

# The Heavens 1371

Chapter 1371: Paragon in Terror!

He was going to kill a Paragon!

Kill Outsider Paragon Mythdragon!

As he pulled back on the bowstring, qi and blood surged through his body, as though the azure bow were sucking away at his life force. It began to shine with dazzling light, light that was none other than the convergence of his life force, and everything that was him.

It was also the light of his very soul!

Draw the bow, converge the light, form an arrow!

A dazzling spell formation appeared beneath his feet, and he took a step forward, his eyes flashing like lightning. When he released his grip on the bowstring, the string instantly began to vibrate with a shocking noise that left all the Outsiders' minds reeling.

It was a noise that could rip apart the Heavens, a noise that resonated in the minds of all cultivators and Outsiders, a noise which represented death and killing!

Anyone with an unstable mind would find their thoughts in complete disorder, and would feel terror rising up within them. Such people would even find their cultivation bases thrown into chaos, wrested completely beyond their control.

That sound could destabilize Dao hearts!

As Meng Hao released his grip, the bowstring began to propel the arrow formed from the light of his life force. It instantly seemed to suck in all the light in the area, turning the starry sky black, and making the dazzling arrow the center of all attention.

“Kill him!” Meng Hao growled as the light arrow began to speed forth. At first, it wasn’t necessarily very impressive. However, in the blink of an eye, it grew from 30 meters long to 300, then 3,000, and then 30,000!!

It took only a split second for the 30,000-meter-long light arrow to begin rumbling toward the millions of Outsiders who were trying to block the way to the other land masses, a group which included Imperial Lords.

Heaven and Earth went dim, a massive wind kicked up, and the Outsiders’ minds were completely shaken.

“This....”

“That bow....”

“This cultivator....” Massive waves of shock battered at the hearts of the Outsiders. Meng Hao was like an Immortal Divinity; the glowing spell formation beneath his feet illuminated him, and the azure bow was so striking that the Outsiders couldn’t help but stare at it.

The Outsider Imperial Lords who were trying to block Meng Hao were shaken, and then roared as they transformed into their true Outsider beast shapes, unleashing their cultivation base power as they sallied forth to try to destroy the light arrow.

However, a moment later, the light of the arrow engulfed them, and booms rang out, mixed with bloodcurdling screams. The Imperial Lords were completely incapable of blocking the arrow, and after it passed by... they were all dead!

Gasps could be heard as the light arrow then blasted into the Outsider army itself. Wherever it passed, scorching light gave rise to miserable shrieks. Countless Outsiders were directly incinerated as the huge arrow cut a gaping path through the army!

Over a million Outsiders. A host of Imperial Lords. None of them were capable of doing a single thing to stop the arrow from piercing through the army. Rumbling sounds could be heard as it shot toward the 16th Heaven, and then hit it!

The entire 16th Heaven began to shake, and vast crevices snaked out. It only took a moment for the entire land mass to be on the verge of collapsing.

Meng Hao himself transformed into a beam of light that followed the arrow. He shot through the path that had been carved out through the army, and as he closed in on the 16th Heaven, he once again began to pull back on the bowstring.

“Mythdragon!” he roared, voice bursting with killing intent, a shockingly murderous aura radiating out from him. After firing that first arrow, he was somewhat emaciated, and yet that murderous aura of his was as stupendous as ever!

As he pulled back on the bowstring with his right hand, his qi and blood boiled, as once again a vast amount of it was sucked away. Meng Hao now looked extremely gaunt, and yet the second arrow formed completely, whereupon he loosed the string. The arrow of light shot out, bursting with energy that could shake Heaven and Earth, filled with a viciousness that could exterminate anything and everything.

The arrow split open the starry sky as it shot toward the 16th Heaven, locking down onto an area in the very center of the land mass!

There, Mythdragon was completely absorbed in recovering from his injuries. Suddenly, his eyes opened, and within them could be seen shock and apprehension. Gritting his teeth, he suddenly turned blurry, and a second image of him appeared. One of those images then stepped forward: his clone.

The clone emerged from Mythdragon’s Immortal’s cave, outside of which several dozen Dao Realm Outsiders stood guard. All of them were pulsing with energy as they looked up into the sky at the incoming light arrow, behind which flew Meng Hao.

By this point, though, there were few people who could do anything to save Mythdragon; on the same token, there was no one who could help Meng Hao. Apparently this land mass was fated to be the location of their final showdown!

Outside of the land mass itself were millions of Outsiders, most of whom wouldn’t be able to reach the 16th Heaven in time. However, all of them could unleash various divine abilities, creating an ocean of magic that rumbled toward the 16th Heaven.

However, in terms of the time frame involved, such an attack wouldn’t do much good unless Meng Hao took an unusually long time to kill Mythdragon.

Meanwhile, countless Mountain and Sea cultivators were in the Mountain and Sea Realm, beneath the seal, watching as Meng Hao single-handedly fought his way through the Outsider land masses, all for the purpose of... killing a Paragon!

Everyone, whether they knew Meng Hao personally or not, was shaken. In fact... all of the Outsiders from the 17th Heaven all the way to the 33rd Heaven, who were watching but unable to descend into battle at this exact moment, were equally shocked.

By now, Meng Hao was the most majestic and glorious Mountain and Sea cultivator in the war! In addition to him, there was Ksitigarbha. Their use of the sun and moon respectively had made them thorns in the sides of the Outsider army.

“If I can buy enough time,” thought Mythdragon, “then this Meng Hao... will have to face the deadly threat of the ocean of magic unleashed by the others!” Mythdragon’s clone threw his head back and howled, then flew out to meet the light arrow. The numerous Outsider experts who were serving as Dharma Protectors all howled as they reverted to their true forms, then gathered in formation around Mythdragon’s clone to defend against the light arrow!

BOOOOMMMMMM!

The light arrow plowed into the Outsider Dharma Protectors, causing booms to echo out, along with miserable cries. They unleashed various divine abilities, but nothing did any good. Regardless of the levels of their cultivation base or fleshly body, they were instantly transformed into ash!

Then that ash faded like wisps of smoke within the light of the arrow!

Only Mythdragon’s clone remained. He quickly performed a double-handed incantation, transforming into a huge black dragon. Roaring, he head-butted the light arrow, which faltered. Mythdragon’s clone howled as he erupted with the aura of a Paragon. He might just be a clone, but he was still a Paragon, and his unleashing of power caused the arrow to begin to fade away.

It was at this point that a cold snort echoed out. Meng Hao, instead of falling back, once again began to pull back the bowstring, unhesitatingly unleashing a third arrow, and then a fourth!

RUUUUUUMMMMMBLLE!

The third arrow shot forth in spectacular fashion, causing the clone's eyes to widen in despair. Gritting his teeth, he then opted to self-detonate.

