace. He stood quietly outside the gate for a moment, then raised his hand and pushed it open.

No sound could be heard as the gate slowly swung open to reveal a modest hall, lined with rows of statues on either side, which were clad in black armor. Further up ahead on a huge throne, a person sat cross-legged.

He wore armor, and his face was covered. A majestic, boundless power flowed inside of him, something that exerted stifling pressure even on Meng Hao.

The pressure was like a boundless force, an endless sea, quiet and yet profound. It was the type of power that, when it erupted out, could destroy the Heavens and extinguish the Earth. In addition to all that, Meng Hao was also able to sense... the fluctuations of the Mountain and Sea Realm itself.

They were fluctuations that could topple mountains and drain seas, and were apparently capable of focusing the power of the Mountains and Seas into a pressure that could destroy anything and everything.

Meng Hao stood outside the hall. He didn't set foot inside, but instead examined the armored figure who sat there cross-legged on the throne. Meng Hao's vision could pierce through the armor to see what was inside; the face of a very, very old man.

The fluctuations Meng Hao felt were familiar, and so was that face. Furthermore, the command medallion in his bag of holding began to show strong signs that it was homing in on the man. All of Meng Hao's suspicions were now confirmed. Trembling with excitement, he was now sure... that the person in front of him was none other than his Grandpa Meng!

"Grandpa...." he said. Although he had been prepared for this outcome, it was hard to suppress his excitement. He had been hoping to find his two grandfathers for many years now, and at long last, he had found one of them.

After a long moment passed, Meng Hao took a deep breath, and his eyes glittered brightly. He could tell that there was something off about his grandfather. Although his cultivation base seemed to be alive and bursting with power, that was only the exterior. Inside, his true cultivation base wasn't even moving.

Apparently... there was something about his grandfather which was missing, something that would normally be able to stir his cultivation base into motion. Apparently, this body's soul... was sleeping.

After another long moment passed, Meng Hao closed his eyes and sent some divine sense out into the hall, as well as the surrounding area. Soon, it had covered the entirety of the Eighth Mountain. Time passed. Finally, Meng Hao opened his eyes, and they shone with a strange light.

“His soul is gone....” he murmured. It was a somewhat familiar situation. Soon, his eyes widened.

“I experienced something like this in the Desolation of Delusion.... Grandpa Meng's soul isn't in his body, it's somewhere outside.... However, it still exists. From the look of it, there's only one explanation.... Grandpa Meng's soul has merged into the Eighth Mountain and Sea. His soul... is everywhere!

“It's as if he took a mental journey through Heaven and Earth, but then... forgot to return.” No other person would be able to reach such a conclusion so quickly. However, Meng Hao was the type of person who could fight with Mountain and Sea Lords. Because of his familiarity with the power of the Mountains and Seas, he was quickly able to detect the various clues.

He thought back to the nails which had been stuck in his Grandma Meng and the others, and everything he had experienced in the process of removing them.

“Use the bloodline as the curse, and the relatives as the spell,” Meng Hao murmured. “Seal the soul, thus ensuring that it cannot find the path to return. The soul can only drift about in the Eighth Mountain and Sea as it gradually loses its consciousness, acting on instinct alone....” A bitter expression appeared on his face, but after a moment, his eyes began to shine. He clasped hands and bowed deeply to his grandfather, then closed the temple gate and left the Eighth Mountain!

“I've already broken the bloodline curse,” he murmured, floating through the starry sky, eyes shining brightly. “I've also ended the part of the curse cast by means of his relatives. Grandpa Meng now has what he needs to awaken. He just lacks... a strong catalyst!

“If he has that, his soul will instinctively... return to his body.” He now had a new direction: the rift connecting the Seventh Mountain and Sea to the Eighth.

“There could be no stronger catalyst than the intense ripples which would result from a battle with another Mountain and Sea Lord.

“If I really want to end the invasion of the Seventh Mountain and Sea, then the simplest way to do so... is to kill the Lord of the Seventh Mountain and Sea!

“As the saying goes, if you want to catch bandits, first catch their ringleader. If the Lord of the Seventh Mountain and Sea dies, then the war will be over.” With every sentence that Meng Hao uttered, the look in his eyes grew sharper.

“The Lord of the Seventh Mountain and Sea....” he said, his eyes gleaming with decisiveness. With that, he took another step forward, and then vanished. When he reappeared, he was outside of the Heavengod Alliance, near the border between the Eighth and Seventh Mountains and Seas. That was where... the rift was.

The Seventh Mountain and Sea had already heavily fortified the area with hundreds of thousands of cultivators and countless spell formations.

In fact, there were actually four Dao Realm experts stationed in the area. One of them was just as famous as Marquis Lu had been in the Seventh Mountain and Sea. He was also a Dao Sovereign, Patriarch Chi Yan.

Of the other three, one was a Dao Lord, and the other two were 1-Essence Dao Realm experts!

With those four in place, along with hundreds of thousands of other cultivators and countless restrictive spells and other spell formations, it had become a place that no cultivator of the Eighth Mountain and Sea would be able to breach easily. Furthermore, if someone tried to break through the defenses, but didn't succeed quickly, then the rest of the main army that was currently invading the Heavengod Alliance, as well as numerous other almighty experts, would surely hasten back to flank them.

However... Meng Hao was not just any cultivator!

As soon as he appeared in the area, he did nothing to disguise the fluctuations of his cultivation base. He circulated his Ancient mana to explosive effect, and even sent the aura of the Paragon Bridge emanating out. The power of the Mountains and Seas swirled around him, causing a Heaven-shaking, Earth-shattering tempest to spring up. As the tempest spread out, the starry sky

distorted, and a boundless sea of stars appeared. It was an explosive power that could topple mountains and drain seas, causing the sky to grow dim, and massive rumbling to rise up.

Instantly, the cultivators from the Seventh Mountain and Sea awoke from their meditative trances, and their expressions flickered. At the same time, a powerful roar echoed out from the region of the rift.

“Who goes there?!” The sound echoed out like thunder as a red-haired old man appeared. When his eyes opened, they looked completely bizarre; each eye had two pupils!

Behind him was a pitch-black ox, fully 3,000 meters tall. Almost instantly, its eyes blazed with the fire of the underworld as it stared at Meng Hao.

Strangely, the fire that burned within the eyes of that pitch-black ox seemed to also burn within the dual pupils of the red-haired old man.

The result was that anyone who looked at either the old man’s eyes, or the ox’s, would suddenly feel their vision swimming.

Three other old men sat off to the side, and when their eyes opened, the Essence aura of the Dao Realm erupted from them.

As Meng Hao approached, he looked around at the hundreds of thousands of cultivators, then looked at the red-haired old man and calmly said, “I’m not interested in slaughtering more wrongdoers. Send these other cultivators away.”

Chapter 1294: I’m Waiting For You!

As soon as the red-haired old man’s gaze met Meng Hao’s, the man’s mind reeled, and an intense sensation of deadly crisis exploded up inside of him, as though a voice was screaming inside of him.

The sensation of crisis caused the old man to begin to tremble. He felt almost as if he were facing the Lord of the Seventh Mountain and Sea. Although he seemed calm, beneath the surface, he was terrified.

The red-haired old man’s dual pupils constricted, and he immediately waved his hand dismissively.

“Withdraw!” he said.

That single word caused all of the cultivators from the Seventh Mountain and Sea to be filled with shock. They began to back up, opening up a path in front of Meng Hao.

The old man frowned, then barked, “I said to withdraw!”

His voice echoed out like thunder into the ears of the hundreds of thousands of cultivators, whose minds spun. Almost immediately, they began to scatter away from the region of the rift.

The other three Dao Realm experts frowned in response to the red-haired old man’s words.

“Patriarch Chi, this isn’t very appropriate,” said the almighty Dao Lord.

“Shut your mouth!” the old man roared. “I don’t need you criticizing my orders.” He leveled a glare at the Dao Lord, then turned towards the rest of the cultivators and frowned again.

“Withdraw further! Get five thousand kilometers away from here. Without my authorization, none of you are to set foot into this area. Go, now!” The booming of the old man’s voice echoed within the minds of the hundreds of thousands of cultivators. They had no way to sense how terrifying Meng Hao was, but they could not afford to disregard the orders of the red-haired old man.

Soon, the hundreds of thousands of cultivators were in full flight. Soon, that five thousand kilometer area around the rift was completely empty except for the four Dao Realm experts, the leader of whom was the red-haired old man.

The old man stared at Meng Hao as he slowly rose to his feet.

His condescending manner caused the Dao Lord he had just rebuked to snort coldly, and his eyes to flicker with venomous hatred. However, the Dao Lord wasn’t in the mood to get into an altercation, so he said nothing. But then, he looked more closely at Meng Hao, and just like the red-haired old man, he could sense the terrifying fluctuations hidden within him, and his eyes went wide.

The other two 1-Essence Dao Realm cultivators' expressions also became serious. As soon as the red-haired old man rose to his feet they also stood up, gathering the power of their cultivation bases to summon various magical techniques and items as if they were facing up against a mighty opponent.

Meng Hao's expression was calm as he looked over this red-haired old man. The old man had complied with Meng Hao's wishes to send the hundreds of thousands of cultivators away, which left Meng Hao with a somewhat favorable impression of him.

He could tell that some level of benevolence existed within his heart, and that he realized having all of the other cultivators around when they were fighting would do little good.

In the end, those hundreds of thousands of cultivators would definitely end up being killed or simply fleeing. Allowing them to leave now was actually the best way to keep the forces of the Seventh Mountain and Sea at top strength.

The red-haired old man looked at Meng Hao, his heart full of caution, then asked, "Who are you, your Excellency?"

"Meng Hao," was the calm response as he walked forward. Almost immediately, the spell formations and restrictive spells burst out loudly, filling the area with brilliant light as they were completely activated.

