

# The Heavens 1301

Chapter 1301: Victory!

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Meng Hao didn't know this man formed from the Essence of Divine Flame. However, there was something very familiar about him, and then Meng Hao recalled some of the things that had occurred in the land of Divine Flame.

The enormous eye there had been surrounded by raging fire, as if it had been the soul of the sea of flames.

Meng Hao's eyes flickered, as he came to the conclusion that this man was most likely... the same man whose enormous eye existed in the world of Divine Flame.

He was the same almighty expert from ancient times who had been imprisoned on Planet South Heaven in the Ninth Mountain and Sea by... Dao Fang!

In the same moment that this man appeared, back in the Ninth Mountain and Sea, beneath the surface of Planet South Heaven, the world of Divine Flame quaked as all of the Divine Flame there erupted out, setting the entire world aflame.

The enraged roaring there was echoed in the Eighth Mountain and Sea by the man standing in front of Meng Hao, forming a resonance.

"Dao Fang, you must die!!", the man howled. It was as if the obsession which fueled this man's soul could never be eradicated. The projection of Dao Fang which had been summoned by Lord White began to tremble with both rage and enmity as he took a step forward. The sea of flames rumbled and churned as the man therein waved his hand, causing crashing flames to surge out like waves across the sea, directly toward... the projection of Dao Fang.

Meng Hao's mind was reeling, and as he narrowed his eyes, they began to glow with brilliant light. Off in the distance, Lord White was completely shocked. No matter how he considered the matter, he would never have imagined that the stream of Dao Fang's divine will would not instantly eradicate Meng Hao, but also... that Meng Hao would have an astonishing soul hidden on him!

Both that soul and Dao Fang exploded with astonishing energy that was not the energy of a Dao Sovereign, but actually exceeded that! It was... the energy of a Paragon!

RUUMMMMBLLLLLE!

A massive eruption of sound shook the entire Eighth Mountain and Sea. The eyes of Dao Fang's projection glowed with a strange light as he strode forward, brandishing that gigantic staff and then smashing it down toward the middle-aged man.

The man roared, eyes flashing with enmity as he performed a double-handed incantation gesture and then raised his hands up into the air, summoning a massive flame head, which grinned as ferociously as an evil spirit. With an unyielding roar and unmatched madness, it shot forward in an attack that contained tens of thousands of years of hatred.

When they slammed into each other, the entire starry sky shook, and a massive shock wave swept out in all directions. When it hit Meng Hao, blood sprayed out of his mouth, and he staggered backward. As for Lord White, he was also seriously injured, and coughed up blood as he was shoved away.

However, even as they both fell back, even as the man in the flames began to fight with Dao Fang, both Meng Hao and Lord White ground to a halt and then instantly charged toward each other.

Their battle was not over. Despite the fact that both of them were like oil lamps on the verge of flickering out, even though both of them were seriously injured... they would still fight!

RUMBLE!

As they closed in on each other, the glow of magical techniques rose up, and the ripples of divine abilities spread out. The power of the Mountains and Seas was unleashed by both sides, and they even collided physically. In an instant, they exchanged thousands of volleys.

Their injuries worsened, and both of them were coughing up mouthfuls of blood. The bloody wounds which covered their bodies were a sight to see; not even the Green Emperor's Eternal Incantation that Lord White possessed could keep up.

After a moment, echoing booms rang out as the two of them fell back. They were spattered with blood, and their faces were twisted into vicious expressions. Lord White was gritting his teeth, and

from the look in his eyes, he was throwing caution to the wind. He had already used virtually every technique and method he could think of, but was unable to take down Meng Hao. In fact, it was even possible to say that Meng Hao was... the most powerful opponent he had fought in his entire life!

“On this day, you will die!” he roared, hair flying about in disarray. He suddenly made a grasping motion, summoning nine pitch-black swords!

As soon as the nine black swords appeared, they began to emanate intense, acrid fumes. At the same time, countless vengeful ghosts began to swirl around them, letting out inaudible screams.

“With life comes death, with death comes life! Curse power can kill with a word, and its highest level is... Death Curse Magic!” Lord White’s eyes gleamed with madness. As far as he was concerned, this Death Curse Magic was even more terrifying than the Three Daos and Three Magics of the Mountain and Sea Scripture. In fact, the Death Curse was something that even he, the Lord of the Seventh Mountain and Sea, had only unleashed once before in his entire life.

That was when he had become a Mountain and Sea Lord. In that battle royale, he had used this magic in a critical moment to secure victory. However, the price he paid... was that from that moment on, his cultivation base was eternally stuck at the 5-Essences level. Any progress beyond that would be extremely difficult.

Right now, he was using the curse magic a second time!

He didn’t hesitate at all; changing his mind was something that he would never tolerate. The madness in his eyes grew more intense as he waved his hand; a droning sound then filled the air as one of the nine black swords shot toward him and stabbed him in the chest!

When the sword stabbed into him, Lord White let out an intense roar. At the same time, his divine sense erupted out explosively. Next, a second sword, a third sword, a fourth, and a fifth sword all stabbed into him one after another, one for each of his limbs. At this point, Lord White’s divine sense was raging upward nonstop, to the point where even Meng Hao was shocked.

As of this moment, Lord White’s divine sense was close to thirty percent that of a Paragon!

Things weren’t over though. The sixth sword, seventh sword... and finally the eighth and ninth swords all stabbed into Lord White. Blood sprayed out of his mouth, and his flesh was a mangled

mass of gore. Blood began to ooze out of his eyes, ears, nose, and mouth, and yet, his divine sense had reached a pinnacle; it was now at fifty percent of that of a Paragon!

The terrifying divine sense erupted out, shaking the starry sky. At the same time, Lord White's face twisted in an insane smile as he looked at Meng Hao and then said, "Death Curse!"

Instantly, his divine sense exploded out, materializing into an astonishing curse, a complex, pitch-black magical sealing symbol which shot toward Meng Hao. The curse power's foundation was divine sense, so the stronger the divine sense was, the stronger the curse would be.

And now, Lord White, in exchange for being stabbed through by the nine black swords, had increased his divine sense to the equivalent of fifty percent of a Paragon's divine sense. Because of that, to those at the 5-Essences level, this Death Curse... was invincible!

Intense rumbling echoed out as it closed in on the grim-faced Meng Hao, whose eyes shone with a strange light. As the curse neared him, he took a deep breath and then... erupted with divine sense!

RUMBLE!

Meng Hao's divine sense swept out across Heaven and Earth with mad intensity.

RUMMMMBLLE!

He instantly went all out, fighting back with his own divine sense, which was at forty percent of the level of a Paragon.

RUUUUUUMMMMBLLE!

Blood sprayed out of Meng Hao's mouth, and oozed out of his eyes, ears, and nose. He was shaking violently, and yet, his divine sense still managed to hold up against the Death Curse. Off in the distance, Lord White coughed up a huge mouthful of blood, and his eyes filled with disbelief. He could sense how strong Meng Hao's divine sense was; it was clearly powerful enough that it could resist his Death Curse!

“This is impossible!” he cried. Unable to believe what was happening, he threw his head back and roared. The Death Curse Magic was not something he could sustain for very long, and if it didn’t hit its target, the resulting backlash was something he wouldn’t be able to endure.

It was in this very moment that, atop the Eighth Mountain, Meng Hao’s grandfather, the Lord of the Eighth Mountain and Sea, was shaking violently. The battle between Meng Hao and the Lord of the Seventh Mountain and Sea was acting as an enormous catalyst to him!

In fact, his aura was now radiating off of the Eighth Mountain with increasing intensity.

However, Lord White was too preoccupied to notice that. As the saying goes, once you start riding a tiger, it’s not easy to get off. He began to laugh maniacally, then took a deep breath and performed a double-handed incantation gesture, after which he slapped his own forehead.

“Mass Cloning! Focus the Joss Flame power of the Lord of the Seventh Mountain and Sea, utilize it to... transform!” As Lord White’s voice echoed out like thunder, a ghost image suddenly sprang up as he transformed from one person into two. Those two became four, and then eight, and then sixteen....

Meng Hao’s pupils constricted as Lord White rapidly created more than a hundred clones, each one of which emanated terrifying ripples and then... all began to self-detonate.

The power of those self-detonations bolstered the Death Curse Magic. Lord White’s divine sense grew even more powerful, resulting in the magical sealing symbol growing rapidly larger and even more pitch black.

“DIE!” roared all of the collapsing versions of Lord White, clone and true self alike.

However, in the moment that the Death Curse Magic crushed Meng Hao’s divine sense and was just about to land on him, he closed his eyes.

“The Dao is in My Heart. The Will is in My Eyes...

“I Shall Possess the Mountains and Seas... Seal the Heavens Incantation!” In the critical moment of this decisive battle, in the last insane attack, Meng Hao unleashed his Seal the Heavens Incantation!

The power of the Mountains and Seas rumbled down, and the will of the Mountains and Seas merged with Meng Hao's divine sense. The starry sky then erupted with power, with Meng Hao as the center of it all!

The starry sky collapsed and the void shattered. The Eighth Mountain and Sea shuddered, and the incoming Death Curse Magic was suddenly beaten back. Fissures spread out across the surface of the pitch black magical symbol, until finally, the combined power of the Seal the Heavens Incantation and Meng Hao's divine sense caused it to shatter. Cracking sounds rang out as it exploded into countless pieces!

BOOM!

The Death Curse Magic collapsed into numerous magical symbol fragments which swept out towards Lord White, instantly piercing into him.

Lord White let out a miserable shriek as the backlash power instantly withered him. Vast quantities of his blood were evaporated, and the shadow of death instantly enveloped his mind. However, there was nothing he could do to fight back; in fact, he could hardly even struggle.

"No, I am Lord White, I am the Lord of the Seventh Mountain and Sea, I can't die here...." Even in that moment, however, his body began to collapse, and there was nothing he could do to stop it.

As of this moment, Meng Hao knew that he had secured victory. Coughing up a mouthful of blood, his consciousness began to fade. The victory he had just won had been a very, very difficult one!

Chapter 1302: Critical Juncture....

It was a heavy price to pay, and despite how strong Meng Hao was, he still ended up being seriously injured. His consciousness was fading, and blood oozed out everywhere. Just when he was about to move to consume Lord White's Mountain and Sea Incantation, his mind reeled, and he turned to look at Lord White.

In that moment, Lord White was collapsing, hovering on the verge of death. However, an aura that was not of the Mountain and Sea Realm suddenly emanated out from him. It only lasted for a moment, but it managed to propel Lord White toward the rift that connected the Seventh Mountain and Sea with the Eighth. In the blink of an eye, he was on the verge of entering the rift.

Things had been going hazy for Meng Hao, but now he forced his head to clear. Without the slightest hesitation, he then took a step toward Lord White; he absolutely could not allow him to escape!

This had been a bitter battle, and Meng Hao was well aware that the victory he had eked out had come by chance, and definitely had not been a certainty from the outset. If the two of them fought again, he was not convinced he would be able to win again.

As Lord White neared the rift, killing intent boiled in Meng Hao's eyes. He then stretched his right hand out toward Lord White and made a grasping motion.

It was none other than the Star Plucking Magic!

He was using the absolute last scrap of energy that he had left to unleash this magic. Rumbling could be heard as Lord White suddenly began to tremble. He was already half-covered with fissures as Meng Hao latched onto him and began to drag him back.

It was in that moment that the shattered and bleeding Lord White suddenly opened his eyes, within which could not be seen even a trace of madness or despair. In fact, they were icy cold to the point where... they shone with merciless clarity.

Apparently, everything he had just done had been an act. His true intent had been to wait for Meng Hao to get so close that he couldn't evade the next attack.

"In the end... you're still just a bit too immature," Lord White said quietly. As of this moment, the feeling he gave off, both in terms of his energy and his words, were completely different from moments ago. He was not possessed. No... this was the true him!

The Lord of the Seventh Mountain and Sea!

His eyes were icy cold as he extended his right hand and performed an incantation gesture. Then he grabbed out in Meng Hao's direction, causing the starry sky to tremble as an indescribable, shocking power erupted out.

Despite his complete calm, blood sprayed out of his mouth, and his face went ashen. Perhaps he had been keeping the true nature of his personality hidden beneath the guise of insanity, but as for his

injuries... they were very real. He had been seriously injured almost to the breaking point, and this attack was powered by the last bit of power he had.

He only had enough energy to make this one final attack. However, the way he had lured Meng Hao in, and his intense desire to kill him, showed how profoundly sinister Lord White was, and how adept he was at scheming!

He might be on the verge of lapsing into unconsciousness, and he might have run almost completely out of energy, but he could still eke out a victory in the end!