The burgeoning self-detonation of a Paragon clone instantly caused the land mass of the 16th Heaven to begin to crumble, sending fragments blasting out in all directions. The second arrow was destroyed in the self-detonation, but most of the third arrow remained, and as it closed in on the source of the clone's self-detonation, even more explosive self-detonation power erupted out.

Massive booms echoed out as the entire land mass was completely destroyed. Within the rubble, Mythdragon's true self flew out from his secluded meditation chamber, blood oozing out of the corners of his mouth. He looked elderly and weak; he had just reached a critical juncture in healing his serious injuries, and had then been interrupted, sacrificing more than half of his blood and essence to make a clone. All of that left him unprecedentedly weak.

In fact, this was the weakest he had ever been since becoming a Paragon, and also the most dangerous situation he had ever faced.

"Meng Hao, I'm going to exterminate your entire clan!!" Mythdragon roared, his eyes crimson. Bleeding from numerous wounds, he fell back into retreat. And yet, Meng Hao's fourth arrow was hot on his heels.

From the look of it... that arrow would not stop until he was dead!

"Go ahead and try that," Meng Hao responded to Mythdragon's retreating figure.

Even as the words left his mouth, the fourth light arrow suddenly exploded, blasting onto Paragon Mythdragon with full force.

Shockwaves spread out into the starry sky, and Paragon Mythdragon let out a bloodcurdling scream. However, he wasn't dead yet. Although he was coughing up blood, he still managed to scramble away in flight, simultaneously transforming into a 30,000-meter long Black Dragon. And yet, that Black Dragon was a mass of mangled gore, with a severely weakened aura that was on the verge of dropping out of the Paragon stage.

"Save me, Xuan Fang!!" Mythdragon shrieked as he fled. Fear had blossomed in his heart; this was the most desperate situation he had ever been in since becoming a Paragon, and also the most terrifying.

The feeling of imminent death was even greater than when he had simultaneously fought Sea Dream and the Daoist Societies!!

“Nobody can save you,” Meng Hao said softly. “This Mountain and Sea War has reached the point... where the blood of a Paragon is needed to cleanse the Heavens.” Although his body had been weakened to the point where he was little more than skin and bones, his eyes shone with even more brilliant killing intent than before.

He looked at the bow in his hand, then suddenly laughed. Eyes cold and grim, aura bursting with murder and madness, he began to pull back the bowstring back. But then, he slowly loosened his grip.

“It would be quite a pity for him to die like this...” A crimson glow rose up in his eyes, and he suddenly took a deep breath. Boundless blood-colored light exploded out from him as the Blood Demon gradually formed behind him. Unlike previous occasions, the Blood Demon superimposed with Meng Hao, merging into him.

Blood-colored light exploded up from Meng Hao, and he threw his head back and roared. His eyes were bright red, filled with a bloodthirsty, icy light. He took a step forward, and then transformed into a huge sea of blood that shot toward the Paragon!

He planned... to use the Blood Demon Grand Magic... to consume Mythdragon!

Chapter 1372: Mythdragon Perishes!

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Mythdragon was a mass of blood and gore. He had just managed to avoid being killed by the fourth arrow, but the injuries he had sustained from that arrow were still critically severe. If he were at the peak level of his power, then he had ways to significantly minimize the damage. But now... he could do no such thing.

Miserable, bitter laughter rang out from Mythdragon as he fled at top speed. The sensation of deadly crisis in his heart had not lessened, and in fact, he had the feeling that he might not be able to make it out of this situation alive. However, even as bitterness and anguish rose up in his heart, he saw Meng Hao suddenly lower his bow.

But then, Meng Hao began to glow with a blood-colored light, and emanate a sensation of madness, even a thirst for blood.

The sight caused Mythdragon's heart to tremble. Meng Hao closed in, and the ocean of magic followed close behind, but was incapable of catching up to him.

Meng Hao was surrounded by a massive glow of blood. Having fused with the Blood Demon, and unleashing the Blood Demon Grand Magic in this way, he now didn't look like an Immortal Divinity, he looked like a Demon Immortal!

All of this takes quite some time to describe, but actually happened in the briefest of moments. Meng Hao was now bearing down on Mythdragon, who clenched his teeth viciously. He knew that he could not escape what was about to happen, and quickly turned to face Meng Hao's charge.

The two slammed into each other, and the sea of blood that was Meng Hao swept over Paragon Mythdragon as the Blood Demon Grand Magic was fully unleashed.

Rumbling sounds echoed out as the ocean of magic closed in. Mythdragon screamed, breaking free from the sea of blood, which then transformed into a blood-colored roc. With a piercing cry, the roc began to chase Mythdragon.

Numerous blood-colored mountains appeared, as well as the Paragon Bridge, which also emitted a blood-colored glow. Blood sprayed out of Mythdragon's mouth, his cultivation base power having long since dropped from the level of a Paragon to that of an Imperial Lord.

At this point, there was little he could do to fight back against Meng Hao. He could only laugh bitterly as Meng Hao in roc form grabbed onto him and unleashed the Blood Demon Grand Magic again.

In the blink of an eye, boundless qi and blood power was sucked out of Mythdragon's body, to be madly absorbed by Meng Hao. Mythdragon struggled, but there was no stopping what was happening. Beneath their feet, the 16th Heaven was collapsing rapidly, and at the same time, the ocean of magic was barreling toward them.

Off in the distance, Xuan Fang watched silently, sadness flickering in his eyes. He knew that Mythdragon... would not be able to escape. Although Xuan Fang was adept at strategy and warfare, there was nothing he could do to help Mythdragon in this situation.

Even Xuan Fang himself felt a sensation of deadly crisis. He was having a difficult time dealing with the attacks of the Paragon puppet, and was in full retreat, coughing up blood the entire time.

At the same time, the seal over the Mountain and Sea Realm was beginning to show signs of crumbling beneath the combined bombardment of the Three Great Daoist Societies, the three young men who wielded the Doyen treasures, the ordinary Mountain and Sea cultivators, Paragon Sea Dream, and Patriarch Reliance.

Once that seal was broken, the Mountain and Sea cultivators would burst out upon an Outsider army which now lacked Paragons. Having no Paragons meant certain defeat!

The greatest danger was now to the moon. It was surrounded by Outsiders, none of whom were backing down in the slightest. There were also Imperial Lords there who were dead set on destroying it. It didn't matter if their Paragon was dead, or even the rest of the army, they would accomplish their mission.

They would ensure that the moon... ceased to exist.

All aspects of the war seemed to have reached a critical mass, ripe to explode!