However, in that exact moment, booms rang out as the restrictive spells collapsed and the spell formations exploded in brilliant flashes of light.

As Meng Hao advanced, all of the restrictive spells and spell formations were destroyed.

It was as if the mere pressure and energy coming off of Meng Hao turned into a power that could counteract anything, could crush all resistance like dried weeds.

The red-haired old man's face fell, and the eyes of the Dao Lord next to him went wide. The other two 1-Essence Dao Realm experts felt their hearts beating out of control.

All of this takes some time to describe, but actually happened in the briefest instant. As the Heaven-shaking, Earth-shattering roaring booms filled the area around the rift, a blinding light spread out in

all directions that seemed bright enough to light up the entire starry sky. When that light faded away, it almost seemed as if the previously glorious light of the starry sky was now gone.

The only thing left behind were ripples that spread out into the distance, filling a five thousand kilometer area.... As of this moment, all of the spell formations in the area... had been completely destroyed!

The hundreds of thousands of cultivators outside of the five thousand kilometer area could sense what had happened, and their minds filled with shock. That was especially true of the Ancient Realm experts. Despite having left the area, their divine sense enabled them to observe what was happening, and when they saw Meng Hao simply take a few steps, and use the pressure emanating from him to destroy all of the spell formations, their minds filled with raging waves of shock.

“What... what cultivation base is that?!?!”

“Dao Realm, and definitely not an ordinary Dao Realm cultivation base!” Everyone was astonished, and the four Dao Realm experts’ hearts were pounding.

Accompanied by ear-splitting booms that caused everything to grow dark, Meng Hao suddenly appeared only 300 meters in front of the group of four.

However, he didn’t stop there. He continued to advance casually, not even looking at the red-haired old man or the others. Instead, he was staring at the rift which had been torn open in the starry sky, and the beast which was still holding the rift open.

That beast did not look like it once had when it had pried the rift open; it had transformed into creeping vines which covered both sides of the rift, preventing it from closing up.

As Meng Hao got closer to the rift, he could sense an astonishing life force approaching, getting nearer and nearer. He could tell that it wouldn’t be very long before that life force reached the rift and stepped into the Eighth Mountain and Sea.

As Meng Hao neared the rift, the steps he took didn’t appear out of the ordinary, and yet the red-haired old man and the others could sense a terrifying rumbling.

The level of terror they felt increased with each step, and the booms grew louder. The 1-Essence Dao Realm experts' faces were ashen, and blood began to ooze out of their mouths. Their expressions were those of complete terror as they were forced to step back in retreat.

Next was the Dao Lord, who also began to fall back, and finally, the red-haired old man.

They had no choice but to do so; as Meng Hao got closer, it felt to them as if a massive millstone was approaching, and if they didn't fall back, they would be destroyed, crushed into nothing but paste.

RUMBLE!

Meng Hao slowly advanced, and the group of four fell back again. Next, the Dao Lord began to bleed from the mouth. When Meng Hao was about 150 meters away, the pressure was so intense, and their fear so great, that it was as if all the Heavens were bearing down on them.

Cracks began to echo out from inside the bodies of the 1-Essence Dao Realm cultivators as they began to fall apart. The Dao Lord's face was now magenta, and his blood could hardly flow through his veins.

The red-haired old man was trembling, and to him, it felt as if he were standing within the shadow of death.

They let out powerful roars, and their eyes filled with looks of madness. They knew that if they didn't do something about this pressure then they would soon lose any ability to resist it, and if Meng Hao took even a few more steps, they would be crushed to death.

The red-haired old man threw his head back and roared, fully rotating his cultivation base. Rumbling booms could be heard as he transformed into a beam of light that shot toward Meng Hao. His hands flashed in a double-handed incantation gesture, and a bizarre light shone from his pupils, causing the void ahead of him to distort. The pitch-black ox also threw its head back and bellowed, lowering its head to charge Meng Hao with its horns.

It was a spectacular and shocking scene!

As of this moment, the red-haired old man's cultivation base was bursting with power. He waved his hand, causing Essence power to surge out. Four streams of essence could be seen: wind, rain, thunder, and lightning!

The wind was like a storm, the rain was the Essence of water, the thunder was a roar, and the lightning crackled and danced. The four streams of Essence formed into the pattern of a spell formation which could shake Heaven and Earth.

The old man was the type to either not attack, or attack with his most powerful Daos. In addition to what he had already done, all of a sudden, his hair suddenly flew out, transforming into a crimson sea which covered the entire area. It rapidly became a blood mist, which was the Essence the old man was currently exploring, his fifth Essence. Although he hadn't completed the process, it still bolstered the power of his other Essences.

Behind him, the Dao Lord trembled in madness, performing an incantation gesture to unleash a divine ability. A beam of light shot toward Meng Hao at incredible speed, piercing through the starry sky. Simultaneously, the image of numerous sword projections became visible around the Dao Lord.

Almost in the blink of an eye, there were more than 10,000 of them!

His murderous aura was so strong that everything shook violently. Shockingly, behind each sword projection was a vicious spirit, which propelled the swords toward Meng Hao, making it seem as if Meng Hao was not facing one opponent, but rather 10,000 sword cultivators.

Last were the two 1-Essence cultivators. Their cultivation bases were relatively limited, and because of the pressure from Meng Hao, they paid the steepest price of the group. Blood sprayed out of their mouths, their eyes were bloodshot, and their jaws were tightly clenched. Neither of them had more than one Essence, but even still, they combined their power to produce the image of a sun.

Meng Hao looked at his four opponents, and then stepped down with his right foot. When he did, he passed the thirty meter mark to appear directly in front of the group.

As he stepped down, the starry sky rumbled, and an astonishing power exploded out from him. His right hand reached out to tap one of the pitch-black ox's horns. The ox let out a miserable shriek and collapsed into pieces. At the same time, the wave of Meng Hao's hand caused the red-haired old man's Essences to be obliterated. Blood sprayed out of his mouth, and he was sent spinning away.

Meng Hao turned, snorting coldly. The sound echoed out, slamming into the 10,000 sword projections, shattering them. The sword cultivator Dao Lord coughed up a mouthful of blood, and was already on the point of being killed, all by a mere snort. He instantly fell back.

As for the two 1-Essence Dao Realm cultivators, all it took was a mere look from Meng Hao. His gaze was like a sword that shattered their sun image, and left them coughing up blood and fleeing in retreat.

“Considering none of you have Outsider totem tattoos, I won’t kill you,” he said coolly. Then, he was in front of the rift. The red-haired old man and the others were completely shaken, and were now looking at Meng Hao with unmitigated awe.

Ignoring them, Meng Hao looked at the rift, eyes glittering. Then he sat down cross-legged.

“I’m waiting for you,” he said calmly.

The only response was an icy cold harrumph, echoing out slowly from within the rift.

Chapter 1295: The Lord of the Seventh Mountain and Sea Arrives!

Meng Hao sat down cross-legged outside the enormous rift, waiting for the Lord of the Seventh Mountain and Sea to arrive. For Meng Hao, this coming battle would be a true test of his battle prowess.

The person he wished to fight was one of the Lords of the Nine Mountains and Seas, someone that countless cultivators viewed with awe. He was the Mountain and Sea Lord of the Seventh Mountain and Sea, and although he might not be the absolute most powerful among the Mountain and Sea Lords, he was still incredibly strong.

To Meng Hao, this would be a very important fight, considering that it was critical to helping his Grandpa Meng awaken from slumber. It was also key to ending the Mountain and Sea War. If he could defeat the Lord of the Seventh Mountain and Sea in battle, then the war with the Eighth Mountain and Sea would be over.

Meng Hao wasn’t completely confident in being able to win. His current battle prowess was equivalent to the 5-Essences level, and his divine sense was even beyond that. However... he would be facing a Mountain and Sea Lord!

Although his opponent would also be at the 5-Essences level, in terms of experience and cultivation, anyone with the status of Mountain and Sea Lord was years beyond Meng Hao. Within his Realm... he was essentially invincible when fighting anyone other than other Mountain and Sea Lords!

Furthermore, his five Essences would surely be extraordinary, the type that could send the entire world into darkness upon their unleashing.

Even though Meng Hao had already extinguished his first Soul Lamp, he still wasn't completely confident that he could win. After all... the nine Mountain and Sea Lords were the most esteemed entities within the entire Mountain and Sea Realm.

To become a Mountain and Sea Lord, one had to experience endless slaughter and conquer countless enemies. It was a long path of fighting and struggle to secure the position of being the Lord of one of the great Mountains and Seas.

"But I still want to meet this powerful expert... and fight him!" Meng Hao's eyes burned with the desire to do battle. Taking a deep breath, he slowly brought his urge to fight under control, then closed his eyes and calmed his heart.

The time had come to focus his energy!

That focusing of energy ensured that not a single ripple of power emanated out from him.

Days began to pass. On the first day, a muffled rumbling sound began to echo out from within the rift, causing the entire starry sky to distort briefly.

Meng Hao didn't open his eyes, but his heart thumped a bit faster for a moment before finally calming down.

On the second day, the muffled rumbling turned into five distinct booms. On the third day, those booming sounds rang out more than ten times. Meng Hao grew calmer, until even the sound of his heartbeat faded away from his consciousness. It was as if strength built upon strength, and the booming sounds were like a gentle breeze brushing against a towering mountain.

On the seventh day, the booming rang out ceaselessly. The starry sky outside of the rift was completely twisted and distorted, except for the portion where Meng Hao sat, which didn't seem to be affected.

The red-haired old man and his fellows, who were still there in the area surrounding the rift, did not leave. They remained several thousand meters away, sitting cross-legged, watching the scene play out. As the seven days went by, the anticipation in their hearts rose, and they began to breathe heavily. After witnessing Meng Hao's terrifying level of power, they had the deep desire to watch this coming battle.

It didn't matter whether Meng Hao won or lost in the end. In the cultivation world, the law of the jungle prevailed, so any cultivator who dared to challenge a Mountain and Sea Lord to battle was a person deserving of deep respect.