Meng Hao's face fell, and bitterness welled up in his heart as his Star Plucking Magic was destroyed by Lord White's grasping attack. Blood oozed out of the corners of Meng Hao's mouth, and his vision swam. He had no power to fight back, and as the attack closed in and became clearer, an unyielding gleam appeared within Meng Hao's eyes.

However, all of a sudden, a loud squawk echoed out from within Meng Hao's bag of holding. At this critical juncture, a multi-colored beam of light suddenly flew out, which was none other than... Lord Fifth!

Lord Fifth looked extremely pleased, and even let out a domineering squawk.

"Every time there's a critical moment, Lord Fifth takes the field to turn the tables!" the parrot howled, flapping its wings. "Hahaha! Lord Fifth has a fever, and there's only one cure! I've been waiting for this day for a very, very long time." All of a sudden, the Demonic cultivators from the Ninth Sea popped out.

It was a grand scene as they settled into formation... and prepared to sing.

"Come, come, sing together with Lord Fifth!"

The parrot's shrill voice echoed out in all directions, as did the completely shocking seafood song.

"I'm a seafood dish, I'm a seafood dish...."

As the seafood song echoed out, indescribable ripples appeared, which shot in the direction of Lord White's attack. When they slammed into each other, Lord White's attack shattered, transforming



into infinite motes of light which slowly dissipated. It was at this point that the seafood song began to reach a climax.

“... I was a bad kid when I was young, I’m a little seafood dish! Lalalalala! Seafood dish. Dobedobedoooo. Little seafood dish! Hey you, in the white robe, come, come, sing along with Lord Fifth!” Suddenly, the parrot flapped its wings, looking almost infatuated. Within the rift, Lord White’s eyes went wide, and he stared in complete and utter shock, his mind becoming a complete blank.

As the Lord of the Seventh Mountain and Sea, he held a position of supreme respect. He had assumed there was nothing he hadn’t seen in his life... but he had never seen a parrot like this, who left him feeling completely overwhelmed. Then he heard singing that was so horrible it was impossible to even describe.

Even more astonishing was that after the parrot spoke, and as the singing echoed out, Lord White almost couldn’t stop himself from joining in to sing along. It was a sensation that left him feeling as though his head would explode.

Before he could do anything, the ripples caused by the singing rumbled into the rift, inundating Lord White. He suddenly shivered, and then opened his mouth and began to sing.

“I’m your little, dear little seafood dish.... AAAAGGHHHHH!!” Lord White only sang half a verse before he began to scream miserably. His eyes were wide with fear as he realized that his wounds were too serious, and he was beginning to lose consciousness. At this point, he knew that he would not be able to kill Meng Hao, so he gritted his teeth, causing that same aura from before to erupt out, the power that was not of the Mountain and Sea Realm. It wrapped him up and then dragged him into the rift.

Even as he vanished, he shouted out one more time in rage, “I’ll be back!!”

“Hey!” the parrot said, glaring. “Why are you leaving? Fudge, can’t you give Lord Fifth some face?” The parrot’s heart was actually thumping in complete fear, and now that Lord White was fleeing, it secretly breathed a sigh of relief.

Letting out another angry squawk, it put the seafood dishes away and then puffed out its chest and looked back at Meng Hao.

Meng Hao's aura was already recovering, but he was still incredibly weak. Looking at the parrot, he chuckled, then glanced back at the rift, eyes flickering murderously.

It had been a difficult battle, even more difficult than Meng Hao could have anticipated. Although it seemed like he and the Lord of the Seventh Mountain and Sea were evenly matched, Meng Hao knew that he was weaker by just a bit.

"I couldn't quite kill him..." he thought, sighing. He had gone all out with every bit of power that he could, and right now, his face sank with that realization. However, his eyes continued to flicker with cold killing intent.

He knew that Lord White was also seriously injured, and that it would take him some time to recover. When he did, he would return to the Eighth Mountain and Sea, whereupon their battle would continue.

Unfortunately, Meng Hao was not convinced that he would be able to come out on top next time.

A sense of crisis began to well up inside him, and he suddenly looked off into the distance, eyes glittering.

"When I used the Demon Sealing Hexing magic, Lord White blurted something about the Dao of Lord Li....

"I need to get my hands on the legacy of Lord Li as soon as possible. Only then will I be able to get a bit stronger before Lord White returns. Only then... will I be able to cut him down!"

A while back when he had been igniting his Soul Lamps, his divine sense had spread out explosively, filling the Eighth Mountain and Sea. At that time, he had caught sight... of Patriarch Reliance!

He took a step, and was off in the distance. Although his mind was a bit foggy, he forced himself to hang on, and let none of that state show on the outside. Inwardly, his defeated Eternal stratum was slowly awakening again.

"A month," he murmured. "I need a month before I'll recover fully." He frowned as he realized that although he needed a month, Lord White would surely recover more quickly than that.

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The Eighth Mountain and Sea had already begun to rejoice. Although people weren't able to actually see the battlefield, they could sense that the pressure from the Seventh Mountain and Sea had vanished from the starry sky.

As that happened, the Seventh Mountain and Sea's cultivators' faces went ashen, and their expressions were that of horror. Although they didn't want to believe it, there was only one explanation for the reason why the aura of their Mountain and Sea Lord had vanished.

Their Mountain and Sea Lord... had been defeated in battle!

It didn't take long for that realization to sweep across the cultivators of the Seventh Mountain and Sea. Their morale instantly dropped, and their fighting spirit plummeted.

Contrariwise, the Eighth Mountain and Sea cultivators were bursting with power and excitement. Roaring, they went on the offensive, and instantly, fierce fighting broke out. This time, the ones to be beaten back over and over were not the cultivators of the Eighth Mountain and Sea, but rather, the Seventh!

Booms echoed out as the fighting once again resumed!

On the Eighth Mountain, Meng Hao's grandfather, the Lord of the Eighth Mountain and Sea, was no longer trembling, but was calm. Apparently, his eyes were on the very verge of opening....

Meng Hao sped away. The red-haired old man and the other nearby hundreds of thousands of cultivators had long since backed up to an even further vantage point. The shocking battle they had witnessed left them trembling, and they simply watched as Meng Hao left.

They could sense that he was weak, but none of them dared to try to test him out....

Not even the red-haired old man had the courage to do so. He wouldn't attack Meng Hao unless his injuries were even worse than they were, or perhaps he was unconscious.

As Meng Hao left, he breathed a sigh of relief.

After reaching a point some distance away, where no one could see him, he stopped, blood oozing out of the corners of his mouth. He quickly consumed some medicinal pills, then closed his eyes and rotated his cultivation base.

In the same moment that Meng Hao closed his eyes, an intense sensation of deadly crisis suddenly welled up in him. He turned his head to see a young man stepping out of thin air.

As soon as he recognized who the young man was, Meng Hao's eyes gleamed with an intense light.

The young man looked excited, but kept his distance. When he realized he had been spotted, he clasped hands and bowed.

“Brother Meng, at long last we meet again. Thank you for giving me this chance. I've been waiting a very, very long time for this. I never imagined that in such a short period of time, you would... become so strong!!”

This newcomer was none other than... Ji Dongyang!

Chapter 1303: Possessing and Consuming!

“Should I call you Ji Dongyang, or should I call you... the Ji Clan Patriarch?!” As Meng Hao looked at Ji Dongyang, his eyes narrowed, and his heart filled with vigilance. The sensation of deadly crisis continued to grow, to an extent that it was even clearer than when he had been fighting Lord White.

After all, Meng Hao was now at his absolute weakest, and the fact that Ji Dongyang was making his appearance right now proved one thing: he had been waiting and watching for quite some time. It would have been impossible for him to come across an opportunity like this based on chance alone.

One thing that led Meng Hao to suspect Ji Dongyang's true identity was how he had been able to follow him and spy on him for such an extended period of time without being detected. Therefore, Meng Hao had given voice to his guess as to who this person really was.

Furthermore, Ji Dongyang had slipped up and revealed a bit of vital information, perhaps because of his excitement at finally gaining the opportunity he had been waiting for. If he knew the truth,

that Meng Hao had guessed who he really was based on a single sentence, he would be completely flabbergasted.

Ji Dongyang gaped for a moment, then chuckled and realized it didn't matter that Meng Hao knew who he was.

“Nowadays I prefer to go by Ji Dongyang, but in the past I was known as... Ji Tian!”

The instant the words left Ji Dongyang's mouth, Meng Hao's pupils constricted. Ji Tian was none other than the Ji Clan Patriarch, a powerful expert from the same era as the first generation Patriarch of the Fang Clan. In the struggle for the Lordship of the Ninth Mountain and Sea, he had come out on top.

“There's no need to try to buy time to heal. Your injuries are too serious to recover from in a short period of time. Even I would have to worry about Lord White, considering the level of his battle prowess. In fact, if I fought him, I would definitely lose.

“As for you, you've made me very, very happy....

“Deciding that you would be my ninth life was definitely the best choice I could have made.... Come now, Meng Hao, become one with me. Become my ninth life. Then I will restore things to how they once were, taking the Ninth Mountain and Sea to fight back against the 33 Heavens and to resist their return.

“Sacrifice yourself, and you will help not just me, but the entire Mountain and Sea Realm! I can even promise you that I will take good care of the Fang Clan....

“Everything that is yours... will be mine.” Ji Dongyang laughed heartily, and his eyes sparkled. However, he still didn't get close to Meng Hao. The battle he had just witnessed from a distance had left him completely shocked.

Meng Hao's face was very grim, but he didn't respond. He merely hovered in place, looking coldly at Ji Dongyang.

Meng Hao didn't move, nor did Ji Dongyang do anything rash. They stared at each other for about ten breaths of time, after which Ji Dongyang frowned, then suddenly took three steps toward Meng Hao.

As those three steps fell, Meng Hao's eyes flickered with killing intent, and he began to stride toward Ji Dongyang. That sudden movement caused Ji Dongyang's heart to tremble with surprise, and without even thinking about it, he fell back.

However, in the moment that he retreated, Meng Hao suddenly did the same thing, and in the blink of an eye, was far off in the distance.

Ji Dongyang's eyes flickered coldly, and he gave chase, sighing inwardly with relief. As he closed in, he extended his right hand, performed an incantation gesture, and pointed out. Instantly, a black stream of light shot toward Meng Hao.

Meng Hao also sighed inwardly. He knew that dealing with Ji Dongyang would be difficult; for him to have reached the level he had indicated that he was the type of person who tested the waters before making a move. Obviously, he was an extremely cautious person.

Furthermore, Meng Hao was not in a position to be wasting energy. His injuries were very serious, and he had only just begun to recover. Frowning, his eyes flickered as he waved his hand toward the black beam of light, shattering it.

A boom echoed out, and the backlash caused blood to ooze out of his mouth. Behind him, Ji Dongyang laughed softly.

"Brother Meng, don't be so anxious. We still have plenty of time left. Your injuries are severe, and I'm patient. I'll just wait until you can't hold out any longer and pass out.

"Of course, you can always turn and fight if you want. I can guarantee that... before you manage to kill me, you'll lose consciousness. So you should really consider... whether or not you want to fight me." Ji Dongyang's eyes glittered as he looked at Meng Hao for a moment, then performed an incantation gesture with his right hand, causing ten beams of black light to shoot toward Meng Hao, each one filled with Karmic power.

Meng Hao didn't do anything in response, other than shoot off with increased speed. In the blink of an eye, he had increased the distance between them and was shooting, not in the direction of the Heavengod Alliance, but rather... toward the rift connecting the Seventh and Eighth Mountains and Seas!

He was now following exactly the same path Lord White had when he had fled.

Meng Hao moved with incredible speed, shooting past the red-haired old man and the other cultivators of the Seventh Mountain and Sea, who looked on in shock.

Ji Dongyang was hot in pursuit, face flickering in surprise. He had already made plans for what to do, regardless of whether Meng Hao attacked or not. If he didn't attack, he would force him into fighting. If he fought, then he would run him ragged. However, he had never predicted that Meng Hao would actually choose to enter the rift.

If he did that, he would be teleported to the Seventh Mountain and Sea. Doing that would put him in a situation of extreme peril, but it seemed Meng Hao felt the chances of survival were slightly better there.

Of course, the danger would be the same for Ji Dongyang. His chances of surviving... would be small. After all, if he went to the Seventh Mountain and Sea, his clone would be two Mountains and Seas away from his true self, adding latency to his reaction time, which could end up proving fatal.

Thus, his original plan had been to possess Meng Hao while in the Eighth Mountain and Sea. However, when the Seventh Mountain and Sea invaded, and Meng Hao had chosen not to leave, he had to delay his plan.