The first such explosion would not be Meng Hao, nor the Paragon puppet. Despite the fact that Ksitigarbha was fighting it out to the bitter end, the moon couldn't evade or dodge, and was surrounded by Outsider cultivators. Their combined attacks finally caused the moon to collapse, sending countless fragments and rubble out in all directions.

BOOM!!

The moon... was no more....

As it collapsed, Ksitigarbha coughed up a mouthful of blood. Even as his bitter laughter rang out... a second boom rang out.

It was the second explosion to ring out in this critical moment. This time, though, the sound emanated from the seal over the Mountain and Sea Realm. The beams of light which had descended

from the 17th Heavens and above, were collapsing due to the combined power of all the Mountain and Sea Realm cultivators!

Cracks spread out in all directions, eventually joining together until the seal shattered like a giant mirror. Heaven and Earth went dark, and the starry sky shook, as countless Mountain and Sea cultivators burst out, brimming with madness and killing intent.

The Three Great Daoist Societies, Paragon Sea Dream, numerous Dao Realm experts, the three young men wielding the Doyen treasures, all burst out from within the Mountain and Sea Realm.

However, it was in that moment that a third explosion rang out, from the location where Meng Hao and Mythdragon had been fighting. Mixed within the booming explosion was an unyielding roar.

That roar came out of the mouth of Mythdragon, who was completely enveloped by the sea of blood. His fleshly body was withering rapidly as his qi and blood, cultivation base, and soul were all being rapidly absorbed!

It wasn't that he hadn't attempted to self-detonate. Meng Hao's time-walking technique, coupled with the serious injuries that had been inflicted, dropped Mythdragon's power below that of a Paragon, and he simply couldn't!

He could only watch, wide-eyed, as Meng Hao's Blood Demon Grand Magic sucked away his qi and blood, his cultivation base, and his soul!

"I won't... give in!!" Mythdragon's woeful laughter echoed out until it ended with a muffled grunt. The enormous black dragon closed its eyes as it sank down forever into the sea of blood.

As of this moment, a Paragon had perished!!

More accurately speaking, this was the second Paragon to die in the war between the Mountain and Sea Realm and the 33 Heavens. The first could be considered to be Eegoo, who had been transformed into a puppet.

The surrounding Outsiders were in shock as they watched Mythdragon die. Then, terror began to rise up within their hearts and minds.

“Paragon.... Our Paragon... perished?”

“Th-this... is impossible....” The Outsiders were completely flabbergasted. The forces who were in the 17th through 33rd Heavens were dumbstruck, including the powerful experts among them, who felt their hearts palpitating.

The sea of blood seethed as Mythdragon vanished, after which the blood began to congeal, growing smaller and smaller until it was the shape of a person with Meng Hao’s face.

His face was pale, he was emaciated, and he bubbled with swirling curse power. However, he completely ignored that as he looked up at the seal that had constrained the Mountain and Sea Realm, which was now crumbling, and the massive swarms of cultivators charging out into battle. Then he looked over and saw the moon collapsing.

Finally, he turned to look at Xuan Fang, who was bearing the brunt of a fist strike from the Paragon puppet. Blood sprayed out of Xuan Fang’s mouth, and bitter laughter rang out. Suddenly, even as the Paragon puppet closed in on him, Xuan Fang suddenly... began to initiate self-detonation!

Xuan Fang was choosing to blow himself up!

He was well aware that, just like Mythdragon, he was destined to perish. He also knew that if he died fighting, he might be able to kill some enemies in the process. But that wasn’t how he wanted to end things.

Taking a few enemies out wasn’t satisfactory to him; he wanted his death to bury the whole Mountain and Sea Realm!

Madness gleamed in his eyes. Because of his mastery of the Essence of Time, it was essentially impossible for anyone to prevent him from self-detonating. The Paragon puppet’s eyes flickered, and it suddenly backed up. The soul light that originated with Choumen Tai vanished, and the puppet was once again completely connected to Meng Hao.

Meng Hao looked on with a grim expression on his face.

Xuan Fang’s mad laughter filled the starry sky, echoing out in all directions.

He didn't want to admit it, but he knew that he had been defeated. Completely and utterly defeated. In fact, his defeat could not be any more thorough. The nail in the coffin was that Meng Hao was now reconnected to the Paragon puppet!

The discarnate soul which had appeared had locked Xuan Fang down, and he had finally come to understand how brutally decisive Meng Hao was. He could only laugh bitterly. Before the battle had begun, neither he nor any of the other Outsiders in the 33 Heavens could possibly have imagined... that the war would be this difficult.

In their minds, this war would be one in which the 33 Heavens exterminated the Mountain and Sea Realm. They wouldn't even need the help of those two other powerful forces. They could do it all by themselves.

But now... the fighting had reached the point that Xuan Fang was struck with a sudden feeling....

"Is it possible that the 33 Heavens... will actually lose in the end?" Xuan Fang could sense that Mythdragon's spiritual soul and physical soul had both dispersed. Looking over at Meng Hao congealing out of the sea of blood, he said, "Meng Hao... you've beaten me in this battle!

"I made two mistakes. The first is that I should have risked everything to strike you down that first time. I should have struck hard and ensured that you were completely and utterly dead! I knew that you were important, but I mistakenly took you too lightly....

"My second mistake was underestimating the Mountain and Sea Realm. We should not have split up our forces....

"Hear me, my brothers in the 17th through 33rd Heavens. You must remember everything that you have seen happen here. When you descend, do not split up your forces. Attack in unison. Go all out to destroy the Mountain and Sea Realm!!

"Spare nothing. Do not vacillate because of thoughts of living or dying. If you do... victory cannot be certain. As for the two 8-Essences Paragons, I hope that my death in this battle... will be avenged by the two of you. Take Meng Hao's head and place it as a trophy upon my grave!

"To all of my people who are here fighting the Mountain and Sea Realm right now, there is no retreat in this battle. If you retreat... you will die. There is no home to return to. Your homes... will all be destroyed!

“If you want a chance to live, then you must fight to the bitter end! In that case, even if you die, it won’t be long before the rest of our people come to avenge us!

“In war, there is no right or wrong. There is only victory and defeat!!

“I am Paragon Xuan Fang, and I hereby sacrifice myself to help the 33 Heavens destroy the Mountain and Sea Realm!!” Xuan Fang threw his head back and laughed, then swished his sleeve. Blinding light began to radiate off of him, as well as powerful ripples. Then, the explosive beginning of the self-detonation began to erupt.

At the same time, the other Heavens which were under his control began to move, transforming into what looked like sharp blades that... began to stab down toward the Mountain and Sea Realm.

Vicious, suicidal grimaces of madness appeared on the faces of the millions of remaining Outsiders. As the land masses descended from above, they charged murderously toward the Mountain and Sea Realm.