Even the fact that they were enemies could not suppress the respect and awe that came from meeting someone truly powerful.

Further off in the distance were the hundreds of thousands of cultivators from the Seventh Mountain and Sea. They had set up camp there, nervous, but also unwilling to leave.

They were all waiting. Waiting... for the Lord of the Seventh Mountain and Sea to emerge from the rift!

Meng Hao's expression was completely calm, and he almost didn't seem to be breathing. His energy was completely focused inward, without the slightest bit leaking out. It was almost as if he had become one with the starry sky; he was so calm that it was almost impossible to detect his existence.

The thunder-like booms that shook the Heavens didn't seem to affect him at all. He was so calm that he was like a still, waveless sea in a painting. He was simply waiting... waiting for the wind and storms to arrive, like a volcano preparing to erupt.

A massive pressure gradually filled the area around the rift, growing more intense. The pulsing frequency increased, and eventually it became clear that the two opponents were a counterpoint and foil to each other.

One embodied action, the other embodied calm!

Such action could shatter the highest Heavens, such calm was the stillness of a world in ruins!

Another day passed, and the sounds emanating from the rift grew even more intense. At the same time, Meng Hao became so still and calm that not a single trace of his aura was detectable....

It was at this point that, amidst the intense rumbling sounds, a tall and imposing figure appeared... within the rift.

It was a middle-aged man wearing a long white robe. His hair floated around him, and he looked threatening without being angry. His clothing seemed simple, and yet anyone who looked at him would be able to tell that he commanded supreme and ultimate respect.

He walked as if strolling, and yet every step he took caused countless booming sounds to echo out. It was as if his cultivation base was so powerful that, as he walked, he destroyed all obstacles in his path. His simple footfalls were the source of all the incredible booming sounds during the past days.

Almost as soon as he appeared within that enormous rift, intense pressure radiated out, sweeping across everything. The rift trembled, and opened wider. Ripples tore through the starry sky, ripping it up layer by layer. Several thousand meters away, the red-haired old man and his fellows all backed up, faces flickering as they clasped hands and bowed.

“We offer respectful greetings upon your arrival, Lord White!”

Further off in the distance, the hundreds of thousands of cultivators were getting very excited, and they too clasped their hands and bowed in the direction of the rift.

“We offer respectful greetings upon your arrival, Lord White!”

The Ninth Mountain had Lord Ji. The Eighth Mountain had Heavengod. The Seventh Mountain had Lord White, Sima Dao!

The voices of all the cultivators joined together, creating a powerful sound wave that shook Heaven and Earth. That, combined with the pressure radiating off of the white-robed man, caused the entire Eighth Mountain and Sea to shake.

Meng Hao, of course, was the main focus, but as the pressure crushed down onto him, his eyes remained closed and unmoving.

If you likened that boundless energy to pounding waves on a raging sea, then Meng Hao was a reef within that sea, remaining completely motionless regardless of how the sea howled.

If you likened the pressure coming from the Lord of the Seventh Mountain and Sea to a wild tempest, then Meng Hao was a quiet, unmoving mountain in the midst of the wind!

At the same time, in the temple atop the Eighth Mountain, the masked Lord of the Eighth Mountain and Sea suddenly trembled, as if a catalyzing force had suddenly prodded him. It was as if his consciousness was now beginning to converge in the area, and he was attempting... to awaken.

The entire Eighth Mountain and Sea was shaken, except for Meng Hao. His aura, his soul, everything about him, was completely focused inwardly. He was as calm as placid waters, and was still like a motionless sea in a painting.

The Lord of the Seventh Mountain and Sea was still inside the rift, and the two of them had not officially met, and yet they had already used the clashing of their dispositions as their first skirmish.

A cold snort echoed out from the rift as Lord White suddenly lifted his right foot and then stepped out of the rift.

The intense pressure weighing down on the Eighth Mountain and Sea caused everything to shake. The starry sky twisted, and numerous planets trembled. Back on the Eighth Mountain, the Lord of the Eighth Mountain and Sea trembled, this time more intensely than before.

A calm voice then echoed out from within the rift to spread out through the entire Eighth Mountain and Sea, "You are the first person to ever dare to stand in my way..."

It was in that moment that his foot stepped completely out from the rift, placing Lord White half way into the Eighth Mountain and Sea.

Despite only being half way through the rift, the starry sky was trembling so violently it seemed it might collapse because of the power of the Mountains and Seas that was erupting off of Lord White.

As the starry sky shook, the cultivators of the Eighth Mountain and Sea on all of the Heavengod Alliance's battlefields felt blood oozing out of the corners of their mouths. Their faces flickered, and regardless of their specific locations, they could sense the explosive pressure coming from above. It was like a mountain, crushing down, making it difficult for them to even rotate their cultivation bases.

It was exactly the opposite with the cultivators of the Seventh Mountain and Sea. Their faces lit up, and they could sense, not pressure, but power coming down from the starry sky above and melding into their bodies. Instantly, their battle prowess began to increase.

"Lord White has come!! We offer respectful greetings upon your arrival, Lord White!"

"We offer respectful greetings, Lord White!!"

"The Seventh Mountain and Sea is definitely going to win the war. Lord White is here!!" The cultivators of the Seventh Mountain and Sea were shouting in excitement, causing their voices to echo out across the battlefields in the Heavengod Alliance.

In comparison, the cultivators of the Eighth Mountain and Sea felt their energy waning rapidly. Now that they were facing cultivators from the Seventh Mountain and Sea whose energy was rocketing up, their faces went pale, and they subconsciously began to back up. Almost instantly, the Eighth Mountain and Sea cultivators were in a position to be completely routed on numerous fronts.

"... And you will be the last," continued the Lord of the Seventh Mountain and Sea, his voice grim as he... completely stepped out from within the rift!

"Lord White!" Several thousand meters away, the red-haired old man and the other Dao realm experts all clasped hands and bowed, their eyes shining with excitement.

"Lord White!" roared the hundreds of thousands of cultivators off in the distance.

"Lord White!" shouted all of the cultivators from the Seventh Mountain and Sea.

RUMBLE!

Although the cultivators of the Eighth Mountain and Sea could not actually see the arrival of the Lord of the Seventh Mountain and Sea, their hearts were trembling.

RUMBLE!

On the Eighth Mountain, the Lord of the Eighth Mountain and Sea in the palace was now shaking continuously, and it seemed as if the eyes beneath his mask might open at any moment.

RUMBLE!

Meng Hao's eyes suddenly snapped open, and suddenly, what had been the placid image of a sea in a painting transformed into a violently erupting volcano. That will to fight which had lurked deep inside of him exploded out, causing colors to flash in the sky, and the starry sky to fill with rumbling sounds. Numerous layers of ripples instantly shot out to fill the entire Eighth Mountain and Sea!

Meng Hao's willpower, his energy, his everything, all merged into an indescribable pressure that crushed down toward the Lord of the Seventh Mountain and Sea!

BOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOMMMM!

“So you're the Lord of the Seventh Mountain and Sea? I've been waiting for you for quite a long time!”

The Lord of the Seventh Mountain and Sea's eyes widened. The volcanic pressure which erupted from the formerly completely calm Meng Hao caused Lord White's energy to falter a bit, as if he had suddenly met his match. Massive rumbling rose up between the two, and the starry sky seemed to be on the verge of being torn apart.

All of a sudden, the cultivators of the Eighth Mountain and Sea who had been backing up just now felt much more relaxed, and their excitement began to build.

Chapter 1296: THAT Spear!

“Is that the Mountain and Sea Lord, Heavengod?”

“That’s definitely him. Only Heavengod would have the energy to sweep across the Eighth Mountain and Sea like that!” All of the cultivators from the Eighth Mountain and Sea were getting very excited.

Moments before, the feeling of being suppressed by the Lord of the Seventh Mountain and Sea had overwhelmed them, but now that feeling was gone. However, despite all of the excitement, the Chief Dharma Protector of the Heavengod Society, as well as the other Dao Lords in the Eighth Mountain and Sea, were all completely shaken. Looks of bewilderment could be seen on their faces as they looked out into the starry sky at the source of the ripples that everyone else assumed to be coming from their Mountain and Sea Lord.

“That’s not... the exalted Heavengod...” thought the Chief Dharma Protector, his heart trembling. He could sense that Heavengod was currently on the Eighth Mountain, and was still slumbering. In fact, all of the other Dao Lords of the Eighth Mountain and Sea all had similar sensations.

“If he’s not the exalted Heavengod, then... who is he...?” That was the question running through the minds of the Chief Dharma Protector and the other Dao Lords. Then they all began to tremble as they... a certain person popped into their heads.

It was someone who had unleashed a shocking Daoist magic in battle recently, clearing the entire battlefield....

“Meng Hao!” said the Chief Dharma Protector, gasping. As soon as the name left his mouth, his heart filled with mixed emotions. As of this moment, he was certain that the person emanating an energy similar to that of a Mountain and Sea Lord was none other than Meng Hao.

The cultivators of the Eighth Mountain and Sea were filled with excitement, but those from the Seventh Mountain and Sea were completely shocked. The huge disparity in their energy from moments ago was now gone, and very quickly the fighting resumed.

However, the fighting that did go on was not very intense; no one seemed to be very interested in fighting at the moment, and the fact that the battlefield had calmed down gave everyone a chance to focus their attention on that location off in the distance... where a fight was about to begin that would determine the fate of two of the great Mountains and Seas!

It was... a battle of Mountain and Sea Lords!

If Lord White was defeated, then the tide of battle would completely turn in favor of the Eighth Mountain and Sea. If the Lord of the Seventh Mountain and Sea was actually killed, then the cultivators from that Mountain and Sea would be decimated, and the Seventh Mountain and Sea would suffer an unrecoverable loss.