“Dammit!” Ji Dongyang’s face flickered, and rumbling sounds echoed out as he pushed forward toward Meng Hao with greater speed. Even as Meng Hao closed in on the rift, killing intent flickered in Ji Dongyang’s eyes, and he reached out and made a grasping gesture. Countless Karma Threads swirled out to form a huge hand which grabbed toward Meng Hao.

However, the hand was slow, and Meng Hao was already halfway into the rift. He seemed to be on the verge of escaping, and in this most critical of moments, Ji Dongyang had no time to think, no matter how cautious he wished to be. If he hesitated for even a moment, Meng Hao would vanish. Gritting his teeth, he surged with cultivation base power, and in conjunction with power from the Ninth Mountain and Sea, his energy spiked, and the majesty of a Mountain and Sea Lord erupted out.

The extra power came in the blink of an eye, and he transformed into afterimages as he shot toward Meng Hao, who was now eighty percent into the rift.

“Possession!” Ji Dongyang howled. His body seemed to be melting, and his soul was on the verge of flying out to possess Meng Hao. However, in that very instant... just as he was opening his mouth to spit out his soul, Meng Hao suddenly turned back, a derisive expression on his face. His mouth twisted into a cold smile, and from the look on his face, it seemed he had no plans whatsoever to flee. In fact, it appeared that everything had been a ruse to lure Ji Dongyang into a trap!

This was a tactic that he had just picked up from Lord White.

Ji Dongyang’s eyes went wide.

“The Wolf Consumes All!” Meng Hao roared. Meng Hao truly did have only a tiny scrap of energy left inside of him, and the question had been how to use that scrap. And yet, this last bit of energy would be able to decide whether he won or lost against Ji Dongyang.

What he did was use that scrap of energy to stimulate Greed’s life force Essence, which existed within his Dao Fruit. Instantly, the image of an enormous, Heaven-shaking, Earth-shattering Heavenly Wolf appeared behind him, which threw its head back and howled!

Even as Ji Dongyang attempted to possess Meng Hao, the wolf attempted to consume Ji Dongyang!

One was attempting to possess, the other was attempting to consume, and it was impossible to determine who would succeed. Ji Dongyang’s soul pierced into Meng Hao, all the way to his sea of consciousness, and simultaneously, Ji Dongyang’s body transformed into life force quintessence which was consumed by the Heavenly Wolf.

Rumbling could be heard as Ji Dongyang vanished. A tremor ran through Meng Hao as an explosive power rose up from within him, propelling him away from the rift, whereupon he vanished.

Neither Meng Hao nor Ji Dongyang had any desire for any further consuming or possessing to play out in front of the cultivators of the Seventh Mountain and Sea. Both of them simultaneously teleported away. In the blink of an eye, they were gone, to reappear once more in a remote corner of the starry sky of the Eighth Mountain and Sea.

Meng Hao looked like a corpse as he floated there, his body occasionally emitting pulses of life force. Occasionally, rumbling could be heard, and at the same time, the injuries he had sustained in his battle with Lord White healed up, the result of the restorative powers gained by Meng Hao from consuming the life force of Ji Dongyang.



At the same time, his internal injuries were also healing rapidly!

However, there within Meng Hao's sea of consciousness, a Heaven-shaking, Earth-shattering battle was unfolding between the powers of consuming and possessing! The struggle had reached a critical moment, and whoever lost would definitely die!

Furthermore... it was certain that the price paid by one of them dying, would help the other party to grow stronger.

Ji Dongyang, in his craftiness and malevolence, had waited for this very specific moment to attack Meng Hao, when he was extremely weak in terms of cultivation base and divine sense. Therefore, if all had gone according to plan, Ji Dongyang would have been able to possess him with relative ease.

Ji Dongyang had prepared for a very long time for this one moment of possession. He had studied Meng Hao extensively, and was aware of his fearsome divine sense and extraordinary cultivation base. He knew that he was the future Lord of the Mountain and Sea Realm, which, although terrifying in some ways, actually fueled his obsession. He had waited oh-so-patiently to possess Meng Hao, and just when he thought Meng Hao would escape his clutches and that everything had been for naught, the moment he had waited for had arrived; Meng Hao fought Lord White and ended up being in an extremely weak state.

That had been a moment of extreme excitement!

However, in all of his careful planning, there was the one area... in which he had slipped up.

Despite the fact that he had gone to the extent of following Meng Hao into the 33 Hells, he had not been able to follow him into the necropolis therein. In that moment of extreme crisis when everyone was sucked into the necropolis, he, like the Chief Dharma Protector of the Heavengod Society, had chosen to flee. Therefore, he had no idea about everything that had occurred with Greed.

Therefore, he had no idea about the very power which Meng Hao drew upon at the last moment, the life force Essence of Greed. Greed's Essence could consume everything, including Ji Dongyang's life force and his soul. Even the possession power he had unleashed was consumed!

“NO!!” Several days later, something like an illusory howl of rage echoed out inside of Meng Hao. A tremor ran through him, and his eyes opened. As for his mouth, it had the same smile of derision that it had before.

Chapter 1304: Old Turtle Reliance!

At the same time, massive rumbling sounds echoed out from the Ninth Mountain. The whole mountain trembled as a will awakened, spreading out to fill the entire Ninth Mountain and Sea.

An enormous eye appeared above the Ninth Mountain, which seemed to burn with fires of rage. However, the flames soon died down, and within the pupil of the eye, the image of an old man became visible. He was sitting there cross-legged, a grim expression on his face. After a moment passed, though, he suddenly started laughing.

“I’m not sure whether I should thank you or hate you...” the old man murmured.

“The fact that I did not succeed comes as no surprise, and yet is also contrary to expectation.... Had I succeeded, I would have no longer been myself. That strand of my will which usurped my true self would have become unprecedentedly powerful. I could have instantly transformed from being the weakest of the Mountain and Sea Lords, to being in the position to challenge Ksitigarbha.

“However, although the failure has lost me that chance, now that the strand of will has been destroyed, I... have finally regained full control of my faculties.” There was an ancientness to the man that seemed to suggest that he had been asleep for a long time, but was now awakening.

“Meng Hao...” he murmured, looking thoughtfully off into the distance. After a long moment passed, he closed his eyes once again.

Meanwhile, back in the Eighth Mountain and Sea, Meng Hao opened his eyes as something like the rumble of thunder echoed out inside of him. At the moment, his injuries had recovered almost completely.

Ji Dongyang’s possession had failed, and in fact, he had ended up being consumed by the life force Essence of Greed. He actually ended up becoming a wellspring of power to fuel the recovery of Meng Hao’s wounds. In fact, Meng Hao liked to think that Ji Dongyang had delivered himself up as an aid to his recovery, instead of a real attempt at possession.

It wasn't that Ji Dongyang hadn't made his move at the correct time, or that it was not a critical point for Meng Hao. Rather, in a divine sense battle for possession, the slightest mistake could lead to death, and Ji Dongyang had made just such a mistake.

Meng Hao's eyes shone with a brilliant light as he recalled what had occurred in the divine sense battle. Finally, his eyes glittered, and he flickered into motion and vanished.

He did not spend any more time pondering the matter of Ji Dongyang. Although he had come out on top in the battle of possession, Meng Hao had still been in danger. He had never liked the Ji Clan to begin with, but after what had just happened, he was certain that he would meet with Ji Tian again one day, and settle things once and for all.

"Time is of the essence right now. The Lord of the Seventh Mountain and Sea will definitely be returning. Before he does, I need to get stronger. That's the only way to secure victory!" Meng Hao appeared in the starry sky, a thoughtful look on his face as he sent his divine sense rumbling out. In a short period of time, it spread out to cover the entire Eighth Mountain and Sea.

Everything that existed in the Eighth Mountain and Sea was now visible to him in his mind. He saw cultivators fighting in battles. He saw countless corpses and ruins. He also saw a certain something far off in a remote corner of the Eighth Mountain and Sea.

It was a huge land mass that almost looked like an island. There were mountains and rivers, cities and sects, mortals and cultivators all existing on that piece of land hanging in the starry sky. It seemed to be floating completely aimlessly among all of the mountains which existed there. On that huge land mass was a certain mountain that held an eternal place in Meng Hao's mind. It was... Mount Daqing.

Beneath the land mass was an enormous turtle, who supported it on his back. He was currently yawning lazily as he floated along, a smile on his face. Then he began to hum a little tune which echoed out in all directions.

In the instant that Meng Hao's divine sense swept over the turtle, the turtle shivered and stopped humming. His turtle eyes went wide, filling with a look of disbelief. He suddenly turned to look out into the starry sky and then... let out a miserable shriek.

"That divine sense... dammit! It's you! You little bastard! Ahhhhhhhh. The Patriarch fled all the way here and y-y-you... you actually found me!!"

That turtle was none other than Patriarch Reliance.

His previously good mood suddenly turned wretched. He had just been feeling incredibly comfortable and at ease, but now he was shaking, overwhelmed with frustration, sadness, madness, and irritation.

In order to get away from Meng Hao, he had left Planet South Heaven and gone to Planet East Victory. Then he had fled to the Ruins of Immortality, and had finally pierced through the barrier between the Ninth Mountain and Sea to the Eighth. He had assumed that he would never see Meng Hao again in his life. How could he ever have imagined that he would actually... be found yet again?

“Dammit, DAMMIT!” roared the turtle, eyes bulging. “You intolerable bully!! The Patriarch can’t deal with this anymore!!” A very uneasy feeling had risen up in his heart; Meng Hao’s divine sense seemed so powerful it could cause him to explode. He threw his head back and let loose a long cry, causing rumbling sounds to echo out as his speed increased tenfold, and he shot off into the distance.

He felt truly wronged, and couldn’t think of any sin he had committed to earn him this fate....

“Dammit, dammit, DAMMIT! The League of Demon Sealers is full of bastards! All bastards, I tell you!

“All those years ago, that psycho didn’t think that beating me up by himself was enough, so he had to find a whole group of psychos to help beat me up. Bastards, bastards, BASTARDS!!

“Fine, if you want to beat me up, I don’t care. But you went so far as to seal me!? I refuse to give in! The Patriarch refuses to give in!!” Even as Patriarch Reliance sped along, he roared out his grievances.

It was at that point that a bright light could be seen flickering on top of his head, where a young woman was seated. Laughing softly, she patted Patriarch Reliance’s head and said, “Calm down, Patriarch. Isn’t it a good thing to reunite with old friends?”

“Good thing, my ass! The League of Demon Sealers is full of bastards. That little bastard is a bastard among bastards!” Utterly discomfited, Patriarch Reliance took a deep breath, causing the starry sky to tremble. Boundless energy of Heaven and Earth poured toward him and was sucked in,

whereupon he exploded with even greater speed, turning into a bright beam of light that shot off into the distance.

In another distant location, Meng Hao's eyes glittered.

"Gotcha," he said, snorting coldly. He was so familiar with old turtle Reliance that he couldn't be any more familiar. They had even fought each other more than once in the past.

"Let's see how you try to escape this time!" Meng Hao took a step forward, then vanished. When he reappeared from the teleportation, he was far off in the distance and immediately saw the panic-stricken Patriarch Reliance fleeing.

"Don't even dream of running, you old turtle!" he roared in a frightening tone.

"There's no need to see me off, you little bastard!" shouted Patriarch Reliance, trembling. He even went so far as to spit out some of the quintessence of his soul to unleash even greater speed, piercing through the void.

Meng Hao's expression was very serious, but a hint of laughter could be seen in his eyes. Every time he recalled what had occurred between him and this old turtle, it all seemed as if it had happened only yesterday.

His time in the Reliance Sect was something very precious to Meng Hao, and those years had somehow turned into his most idyllic memories.

Now that the turtle was fleeing with even greater speed, Meng Hao gave a cold harrumph, then extended his right hand and made a grasping motion as he unleashed the Star Plucking Magic. Instantly, the turtle's little tail was grabbed.

Rumbling sounds echoed out, and Patriarch Reliance's scalp felt like it was about to explode. The sensation of having his tail grabbed filled him with rage. A brutal gleam appeared in his eyes, and he turned his massive body around with stunning agility. Then, a vicious expression could be seen as he opened his mouth to gobble Meng Hao up.

"I'll give you some good fortune, you little bastard!"

“Mm-hmm,” Meng Hao didn’t even try to dodge to the side. He simply hovered in place. Patriarch Reliance’s gaping maw lurched to a stop, and a grieving, maddened look appeared in his eyes.

“Meng Hao, you little bastard, we’re going to fight to the death, right here, right now!” he roared. His energy spiked, and it looked like he really was going to go all-out in a battle to the death.