“Use these land masses to crush the Mountain and Sea Realm. That was my plan all along, and will make my name infamous for all eternity. Therefore... I shall build that infamy to an even higher level right now!” Xuan Fang threw his head back and laughed with deranged madness.

Chapter 1373: Mountains Crumble, Seas are Destroyed!

Using the land masses as battering rams against the Mountain and Sea Realm truly was an act of madness. It was a strategy that Xuan Fang had begun to unfold with the 2nd Heaven, and had then entrusted to Mythdragon to fully carry out. However, the price to pay was a steep one: the wrath of the entirety of the 33 Heavens.

Only if the plan resulted in a grand victory could it have potentially been accepted. But now... Xuan Fang would never see any such victory; he was moments away from perishing.

“After I die... the true deluge will come!” Xuan Fang’s laughter rang out, filled with madness. Since he had already sacrificed the 2nd Heaven and the other land masses in a deadly attack, he didn’t object to sending everything else to crush the Mountain and Sea Realm at his hour of death.

This was the only way left that he could deal an unprecedentedly critical blow to the Mountain and Sea Realm, and thus, buy a chance for the 17th Heavens and beyond to gain victory.

“This... is all that I can do,” he said. He waved his sleeve, sending the land masses down toward the Mountain and Sea Realm, surrounded by millions upon millions of Outsiders.

Then, Xuan Fang closed his eyes, whereupon a Heaven-shaking, Earth-shattering power of detonation was unleashed!

BOOOOMMMMMM!

Xuan Fang exploded. This was not a partial Paragon self-detonation like what had occurred with Mythdragon’s clone. This was a full and complete Paragon self-detonation. His cultivation base had not dropped, and although he had sustained injuries, he still had the full cultivation base of a Paragon.

He was even able to add his own Essence into the explosion. The starry sky was set aflame, the Heavens shook, and the entire Mountain and Sea Realm vibrated.

The power of the self-detonation did not just blast about wildly. Instead, Xuan Fang managed to direct the power of the blast into a propelling force which sent the Heavenly land masses down toward the Mountain and Sea Realm with indescribable speed.

Although the Mountain and Sea Realm had prepared to be battered by Heavenly land masses, this barrage was unlike anything that had happened before. This time, the land masses were being propelled by the force of Xuan Fang’s self-detonation, making them like deadly blades that stabbed down with incredible force.

The war was now erupting with unprecedented intensity!

Booms echoed out continuously. The starry sky trembled, and the lands quaked. Upon the land mass closest to the Mountain and Sea Realm, the seas evaporated and the mountains crumbled. The entire mass of land crumbled and then burst into pieces.

The Three Great Daoist Societies attacked in unison, drawing upon their most profound Daoist scriptures, unleashing their most shocking Daoist magics. The Immortal Ancient Daoist Rite spared no cost to summon numerous Dao projections to fight against the incoming land masses.

The Sublime Flow Sword Grotto formed a majestic sword formation of 1,080,000 flying swords, which whistled up to meet the land masses.

The Nine Seas God World had sustained the most casualties of all, and yet called upon equally terrifying resources. Countless Sea Dragons flew out, along with innumerable cultivators. Numerous God World gates appeared which, upon opening, unleashed one giant after another.

The giants then linked arms, forming a huge wall that braced for the impact of the land masses of the various Heavens.

The disciples of the three Doyens also put everything on the line, joining forces to unleash a shocking attack with their magical items!

Paragon Sea Dream's face was pale white, and blood was oozing out of her mouth. Ignoring any negative effect it would have on her already serious wounds, she flew out toward the land masses and began to attack them.

The Paragon puppet was now under Meng Hao's control, and it also launched forth.

Then there were Meng Hao and Ksitigarbha. As of this moment, they were doing everything they could to block the incoming land masses.

The land masses of the various Heavens were being blasted apart. And yet, the fragments and rubble continued to shoot down at incredible speed, piercing into the Mountain and Sea Realm. Wherever they passed, mass destruction was wreaked. Cultivators were smashed to death like ants beneath mighty hands of destruction. Miserable screams rang out constantly.

Vast hosts of cultivators of the Mountain and Sea Realm joined forces, unleashing a sea of magical techniques that rose to meet the land masses. And yet... there was nothing they could do to stop the onslaught.

**BOOOOMMMMMM!**

A massive remnant of one of the land masses, despite being broken and in ruins, was still mighty enough to evaporate the Third Sea, and even slam into the Third Mountain.

The Mountain began to crumble!!

The Sea was destroyed!!

Light arrows shot out from Meng Hao's location, slamming into the various Heavenly land masses, bashing them to pieces. However, there was only so much he could do. Even with the added efforts of the Three Great Daoist Societies, Paragon Sea Dream, and everyone else, only about seventy percent of the land masses could be destroyed, which wasn't enough to save that Mountain and Sea.

Soon, the Third Mountain was in a state of complete collapse. The Mountain and Sea Realm was in chaos. Countless cultivators couldn't hold back from screaming in agony as they watched the Third Mountain crumble into rubble. Tears streamed down cheeks, especially among the cultivators who were originally from the Third Mountain and Sea.

Their home... was gone....

The Xuanwu turtle atop the Third Mountain died an agonizing death. The Third Mountain vanished, and the sound of its destruction rang in the ears of the Mountain and Sea cultivators. More and more of them began to weep.

Next was the destruction of the Fourth Sea!

It transformed into nothing more than a mist. Then came the Fourth Mountain.... The Fourth Mountain and Sea represented reincarnation, and the underworld. But now, it was shattering into nothing.

Henceforth, there would be no sun or moon in the Mountain and Sea Realm. Nor would there be any reincarnation....

More people began to weep, and yet, those tears led to even more unswerving determination.

The apocalyptic rubble of the various land masses incinerated the Fifth Sea before it finally came to a stop. Xuan Fang had resorted to self-detonation, ending his own life, and yet unleashing an unprecedented level of damage and destruction onto the Mountains and Seas.

The number of cultivators who died was impossible to count....

Furthermore, the Mountain and Sea Realm had gone all out with its power to block the attack; had it not, then the destruction would not have stopped at the base of the Fifth Mountain!

The Mountain and Sea Realm would have sustained even more severe casualties.

Now that the bombardment of the Heavenly land masses had ended, the army of Outsiders poured in. The war had reached a fever pitch with such rapidity that people had almost no time to consider how to react.

Cultivators and Outsiders alike were unable to process it all.

And yet, the fighting did not stop. The millions upon millions of Outsiders were met by countless Mountain and Sea cultivators, whose tears flowed as they fought back against the onslaught.

Paragons attacked. Dao Realm experts attacked. Imperial Lords held back no divine abilities. As soon as the two sides met, blood flowed. Everything was stained with red, and the starry sky glowed with crimson light.