However, if Lord White won, then the Eighth Mountain and Sea... would no longer exist.

Everyone was waiting... to see how this battle would play out!

RUMBLE!

Outside of the rift, Meng Hao's energy skyrocketed. The Paragon Bridge inside of him surged madly, and his cultivation base surged into rotation. His Soul Lamps flew out, his aura radiated out, and the power of his divine sense caused the starry sky to shake.

And then, he took a step forward.

That step was like the eruption of a volcano. Meng Hao's energy solidified around him, forming something like an impregnable wall which then crushed out toward Lord White.

Lord White stared at Meng Hao with a strange light gleaming in his eyes. His expression was not the least bit contemptuous, and in fact, he felt the situation to be a grave one. He could tell that Meng Hao was an incredible threat to him.

Seeing that manifestation of Meng Hao's energy speeding toward him, Lord White waved his hand, causing blinding white light to spill out, subsequently transforming into 1,000,000 sword projections, which proceeded to pierce out in all directions. Massive rumbling sounds echoed out as Meng Hao's converged energy was stabbed through countless times, and then collapsed.

In the middle of that collapse, Lord White strode forward, waving his finger toward Meng Hao, sending the 1,000,000 sword lights flowing toward him like a rumbling river.

From a distance, it looked like a river of stars sweeping along with the power to destroy entire worlds!

Shockingly, each beam of sword light contained terrifyingly destructive Dao Realm power that, when combined together, caused wild colors to flash in the starry sky.

Meng Hao's pupils constricted, and yet, he didn't back up. Instead, he took another step forward, clenching his hand into a fist and unleashing a punch.

It was none other than the Life-Extermination Fist!

The starlight shattered, and the sword beams distorted. Meng Hao's punch created an enormous vortex which rumbled as it spun, destroying the sword lights. From a distance, it seemed that the flow of that starry river had suddenly been obstructed.

However, things weren't over yet. Meng Hao took a third step, unleashing the Bedevilment Fist.

It was as if one willingly underwent bedevilment, a complete and eternal descent into madness. The Bedevilment Fist was backed by Meng Hao's energy and determination, smashing into the remaining sword lights, causing intense rumbling to rise up as more than half of them were completely shattered.

Meng Hao's eyes gleamed as he took a fourth step, and... the God-Slaying Fist made its appearance!

The will of the God-Slaying Fist could merge with Heaven and Earth and fuse into the starry sky, converging the power of one's fleshly body. A cultivators with an indestructible Allheaven cultivation base could thus destroy the Heavens, extinguish the Earth, as a God of Slaying!

BOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOMMMM!

The starry sky shuddered and began to be torn apart layer by layer. The remaining sword lights shuddered, and then were shoved backward toward Lord White as if by some mad wind.

Meng Hao's eyes flickered with killing intent; without a moment's hesitation, he took a fifth step, performing an incantation gesture with his right hand that caused the Blood Demon to appear and lunge toward Lord White with gaping maw.

Lord White's pupils constricted. Snorting coldly, he said, "Interesting. You deserve for me to take you a bit seriously."

Next, he performed an incantation gesture with his right hand, then pushed down onto his chest. In conjunction with the pressing down, icy coldness appeared all around him, along with an aura of Essence.

However, this was not the Essence of ice, it was something else... something that could influence the power of Essence belonging to others. It was... emotionless extermination!

The key to being emotionless was to extinguish the seven emotions and six pleasures, to make oneself as cold as ice, and transform that into a will of extermination. As the finger waved through the air, Meng Hao shuddered as all of his blood suddenly iced up. Lord White's finger seemed to press down onto Meng Hao's soul, to wipe away all of his emotions!

Family love, friendship, romantic love....

In an instant, they seemed to be peeled away, separated from him, as if they were about to vanish. Meng Hao threw his head back and roared, causing a boundless light to shine off of him. The Paragon Bridge suddenly exploded out into the open, becoming a Heaven-shaking, Earth-shattering bridge that emanated an intense, archaic air.

As soon as the bridge appeared, everything began to shake, and Lord White's Essence of emotionless extermination suddenly grew still.

In that brief moment, Meng Hao's eyes glittered with coldness, and he shuddered. His starstone melted, and he transformed into a meteor, the manifestation of none other than the One Thought Stellar Transformation. Instantly, he swept out toward Lord White with incredible speed.

He was... trying to clinch the victory right now!

In the blink of an eye, he was closing with an explosive power that caused Lord White's brow to furrow. Then, Lord White extended his right hand and pushed out into the air.

The power of his peak 5-Essences cultivation base converged into a huge palm that rumbled through the air toward the meteor and then grabbed down onto it!

The clenching hand seemed like it could even crush a planet within its grasp, and cracking sounds could be heard as fissures spread out across the meteor's surface. However, before it could get any closer to Lord White, when it was still over a hundred meters away, it suddenly exploded.

In its place appeared an azure streak of light, moving with indescribable speed out from the rubble of the meteor. As it pierced through the enormous hand, it became clear that it was a huge azure roc!

In the blink of an eye, Meng Hao was almost directly in front of Lord White, baring claws that were sharp enough to slice metal and shatter rock. Even as he slashed out with his claws, the Mountain Consuming Incantation summoned numerous huge mountains which crushed down from above.

That still wasn't enough, though. Shockingly, a long spear suddenly appeared next to Meng Hao in azure roc-form. That spear was the same spear that Greed had unsealed, with the World Tree haft and the dragon tip.

That spear rumbled through the air directly toward Lord White's forehead.

All of this takes quite some time to describe, but actually took place in the time it takes a spark to fly off of a piece of flint. Normally speaking, considering the level of the cultivation bases involved, a fight between Meng Hao and Lord White could last for months or even years.

After all, this level of fighting was rarely seen in the Mountain and Sea Realm, and there was even the likelihood that the entire Eighth Mountain could be destroyed in the process.

However... assuming one party was willing to go all out, then the length of the fight could be shortened drastically. Right now, the person going all out was Meng Hao. The situation was one in which Lord White assumed that he wouldn't do such a thing, wouldn't risk his life so blithely, yet that was exactly what he did.

Not even Lord White could have guessed that this would happen. He frowned, and killing intent slowly filled his eyes. However, there was no time to ponder the matter. He immediately waved his right hand, causing his five fingernails to shatter and form into five crescent moons, which radiated a shocking curse power as they shot toward Meng Hao.

Rumbling filled the starry sky as Meng Hao's Mountain Consuming Incantation collapsed. The Paragon Bridge began to shake, and his azure roc-form's claws collapsed. Even as blood and gore splattered about, Meng Hao appeared and grabbed onto the spear. Then, the speed of the spear

increased dramatically, and the tip stabbed toward Lord White's forehead, until it was only about seven inches away!

Lord White's eyes widened as an intense sensation of deadly crisis rose up within him. He opened his mouth and roared, a shocking sound which instantly caused a huge illusory projection to appear behind him, which was also roaring at Meng Hao.

The power was like a tempest, causing all light to dim!

The dragon on Meng Hao's long spear roared, but compared to the giant, it was weak. Lord White's roar caused the spear to begin to shatter, and within moments... it was nothing more than ash!

"Too weak," Lord White said coolly, although inwardly his heart was pounding with anxiety.

It was in that instant that the spear in Meng Hao's hand trembled.

"Demon Weapon, Lonelytomb!" Meng Hao said.

RUMBLE!

The collapse of the spear revealed that there was actually... another spear hidden inside of it!!

That spear was pitch black, and seemed to be congealed from numerous souls. It was... Demon Weapon Lonelytomb, a precious treasure that was unique to... the Demon Sealers!

As soon as the spear appeared, Meng Hao's energy surged, and the spear shot onward toward Lord White's forehead.

Everything so far had been connected. First was his explosive opening attack, then his near death, the collapse of the meteor, the destruction of the mountains, the dispersal of the dragon spear. Apparently... all of that had been building up to... this spear attack!

Lord White's face completely fell!

Chapter 1297: An Extraordinary Showdown!

Everything had happened in the briefest of moments!

Lord White, Lord of the Seventh Mountain and Sea, with a peak 5-Essences cultivation base, had experienced untold slaughter, but he could never have imagined that Meng Hao... would be so ruthless!

Meng Hao had attacked him over and over again, allowing himself to be wounded, his starstone to be shattered, his azure roc to be destroyed, and he himself to suffer serious internal injuries to the point where blood oozed out of the corners of his mouth.

All of that was... simply for the chance to unleash this shocking spear!

Meng Hao hadn't hesitated at all to be wounded for that chance, and that was because he understood the gap that existed between himself and Lord White. Although that gap wasn't huge, to cultivators of this level, it was the type of thing that could mean the difference between victory and defeat, between life and death!

And what Meng Hao wanted was not just victory or defeat, but rather... to kill his opponent and come out alive!

It had nothing to do with enmity or hatred. The only way to end the war was to kill Lord White. With him dead, Grandpa Meng would be safe. Furthermore, the explosive ripples that would be unleashed prior to his death were exactly what was needed to bring his grandfather's soul back.

Therefore he chose to use this spear. In fact, Meng Hao's personality was such that he didn't even hesitate to waste the precious spear that had been unsealed by Greed!

The destruction of that spear had been the feint needed to unleash Demon Weapon Lonelytomb, which now shot directly toward Lord White's forehead, bursting with power. Lord White had no time to react or even do anything before... the spear stabbed directly into his flesh!

A ripping sound could be heard as his flesh was torn apart, and then cracking sounds echoed out as his skull was shattered. Demon Weapon Lonelytomb stabbed directly into Lord White's forehead!

However, as that happened, no look of relief appeared on Meng Hao's face. Instead, his expression flickered, and his pupils constricted.

That was because, even as Lord White's forehead was pierced, and his eyes dimmed, he suddenly spoke.

"Green Emperor's Eternal Incantation." In the same moment that the words left his mouth, an aura erupted out of him that Meng Hao found very familiar.