Meng Hao’s expression was very serious, but then suddenly, his jaw dropped as he realized that although Patriarch Reliance seemed to be infuriated, and just on the verge of fighting to the death, the truth of the matter was that he was actually backing up. This felt very familiar to Meng Hao, and he suddenly recalled that bizarre body cultivator back in the Ninth Sea, who had done the exact same thing. Patriarch Reliance and that body cultivator were actually very similar in this regard.

Patriarch Reliance was instantly on the run again, and had already put quite a distance between them. He was going all out... to flee! Furthermore, a complacent gleam had already appeared in his eyes.

“So, the little bastard doesn’t quite measure up to the Patriarch in terms of intelligence. Haha! He thought I was going to fight him to the death, but it turns out my real plan was to run away!” Even as Patriarch Reliance was rejoicing in the midst of his escape, and was beginning to feel quite pleased with himself, a boom rang out, and the void up ahead of him shattered. A huge rift opened up, and a tempest burst out, blocking Patriarch Reliance’s path.

Patriarch Reliance’s beady eyes went wide, and he quickly changed directions. However, it only took a moment before the same thing happened, whereupon he changed directions again.

Meng Hao, of course, was right on his tail, leisurely following him around and waving his finger, causing the starry sky to distort and shatter. Patriarch Reliance’s heart was beginning to pound in shock, and he suddenly howled, “How come you’re so powerful, you little bastard? Psycho! The League of Demon Sealers is full of psychos!!”

All of Patriarch Reliance’s paths were blocked. Finally, he waved his tail, and suddenly everything around him began to tremble. Apparently, he had been building up his power, and was now about to burst out in one final attempt to free himself.

However, even as he powered up, he unexpectedly didn’t flee, but instead charged Meng Hao. Inwardly, he was so arrogant that he actually believed himself powerful enough to personally handle Meng Hao.

Roaring, Patriarch Reliance closed in on Meng Hao. “Hmmmphhh! The Patriarch is the smartest yet again! When you think I’m going to fight to the death, I flee. Then, when you think I’m going to flee, I decide to stake my life!”

Seeing this new development caused a strange expression to appear on Meng Hao’s face. It was definitely true that he was having a hard time keeping up with Patriarch Reliance’s train of thought. Just when he seemed to be on the verge of escaping, he would attack. Meng Hao smiled bitterly and then extended his hand. Rumbling sounds could be heard as a huge illusory hand appeared, which grabbed viciously toward Patriarch Reliance.

A boom echoed out as the hand grabbed onto Patriarch Reliance and began to squeeze. However, Patriarch Reliance let out a roar, causing golden light to glitter out from his body, shattering Meng Hao’s illusory hand.

“Hah! The Patriarch is invincible!!” he roared. “Are you scared yet, Meng Hao, you little bastard?!” He glared at Meng Hao, the whiskers on his face floating about in bizarre fashion, making him look very intimidating.

Chapter 1305: Legacy Door!

Meng Hao sighed at the sight of the blustering Patriarch Reliance, and suddenly felt a headache coming on. “I never smacked you on the head when you were little, did I?”

Unfortunately, Meng Hao’s words only served to rile up Patriarch Reliance even more. His eyes turned bright red as he apparently remembered something, whereupon he roared, “Meng Hao you little bastard, I’m going to end things between us right now! Take THIS!”

Howling, energy surging, Patriarch Reliance began to move his relatively stumpy legs in a special pattern. His eyes began to glow brightly as, unexpectedly, his qi and blood began to flow in a unique way, as if he really were going to go all-out in a fight to the death.

However, what actually happened was that an enormous teleportation portal popped into existence around him. In the blink of an eye, it activated, teleporting Patriarch Reliance away.

Even as he vanished, his smug laughter echoed out, along with the following words: “The Patriarch is out! Don’t bother to come looking for me ever again, I’m sick of you!”

Meng Hao could only imagine how pleased Patriarch Reliance must be with himself at the moment. A strange look on his face, Meng Hao took a step forward and then vanished.

In another stretch of the starry sky of the Eighth Mountain and Sea, Patriarch Reliance's massive form suddenly appeared, along with ringing laughter.

"I, the Patriarch, am intelligent, dashing, extraordinary, and completely invincible! Did that wimpy little Meng Hao really dare to try to compare himself to me?" Patriarch Reliance looked extremely proud, as though he were standing at the pinnacle of all intelligence, looking down at everyone else far, far below.

However, even as he was sighing emotionally, a dry cough could be heard coming from off to the side.

Patriarch Reliance gaped in astonishment.

"Hallucinating," he said. "I must be hallucinating. How come that cough sounded so much like that little bastard?" Heart thumping, Patriarch Reliance looked to the side to find Meng Hao right there next to him. His eyes widened.

In terms of size, Meng Hao was like nothing compared to Patriarch Reliance's enormity. But that didn't stop him from reaching out, grabbing one of Patriarch Reliance's whiskers, and then flinging him out through the starry sky, sending him spinning round and round.

Then, a huge boom could be heard as he landed not too far off in the distance.

Patriarch Reliance roared in rage, then shot back toward Meng Hao, mouth wide open to devour him. But then Meng Hao snorted coldly, and Patriarch Reliance let out a yelp and closed his mouth.

"Aaaahhhhhh! I'm going crazy! Dammit! Dammit! I can't fight you, can't run away from you, can't even eat you! The League of Demon Sealers is full of bastards! I'm going to kill all of you people!!" Patriarch Reliance's roars transformed into sound waves that rumbled out through the starry sky. At the same time, he backed up at top speed, shaking his back slightly.

"Disciples of all generations of the Reliance Sect, get out here and kill this guy!" When Patriarch Reliance shook his back slightly, it was like an earthquake as far as the State of Zhao was concerned. Almost immediately, hundreds of people flew out, after which they stared at Meng Hao



in astonishment. It was hard to say who did it first, but after a moment of gaping, they began to clasp hands and bow to him.

“Greetings, Junior Patriarch!”

“It’s the Junior Patriarch? Greetings, Junior Patriarch...”

These people actually recognized who Meng Hao was. After all, Meng Hao had encountered this group of people back in the Milky Way Sea on Planet South Heaven. Back then, Patriarch Reliance, believing himself to be a profound schemer with incredible foresight, had publicly acknowledged Meng Hao’s Patriarchal status, all in an attempt to divert his suspicions.

When Patriarch Reliance saw all of the cultivators clasping hands and bowing to Meng Hao, the rage in his heart burned hotter than ever. Now, instead of trying to consume Meng Hao, he tried to crush him with his head.

By this point, he knew that he wouldn’t be able to escape. Meng Hao was so fast that it left him sighing, so the only thing he could do now was ram Meng Hao with his body, which at this moment seemed as big as a planet whizzing through space.

“Stop fussing,” Meng Hao said with a frown, then smacked out with his right hand.

An intense slapping sound echoed from Patriarch Reliance’s head, and he was sent staggering backward. Angered to the point of madness, he roared, “Who’s making a fuss? I’m perfectly calm! Y-y-you... you tyrant!”

“In all my years of roaming the Mountain and Sea Realm, the worst thing that ever happened to me was running into you bastards from the League of Demon Sealers. You people are so unreasonable!!” Patriarch Reliance appeared to be on the verge of tears. By now, he could sense how powerful Meng Hao was, and his heart was pounding as a result. However, he still didn’t want to give in. Eyes burning with decisiveness, he opened his mouth and roared, causing innumerable magical symbols to flicker all over his body. Apparently, he was attempting to break through the seals on his body.

Rumbling could be heard as a massive energy burst out, something that caused even Meng Hao’s eyes to widen.

“Back then, the people from the League of Demon Sealers had to team up to seal him,” Meng Hao said softly. “It seems Patriarch Reliance really is remarkable.” With that, he slapped his hand out again.

A boom rang out as Patriarch Reliance was once again sent spinning. At the same time, his enraged roar echoed out.

This time the sound was multiple times louder than his previous shouts. It transformed into a roaring windstorm that swept out. Simultaneously, a huge, terrifying image was projected behind him.

“You and me are going at it to the death!” he raged. “You piss me off so much! SO MUCH!” The countless, densely-packed magical symbols flickered brightly, looking almost like a huge net covering Patriarch Reliance.

However, Patriarch Reliance’s energy spiked, and the golden magical symbols began to separate from him and float out into the starry sky, as the shocking energy on Patriarch Reliance grew even stronger.

As the starry sky rumbled and shook, Meng Hao’s eyes shone with a strange light. This was not his first time getting into a showdown with Patriarch Reliance. However, on the previous occasions, his cultivation base had not been powerful enough, and he hadn’t pushed Patriarch Reliance into such a corner. Now, the old turtle had no options left, and was really going crazy!

Meng Hao’s eyes flickered as he performed an incantation gesture with his right hand and then pointed at Patriarch Reliance.

“Eighth Demon Sealing Hex!”

Instantly, Patriarch Reliance ground to a halt. At the same time, the golden magical symbols floating around him blazed with light and then pressed back down onto him. Patriarch Reliance went stiff, and his eyes widened as he glared furiously at Meng Hao. However, there was simply nothing he could do against the Demon Sealing Hex.

“Now that’s a good boy,” Meng Hao said, stepped forward and patting Patriarch Reliance on the head. Patriarch Reliance glared at him angrily, but was incapable of even moving, and could only make slight whimpering sounds.

Meng Hao felt a bit bad, so he looked at Patriarch Reliance and said, “Patriarch, I have my own problems to deal with. Just stop struggling. You know, even becoming my mount wouldn’t be too embarrassing, right? Look, how about this? Just let me get Lord Li’s legacy, and then if you don’t feel like coming along with me after that, you can just go on your own way.”

Patriarch Reliance looked up in thought, and even Meng Hao could tell that he was planning something. However, he ignored that and flickered into motion, appearing down on Patriarch Reliance’s back. The hundreds of cultivators that had flown up all continued to bow to him respectfully from a distance, not daring to get near him.

Meng Hao looked around before stepping forward to appear in one of the low-lying areas in the State of Zhao, on the shore of a lake. Guyiding Tri-Rain was standing there looking very charming, and as Meng Hao approached, she smiled.

Their gazes met, and they laughed happily.

“I haven’t forgotten about my promise to you,” he said. “I will help you become a sea one day.”

“Oh, I’ve already become a sea,” she replied, covering her smile with her hand.

Startled, Meng Hao looked out at the lake, and then looked at Mount Daqing off in the distance. Finally, he nodded thoughtfully. Then he suddenly sank down into the ground, moving downward into the depths of the State of Zhao. Down and down he went, sending his divine sense ahead to lock down onto a certain position at the very bottom of the State of Zhao, where it actually met with Patriarch Reliance’s back. There... was a door!

However, as Meng Hao got close to it, Patriarch Reliance’s body suddenly shuddered as he violently cast off the Eighth Hex. At the same time, a violent energy began to build up.

Rumbling could be heard as the golden magical symbols seemed to once again be on the verge of being cast off.

The lands trembled, a sensation Meng Hao could clearly experience considering how far down he was. Frowning, his right hand flashed with an incantation gesture. This time, the wave of his finger unleashed the Seventh Demon Sealing Hex. Patriarch Reliance once again roared, body trembling.

However, Meng Hao's Seventh Hex formed a resonance with the hex inside of him, and once again he was stabilized.

"Don't get so excited," Meng Hao consoled calmly. "I'm just here to take the legacy. After that you can go. I've known for years that you were here in the Eighth Mountain and Sea and still never came looking for you to be my mount." With that, Meng Hao took a step forward toward the door.

A faint light surrounded the door, and as Meng Hao neared it, he could sense familiar fluctuations. It even seemed as if something were calling to him!

Those fluctuations were those of the League of Demon Sealers, and the calling seemed to send his Demon Sealing Hexing magic into sudden motion. In fact, the ancient Demon Sealing Jade inside of his bag of holding was also vibrating.

"Definitely the League of Demon Sealers.... In that case, I wonder... what generation Demon Sealer Lord Li was?!" A strange light shone in Meng Hao's eyes as his previous speculations were confirmed by at least seventy percent.

However, even as Meng Hao neared the door, and the sensation of a resonance grew even stronger, Patriarch Reliance once again began to struggle mightily, as if he had been pricked. As he roared, the golden magical symbols once again began to shake, as if... they were just about to collapse.

Even more shocking was that a powerful aura was rising up within Patriarch Reliance. Unexpectedly... it was similar to the Dao Realm, and it was rising rapidly!

1-Essence. 2-Essences. 3-Essences Dao Lord....

Amidst all the rumbling, Meng Hao frowned. If he couldn't get Patriarch Reliance to calm down, it could affect his attempt to acquire the legacy.

"Patriarch, calm down. Be a good boy." Meng Hao stamped his right foot down, shattering the connection between Patriarch Reliance's shell and the land mass above it. As that happened... a pitch-black turtle shell was revealed, as well as numerous shocking spikes which were imbedded therein!