The flames of war raged in front of the Fifth Mountain. Blood flowed like seawater, and the din of slaughter rang out constantly. By this point, the Paragon-level fighters were limited in what they could do. After all, the Outsiders were many... but there were also Mountain and Sea cultivators on the battlefield, and it could be difficult to distinguish between the two.

Furthermore, the Outsiders attacked with complete insanity, ensuring that the fighting was close and fierce. The battlefield soon turned into a vast sea of blood.

Meng Hao was there on the battlefield, and wherever he went, death followed. His eyes were crimson as he glared at the surrounding Outsiders, and by this point, he had no need to unleash magical techniques to carry out slaughter. He transformed into a sea of blood that washed over them and absorbed their life force.

Sea Dream was there, as was the Paragon puppet. Both of them were using similar tactics as Meng Hao to unleash the power of Paragons to dispatch the Outsider Imperial Lords, which were now all dead. The Mountain and Sea cultivators fought with madness, and the Outsiders with complete viciousness. The slaughter being carried out was shocking.

When those on the front lines grew exhausted, there were others behind them to who were happy to continue the fight. The battle stretched on outside of the Fifth Mountain, and it was hard to say when it would end.

The number of Outsiders was dropping at a horrific rate. With the Three Great Daoist Societies, the Doyen disciples, and the combined power of all the other Mountain and Sea cultivators, they ensured that, despite facing millions upon millions of Outsiders, their superior position made them like a grindstone that crushed all of the Outsiders who charged the Fifth Mountain.

The entire time, the 17th through 33rd Heavens looked on reticently. They did not interfere in any way, but simply watched, observing the tactics and methods of the Mountain and Sea Realm, committing them to memory and using augury in order to prepare ways to deal with and neutralize them.

Eventually, the fighting ended. A vast sea of blood now existed outside the Fifth Mountain. The bedraggled remnants of the Outsider army began to fall back, and the Mountain and Sea Realm cultivators let them go, too exhausted to pursue.

Meng Hao's vision was fading, and his cultivation base was drying up. He bit the tip of his tongue to regain some clarity, then looked down to find his clothing so soaked with blood that it was sticking to his body. It felt disgusting.

He looked up into the starry sky for a moment before sitting down cross-legged and closing his eyes to focus on healing. When he did that, the sound of the weeping of the Mountain and Sea cultivators drifted into his ears.

They wept for their homes. They wept for their friends and family who had fallen in battle. They wept because of the grief which filled their hearts.

Bitterness washed over Meng Hao as he realized that the war wasn't over. And yet, despite all odds, the Mountain and Sea Realm... had eked out another victory!!

They had survived against the 1st Heaven's onslaught, resisted the 2nd through 6th Heavens, and blocked the 7th through 16th Heavens. The price they had paid was immense. Four entire Mountains and Seas had been destroyed, and countless cultivators had died. The sun and moon had been lost. And yet... they had still come out victorious!

Despite all that, little joy could be found in the hearts of the fighters. Everyone was exhausted. Xu Qing, many members of the Fang Clan, and other faces familiar to Meng Hao had all participated in the battle. Now that the fighting had stopped for the moment, everyone was lost in their own thoughts and feelings.

When they looked up into the starry sky, it was with mixed emotions. Everyone knew that the war wasn't even half over. Soon, they would face... the 17th through 33rd Heavens.

That would be... the final battle!

The final battle for the Mountain and Sea Realm! The enemy would be prepared to counter the techniques they had used in the fighting thus far. Furthermore... even more powerful Paragons would be coming.

At that time....

One side would be wiped out, or the other would!

By means of Xu Qing, Paragon Sea Dream sent orders out into the various Mountains and Seas regarding how to rest and reorganize. The sea of blood outside the Fifth Mountain was filled with restrictive spells, as was the Fifth Mountain. The Mountain and Sea Realm sprang into action. Most cultivators buried their tears and focused on carrying out the tasks assigned to the various sects and clans by Paragon Sea Dream.

The Fang Clan was completely mobilized, as were all of the Mountain and Sea Lords.

It was at this point that Meng Hao received a request from Paragon Sea Dream....

“The 33 Hells... should be opened. Meng Hao... I will pick 33 Chosen from the Mountain and Sea Realm to go with you into the 33 Hells and acquire the legacies therein!

“You must become stronger! Furthermore, the 33 Chosen I select must search within the 33 Hells for their own personal... Dao!

“It is there that Paragon Nine Seals... left incredible good fortune behind for the later generation of the Mountain and Sea Realm!

“You and the Chosen will have ten months. After ten months pass, the 17th through 33rd Heavens will descend, and the final battle for the Mountain and Sea Realm will begin....”

Chapter 1374: Returning to the 33 Hells!

“Of course... the 33 Hells contain falsehoods and danger....” After a moment of silence, Sea Dream went on to elucidate to Meng Hao the various dangers to which she referred.

Meng Hao’s eyes glittered, and after hearing her description, he nodded his head.

Time passed.

For the time being, the warfare ceased. The cultivators of the Mountain and Sea Realm, hearts filled with grief and reticence, carried out the orders of Paragon Sea Dream, making preparations in various areas... to meet the onslaught that was coming in ten months!

Everyone was preparing for that final battle, causing profound pressure to weigh upon the hearts of everyone in the Mountain and Sea Realm. It was as if... they would either die in silence, or explode with savagery!

Some people contemplated whether or not the Mountain and Sea Realm would even exist by the time the war ended. However, such lines of thinking were like a bottomless pit that left one feeling frozen, without even the strength to continue breathing.

Because of the destruction of the sun and moon, the Mountain and Sea Realm was left with only the blackness of empty space.

Within that darkness, the mortals sat trembling in fear, and even the cultivators felt pressure weighing down on them.

After carrying out the tasks assigned by Paragon Sea Dream, many of the cultivators chose to return to their family and friends. Such time spent with loved ones was something to be cherished at a time like this.

There were some male and female cultivators who had been close friends for years, and yet had developed more deep feelings that they never had the courage to reveal. Now, hearts were bared, and declarations of love were made.

There were some people with longstanding grudges and enmities who chose to finally let such hard feelings go....

It was as if people were preparing for their own deaths, and cherishing the time they had left.

Some people pondered why this war was happening. Half of the 33 Heavens had been destroyed, and half of the Mountain and Sea Realm was lost. The number of Outsiders and Mountain and Sea cultivators who had died was vast.

Why... were they fighting...?

What was the purpose of this war? What was the purpose of the dying? What was the meaning of it all?

However, such questions weren't really important. What was important was that the war would continue, and the fragile balance between life and death... would reveal the true difference between darkness and light.