Unexpectedly, it resembled... the aura of the Eternal stratum!

As that aura erupted out, the flesh on Lord White's forehead began to wriggle. Simultaneously, that aura spread out into Demon Weapon Lonelytomb and then toward Meng Hao.

To Lord White, the aura was a restorative power, but to Meng Hao, it was like a surging wild beast. At the same time, his own Eternal stratum roared madly. Apparently, these two different auras were as incompatible as water and fire!

After all, Meng Hao's Eternal stratum had been acquired by walking the road of Perfection to the very end. Then, through a series of chance occurrences, he had managed to merge it with the Eyeless Larva. However, in the most fundamental of ways, it actually had some connections to the Mountain and Sea Scripture.

Just as Meng Hao was about to put his spear away, Lord White grabbed it, then stared into Meng Hao's eyes. A vicious gleam could be seen in his own eyes, and the Eternal aura around him grew stronger. Shockingly, an illusory ancient scripture suddenly appeared behind him, upon which were written three characters!

Mountain and Sea Scripture!

As the ancient scripture opened, Lord White's aura began to grow stronger.

Almost in the same moment that the protection of the ancient scripture appeared, Meng Hao's Eternal stratum began to surge with even more madness. Suddenly, a piercing cry like that of a silkworm began to echo out from inside of him, and behind him, a shocking illusory image appeared.

It was... the Eyeless Larva!!

This was the first time since the Eyeless Larva had become a part of his Eternal stratum that it ever appeared in this way. As soon as it became visible, it turned to Lord White and howled.

Lord White's face flickered with shock as he suddenly realized that Meng Hao had also... cultivated some of the Mountain and Sea Scripture!

"An incomplete Mountain and Sea Scripture, huh?" Lord White said with a cold snort. However, he was still shocked. He could sense the explosive violence within his Green Emperor's Eternal Incantation, and how it wished to attack the Eyeless Larva behind Meng Hao, and fight with it to the death.

Meng Hao's eyes went wide as he realized that his opponent intended to take away his Demon Weapon. He was not the type of person to let something like that happen lightly, so instead, he let go of it and uttered a single word.

"Detonate!" As soon as the word left his mouth, Demon Weapon Lonelytomb exploded with a huge bang. Once again, Lord White was injured, and yet, with his Eternal aura at work, he quickly began to recover.

Lord White looked deeply at Meng Hao. Without saying another word, he fell back to give himself time to heal and buy some more time. Earlier, he had not underestimated Meng Hao, but now... he wanted to kill him more than ever. It had been a very, very long time since he had experienced the sensation of imminent death that he had moments ago.

Were it not for the profundity of his divine ability, then with the way he had been stabbed in the forehead just now, while it wouldn't have killed him, it would have resulted in a grievous injury.

After the Demon Weapon exploded, it transformed into streams of black mist that swirled back to collect together near Meng Hao.

"The Mountain and Sea Scripture..." Meng Hao said, an unsightly expression on his face. From what he understood, the Mountain and Sea Scripture was a combination of the three classic scriptures of the Mountain and Sea Realm.

Apparently, Lord White had actually cultivated the Mountain and Sea Scripture, but to a far higher level than Meng Hao. After all, Meng Hao had used fragments of the actual scripture, and then relied on his own deductive powers to make alterations as he had seen fit.

However, Meng Hao had the feeling that if his Eternal stratum could merge with the Green Emperor's Eternal Incantation of his opponent, then... his own Eternal stratum would increase by a whole level!

"I wonder if there is something beyond the Eternal...?" Meng Hao thought, his eyes shining brightly. All of a sudden, he had yet another reason to kill Lord White!

The wound on Lord White's forehead was rapidly healing up, and it seemed as if it would only be moments before it was completely restored. Meng Hao's eyes flickered, and he took two steps forward, which were his sixth and seventh steps respectively.

The instant that his seventh step landed, Meng Hao's energy spiked. Something like a roar echoed out to the ends of the starry sky as a terrifying foot suddenly appeared. It was like a planet descending from above, causing massive rumbling sounds to echo out as it crushed down toward Lord White!

This was none other than the ability he had learned from Su Yan, who was still in his bag of holding... the Seven God Steps!

As soon as that huge foot appeared up in the starry sky, Lord White's face fell yet again, filling with disbelief.

"The Seven God Steps? That's impossible!!" Shockingly, he recognized this particular Daoist magic of Meng Hao's. Instantly, Lord White bit the tip of his tongue and spit out a mouthful of blood.

That blood rapidly expanded, instantly transforming into a sea of blood, which seethed out across the starry sky to slam into the incoming foot.

In the resulting massive explosion, Meng Hao's energy surged, and the killing intent in his eyes intensified. Next, his left hand flashed in an incantation gesture, and the meat jelly appeared. Muttering disconsolately, it transformed into a set of armor which covered Meng Hao. Then, Meng Hao extended his right hand, and the copper mirror transformed into a beam of multicolored light as it, along with the grumbling parrot, transformed into... a pitch black Battle Weapon!

The instant the Battle Weapon appeared, Meng Hao's desire to fight exploded out. The starry sky went dark, and the void trembled. Meng Hao's murderous aura rose to shocking heights as he slashed his blade out toward the fleeing Lord White.

"DIE!!" he roared.

The sensation of deadly crisis that exploded up within Lord White was impossible to describe. In fact, the sensation far, far exceeded the feeling he had experienced when Meng Hao had gone all-out to attack him with Demon Weapon Lonelytomb.

And yet, there was something different about it: Demon Weapon Lonelytomb had appeared completely unexpectedly, giving him no time to react. In this moment, although the sensation of deadly crisis was more intense, at least he had a moment to prepare.

Unfortunately... Lord White was still in the middle of utilizing his Green Emperor's Eternal Incantation to restore himself. He couldn't unleash his peak level of power, causing a vicious, intense gleam to appear in his eyes.

Glaring at Meng Hao, he roared, "Extermination!"

In that moment, Essence fluctuations appeared, which were none other than the ripples of the Essence of extermination!

"Power Essence!" He wasn't finished yet, though! As soon as the Essence of extermination appeared, a second shocking Essence aura roiled up inside of him. The void around him distorted, and boundless ripples spread out through the starry sky from his second Essence... the Essence of power!

That was not the power of the fleshly body, but rather... power incited from within the starry sky!

"Curse!"

"Land!"

“Time!!” Lord White knew that this was a moment of extreme crisis, and as of this moment, fully realized how difficult it was to deal with Meng Hao. Furthermore, he also knew that he had lost out on an opportunity to seize the initiative. He had ceded that to Meng Hao, who was clearly extremely domineering. Once he got going, he kept going without stop!

Lord White had never encountered someone who fought like this in the past, but he could tell that once Meng Hao built up enough momentum, it would be difficult to stop him, and he would only continue to grow stronger.

“Five Essence Dao!” Lord White cried, spreading his hands out wide in Meng Hao’s direction and then pushing forward. His clothes and hair whipped about, and his cultivation base exploded out, merging with the starry sky, connecting with the Heavens, drawing upon the boundless energy of Heaven and Earth, sucking it into his body.

It was like he became a huge black hole which consumed the energy of Heaven and Earth. It poured into his body, which became like a transfer point for that energy, which he then sent out... to become five different Essences!

This was a way of using Essence that was completely new to Meng Hao. Instead of drawing upon the powers of the world and wielding them, it took Heaven and Earth and transformed it within oneself. The latter was definitely more domineering than the former!

“Either die, or screw the hell off!!!” roared Lord White. His five Essences became five natural laws, filling the entire world, sweeping through the Heavens, instantly enveloping Meng Hao!

A will of extermination that could erase emotions and obliterate the soul!

A magic embodying the Essence of power that could crush the body and smash the mind!

A Dao of cursing that could defile the blood and eradicate blood vessels!

An Essence of land which could bury corpses and sever qi passageways!

The quintessence of Time, the ultimate of the five Essences, which could reach through Time to slaughter the enemy!

The starry sky trembled, and within that world of Essence and natural law, blood oozed out of Meng Hao's eyes, ears, nose, and mouth. However his eyes were shining brightly, and his desire to fight was no less than before. Hefting the Battle Weapon, he... slashed it out in attack!

It was an extraordinary showdown!

The red-haired old man and the others had long since retreated from their position 3,000 meters away. They were now 30,000 meters away, where they sent their divine sense out to observe the fierce fighting going on between Meng Hao and Lord White. All four of their faces were completely pale, and their hearts were battered with waves of shock.

Chapter 1298: Reproaching Seal!

The pitch black Battle Weapon sliced through the starry sky, turning into a beam of mysterious light that could sever all things, extinguish all auras. It slashed into Lord White's five unleashed Essences, starting with the Essence of extermination. Meng Hao shuddered as the meat jelly armor absorbed the brunt of the force. The Battle Weapon sliced like a sharp knife through bamboo as it destroyed the Essence of extermination and continued onward.

In the blink of an eye, Lord White's magic of the Essence of power closed in. It was capable of disrupting all sorts of power, be they of the fleshly body or the cultivation base. It was like Lightness-in-Heaviness, and at the same time, Heaviness-in-Lightness. The intense disparity caused Meng Hao to cough up a mouthful of blood. His face paled as the meat jelly armor shivered.

"Sever!" Meng Hao roared, his eyes completely bloodshot. Disregarding any injuries, he used all of the power of the Battle Weapon to slash down. Rumbling sounds filled the starry sky, which seemed to be on the verge of being sliced apart. The Battle Weapon sliced through the Essence of power like a hot knife through butter!

However, the Dao of the curse Essence then became a boundless fog that completely surrounded Meng Hao. His body began to wither, and the meat jelly armor let out a plaintive cry; cracking sounds began to emanate, as if it were on the verge of shattering.

Lord White's Essences were far beyond those of ordinary 5-Essences Dao Sovereigns. They were terrifying to a degree that Meng Hao had never seen before!