Furthermore... something else was visible on the turtle shell, off in the distance. It was... something that had slowly been twisted over time as Patriarch Reliance had grown up. It was... a line of writing.

As soon as Patriarch Reliance realized what was happening, he roared in fury and embarrassment: “Hey, don’t look at that!!”

Chapter 1306: Third Generation Demon Sealer!

Patriarch Reliance was intensely angry and embarrassed. Shaking, he roared as he attempted to cast off Meng Hao’s Demon Sealing Hexing magic. It was possible now to see how enraged he was because of the characters written on his back....

Meng Hao gaped in shock as he studied the line of characters which had been warped and faded over time as Patriarch Reliance grew up. Soon... a strange expression appeared on his face.

“Meng Hao’s turtle....” he read. His eyes went wide, and he cleared his throat. He almost couldn’t believe what he was seeing. Then he thought about what had happened with his Wooden Time Sword and Stepdad Ke’s terracotta soldier, and gradually he understood.

Everything that had happened back in the Ancient Demon Immortal Sect had seemed illusory, but the truth was... by means of the divine ability of the Demon spirit Night, it was actually real. As of this moment, Meng Hao felt completely shaken.

“So it turns out that the turtle I saw in that pagoda in the Ancient Demon Immortal Sect really was the young Patriarch Reliance?” Even as Meng Hao pondered the matter, Patriarch Reliance roared in rage.

“I figured it out a while ago, Meng Hao you little bastard! Long, long ago I somehow ran into you, and y-y-you... you actually had the audacity to carve words into my back!!”

The expression on Meng Hao’s face grew more wry as he realized that, in addition to the turtle’s pride, the main reason Patriarch Reliance didn’t want to become his mount could very likely be... the words he himself had carved onto his back.

Perhaps if someone else had become the Ninth Generation Demon Sealer and had tried to make him a mount... then Patriarch Reliance wouldn’t have refused so vehemently.

Meng Hao's thoughts were in a jumble. As of this moment, he had gained a deeper understanding of the Dao of Time and grasped onto some ideas regarding it, but at the same time clear enlightenment evaded him.

Meng Hao cleared his throat and said, "Ahem. Listen, Patriarch, being stubborn isn't a good personality trait, you know."

Ignoring the roars of Patriarch Reliance, he performed an incantation gesture with his right hand and then waved his finger a few more times. Instantly, Demon Sealing Hexing magic was unleashed, landing on Patriarch Reliance and causing him to shiver. The golden magical symbols surrounding him flared with bright light, completely suppressing him.

In that moment, Patriarch Reliance was immobilized, hovering in the starry sky and unable to do anything except whimper, which caused an intense feeling of unfairness to well up in his heart.

Meng Hao flashed into motion; in the blink of an eye, he was in front of the door, and then he stepped into it. As he did, the fluctuations of the League of Demon Sealers inside of him exploded out.

The call and resonance grew to a shocking level, and Meng Hao's mind reeled. At the same time, the Eighth Demon Sealing Hex, the Body Hexing Magic, was unleashed. Next was the Seventh Hex, Karmic Hexing. After that was the Sixth Hex, Life Death Hexing. Finally came the Fifth Hex, the Inside Outside Hex.

For the first time, the four Hexing magics... solidified within Meng Hao's mind!

They transformed into four magical symbols which shone with brilliant light. As they floated there in Meng Hao's mind, his vision began to swim. A moment later, though, it cleared, and he was inside the door!

He saw... a strange world!

It had a yellow sky that spread out in all directions. The clouds were black, and roaring sounds could be heard therein, as the occasional flickering shadows of enormous beasts about could be seen moving about.

No plants or vegetation could be seen on the ground, which was pure white and stretched as far off as the eye could see. It gave a peculiar impression that nothing here was real. Off in the distance was an enormous statue of a middle-aged man sitting cross-legged in meditation. It was so gigantic that despite being seated cross-legged, the man's body reached as high as the sky, seemingly bracing up Heaven and Earth!

Although the statue didn't seem to be very far away, when Meng Hao sent his divine sense out, he found that despite its current level and the level of his cultivation base, he was unable to even touch the statue. Apparently the statue was much farther away than it actually seemed.

Just looking at it, he could see that both of the statue's hands were locked in incantation gestures, and that a slowly rotating magical symbol floated above each hand. Furthermore, roiling mist could be seen at the statue's forehead, pulsing with a boundless life force that could shake Heaven and Earth.

After looking around at his surroundings, Meng Hao was shaken. These lands, this world, everything here was clearly vastly different than what was on the outside. Everything seemed so different that the feeling of unreality seemed even stronger than before.

After a moment of thought, he looked back at the statue with an even keener gaze than before.

"Lord Li..." he murmured softly. Almost as soon as he laid eyes on the statue, he had been able to tell... that this was the former Mountain and Sea Lord of the Ninth Mountain and Sea, Lord Li!

Although Meng Hao had never seen him before, his heart was telling him that this statue depicted none other than Lord Li!

His heart was filled with mixed emotions as he looked at the statue. Lord Li was a legendary figure in the Ninth Mountain and Sea, a person who represented the former glory of a bygone era.

Back when he was alive, Patriarch Fang and Patriarch Ji had both been subservient to him, as well as the Archdemons, plus Ke Yunhai and his contemporaries as war generals. Because of all of that, the Ninth Mountain and Sea, while not the most powerful force in the Mountain and Sea Realm, was most assuredly not viewed as being weak.

"Lord Li returned life to the Heavens..." Meng Hao murmured, recalling something that Ke Yunhai had told him.

After a while, Meng Hao took a deep breath, then clasped hands and bowed deeply to the statue of Lord Li. As the Crown Prince of the Fang Clan, and having been born and raised in the Ninth Mountain and Sea, it was only proper for him to pay respects to the former Lord of the Ninth Mountain and Sea!

After offering formal greetings, Meng Hao looked back up and then gaped in shock.

He had no idea why, but now that he looked at the statue, it didn't look like a middle-aged man, but rather, a woman. Although she wasn't spectacularly beautiful, she seemed kind and gentle.

Meng Hao looked more closely, and suddenly, the statue seemed to be a man once again. It was really difficult to tell the difference.

Meng Hao pondered thoughtfully. According to the legends, Lord Li's true origins were shrouded in mystery. However, even more mysterious was he himself. No one actually knew whether he was a man or woman; in fact, not even people who had been his closest companions truly knew.

Even as Meng Hao frowned, the entire world suddenly filled with a sound like murmured whispering. It floated about, filling Heaven and Earth, brushing past Meng Hao's ears.

"In the past... I gained enlightenment regarding all living things, and returned life to the Heavens....

"The Sublime Spirit Scripture. The Heaven Severing Scripture. The Dao Divinity Scripture.... What has been passed down in the world are only fragments. The three scriptures, when combined, become... the Mountain and Sea Scripture.

"The Mountain and Sea Scripture has nine volumes, and each one of the Lords of the Nine Mountains and Seas has one of those volumes....

"Then there are the three great Doyens, who have passed down their legacy for tens of thousands of years, all for the sake of the destined holder of the Scriptures....

"Heaven and Earth are everlasting, the starry sky is boundless. I come from a distant place, and am not a cultivator of the Mountain and Sea Realm.... However, because a fragment of my obsession remained unquenched, I desired to borrow these skies to live....



“My obsession then resided in the Mountain and Sea Realm, and I gained enlightenment of the Dao of Nine Seals. I encountered the Second Generation Demon Sealer, and was redeemed. I learned of the difference between what is correct and what is incorrect, and I became... the Third Generation Demon Sealer!

“As a Demon Sealer, I eventually walked the path of a Paragon. I looked into the past to observe the First Generation, Nine Seals. I came to understand his Dao, and to know him as a person. Eventually I achieved my dream regarding the Daosource.... I pursued the Dao of reality, and walked the Aeon Span which covers all living things....

“Here I leave some divine will, on the back of a sly devil, as a remembrance for the League of Demon Sealers.... The legacy that I shall pass on is not the Mountain and Sea Scripture, it is not an ordinary cultivation method, it is not Karma magic. I shall not bestow it upon some almighty expert, nor upon someone connected to me by destiny. I shall pass it on... to the League of Demon Sealers!

“This has launched a new era, and fulfilled my ultimate desire.” When the undulating voice reached this point, everything began to tremble, and the magical symbols floating above the statue’s hands suddenly exploded with Heaven-shaking, Earth-shattering light.

Meng Hao trembled as the words and the magical symbols caused his Demon Sealing Hexing magic to fluctuate thousands of times more powerfully than before. The magical symbols formed from the manifestation of the four great Hexing magics in his mind suddenly made him realize what the two magical symbols held by the statue were. They were... two great Hexing magics of the League of Demon Sealers!

“One is the Hexing magic of the Second Generation Demon Sealer, the other is... the Hexing magic created by Lord Li, the Third Generation Demon Sealer!!” Meng Hao gasped as he came to understand the full meaning of the words spoken to him so long ago by the Demon Sealing Jade.

“The First Generation is the Ancestor,” he murmured, “the Second Generation is the Inheritor, the Third Generation is the most powerful!” A tremor ran through him as he took a step toward the statue. However, even as he did, the magical symbol in Lord Li’s left hand flew out, radiating dazzling light as it then merged into the ground.

At the same time, Heaven and Earth distorted. The black clouds roared, and the sky screamed. The lands quaked as numerous primordial beasts appeared up above, roaring as they flew toward Meng Hao. Everything in Heaven and Earth seemed to radiate a hostility targeted specifically toward Meng Hao.

Meng Hao's foot paused in mid-stride; as soon as he stopped, rumbling sounds filled the sky, and the land directly beneath his feet began to sink down. At the same time, the lands far away began to stretch up, as if Heaven and Earth were merging together to form a sphere, collapsing and closing in on itself!

And Meng Hao was about to be crushed inside!

RUUUUUUMMMMBLLLLLE!

The clouds collapsed, and the primordial beasts howled as they attempted to escape. And yet, many of those beasts were crushed to pieces, creating a rain of blood that fell down onto the ground. The Heavens above also began to distort as if to connect with the rising portions of the Earth. Everything was shrinking, and massive pressure weighed down. Meng Hao coughed up a mouthful of blood as he looked around, his eyes flashing.

"Is this a test? Or is this how the legacy is passed on?" He looked around, but couldn't immediately find any method of escaping this place.

While all of that was happening, while Meng Hao was on Patriarch Reliance's back attempting to gain the good fortune of the legacy, an incredible power was exploding out in the rift between the Seventh and Eighth Mountains and Seas, shattering the void and causing Essence power to lash about chaotically.

All of that was happening because of Lord White!

His face was grim and twisted with pain as he sat cross-legged within the void, healing himself. Occasionally he would growl as layered scales appeared all over his body, which would then disappear moments later.

His aura was gradually growing stronger, and his injuries were healing rapidly. Every so often his eyes would open, and they would radiate with hatred and indescribable killing intent.

"Another month, and then I'll be completely healed. Next time I encounter him, he's dead!

"I know all his tricks now, so next time... he shall die!"

Rumbling sounds echoed out as Lord White closed his eyes, covering up the killing intent. However, a murderous aura continued to radiate out, filling the entire area, causing an explosive windstorm to surge around him.

#### Chapter 1307: Hex Enlightenment

Within the world of the door on Patriarch Reliance's back, everything was turning upside down. Heaven and Earth were connecting, becoming an enormous sphere. Inside that sphere, Meng Hao felt incredible pressure weighing down on him, causing cracking sounds to echo out as if he were about to collapse.

Rumbling sounds echoed out as everything shrank down at rapid speed. Originally, he couldn't even see the ends of this Heaven and Earth, but in the next moment, the border was visible only 5,000 kilometers away.

The shrinking of Heaven and Earth would apparently be completed within the space of a few breaths of time.

Either he would successfully pass the test and acquire the legacy, or... he would die here, undeserving of the League of Demon Sealers. Although there were no spoken words to explain this, the shocking sight of the destruction of Heaven and Earth made it very clear what was happening.

Meng Hao's eyes were bright red as Heaven and Earth shrank down rapidly. He had little time to think, and in fact, the edges of the sphere were now only 3,000 meters away. The speed with which they were moving was unthinkable, and the rumbling sounds completely inundated Meng Hao.

Pain stabbed through him, and the sensation of death reached an indescribably intense level. Just as Meng Hao seemed to be on the verge of being eradicated, his eyes suddenly snapped open, and they glowed with enlightenment!

"My obsession resided in the Mountain and Sea Realm, and I gained enlightenment of the Dao of Nine Seals. I encountered the Second Generation Demon Sealer, and was redeemed. I learned of the difference between what is correct and what is incorrect, and I became... the Third Generation Demon Sealer! Within the words spoken earlier by Lord Li, there were two specific words that were the key!