The Mountain and Sea Realm rested and recovered. As various parties made final preparations for war, Meng Hao met with the 33 Chosen whom he would lead into the Eighth Mountain and Sea.

The majority of those 33 Chosen were strangers to him. The rest, he was familiar with, for example, Ji Yin. None of the Chosen from the Three Great Daoist Societies were participants.

To Meng Hao's delight, Chen Fan and Wang Youcai were among those present. Although Fatty wasn't there, to have these two long-time comrades present helped Meng Hao to recall some of his former wonderful memories, despite the pressure that weighed down on his heart.

The rest of the cultivators from the other Mountains and Seas were people who Meng Hao didn't recognize. However, they knew exactly who he was, and as soon as they laid eyes on him, their eyes burned with zeal.

None of these Chosen had cultivation bases in the Dao Realm. All were in somewhere in the Ancient Realm, some being in the early stage of that realm, some at the very peak.

As soon as they met, all of the Chosen clasped hands and bowed.

“Greetings, Crown Prince!”

“Greetings, Crown Prince of the Mountains and Seas!”

Chen Fan wore a smile as he looked at Meng Hao, and it seemed as if he were thinking back to events in the Reliance Sect.

Wang Youcai had long since lost the use of his eyes. However, his murderous aura made him almost look completely forbidding and unapproachable. Despite his lack of eyes, he seemed to be looking at Meng Hao. After a moment passed, he clasped hands and bowed.

Li Ling'er's emotions were the most mixed of all. Recently, more than one person had asked about the marriage engagement between her and Meng Hao. The way she had fled that marriage years ago now seemed very childish. Later, she had watched as Meng Hao rose to prominence, and seen his dazzling display of might in the war of the Mountains and Seas.

She sometimes wondered what would have happened if she hadn't fled that marriage....

Even though Meng Hao had also chosen to flee, in terms of the law and of morality, she was technically Meng Hao's beloved partner.

Ji Yin had even more mixed feelings. Originally, she had viewed Meng Hao as being inferior to her. Eventually, she took him to be an equal. But that was a long time ago. Eventually, he had risen to the same level of her own clan Patriarch, someone to whom she had no choice but to bow her head.

She had once believed that such a level was the absolute limit. But then war had broken out, and she came to realize that Meng Hao... had long since exceeded the level of a Patriarch.

He was the type of person toward whom anyone and everyone would bow their heads.

Meng Hao looked around at the Chosen, and then slowly began to speak.

“I have been to the 33 Hells before,” he said. “It is a location that Paragon Nine Seals prepared for the cultivators of the Mountain and Sea Realm. There, he left incredible good fortune in the form of thirty-three powerful experts, sealed therein since of the war of the Paragon Immortal Realm.

“Those experts’ fleshly bodies were destroyed, but their souls remained behind. They are like wellsprings of power, and if you can absorb them, your cultivation base will advance by leaps and bounds!

“However, the process is not as simple and easy as it sounds. There is great danger.

“If you fail in your effort, you will perish.... Furthermore, even if you succeed, and your cultivation base experiences incredible growth, the price you will pay... is that in the future, you will find it very difficult to make any further advancement with your cultivation base!

“You will essentially be terminating any future possibilities. However, in exchange... your cultivation base will be no less powerful than that of a Dao Sovereign. In addition, if you are willing to sacrifice some of your longevity, to part with some of your own life force Essence, then... you can acquire a cultivation base power that exceeds that of a Dao Sovereign. However... that will only last for a single sixty-year-cycle, after which you will die forever.”

Upon hearing this, the thirty-three Chosen gaped in shock. This explanation was somewhat different from their previous understanding. However, after seeing the serious look on Meng Hao’s face, they could sense... that he was telling the truth.

The thirty-three Chosen remained silent, but none of them backed out.

Meng Hao looked out at the group, then said, “Upon entering, I will escort all of you. We will go together to acquire the good fortune that exists within the 33 Hells. Another matter to consider is that within the 33 Hells are thirty-three Outsider beasts, which will be released when the 33 Hells dissipate.” Much of the explanation that Meng Hao was giving was information that had been given to him by Paragon Sea Dream.

“There is still time to back out now. However, if none of you wish to do so... then let us proceed into the 33 Hells!”

Meng Hao could see the determination and decisiveness within those thirty-three pairs of eyes. They didn't need to speak a single word for him to understand what was going on in their minds.

If the Mountain and Sea Realm ceased to exist, then there was no need to talk about any type of future whatsoever. Taking this good fortune was a gamble, as well as a huge self-sacrifice, and yet it gave the Mountain and Sea Realm a chance to survive.

Without another word, Meng Hao flicked his sleeve, transforming into a beam of light that carried the entire group toward the 33 Hells of the Eighth Mountain and Sea. As they neared that region of complete darkness, Meng Hao relied upon the power of his current cultivation base to forcibly open the entrance.

Upon entering, the thirty-three Chosen found themselves within a boundless mist, beneath which broken and shattered lands were just barely visible, a place where intense magical battles had been fought.

Gradually, a huge figure became visible within the mists, which seethed as a mighty roar echoed out. Suddenly, a long iron chain flew out in the direction of Meng Hao and the others.

At the same time, a voice rang out which shook the minds of all present: "Hungry... hungry... so hungry..."

For everyone behind Meng Hao, this was their first time coming to this place, and the incredibly shocking figure left their minds on the verge of lapsing into unconsciousness.

Meng Hao snorted coldly, waving his finger in the direction of the iron chain.

"Screw the hell off," he said.

The snort echoed like thunder, leaving the crowd behind him shaken. His words seemed to carry the weight of natural law, and as the iron chain closed in, it began to tremble, and then simply exploded.

Meng Hao's voice was like an arrow that pierced the mists, transforming into countless invisible magical symbols that shot toward the enormous figure. Then he waved his finger back and forth, causing the entire world to rumble around them, and the mist to churn. Gradually, all of the mists began to move off to either side.

Soon it was revealed... exactly what had been lurking there in wait!

It was a giant, covered in iron chains, roaring. Based on the look in its eyes, it was sentient, and it trembled beneath the force of Meng Hao's gaze.

"This is the first Outsider beast within the 33 Hells," Meng Hao said coolly. Then, he proceeded forward, followed by all the Chosen.

They passed by the giant, who roared the entire time, and yet whose eyes were filled with dread. Clearly, what it feared was not the thirty-three chosen, but rather, Meng Hao.

It feared Meng Hao, and the intensely murderous aura upon him!!

It was an aura that no one else could detect without a sufficient cultivation base. However, those who could sense it would be able to tell... that he had cut down Paragons!

Meng Hao led the group toward the central stone stele of the first area, and when they reached the edge of the rift leading inside, the giant behind him suddenly spoke in a somewhat garbled voice, "You... have killed... Paragons?"