"You're definitely not weak," Lord White said in a sinister voice. "However, in the end... you have too few Essences. As an Allheaven Dao Immortal, you are powerful, but you cannot truly defy the

Heavens, nor can you defy me!” The curse power mist roiled, swirling around Meng Hao as if it wished to burrow into him through the pores on his skin.

A vicious expression could be seen on Meng Hao’s face as the Battle Weapon slashed out with scintillating, mysterious light. Ignoring the serious injuries that were being inflicted on him, Meng Hao slashed through the curse power, toward Lord White!

However, there was still plenty of Essence power in between them. Next was the Essence of land, which filled the space between them with what seemed to be planets and continents.

At this point, the meat jelly armor shattered into pieces, which then reformed into the shape of the meat jelly. It seemed extremely weak, and immediately transformed into a gray light that shot back into Meng Hao’s bag of holding.

He lost the meat jelly armor, but in the moment before it disappeared, it still helped him to resist the power of the Essence of land. Blood sprayed out of Meng Hao’s mouth, but he still shot forward like lightning, like a shooting star, slamming into the Essence, slicing through with the Battle Weapon, backed by all the power of an Allheaven Dao Immortal.

The starry sky trembled, and everything dimmed. As the Battle Weapon slashed out, massive pressure exploded out, allowing Meng Hao to blast through the planets and continents to appear directly in front of Lord White.

However, it was in this moment that Lord White’s final Essence erupted out. It was none other than Timeshift magic, which caused the world to distort and run in reverse. It was like a wind of time, which caused all of the other four Essences which Meng Hao had already vanquished... to suddenly appear again!!

“No beginning, and no end. That is Time. Since you cannot defeat my five Essences magic, then you do not qualify to be my opponent!” As Lord White’s voice undulated out, Meng Hao once again coughed up a mouthful of blood as his internal injuries flared. He could no longer sustain the Battle Weapon, which vanished, returning to the form of a copper mirror, which flew back into Meng Hao’s bag of holding.

In that moment, the five Essences magic was restored, forming something like the image of a world up in the starry sky.

This was Lord White's five Essences world, a world in which the flow of time was distorted, in which lands rumbled, in which the power of extermination threw everything into chaos, in which extermination and curses flowed through Heaven and Earth, and which pulsed with the Essence of power. It was a shocking world which seemed capable of sweeping over anything.

It immediately began to rumble through the air, crashing down toward Meng Hao.

A sensation of deadly crisis surged up inside of Meng Hao. His eyes were bloodshot, and inside, he was sighing. However, in that very instant, the will to fight burned even hotter in his eyes.

"If a sudden onslaught won't work, then... I'll change styles!" Flames danced within Meng Hao's eyes. As the shocking Essence world crushed down toward him, he performed a double-handed incantation gesture, which instantly caused the fluctuations of the League of Demon Sealers to spring up inside him.

"The League of Demon Sealers can seal Greater Demons of Heaven and Earth. I wonder if perhaps... Essences can also be sealed?" Meng Hao's eyes flickered with a strange light as he became more convinced that his idea would work. Without any further hesitation, he performed an incantation gesture and then waved his finger toward the incoming Essence world.

Eighth Demon Sealing Hex!

RUMBLE!

Meng Hao's cultivation base, life force, soul, divine sense, everything that was him flowed into the Demon Sealing Hexing magic which he was unleashing.

That image of a world, which seemed so impossible to fight back against, all of a sudden seemed to slow down. Although no observer would notice this, Meng Hao could sense what was happening. As soon as he unleashed the Eighth Demon Sealing Hex, countless, innumerable strands of light appeared to entangle the Essence world, causing it to falter.

"It's working!" Meng Hao's eyes glittered, and even as a look of shock appeared on Lord White's face, he performed another incantation gesture and then waved his finger again.

Demon Sealing, Seventh Hex!

Demon Sealing, Sixth Hex!

Demon Sealing, Fifth Hex!!

Karma. Life-Death. Inside-Outside. Three Hexing magics all erupted out of Meng Hao, flowing out through his finger. Instantly, the starry sky went silent, and the Essence world experienced a Heaven-shaking, Earth-toppling transformation.

It stopped in place, and was now surrounded by a boundless gray mist, which writhed and seethed as numerous magical symbols appeared on its surface. That was none other than the manifestation of the Life-Death Hexing.

Simultaneously, Karma Threads appeared on the Essence world, spreading out into the void, connecting it to who-knew-how many people. Most of those threads connected it to Lord White, and yet, as of this moment, the Karma Threads were merging together to transform into numerous sealing marks!

This was Karmic Hexing!

Finally, a massive power of expulsion descended from the starry sky onto the Essence world. Suddenly, the Essence world experienced a bizarre transformation. First it increased in size dramatically, then it shrank down, as the power of the Inside-Outside Hex exploded out.

“Impossible!” Lord White cried hoarsely.

Meng Hao had experienced a sudden stroke of inspiration, and now his eyes were shining brightly as his four Hexing magics descended onto the Essence world. It was at this point that the Demon Sealing Jade within his bag of holding began to speak in its archaic voice after having been silent for so long.

“Demon Sealing Hexing magic can seal the Greater Demons of Heaven and Earth. This is Righteous Bestowal!

“Demon Sealing Hexing magic can seal the magic of all living things. This is the Reproaching Seal!”

Meng Hao's mind spun as the voice echoed out within him. He then raised his right hand, and his eyes shone mysteriously as he pushed out toward the Essence world.

“Reproaching Seal!” he said.

As soon as the two words left his mouth, a Heaven-shaking, Earth-shattering sound erupted out, causing the starry sky to tremble. At the same time, an enormous magical symbol appeared, which then shot down onto the Essence World, sealing it!

Sealing the Essences!!

Instantly, the entire Essence world went still, almost as if it had been turned into stone. No ripples emanated from it, and its aura was gone. Lord White, who was hovering not too far off, experienced a backlash, and coughed up a huge mouthful of blood.

“This....” He didn't recognize the Demon Sealing Hexing magic, but it reminded him of something that had left him with a deep impression long ago, and that was....

“The Dao of Lord Li!!” Lord White's face flickered as he realized that his connection with his Essence had been severed. Although it wasn't anything permanent, at the moment, he was completely incapable of unleashing Essence power.

Meng Hao was equally shaken. He looked at the sealed Essence world, and could sense the intense fluctuations of the Demon Sealing Hexing magic inside of him. Gradually, the glow in his eyes grew brighter.

Now, Lord White was looking at Meng Hao, not just with fear, but with the intense desire to kill him.

“Even without Essence, I can still cut you down!” he said, waving his sleeve. His right hand then shot out toward the starry sky in a clawing motion. Instantly, five rifts were torn open.

“Five Venoms of the Seventh Sea, sow chaos in the skies of the Mountains and Seas, disturb the peace of all living things!” Lord White bit the tip of his tongue and spit out a mouthful of blood.

Instantly, it became a blood sea which shot up toward the five rifts and then poured into them. Next, thumping sounds began to emanate out.

Apparently, there were entities inside of those rifts who were breaking through a barrier, attempting to pass through the rifts. With each thump, the starry sky trembled. Suddenly, cracking sounds could be heard as two spindly antennae burst out from within one of the rifts. They were followed by... a vicious bug which scuttled out rapidly. Soon, a 30,000-meter, pitch-black centipede appeared in the starry sky!

As soon as it appeared, it let out a shocking screech which caused all hearts to tremble!

Next, cracking sounds echoed out from the second rift as a crimson-red, three-horned viper popped out, tens of thousands of meters long, its forked tongue flickering, its eyes gleaming coldly. It threw its head back and howled as, all of a sudden, countless eyes appeared all over its body!

Next, cracking sounds could be heard from the third, fourth and fifth rifts, as more creatures emerged. There was an enormous scorpion, surrounded by swirling black mist, and a violet toad as big as a mountain.

Last of all was... a 30,000-meter long lizard with rugged scales that dripped with slime. It was a completely shocking sight!

“Five Venoms, kill this person!” Lord White’s eyes flickered, and the five venomous creatures roared as they charged toward Meng Hao.

Chapter 1299: Know This: The Mountain and Sea Realm is Mine!

As the Five Venoms charged Meng Hao, Lord White backed up and urgently shot toward the Essence world that was frozen in place up above, in an attempt to restore his sealed Essences.

His heart was filled with vigilance; he almost felt as if he were fighting with his hands and feet tied. From the moment he had arrived in the Eighth Mountain and Sea, Meng Hao had interfered with him at every step. He almost felt as if he were being led down a path by his opponent, and had no choice but to follow.

It was a truly humiliating feeling. In the final analysis, the reason things had turned out this way all stemmed back to how Meng Hao had not held back in any way when he had attacked with that spear!

Although Lord White hadn't actually been at risk of being killed by that spear, it had lost him the initiative in the fight!

Right now, Meng Hao's eyes were glittering. He had already paid an enormous price to be able to fight with Lord White, and although he hadn't killed him, he had already forced him to use some of the Mountain and Sea Scripture.

Because Meng Hao held the initiative, he was able to slowly gain an advantage, and had luckily managed to seal his opponent's Essence. Even though it had come at heavy price, and he had suffered serious injuries, it was all worth it!

It was all because he had managed to control the rhythm of the battle this entire time. He had never given his opponent the chance to take the initiative. Therefore... he would definitely not give him the chance to do so right now!

"You want to restore your Essences? What makes you think I'll let you!?" Meng Hao eyed the Five Venoms briefly, but he had no time to deal with them; his target was only Lord White.

"It seems I haven't been using my Demon Sealing magic as much as I should. I've clearly underestimated it." Eyes flickering, he suddenly slapped his bag of holding, whereupon a roar echoed out. Then, the mastiff appeared in a beam of blood-colored light, flying out in spectacular fashion.

Next came an entire host of blackpod imps.