"Correct and incorrect!"

The Hexing magic of the Second Generation Demon Sealer had something to do with what is correct and what is incorrect. If you combine the so-called correct and incorrect with what is happening right now, then you could actually replace them with two other words!!

“Real and unreal!” Meng Hao’s eyes glowed with bright light. As the pressure weighed down on him, a thousand thoughts ran through his head, and suddenly, his eyes flickered.

Suddenly, Meng Hao said, “The Second Demon Sealing Hex, Real-Unreal Hexing!”

In that instant, Heaven and Earth rumbled, and the sphere they formed completely covered him. They would not tolerate resistance, and yet, Meng Hao did not struggle or fight back.

RUMBLE!

Heaven and Earth had become one!

Meng Hao’s mind reeled as he realized that he couldn’t feel his body. It was as if it had been destroyed in that moment in which Heaven and Earth became one. Only his soul existed, floating there as he looked around blankly. Then he looked down and saw that his fleshly body was nowhere to be seen. The sphere formed by the combination of Heaven and Earth had turned into a tiny dot, which was now beginning to expand. It grew larger and larger, and gradually, primal chaos could be seen inside of it.

It had a Heaven, and an Earth. There were living beings and creatures, all mixed together. As it grew larger, it became endless, and then everything separated.

Part of it sank down to become land, and part of it floated up to become the sky....

Primordial beasts could be seen everywhere, flying about in the sky, crying out with piercing screeches that echoed about. Soon, trees became visible on the land, which grew tall and mighty.

Mountain ranges rose up, and rivers appeared. Somehow all of it seemed intensely real to Meng Hao.

“Do you understand?” asked a placid voice. A man appeared out of thin air to stand in front of Meng Hao.

It was none other than the man carved in the statue, Lord Li!

When he looked at Meng Hao, though, Meng Hao got the sensation that Lord Li wasn't actually looking at him. It was a very odd feeling.

“The Second Generation Demon Sealer’s Hexing magic is that of the real and unreal....” Lord Li continued, “After searching for the legacy of the First Generation Demon Sealer’s original Hexing magic, he gained enlightenment of the Real-Unreal Hexing.

“What is real is unreal. What is unreal is real. With a single thought, what is unreal can be taken as real, and what is real can be taken as unreal....”

Meng Hao took a deep breath, and his eyes gleamed with enlightenment. This was not his first time encountering such a thing. Back when he fought the 5-Essences Xiao Yihan, he had seen the boy unleash the Essence of reality.

After looking around one more time, he slowly closed his eyes and sat down cross-legged. He then sent his divine sense out to seek enlightenment in Heaven and Earth, to find that spark of understanding of the Real-Unreal Hexing that had flashed through his mind moments ago.

Time passed, although he wasn't sure how much. Finally, his eyes opened, and a smile could be seen on his face. Meng Hao extended his hand. Although it was illusory, it seemed real, and yet, at the same time, was real, and seemed illusory. Gradually, his entire arm, and then his whole body, experienced the same type of transformation. Meng Hao let out a long sigh.

“Real becoming unreal,” he murmured. “Unreal becoming real. It’s simply a type of transformation.... The Real-Unreal Hex can turn real things illusory, and vice versa. What a powerful Hex.... In fact, only Paragons could truly control it.” He looked up at the projection of Lord Li which had been standing there this entire time. Rising to his feet, he clasped hands and bowed.

“Many thanks, Senior. I understand now.” As soon as he said that he understood, the image of Lord Li seemed to suddenly become more lifelike, and he smiled.

“That is the Second Generation Demon Sealer’s Hexing magic. As for mine... it is very different. I will show it to you. As for whether or not you will be able to understand it, well, that is up to you.

“Let me ask you a question. Do you truly understand the difference between what is real and what is unreal?” With that, the image of Lord Li looked deeply into Meng Hao’s eyes, then suddenly vanished.

Only his voice remained behind, floating about gently before fading away: “My obsession has ended, and I shall now pursue the path of my true self. If you and I are connected by destiny, then we might meet again. Or perhaps... that will only come after countless eons.”

Meng Hao frowned, looking around him once more. Unfortunately, he could find no traces whatsoever of the Hexing magic to which Lord Li had referred.

“The Third Generation Demon Sealer’s Hexing magic....” he thought, looking somewhat confused. Finally he closed his eyes and began to seek enlightenment of his surroundings.

Time passed. Several days later, Meng Hao opened his eyes, and yet still had no idea of what to do. The only thing that he could sense was that the world he was in seemed like something from ancient times.

Also, he could confirm that this place... was not illusory, but was indeed real.

He looked down and could see that he had no body, only a soul. After considering the matter for a moment, he began to fly, to examine the land, the sky, and the vegetation....

More time passed. A month. Meng Hao was starting to get anxious because of the passage of time, which he could clearly sense. According to his speculations, the passage of time in this world was no different than that in the Mountain and Sea Realm.

“I need to figure out a way out of here. Based on how much time has passed, Lord White of the Seventh Mountain and Sea will most likely have fully recovered by now!” Meng Hao sent his divine sense out to search for an exit.

However, another whole month passed, and he still had no idea what was going on. More anxious than ever, he waved his right hand, summoning a divine ability. Everything began to tremble, portions of Heaven and Earth collapsed, and yet no exit could be seen.

Apparently, this place was a trap, and he was now stuck here permanently.

One month. Two months. Three months.... Meng Hao was starting to go mad. Booms rang out constantly as he attempted to free himself. He unleashed the Demon Sealing Hexing magics, and yet, none of that did any good.

He howled, demanding for Lord Li to appear, but Lord Li had long since left. There were primordial beasts in the world, but considering how much Meng Hao was raging, none of them dared to show their faces.

Despite Meng Hao's deepening anxiety, time passed relentlessly.

A year. Three years. Six years....

Meng Hao watched time passing by, lonely and also worried about his Grandpa Meng. However, there was nothing he could do except experience the stabbing pains in his heart.

"Six years have already passed...." he murmured bitterly. He could only hope that his own judgement regarding the passage of time was somehow incorrect, and that time moved differently here than in the outside world.

However... ten more years passed. Meng Hao could feel his soul aging, and his body trembling. Because of that, he now had the feeling that his previous speculation had indeed been correct, that time here and time in the outside world... passed at the same speed.

A hundred years went by, and Meng Hao had become calm. Except, that calmness was a facade. Deep in his heart, he was worried about his Grandpa Meng, the Ninth Mountain and Sea, Xu Qing, and especially the 33 Heavens and the other two terrifying forces approaching the Mountain and Sea Realm. The worry in his heart was impossible to dispel.

"What's going on...?" he thought bitterly. Throughout the hundred years which had passed, he had tried everything he could think of, but nothing worked.

500 years later, Meng Hao was truly calm.

After that much time had passed, whatever happened on the outside world was over and done with, and could not be changed.

Most of the time, he wasn't even conscious. He spread his divine sense outwards ever further, and would go for long periods without retracting it.

1,000 years passed. Then 1,500. Then 5,000....

Eventually, Meng Hao lost sense of the passage of time. Whether it was 50,000 years or 100,000, he didn't really know. He was no longer truly conscious. The only thing that remained behind were the tiny strands of thought that were diffused throughout the world.

He had seen the world transform, had seen animals live and die, had seen the grand passage of time. He had even seen humanoid creatures come into being. They hunted the wild beasts, gradually learning their habits, and eventually began to develop. Meng Hao sent his thoughts out into the world, whereupon the living beings learned how to practice cultivation.

More time passed, although it was impossible to tell how much. The cultivators of the world grew more numerous, and their cultivation level grew higher. They began to war with each other, and the resulting dead were innumerable.

More time passed. After the wars passed, life flourished again, and everyone prospered. Then there was war again, and after that, prosperity. It happened over and over again until one day a hail of fire descended from the sky above.

The world burned, transforming into ash, as if everything that had been built up was being knocked over and was now starting over from scratch. Meng Hao was not conscious, and yet his thoughts were everywhere, observing everything.

Life appeared again, prospered, and then devolved into war. Again, everything was destroyed by fire from Heaven. It was like a cycle.

Meng Hao no longer thought of things in terms of the passage of time, but in terms of cycles.

One cycle after another, over and over. Meng Hao saw endless life and death, endless joy and sorrow. He was like a visitor, or a passerby, until it reached the point that he didn't even know what it was that he was watching. The cycles continued until the 10,000th cycle arrived.



When the 10,000th cycle was destroyed by fire from Heaven, when everything was destroyed, the world didn't vanish. Instead, it continued to burn. Rumbling sounds could be heard as everything shook and shattered. Meng Hao's thoughts, which had been scattered throughout the world for so long, suddenly began to converge back together.

As the world was destroyed, he slowly began to regain lucidity....

It was as if the cage he had been trapped in for such a long time, was collapsing.

The rumbling lasted for a long time, until Heaven shattered and Earth collapsed. When everything was gone, Meng Hao finally... opened his eyes!

There he was in the world of the door on Patriarch Reliance's back. However, the sky had vanished, and the land was nothing but a void. The only thing that existed was the statue of Lord Li, smiling at Meng Hao, seemingly asking him a question.

Do you really understand?

Chapter 1308: Searching For The Present Life!

Meng Hao was looking at the statue, and yet his eyes were blank, lacking even the slightest spark of focus. He had experienced 10,000 cycles of destruction by fire from Heaven, cycles which had contained innumerable years.

If you took one of those cycles and split it into 10,000 parts, then perhaps the amount of time he had lived in the Mountain and Sea Realm wouldn't even count as one of those parts. To him, it was almost as if... the Mountain and Sea Realm were illusory, and everything he had experienced in the world of cycles was the real life.

What was real? What was unreal? He knew, and yet could not distinguish clearly between the two.

Meng Hao was as confused as ever, his eyes were completely without focus. Everything about him was still wrapped up within that world, unable to return. Before, he had believed that he understood the Real-Unreal Hexing, but apparently, that was of no assistance to him now.

If nothing interfered, Meng Hao might sit there cross-legged until his fleshly body withered and his soul faded away. Then, he would be completely and utterly dead.

Because... he could not find what was real within the unreal.

He would remain lost in the sands of time, unable to find his present life.

Days passed, and his body began to slowly wither. His complexion grew pale and old, and his life force began to fade. His eyes remained as blank as ever.

Seven days later, he looked like little more than skin and bones. His soul was beginning to disperse, and his life force was growing weaker by the moment. He was like an oil lamp just on the verge of going out forever.

Half a month passed.... The flame in that oil lamp was sputtering, as if it would wink out at any moment. Although it still burned, it was growing weaker. Eventually, on the twentieth day after Meng Hao returned, the flame of his life force went out.

And yet, in that moment in which death loomed, Meng Hao's body suddenly shivered. As the flame went out, a gleam of struggle appeared in his eyes.

That struggle was very, very weak, and yet it caused the flame of his life force to spark slightly. Then, the struggling increased. A sound rang out inside of Meng Hao, a roaring that caused his body to sway gently. Veins of blood seeped into his eyes; he was awakening!!

The struggle lasted for three more days. During that time, he never stopped trembling. The flame of his life force continued to burn, and his soul began to boil. His eyes gradually grew more and more focused.

Three more days passed. It had now been a total of twenty-seven days since Meng Hao returned. Gradually, sound emerged from his mouth, shaky and unclear, and yet, it was clearly his voice.

“I... am... Meng... Hao!”

He began repeating the same thing over and over. Clearly, it was a strain. He was only saying four words, and yet it caused his entire body to shake violently. Soon, as he repeated the words, they grew clearer and more distinct!

“I... am... Meng Hao!

“I... am Meng Hao!”

In the end, he could finally say all of the words in succession.

“I am Meng Hao!!”

In that moment, his mind filled with rumbling sounds. It was like Heavenly thunder that caused his entire world to tremble. At long last, a spark of focus could be seen within his eyes.

That spark indicated that his consciousness... had returned!

When that happened, the statue of Lord Li remained exactly the same as before, and yet somehow, his smile seemed to contain approval. The magical symbols above the statue’s hands suddenly flew toward Meng Hao and then merged into his forehead.

The first to enter him was the Second Generation Demon Sealer’s Hexing magic, the Real-Unreal Hexing!

As it merged into him, his entire body was filled with rumbling sounds.

“This is the real and the unreal. Find the unreal within the real, find the real within the unreal. When you can do that, then you... have acquired the Second Demon Sealing Hex!

“Within the countless years of illusory life, you managed to find that drop of reality in an ocean of the unreal. Henceforth, the Real-Unreal Hexing... will pose no confusion for you!”