"Yup. I killed one, enslaved another, and forced a third to self-detonate. You are far from being a Paragon, so don't worry, I won't kill you." With that, Meng Hao stepped into the rift. The crowd behind him exchanged speechless glances, and then hurried to follow.

Li Ling'er wore a strange expression, and Chen Fan chuckled hoarsely. Wang Youcai's lips quivered. Although none of them said anything, Meng Hao's words seemed exceedingly audacious to them....

As for the chain-wrapped giant, he gasped in fear, shock filling his face. His simple brain was not one that was inclined to mind games. He could sense the aura on Meng Hao, and could understand his words, and was left shivering. Finally, he bowed his head.

Chapter 1375: I've Been Waiting!

As he entered the rift, Meng Hao explained, “The souls which have been sealed in the 33 Hells are all devious rogues. As for the Outsider beasts, they have varying degrees of intelligence, but we’ll just overawe them with words and threaten them with my cultivation base, they’ll back down.

“This will make it much easier for us to deal with them.”

Most of the group responded with thoughtful expressions, except for those few who knew Meng Hao. Strange looks could be seen on their faces, and they coughed dryly, but refrained from saying anything.

“Simply put, you have to terrify them!” After emphasizing that point, he led the group into the necropolis. Based on what he remembered from the last time he was here, he quickly led them toward the main temple. As he proceeded along, he could see out of the corner of his eye that everything was as he had left it: bare and almost completely cleaned out. He took that in stride, of course.

However, everyone else looked around with wide eyes. Every single necropolis chamber they passed, they saw broken down walls devoid of frescos, and floors which had been completely cleared of tiles. Many areas were so lacking in decoration that they almost seemed to have been gnawed clean by dogs....

Gasps could be heard coming from the mouths of the Chosen.

“Not good! Someone’s actually been in here before!!”

“W-what brutality! Whoever came here before cleaned everything out! Everything’s gone....”

“I can’t believe that they didn’t even spare the floor tiles....”

“Dammit, don’t tell me it was the Outsiders!!”

The Chosen were all shaken by what they were seeing, even Li Ling’er and the others who knew Meng Hao. Only Chen Fan hesitated for a moment, then glanced over at Meng Hao.

Meng Hao was in the lead position, and when he heard the things everyone was saying, he couldn’t help but feel a bit embarrassed. Instead of launching into an explanation, he merely increased his

pace, leading the gasping, astonished group all the way to the central necropolis temple, where Greed was sealed.

When they arrived, the Chosen burst into a commotion at the sight. This was the largest necropolis chamber of all, and also the one which had been most thoroughly looted. With the exception of the very central-most area, everything had been completely and utterly cleared out.

“This is preposterous!!”

“There’s not even a spot of mold left behind! Dammit, this was definitely the Outsiders!!” The Chosen were all completely incensed. However, it was at this point that a face suddenly appeared within the ball of soul fire in the central area. That face appeared to be completely enraged.

“Dammit, it’s you again.... What are you planning to do this time!?!?”

“You scammed away a bunch of my life force Essence and looted all of the funerary objects in my necropolis. You even dug up the floor tiles and stole the frescoes! Dammit, you bastard, you left nothing behind. What do you want now!?!?”

“Meng Hao!!” A begrieved howl echoed out through the entire necropolis. The group behind Meng Hao gasped and shifted their gazes to look at him. It was almost as if they were truly seeing him for the first time, and strange expressions appeared.

They had been incensed at whoever it was who had gone so far as to even scrape up the floor tiles of all the areas they had passed. How could they ever have come to the conclusion that the culprit was actually... Meng Hao?

“This.... This....”

“Ahem... the exalted Crown Prince truly is formidable....”

Everyone began to chuckle wryly, and when they glanced at Meng Hao, odd looks could be seen in their eyes. Gradually, the image of Meng Hao which they had built up in their minds was being subverted.

Suddenly feeling a bit down, Meng Hao frowned and gave a cold harrumph as he strode over toward the ball of soul fire. In response, a scream echoed out from within the fire.

“Stay away, dammit! Get back, you shameless bastard. You’re even more shameless than the jinx from way back when!!”

Meng Hao looked back at the Chosen and explained: “I already absorbed some of this soul fire a few years ago. What’s left is just a fragment. It won’t help you people now.” With that, he extended his right hand. Ignoring the screams from the face, he made a grasping motion, causing the soul fire to be dragged over into his hand. That in itself caused the sealing columns which surrounded it to collapse.

Then Meng Hao clenched his hand tightly into a fist, causing the soul fire to disappear into his palm. After absorbing it, he stepped into the previously sealed area. Clearing his throat, he hesitated for a moment. After a moment of thought, he ignored the people behind him, produced a flying sword, and proceeded to pry up all of the floor tiles, even as everyone watched.

The Chosen stared with slack jaws at the incredible proficiency with which Meng Hao quickly cleared out the entire area, even going so far as to collect up the collapsed columns. Then, after brushing off his sleeves, he suddenly stamped his foot down onto the ground, causing a rift to appear.

“Alright, let’s go to the 2nd Hell.” As Meng Hao stepped into the rift, the Chosen exchanged dazed glances. Meng Hao’s behavior just now had completely toppled any previous notions they had about what he was like. After a short moment of hesitation, they followed him into the rift.

In the 2nd Hell, they once again bore witness to Meng Hao’s domineering personality....

“Can you sense my murderous aura? Well let me tell you. I killed a Paragon, enslaved another, and then forced a third one to self-detonate!” In the 2nd Hell was an Outsider beast formed completely from flames. Currently, it was trembling in the face of Meng Hao’s aggressiveness. Considering the pressure and aura that radiated off of him, the beast was completely terrified.

Then, the Chosen watched as Meng Hao scraped the 2nd Hell’s necropolis completely clean.... It was as if a gale wind had passed, leaving behind not even a single blade of grass....

Habits like that, and such personality traits, could not simply be changed....

Meng Hao then realized that doing everything on his own was taking too long, so he quickly called the other Chosen over for assistance. “Come come, we don’t have much time,” he said. “Give me a hand here. Help me clear this place out.”

Chen Fan laughed loudly and quickly stepped forward to help. Li Ling’er covered her mouth, and Ji Yin’s face darkened. Wang Youcai’s lips continued to twitch. As for the other Chosen, they exchanged embarrassed glances, and yet couldn’t bring themselves to refuse, and quickly began to help.

This was something the likes of which they had never done before. All they could do was sigh inwardly, and tell themselves that maybe the reason Meng Hao was so powerful was because he did things like this.