Meng Hao's eyes shone with a strange light. Now that he knew his Demon Sealing Hexing magic could seal Essences, he figured he might as well see the result... of using his current cultivation base to perform Righteous Bestowal!

"Righteous Bestowal!" Without any hesitation, he extended his right hand and then pointed out toward the mastiff. Instantly, the ripples of Demon Sealing Hexing magic began to emanate out from inside of him. The mastiff's body trembled, and then its energy exploded up. It began to grow larger, and its cultivation base power rose up rapidly.

In the blink of an eye, the mastiff actually broke through from the great circle of the Ancient Realm into the Dao Realm!

Back in the Windswept Realm, Meng Hao had helped the mastiff consume the bat spirit. However, in order to help save Meng Hao, the mastiff had interrupted its breakthrough, leaving it stuck in the great circle of the Ancient Realm.

Now, with the aid of Righteous Bestowal, its cultivation base was able to continue to rise. It threw its head back and roared, then charged toward the Five Venoms. Next, Meng Hao looked at the blackpod imps, and unleashed another Righteous Bestowal!

Immediately, the blackpod imps began to transform drastically, allowing Meng Hao to sense a bit of the power of the Mountains and Seas on them. Of course, that was a power that only Meng Hao could detect. No one else, not even a Mountain and Sea Lord, could do so.

Meng Hao was quite shocked. After examining the mastiff a bit closer, he realized that he could sense the aura of the Mountain and Sea Realm surging within it! “So this is how Righteous Bestowal works. I can actually bestow them with the right to be acknowledged by the Mountain and Sea Realm, and allow them to borrow some of its power!”

The mastiff and the blackpod imps slammed into the Five Venoms; booms immediately began to shake the starry sky as a ferocious battle erupted.

Next, Meng Hao charged toward Lord White!

Lord White’s pupils constricted, especially after seeing Meng Hao use Righteous Bestowal. Sighing, he realized that his plan of distracting Meng Hao with the Five Venoms while he himself unsealed his Essence, was a failure.

Lord White’s expression suddenly turned calm. Sighing deeply, he looked at Meng Hao and said, “There is no enmity between us, we just have differing viewpoints.... Well, it doesn’t matter. You might be strong, but as a Mountain and Sea Lord, I’m above your ability to deal with.... Since you keep trying, though, then... I’ll just help you see the true power of a Mountain and Sea Lord.”

His sigh caused the starry sky to tremble, and sent powerful ripples exploding out from his body. In the blink of an eye, they spread out to fill the entire Eighth Mountain and Sea.

“I am the Lord of the Seventh Mountain and Sea....” he said softly, and suddenly, an illusory image appeared above his head. It was an image of a mountain, and of a sea!

When that image appeared, it emanated a shocking power. Rumbling sounds echoed out, and a mysterious light shone from Lord White's eyes as he raised his right hand up high, causing an intense burst of the power of the Mountain and Sea Realm to appear!

At the same time, Lord White began to emanate explosive pressure. Cracking sounds could be heard, the starry sky trembled, and the void distorted as the aura of the Mountain and Sea Realm grew ever stronger upon him.

Furthermore, the image of the mountain and the sea above him grew clearer and clearer.

As that happened, the starry sky of the Seventh Mountain and Sea seemed to drain, the void there grew dark, and life force was even sucked out of the heavenly bodies. Fissures spread out on the Seventh Mountain, as though the life were being extracted from it.

In the Seventh Sea, the sea beasts were trembling as their bodies visibly withered, and the sea itself began to dry up as its power and life force, the foundation of the Seventh Mountain and Sea, were pulled away... to Lord White!

A Heaven-shaking, Earth-shattering white light began to shine off of him, a boundless glow that radiated throughout the Eighth Mountain and Sea, and instantly caught the attention of the other Mountain and Sea Lords within the Realm.

Lord White seemed immeasurably large, and the image of the mountain and sea above his head was now completely crystal clear. Looking at Meng Hao, he pointed his finger and said, "You're strong, but in the end... you're just an ordinary cultivator. I have transcended the identity of a cultivator, and have come to wield the power of one of the nine great Mountains and Seas. I... am the Lord of the Seventh Mountain and Sea!

"In the Mountain and Sea Realm, no one can stand up to a Mountain and Sea Lord. I am the one who decides who lives and who dies.

"I call upon the power of the Mountains and Seas to crush you!"

As his voice echoed out, the aura of the Mountain and Sea Realm seethed around him, transforming into a white sun, which radiated indescribable pressure as it shot toward Meng Hao.

It was the type of attack that could not be sidestepped. It was backed by the power of the Mountain and Sea Realm, guided by the will of one of the great powers in the nine Mountains and Seas, the Lord of the Seventh Mountain and Sea!

Lord White sighed softly. “For various personal reasons, I don’t wish to waste any more of the power of the Mountain and Sea Realm than this. After all, I have existed in this Realm... for many, many years.

“Since you are dying at the hand of the Mountain and Sea Realm, you can at least die without any regrets.” With that, Lord White waved his sleeve, causing the pressure of the Mountain and Sea Realm to increase dramatically.

Meng Hao looked at Lord White. “The Mountain and Sea Realm...?”

He laughed, and his eyes began to shine. Actually, his main strategy for this fight had two parts. The first part had been the spear gambit. After that, he had simply been waiting for his opponent... to draw upon the power of the Mountains and Seas.

“You want to use Mountain and Sea power in my presence?” Meng Hao waved his right hand, and suddenly, boundless amounts of Mountain and Sea power erupted out from within him. Immediately, Meng Hao’s aura began to rise dramatically.

Lord White gaped in shock, his eyes wide with disbelief.

“This....”

He had never, ever seen anyone other than a Mountain and Sea Lord unleash such a shocking amount of Mountain and Sea power. Furthermore, Meng Hao was clearly not a Mountain and Sea Lord. As such, Lord White’s heart began to pound, and his face fell.

Meng Hao’s eyes flashed as he continued, “You say you’re the Lord of the Seventh Mountain and Sea, but do you know who the entire Mountain and Sea Realm belongs to?”

Even as the words left his mouth, rumbling sounds echoed out as, shockingly... nine mountains appeared above his head!!

In addition to the nine mountains, there were also nine seas!

Nine Mountains! Nine Seas!

Although they were blurry and illusory, and far from the clear image of the mountain and sea above Lord White's head, the instant they appeared they caused the entire starry sky, the entire Mountain and Sea Realm, to rumble.

An intense pressure suddenly sprang out from Meng Hao.

Lord White's face completely fell yet again, and he began to tremble. Without even thinking about it, he immediately began to back up, his heart battered by waves of intense shock. Eyes wide with disbelief, he said, "That's... that's.... Impossible! You're... you're actually the...."

Lord White's mind was reeling. Considering his level of willpower, there were few things that could ever strike him speechless. But now, he was more shaken than he had ever been.

"This is MY Mountain and Sea Realm," Meng Hao said coolly, reaching out his hand and making a grasping motion toward Lord White.

That grasping motion caused massive rumbling to echo out in Heaven and Earth. The starry sky shook violently as the power of the Mountains and Seas exploded out of Meng Hao. Powerful pressure surged toward Lord White, and an intense sensation of deadly crisis erupted within him. Without any hesitation, he bit his tongue and spat out a mouthful of blood. Then he threw his head back and let out a bitter howl.

"Seventh Mountain and Sea!" Instantly, the power of the Seventh Mountain and Sea erupted out. The Seventh Sea grew dry, and the Seventh Mountain shook. The starry sky of the Seventh Mountain and Sea was on the verge of shattering, as even more Mountain and Sea power converged and shot toward Meng Hao.

In the celestial pond atop the Seventh Mountain, the Xuanwu turtle let out a bitter howl, a howl filled with pain and madness. Lord White used the increased amount of Mountain and Sea power to form another white sun, which clearly surpassed the level of power of any of the previous attacks he had used against Meng Hao during the battle.

RUUUUUUMMMMBLLLLL....

The starry sky fractured into pieces, and a massive boom filled the entire Eighth Mountain and Sea. Blood sprayed out of Lord White's mouth, and his body was sent spinning backward. His clothes were torn, and more blood sprayed out of his mouth before he finally came to a stop over a thousand meters away, looking completely bedraggled. When he looked up, his eyes shone with intense killing intent.

What he saw was Meng Hao, coughing up blood, also falling backward by hundreds and hundreds of meters. There was now nearly 3,000 meters between the two of them, and both of them saw the intensely murderous expressions in each others eyes.

RUMBLE!

Both of them flew forward in attack, unleashing a chaotic storm of divine abilities and magical techniques.

More intense booms rocked the Eighth Mountain and Sea as, in the following moments, they exchanged thousands of volleys. Each attack caused the starry sky to dim, and yet, they held nothing back.

Chapter 1300: A Projection of Dao Fang!

RUMBLE!

Blood sprayed out of Meng Hao's mouth as Lord White's divine abilities merged with each other and slammed into him. He had no choice but to fall back, his injuries worsening. By now, it was clear that his Eternal stratum's regenerative power could not match the magnitude of his injuries.

As for Lord White, he had his Green Emperor's Eternal Incantation, which was truly a mighty asset. In fact, to Meng Hao's consternation, it ensured that even though Lord White was in a difficult situation, he still was not at the end of the line.

Killing intent swirled in Lord White's eyes, but secretly, he was shocked and even terrified. His mind had been racing after everything he had just seen, and he had actually been able to put the pieces of the puzzle together and thus... identify who Meng Hao really was.

"Lord of the Mountain and Sea Realm! The one and only Lord of the Mountain and Sea Realm.... If I can kill him, it will certainly be a huge detriment to the Mountain and Sea Realm. That would

definitely count as an incredible meritorious service! I'll receive incredible rewards!" The killing intent in his eyes grew even stronger. As soon as his attack had battered Meng Hao away, he suddenly raised his hand.