Rumbling filled the magical symbol as the state of his consciousness grew stronger. Then he began to pant as the second magical symbol merged into his forehead.

“This is my Hexing magic, which I have come to call... Present-Ancient Hexing!

“Time is incalculable. Heaven and Earth are limitless. Gain enlightenment of the years which have passed since ancient times. Observe the Heavens being destroyed. Experience catastrophe after catastrophe. Return to the ancient to seek the present....

“You have done this, and thus you qualify to acquire my Third Demon Sealing Hex!

“There is one huge regret I have in my life, and that is... I was not destined to combine the nine hexes. In the past, I was able to deduce that at some time in the future, the Ninth Generation Demon Sealer would be able to converge the fate of the entire League of Demon Sealers, to reverse victory into defeat, to gain enlightenment of all of the other eight hexes, and then create the Ninth Hex....

“That person... would be someone even I would look up to... the ultimate pinnacle!

“Nine Hexing magics, beyond compare in all the Heavens!”

The regret-filled voice echoed out in Meng Hao’s mind and body like thunder, although he was the only one who could hear it. His body was no longer trembling, and his eyes were open. And yet somehow, as he looked up, it almost looked like... he was opening his eyes again!

His opened eyes were now completely clear and focused. Within his mind, memories of the Ninth Mountain and Sea, the Eighth Mountain and Sea, and the Mountain and Sea Realm suddenly exploded out. They grew more and more profound, filling him, until the boundless time of that other Heaven and Earth were gradually suppressed. Soon, his old memories were his everything!

Meng Hao said nothing. He simply felt the six Hexing magic symbols that floated in his mind. They were the Eighth, Seventh, Sixth, Fifth, Third, and Second Hexing magics!

Now, all he lacked were the Fourth and First Hexes!

Once he gathered those two great Hexing magics, then he would be able to create... that which was fully of him, the final Ninth Hex!

After a long moment passed, Meng Hao looked at the statue of Lord Li, then slowly rose to his feet. Mixed emotions could be seen in his eyes, including sorrow and reminiscence.

“Lord Li, Third Generation Demon Sealer,” he murmured. “How incredible....” This had been one of the most challenging experiences of his entire life. Although it might have seemed a simple thing, the level of difficulty involved was something only he could understand.

It was something more terrifying than death. Death... was merely an end. However, losing oneself, forgetting everything you cared about, everything that mattered to you, was something that could be counted as the most bitter torment for a cultivator.

Similarly, being lost in an illusory world, and being unable to find true life, could be considered a profound form of grief.

“The real and the unreal. The present and the ancient.... I understand now,” Meng Hao said softly as he looked at the statue of Lord Li. Finally, he raised his hand and waved it out in front of him.

Instantly, the pitch-black illusory world around him shattered, transforming into innumerable fragments. At the same time, the statue of Lord Li also collapsed into bits and pieces!

A huge boom rang out as the entire world fell apart.

However, after it shattered, things didn't dissolve into a haze. Instead... a yellow sky appeared, with black clouds and white land. Off in the distance, the statue was still visible.

Strangely, a magical symbol floated above the statue's right hand, and yet its left hand... was completely empty. That magical symbol was actually the entire sky up above!

Now it was clear what was truly real!

The second world which he had experienced... had been illusory and unreal!

Rumbling could be heard as Lord Li's smile, while seemingly unchanging, seemed to suddenly contain profound surprise, and then praise.

“You understand,” said a voice, echoing out softly throughout the world.

In that instant, the magical symbol floating above the right hand vanished, as did the magical symbol up above in the sky. They both transformed into beams of light which shot down toward Meng Hao and merged into him.

Meng Hao didn't dodge or evade. He allowed the two glowing magical symbols to approach, merge into him, and then cause the Second and Third Hexes within him to become absolutely complete!

All of a sudden, it occurred to Meng Hao to ask a question. "If I hadn't seen what was unreal about that second world, and instead left through the door after returning, what would I have seen?"

"I don't know," the voice replied softly. Although it seemed weak, the reality was that it was coming from very, very far away.

As the voice got further and further away, the boundless life force mist on the statue's forehead flew down toward Meng Hao, enveloping him, nourishing his body.

It only took a moment for him to recover from his withered state. His soul was more powerful, and his divine sense experienced additional growth. Now, his divine sense was not forty percent of that of a Paragon, but rather fifty percent.

In the briefest of instants, he reached his ultimate peak!

However, Meng Hao wasn't paying attention to those physical transformations. Instead, he was pondering the question he had just asked. After a while, he chuckled hoarsely as he realized that there was no explanation. Since that was the case, there was no point in continuing to seek an answer.

He clasped hands and bowed once more, then turned. However, he didn't leave yet. Instead, he summoned his 33 Soul Lamps, which began to swirl around him.

Meng Hao looked at his second Soul Lamp. His voice cool, he said, "Extinguishing Soul Lamps in the Ancient Realm consists of Seven Desolations.... The First Desolation is that of the illusory. For me, that shouldn't pose any problem now. I should be able to extinguish all of the first five lamps... as easily as flipping over my hand!"

"Second lamp, extinguish!" The instant the words left his mouth, his second Soul Lamp winked out, as if it had been blown out with an invisible breath of air!

Green smoke appeared, and before anything illusory could even appear, Meng Hao breathed it in through his nose. Rumbling filled his mind and body.

His cultivation base exploded up, his divine sense increased, and his fleshly body grew stronger. Although it wasn't a complete redoubling, he was still growing much stronger.

A windstorm sprang up around him, raging through the world, even as his eyes came to fall upon his third Soul Lamp.

“Third lamp, extinguish!”

RUMBLE!

His third lamp went out, and the First Desolation of delusion began. However, because of his new ability to find the real within the unreal, and the unreal within the real, to return from the ancient and seek the present... this Desolation collapsed with a single blow!

From ancient times until now, when Allheaven Dao Immortals extinguished Soul Lamps, they involved one shocking battle after another, and required extreme caution. There had never been a situation like Meng Hao's, in which he completely crushed the Desolations. They were like rotten logs which could be smashed instantly!

Chapter 1309: Cultivation Base, Erupt!

In the instant that his third Soul Lamp was extinguished, the others flickered as though a wind had passed by.

“The Seven Desolations....” Meng Hao said coolly, closing his eyes. He could sense the rumbling within him, the explosive rise of his cultivation base, and the increase of his divine sense by ten percent!

Right now, his divine sense was equivalent to sixty percent of that of a Paragon!

“If I extinguish the other thirty Soul Lamps, then my divine sense will be three times as powerful as a Paragon's! Even if it's only three times as powerful as a 7-Essences Paragon, that's still a terrifying level of power.” Meng Hao's eyes opened, and they shone brightly. He took a deep breath

as the rumbling sounds continued to echo out within him. Everything about him was still growing stronger, his cultivation base, his fleshly body, and his soul.

“To me, the Ancient Realm is no longer just a waypoint. Instead... it is a time of unprecedented transformation!” He swished his sleeve, causing a wind to spring up in all directions. He sent his divine sense out into the area, and could sense that he was now sixty to seventy percent more powerful than before!

“And I can get even stronger!” he said, eyes glittering. He looked at his fourth Soul Lamp, and then inwardly instructed it to be extinguished!

As the flame vanished, green smoke rose up, which rushed into Meng Hao’s nose, causing further intense rumbling sounds. His cultivation base shot higher, causing a wind to spring up that filled the entire world.

His divine sense grew again, rising from its previous level of sixty percent all the way to seventy percent!!

His fleshly body issued cracking sounds, and his soul felt as if it would burst out from inside of him. Scintillating light shone out from his eyes, as if they had become the source of all the light in the world.

The First Desolation of the Seven Desolations created illusory visions that were completely meaningless to Meng Hao. They couldn’t shake him in the slightest.

This might be the Ancient Tribulation of an Allheaven Dao Immortal, but it was incapable of comparing with Meng Hao’s experience regarding the real and the unreal, nor could it contend with the Meng Hao who had searched through infinite time to find his present life!

A single look on his part could cause all illusions to shatter as if they had never even existed. They were smashed into smithereens!

When his fourth Soul Lamp was extinguished, Meng Hao’s energy rocketed up. At the same time, just as he was about to extinguish the fifth lamp, a furious roar echoed out from the fourth lamp. The air distorted, and a huge hand became visible. It pierced through the rift between the illusory and the real, stretching out to grab Meng Hao.



“DIE!!” roared an enraged voice. Meng Hao was not unfamiliar with this voice or this hand. The owner of that voice was none other than... that entity which Meng Hao had encountered before, which hid in the Ancient Tribulation clouds, and had come to hate Meng Hao deep within its bones during the First Desolation.

It had been waiting for Meng Hao to return to the Desolation of Delusion, but could never have imagined that he would do so having experienced such transformations. Furthermore, there was only one more Soul Lamp left, and once it was extinguished, the First Desolation would be completely concluded. It would have no other chance to do anything to Meng Hao after that, so right now, it was incredibly anxious. Therefore, all it could do was attack now to prevent Meng Hao from extinguishing that lamp.

“I’ve been waiting for you for a while now,” Meng Hao said as the huge hand bore down on him. He extended his right hand as quickly as lightning. In fact, it moved so quickly that it looked like his hand was still at his side, when in fact it had already grabbed onto the huge hand which was trying to grab him.

That hand was much, much smaller than it had been back when he was transcending his Ancient Tribulation, or when he had been inside the First Desolation. It was now only about three meters wide, and currently it had ground to a halt, completely immobilized by Meng Hao, unable to budge at all.

A flustered and exasperated roar echoed out, a roar that even contained disbelief. Meng Hao snorted coldly, then waved his right hand, causing his cultivation base to burst with power. Cracking sounds rang out, accompanied by a miserable shriek. Meng Hao then jerked back on the hand he was holding, causing a shadowy figure to be yanked out of the fourth Soul Lamp.

It was like a dragon formed of black mist, which twisted and jerked as it was pulled out. A cry of alarm could be heard as Meng Hao clenched down with his right hand. Rumbling sounds could be heard, and the mist began to shrink. It was almost as if Meng Hao’s hand had become a black hole. In the blink of an eye, he had sucked all of the mist into the palm of his hand.

“Do you want to live, or die?” Meng Hao asked coolly, looking coldly down at the mist within his palm. The foggy ball churned and seethed until a terrified face came to be visible within. It looked surprised, shocked even. However, it seemed to still be holding onto its dignity, and Meng Hao’s words caused it to let out an unyielding, hate-filled roar.

“You really want to die?!” Meng Hao began to close his hand into a fist, causing cracking sounds to ring out. The black mist appeared to be on the verge of shattering, and a miserable shriek rang out.

All of a sudden, under the pressure of imminent death, the entity within the mist finally chose to submit.

“Too late,” Meng Hao said, clenching his hand down hard. A boom rang out, and the mist collapsed as easily as a wet log. An anguished roar of despair rang out, filled with curses, as black strands floated out between the cracks of Meng Hao’s fingers. They looked like vipers as they shot toward Meng Hao himself.

Meng Hao’s expression was the same as ever as he waved his sleeve, causing the black viper-like strands to shatter, transforming them into ash.

At the same time, the final Soul Lamp of his First Desolation, the fifth of his 33 Soul Lamps, suddenly went dark.

When that happened, Meng Hao inhaled the green smoke, which caused his eyes to shine with a strange light. He threw his head back and roared; rumbling could be heard as his cultivation base rose up explosively, his soul surged within him as if it wanted to burst out, and his divine sense expanded rapidly!

His divine sense now swelled past seventy percent and reached... eighty percent of the level of a Paragon!

When Meng Hao sent out divine sense that was eighty percent of that of a Paragon, the surrounding world began to shake on the verge of collapse.

Meng Hao took a deep breath, and his eyes shone brightly. His current state was far beyond his previous peak, and as of this moment, he was completely confident in being able to secure victory over Lord White!

He rose to his feet and quickly absorbed all of his Soul Lamps, then turned and stepped out of the world. He emerged from the door, and was back on Patriarch Reliance’s back. The first thing he heard was Patriarch Reliance roaring angrily, and then he saw an enormous head lurching toward him. An acrid odor blasted against his face as a huge mouth opened as if to consume him.

Of course, it was Patriarch Reliance, who had long since freed himself from the Hexing magic Meng Hao had laid upon him. He had been waiting for Meng Hao to reappear, and as soon as he did, reflexively tried to consume him.

Meng Hao's expression was the same as usual. He completely ignored the mouth, vanishing from Patriarch Reliance's back and reappearing out in the starry sky. Patriarch Reliance's mouth snapped down onto nothing, whereupon he swiveled his head and roared at Meng Hao.

"Meng Hao, you little bastard, you're nothing but an intolerable bully!"

Meng Hao looked back at Patriarch Reliance and smiled.

"Alright, enough is enough," he said. "Quit it with the act. You're free to go. However, if I need you, you'd better come." Meng Hao actually felt strong emotions regarding Patriarch Reliance. Flicking his sleeve, he turned to leave.

However, Patriarch Reliance didn't seem ready to give up. Roaring, he charged toward Meng Hao.

"Hey, get back here!"

As soon as the words left his mouth, Patriarch Reliance regretted them. He began to shiver, and then began to curse himself inwardly for being so muddle-headed. However, considering that he had already let the words slip, he couldn't just back down. That would be far too embarrassing. Therefore, he continued to act as angry as before. But then, Meng Hao stopped in place, and Patriarch Reliance began to tremble.

Meng Hao turned back to look at Patriarch Reliance, a contemplative expression on his face. "Oh? You don't want me to leave? Could it be that you really do want to become my mount?"

Patriarch Reliance instantly began to tremble. His entire facade and demeanor was just about to crumble away, when he realized that Guyiding Tri-Rain was standing there on his back, giggling. Feeling embarrassed, he cleared his throat, and tried to sound wizened and profound as he said, "Well, no matter what you say, I'm still your Patriarch. Therefore, before leaving, you should at least kowtow to me. If you don't, well, hmph."

Patriarch Reliance had to force himself to not tremble, and in fact, it took all the courage he had just to say those words. Glaring at Meng Hao, he slowly began to back up.

Meng Hao chuckled. He could tell exactly what Patriarch Reliance was thinking at the moment, and considering how good of a mood he himself was in, he simply clasped hands and bowed.

“Keep safe and sound, Patriarch. May I take my leave now?”

“Hmmphhh! Take thy leave!” Patriarch Reliance instantly felt very pleased with himself, and suddenly had the feeling that there must be something about him that the little bastard Meng Hao feared. Instantly, his confidence increased.

Meng Hao’s smile didn’t change, but suddenly his cultivation base rumbled to life, and his divine sense spread out. Patriarch Reliance was so frightened he instantly shuddered intensely, and his eyes went wide. Without even thinking about it, a fawning expression appeared on his face.

“Hahaha, hahaha, I was joking! Meng Hao, young friend, you... you go ahead and take off now....” By this point, Patriarch Reliance didn’t care that Guyiding Tri-Rain was secretly laughing. His scalp was numb, and he just wanted Meng Hao to be gone as quickly as possible. He was also cursing his careless remark from earlier.

With that, he backed up, instantly transforming into a beam of colorful light that shot off into the distance, reviling himself inwardly that he couldn’t use more power to put distance between himself and Meng Hao even faster.

Meng Hao watched Patriarch Reliance leaving, a soft gleam in his eye. He had to admit that Patriarch Reliance was the source of many fond memories. From Mount Daqing to the Reliance Sect, all of them were precious parts of his past.

After a long moment, Meng Hao turned away. At that point, a bleakly murderous air sprang up around him, and his gaze turned as sharp as a blade. Then, he began to head toward the rift between the Eighth and Seventh Mountains and Seas.

“Lord White,” he said softly, “this time, you will definitely meet your end!” With that, he vanished.

Chapter 1310: Let Me Help You!

Meng Hao currently had divine sense with eighty percent of the power of a Paragon. Because of that terrifying level of divine sense, his divine abilities and magical techniques now vastly exceeded their previous level.

When you added in the fact that he had extinguished five Soul Lamps, acquiring boundless power, it ensured that Meng Hao's battle prowess, although not quite on the 6-Essences level, still surpassed Lord White's. He was now at the peak of the 5-Essences level, less than half a step away from being equivalent to the 6-Essences level!

With the exception of Ksitigarbha in the Fourth Mountain and Sea, no one in the Mountain and Sea Realm who was under the level of Paragon could now pose a dangerous threat to Meng Hao in battle. That incredible sensation of power filled him with self-confidence, and at the same time enabled him to feel something that existed within the Mountain and Sea Realm... the Essence of Heaven and Earth.

Meng Hao appeared silently out in the starry sky. He raised his hand and made a grasping motion, causing a huge vortex to appear. As it spun soundlessly, Meng Hao reached in, as if he were attempting to grab something.

But then his brow slowly furrowed, and after a moment passed, he slowly pulled his hand back.

"Still can't do it, huh...? Chu Yuyan's soul dissipated into the Mountain and Sea Realm, but given the current level of my cultivation base, I still can't pull it back together...."

"It seems I need to have a deeper understanding of Essence." He closed his eyes for a while to feel the transformations in the starry sky around him, then proceeded along. The vortex slowly faded away, as if it had never existed.

"Essence...." he murmured. The next time he appeared, he was near the rift. This time, because of his vastly more powerful divine sense and its effects on the void, no one could detect his return, not even the red-haired old man, let alone any of the other cultivators of the Seventh Mountain and Sea.

"Even without entering the Dao Realm, I can still come to understand Essences...."

"Because of the Hexing magic of the League of Demon Sealers, and the Allheaven Dao Immortal blood in my veins, my path of cultivation is different from that of others...."

"Cultivation like mine is something very rare, or perhaps... even something that has never been seen before."

“My true cultivation base is in the Ancient Realm, with five extinguished Soul Lamps. However, my battle prowess... is already greater than that of the Mountain and Sea Lords.

“My Essence of Divine Flame came from elsewhere, and is not truly mine....

“My path of cultivation... is the type in which reliance on others is not an option. I must walk... in my own way.

“Essence.... Essence....” Meng Hao’s eyes shone with a strange light as he proceeded along toward the rift. Without the slightest hesitation, he stepped inside. Instantly, the starry sky became a hazy void.

In the moment that he entered the rift, the red-haired old man and the other three Dao Realm experts with him all shivered. Their eyes opened, and they looked over at the rift.

“Strange, I just felt some fluctuations from the rift....”

“It was almost as if... someone just entered it?”

“Impossible. Unless it was the exalted Lord White, or that... that man who... no, impossible. Even that man... would not be able to pass by us unseen.”

The red-haired old man and his fellows all frowned, but quickly calmed down and forgot the matter. It wasn’t that they couldn’t put more thought into what they had just sensed, but rather, that they didn’t want to. This Mountain and Sea War had not lasted for particularly long, but not even the previous wars described in the historical records had been as bitter, and those records went back for centuries upon centuries. Although similar wars had been fought, none could quite compare to this one. And by this point, the cultivators of both armies were exhausted.

That was especially true of the small group who had witnessed Meng Hao’s battle with Lord White. They felt especially haggard.

Inside the rift, Meng Hao proceeded along calmly. He was in no hurry. As far as he was concerned, there was no more danger for him in this war, and what occupied his thoughts most was his future.

“I wonder... what my Essences will be...?” He suddenly stopped in place, a thoughtful expression on his face.

“Nine Demon Sealing Hexes.... Nine Essences. Is that really the limit of the Paragon Realm...?”

“If so, and I am able to use all of my Demon Sealing Hexing magics as Essences... well then, when that happens, I, Meng Hao... will become the most powerful Paragon in existence!

“In fact, I will already have become a Paragon when I get seven Essences, and right now I’ve already mastered six Hexing magics, which means six Essences.” Having reached this point in his train of thought, Meng Hao’s eyes shone with unprecedented brightness.

He had found his path!

This was... his unique path of cultivation!

“When I combine the Nine Hexes into one, that will also be when my nine Essences combine with each other, then in that moment... as the Lord of the Mountain and Sea Realm, I will also... be able to break through from the Paragon Realm into the Daosource Realm!” It was as if his eyes had been opened. His face lit up with a smile, and his expression was one of anticipation.

“To me, the Dao Realm is actually not very important, considering I can step into it any time I want. I originally thought that passing through the Ancient Realm would be the easy part, but it turned out that it is actually the true basis of allowing me to continuously grow stronger.

“When I combine the Nine Hexes, and the Nine Essences fuse together....” Meng Hao then looked down at his bag of holding, where Chu Yuyan’s discarnate soul was.

“At that time, I should be able to put Chu Yuyan’s soul back together.... I owe her far too much.” Meng Hao sighed, clearing his thoughts and looking off into the void ahead of him. He could sense that, not too far off, a figure was moving rapidly toward the exit of the rift. Based on how fast this person was moving, it would only take about a day for him to emerge into the Eighth Mountain and Sea.

“Lord White....” Meng Hao said coolly. “You’re going a bit too slow. Allow me to help you out a bit.”

He sent out his divine sense, which was eighty percent as powerful as a Paragon's. The entire void within the rift began to tremble with terrifying fluctuations as Meng Hao, eyes shining with bizarre light, reached his right hand out, grabbed down, and then jerked it back.

At the same time, he flew backward, seemingly towing something behind him. Since he hadn't ventured in too far to begin with, he immediately arrived at the rift's exit.

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The figure that Meng Hao had detected speeding through the void was a man in a long white robe. His expression was both grim and proud.

That man was none other than... the Lord of the Seventh Mountain and Sea, Lord White!

His cultivation base had been completely restored, and had even made some advancement. His eyes glittered brightly, seemingly containing the sun, moon, and stars swirling around inside of them. His energy was surging, and his aura was bursting with power.

Although he didn't seem to be moving very quickly, every step he took caused him to flash along with incredible speed. His mouth was twisted with a cold smile, and killing intent gleamed in his eyes.

"This time, it won't matter whether you're there waiting at the exit or not, I'm going to strike you down!

"Actually, I hope you are waiting for me. That way killing you won't waste too much of my time. Then I can slaughter the rest of the Eighth Mountain and Sea to accompany you in death!

"As for the Lord of the Eighth Mountain and Sea, he's a sacrifice that I prepared for the 33 Heavens. Offering up a Mountain and Sea Lord will definitely ensure that the 33 Heavens will descend!

"Furthermore, I've determined the location of your home, the Ninth Mountain and Sea.... Don't worry, I'll make sure to exterminate everyone in your entire clan and bloodline!



“If you really do have the guts to sit waiting for me at the entrance, your fate will be the same as if you had fled. After all... there is nowhere for you to run, and nowhere for you to hide, in all Heaven and Earth.

“You. Shall. DIE!

“The 33 Heavens are coming!

“I feel bad for the Mountain and Sea Realm. But this... is the fate of the Paragon Immortal Realm!” Lord White’s eyes glittered, and his energy surged. He was completely self-confident, especially because of the two streams of light which swirled around him. One contained a short sabre, the other, a short sword. Both were precious treasures that, despite appearing to be ordinary in nature, were so powerful that even Lord White was leery of them.

In addition to all that, the mark of a green leaf could be seen on his forehead, flickering with scintillating light. It emanated the fluctuations of the Green Emperor’s Eternal Incantation, ensuring that a powerful life force flowed through him constantly.

Considering what he already knew about Meng Hao, and his current preparations, Lord White was completely confident!

That was not even to mention the glittering mark which could be seen on the back of his hand. That mark depicted an evil spirit, grinning maliciously.

Rumbling sounds echoed out as Lord White continued along at top speed.

However, even as he was brimming with self-confidence, a huge boom rang out from the void up ahead of him. Everything seemed to shatter and churn, as though some terrifying entity were moving toward him with indescribable speed.

Lord White’s eyes went wide, and his face fell with shock. Shaken, he prepared to dodge to the side. After all, he had opened up this path, so generally speaking there shouldn’t be any danger here. What was happening now left him deeply shaken.

“What is that?!?!?”

Even in the moment that Lord White started in shock, and the void up ahead of him shattered, a huge hand appeared, barreling toward him with irresistible force and indescribable speed. In the blink of an eye, it was directly in front of him.

No amount of resistance or struggling on his part did any good, nor did he even qualify to try to dodge. Before he could do anything, the hand grabbed onto him.

As soon as it touched him, his eyes went wide with disbelief and shock. Based on what he could sense, that hand was formed from divine will, a terrifying divine will that caused him to cry out in alarm and babble incoherently.

“Paragon!!

“It’s Paragon Sea Dream!!

“No, wait, this isn’t Sea Dream’s aura.... She couldn’t be here! The 33 Heavens already sent people to pin her down!!

“If it’s not Sea Dream, then who is it? Who could it be!?!?”

“There couldn’t possibly be a second Paragon in the Mountain and Sea Realm!!” Indescribable astonishment gripped Lord White’s heart, and before he could even consider the matter further, the huge hand began to drag him forward.

RUUMMMMBLLLLLE!

The entire void shook violently. Normally speaking, it would have taken a full day for Lord White to reach the exit of the rift at the speed he had been maintaining. But right now, it only took a few breaths of time before the huge hand dragged him... all the way out into the Eighth Mountain and Sea!

RUMBLE!