"Mountain and Sea Scripture!" he roared. Instantly, the ancient Mountain and Sea Scripture was projected behind him, radiating a mysterious light. Lord White suddenly clenched his hand into a fist, and then opened it.

"The Mountains have three Daos. First Dao, Man-Mountain!" Lord White performed a double-handed incantation gesture, causing the aura of the Mountain and Sea Scripture radiating from him to surge. When the words 'man' and 'mountain' left his mouth, his speed increased by an indescribable level, and he shot forward to appear directly in front of Meng Hao. Then he raised his hands up and shoved them forward.

That motion caused his body to transform into a mountain. His cultivation base surged, and a Heaven-destroying, Earth-extinguishing power slammed into Meng Hao.

Meng Hao didn't even have a chance to dodge. Rumbling sounds echoed out, and blood sprayed out of his mouth. His chest caved in, and even as he shot backwards, a bloody gleam appeared in Lord White's eyes.

"Second Dao, Earth-Mountain!" With that, he vanished again, to reappear beneath Meng Hao. There, he transformed into an even more majestic mountain, which instantly shot upward toward Meng Hao!

His speed was so great that Meng Hao was yet again incapable of evading. The mountain slammed into him, shattering his bones and sending blood spraying out of his mouth. His life force weakened, and despite the fact that he wanted to either dodge or defend himself, he simply couldn't.

"Third Dao, Heaven-Mountain!" The instant his voice rang out, he appeared up above Meng Hao as a mountain even more enormous and shocking than the previous two!

Then, he crushed down onto Meng Hao!

BOOOOMMMMMM!

Blood sprayed from Meng Hao's mouth. His cultivation base was crushed, and his fleshly body was on the verge of falling apart. Even as the Heaven-Mountain faded away, Meng Hao tumbled backwards like a kite with its string cut.

Lord White's eyes widened. "Still not dead!?!?"

The three Mountain Daos were peak Daoist magics of the Mountain and Sea Scripture. He rarely used them and, when he did, it always resulted in the death of his opponent.

But clearly, Meng Hao, despite being seriously injured, was not dead. This caused Lord White to frown, and his killing intent to rise.

However, things weren't much better for Lord White, and blood was currently oozing out of his mouth. The Mountains and Seas' Three Daos and Three Magics were actually extremely difficult for him to control. "The Seas have three magics...."

Meng Hao was alarmed as he struggled to stay on his feet, and he immediately consumed some medicinal pills. His Eternal stratum was on the verge of being depleted, and his injuries were so severe that his organs were all shattered. In fact, his bones were only being kept from collapsing into fragments by sheer force of willpower. Whether it was his fleshly body or his cultivation base, Lord White's three attacks had virtually annihilated him.

Those three mountains left him in complete astonishment. He had never seen Daoist magics so shocking, and although they seemed relatively simple, their deadly attack power was beyond belief.

"So that's the Mountain and Sea Scripture, huh...?" he thought, panting. Then, he realized that apparently Lord White was about to unleash some other, similar Daoist magic. Shaken, he took advantage of this time when his opponent was preparing his next attack to suddenly walk in a very strange fashion.

Then, a brutal gleam appeared in his eyes as he murmured, "Withering Flame!"

Instantly, his body began to wither, as if he were burning his blood, transforming it into a flame that then raged outside of his body.

It was at this point that Lord White, eyes flickering with intense killing intent, unleashed his magical technique.

“First magic, Commoner’s Magic. The Commoner’s lot is his body, exterminate the body to exterminate the magic!” Lord White extended his hand and pointed his finger at Meng Hao. Instantly, the illusory ancient book behind him began to vibrate, and then, suddenly, Lord White actually vanished. When he reappeared, he was right in front of Meng Hao, towards whom he reached out with his finger.

That finger contained a bizarre magic, and Meng Hao sensed that if it touched him, his body would be broken and exterminated!

However, just before the finger touched him, Meng Hao’s bizarre walking method suddenly caused the Dao of Time to be unleashed, and by the narrowest margin, he walked past Lord White, avoiding his finger attack. At the same time, a bizarre gleam appeared in Meng Hao’s eyes.

“Demon Magic!” As soon as the words left his mouth, he began to emanate strange fluctuations, which merged with the flames, causing a stream of qi to fly out that rapidly formed a vortex.

Within that vortex, it was just possible to hear the sound of a beating heart that shook Heaven and Earth.

“Second magic, the Minister’s Magic. The Minister inherits the bloodline, exterminate the blood to exterminate the body!” Roaring, Lord White waved his finger again, this time moving even faster. If this finger attack landed, then he would definitely destroy Meng Hao’s blood.

However, in the moment before it landed, Meng Hao’s shocking time-walking technique once again enabled him to barely avoid the danger. Lord White’s face darkened, and he turned around to unleash the third magic!

“Third magic, the Emperor’s Magic. Everything under Heaven belongs to the Emperor; where his words reach, the Emperor’s Magic is boundless!!” As he spoke, he unleashed the third finger attack, and instantly, his finger tapped down onto Meng Hao’s forehead!

It was as if this moment... had been fated to occur from the beginning!

A tremor ran through Meng Hao, and in the instant that the finger tapped onto his forehead, he spat, “True Self Dao!”

As the words were spoken, a blurry image appeared behind him that looked exactly like him in every respect!

BOOOOMMMMMM!

A massive boom rang out as the Emperor's Magic caused the non-illusory version of Meng Hao to be instantly killed. First his soul was destroyed, then his blood withered away, and finally his body collapsed into a pile of mangled gore.

As for the illusory version, it rapidly backed up.

At the same time, a strange gleam appeared in Lord White's eyes. Performing an incantation gesture, he spread his arms wide.

"Star-Chain Eight Soulbanes, cut off the path of all souls being reborn!" As soon as the words left his mouth, eight beams of red light shot up into the air, transforming into eight chains of blood which completely locked down the entire area. In the blink of an eye, rumbling filled the air as the entire starry sky was locked down!

Within that area, the chains cut off everything. They exploded with the intensity of rumbling lightning and shot toward the illusory image of Meng Hao.

"Even if you have a rebirth magic that lets you send out a bit of your soul at a critical moment, you have been fated to die this day. My Eight Soulbanes is specifically designed to cut off the path of unattached souls. Your soul body will now be transformed into ash!" Lord White was nearly purple from the effort it took to unleash the Mountain and Sea Scripture. The Three Daos and Three Magics of the Mountains and Seas were enormously powerful, and were incredibly high level techniques. In fact, rumor had it that they were collectively a Paragon magic, which meant that even Lord White was not qualified to unleash them easily. Every time he did, he had to pay an enormous price.

A boom rang out as the eight chains of blood, bursting with the power of soul-extinction, landed on the illusory version of Meng Hao. However, they ended up passing right through him without hurting him in the least.

This scene caused Lord White to stare in complete shock.

"That's not a soul body?"

Even as Lord White's face fell, that illusory figure suddenly turned completely clear. It was actually the real Meng Hao!

Both in terms of his facial features and his physical frame, he looked exactly like the person Lord White had just killed. However, this was no soul body, but rather, a genuine fleshly body, though it seemed somewhat gaunt, as if it had lost a lot of qi and blood!

Because it was a fleshly body, the Eight Soulbanes were completely useless against it!

That was because, in the moment before death, Meng Hao was well aware that he could not do any more to fight back against the Three Daos and Three Magics of the Mountain and Sea Scripture. Therefore, he chose to use another method, something that would have a similar effect as the Green Emperor's Eternal Incantation. And that was none other than the Withering Flame Demon Magic True Self Dao!

He simply... created a body substitution!

In the critical moment, he used some of his own qi and blood, along with the Withering Flame Demon Magic True Self Dao, to create a clone, a clone which could stand in his place to die!

"Dammit!!" Lord White's face fell, and he had to force himself to not cough up a mouthful of blood. The level of anger and frustration inside of him was impossible to describe. He had just paid an enormous price to unleash the Mountain and Sea Scripture's Three Daos and Three Magics. In terms of his longevity and the state of his body, both were a far cry from what they had been before.

He had been absolutely certain that Meng Hao was already dead, and had even unleashed his Eight Soulbanes. How could he ever have imagined that Meng Hao would have a body substitution magic!?

Now he was experiencing the same thing as Meng Hao had earlier when he had gone all out, regardless of the price, to make his killing move with the spear, only to be defeated by the Green Emperor's Eternal Incantation.

"This kid has GOT to die!" Lord White growled, glaring at Meng Hao. Gritting his teeth, he threw his hands up toward the starry sky, and a strange light gleamed in his eyes.

“Star-Chain Eight Soulbanes, lock down the starry sky. Oh great Dao Fang, please descend to help me... destroy everything!” As soon as the words left his mouth, the locked down section of the starry sky suddenly shuddered. Next, a roar of rage echoed out from within the void as an enormous figure suddenly appeared behind Lord White.

It was an enormous monkey holding a huge staff in its hand. Its eyes were crimson, and as soon as it looked over, Meng Hao’s mind reeled with shock.

He had seen this figure before!!

An unsightly expression appeared on his face. He had managed to escape the deadly situation moments ago, but he had now lost the initiative. He was seriously injured, so badly that every move he made caused his entire body to teeter on the verge of collapsing.

As soon as he saw the image of that monkey, he instantly knew who it was. It was... Dao Fang!

Dao Fang, who had suppressed the Essence of Divine Flame!

However, as soon as the image of Dao Fang appeared, the Essence of Divine Flame inside of Meng Hao suddenly erupted beyond his control. It flowed out from him, spreading out to fill the area, with him at the center, creating an entire world of flame.

Gradually, within that sea of flames, a shocking will converged.

“Dao Fang must die!!” roared a voice filled with rage, enmity, and madness. At the same time, the Divine Flame began to form into a person.

It was a middle-aged man, wearing a set of flame armor, who was roaring at the image of the monkey.