After scraping everything clean, they eventually reached the central necropolis temple of the 2nd Hell. The soul fire there was much more powerful than Greed’s, and as soon as the group entered the hall, an incredible pressure exploded out. However, Meng Hao merely snorted coldly. Unleashing his cultivation base, he stepped forward and suppressed it.

With Meng Hao’s current cultivation base, bolstered by the blessing of the power of the Mountains and Seas, coupled with the restrictive spells within the necropolis, it was a simple thing for him to suppress the souls here. Roars echoed out from the soul fire, and yet there was nothing it could do to fight back.

It was here that one of the thirty-three Chosen was left behind to absorb the good fortune that was the soul fire of a powerful expert from the past. If this Chosen failed, he would die, but if he succeeded, his cultivation base would advance by leaps and bounds. If he went so far as to sacrifice some of this longevity, then he would leap past the Dao Sovereign level to become an Imperial Lord for a full sixty-year-cycle!

After leaving one of the Chosen behind, Meng Hao led the group into the 3rd Hell. Then the 4th Hell and the 5th Hell.... As they went along, he cowed the Outsider beasts with his tale of killing and enslaving Paragons, of forcing them to self-detonate.

At first, the Chosen stared in shock, but eventually, they got used it, and finally grew indifferent. Furthermore, the nervousness they had felt upon entering the 33 Hells gradually faded away.

After watching Meng Hao suppress one soul fire after another, and leaving behind various Chosen to absorb them, they gradually grew very much at ease.

In the end, Meng Hao didn't even need to say anything. As soon as his murderous aura spread out, the other Chosen would jump in to help proclaim his words.

“He killed a Paragon, enslaved another, and forced a third to self-detonate! Scared? Well screw the hell off!”

Eventually, Meng Hao didn't even need to organize the efforts to clear out the necropolises. The strange feeling the Chosen had at first was long gone, and now they were very familiar with the process. In the end, they even exceeded his expectations, finding certain areas that he hadn't noticed, and clearing them away. Meng Hao couldn't help but sigh in praise.

Eventually the weight of their burden, and the wariness they had felt when they had first entered this place, was completely gone. Now, their journey into the 33 Hells seemed more like a vacation....

7th Hell. 8th Hell. 9th Hell....

The number of Chosen who were following Meng Hao grew fewer and fewer. At each soul fire, he left behind a Chosen, who would laugh and say goodbye to Meng Hao and the group. However, behind their laughter was staunch determination and decisiveness.

“Crown Prince, I'll be fine here. I hope you clear even more things out than we have so far! Fellow Daoists, I wish you luck in acquiring your good fortune....” It was in such fashion that farewells were made at every soul fire location.

Time passed. 15th Hell. 16th Hell. 17th Hell.... Eventually, they passed through the 31st Hell. Then the 32nd. And finally the 33rd!

It took roughly a month for Meng Hao to pass through all 33 Hells. By that time, there were no Chosen in his company. In a few of the soul fire locations, the soul fire was far too formidable for a single Chosen to absorb, and he had left behind more than one.

Therefore, by the time he reached the 33rd Hell, he was alone. The 33rd Hell was in the deepest region of the void, and upon entering, Meng Hao saw a young man sitting cross-legged atop a mountain peak.

He wore a green robe, and gave off an icy feeling. Apparently, whoever this was, it wasn't his true form, but rather, a clone!

An alcohol flagon rested in front of him, from which he would occasionally sip. Down below, at the base of the mountain, there was a wide valley, which was completely empty.

As Meng Hao approached, he looked around with flickering eyes, until his gaze eventually came to rest upon the young man. For some reason, this place felt different than the other 32 Hells. There was no necropolis, no Outsider beast, no soul fire. There weren't even any seals or restrictive spells. It was as if Paragon Nine Seals hadn't left any restraining measures here at all.

The green-robed man on the mountain seemed very strange to Meng Hao. He was obviously a clone, and yet his cultivation base was unreadable. In one moment he seemed to seethe with unending rage, and in the next, he seemed calm and peaceful.

The young man looked up at Meng Hao, and his eyes flickered with ancientness. "So you've finally come... I've been waiting a long, long time for you...."

Chapter 1376: The State of Clear Water....

Meng Hao's eyes glittered as he stared at the green-robed young man. Saying nothing, he walked forward and then appeared on the mountain peak.

"I've been waiting for you for a long time," the young man murmured. "In fact, it's been so long I've lost track of exactly how much time has passed.... I just vaguely remember that I fought a man once. We had a wager going, and if I lost, I promised to do a favor for him.

"I promised to wait here for someone... to give that person my Hexing magic."

Meng Hao's eyes began to shine as he said, "Your excellency is...?"

“I’ve forgotten. This isn’t my true form, it’s only a clone. I forgot what my name was. I only remember... that place.” The young man shook his head and pointed down toward the valley at the base of the mountain.

Meng Hao looked down in the same direction, but didn’t see anything other than the valley itself.

“Can’t see it? Well... that’s nothing unusual. My Hexing magic has many names. Back then, that man I fought told me that he had a similar Hexing magic, although it wasn’t as close to its fundamental Essence as mine.

“He speculated that, years later, someone from among his successors might be able to use his First Hex to unravel the other Hexing magic he had. However, because of the bizarre nature of that particular Hexing magic of his, it seemed unlikely that it could be passed down from generation to generation.

“Therefore, he hoped that I would be able to wait here for the right person, and pass on my Hexing magic to him.”

The young man smiled, looked Meng Hao calmly in the eyes, and said, “After all the years that have passed, you are the first person to ever come to me. Apparently, you are the person I’ve been waiting for.

“Come.”

Meng Hao studied the young man for a moment, then smiled. He felt no fear, nor any reason to defy him. He approached, and as he did, the young man’s eyes glowed with praise. After Meng Hao came to stand directly in front of him, the young man said, “Now, take another look.”

Meng Hao turned to look back at the valley at the foot of the mountain. In that very instant, light and color exploded in his eyes.

The once empty valley now had a walled city inside of it. Apparently, it was an entire country, complete with a Forbidden Palace, nobility, and commoners!

The city itself was populated by over a hundred thousand people.

Most shocking of all to Meng Hao was that among all those people, regardless of whether they were young or old, man or woman... from the Emperor down to the common people, everyone had exactly the same aura!

That aura also matched the green-robed young man's. Perhaps ordinary cultivators wouldn't notice these phenomena without deep study. However, Meng Hao noticed it, and in that same moment, the ancient Demon Sealing Jade within his bag of holding began to vibrate.

Soon, Meng Hao realized that all of those more than 100,000 people... were clones!!

They were all clones of the young man in the green robe!

Meng Hao took a deep breath as he studied the city down below. The Emperor was studying various reports, the concubines were bickering in the harem, the ministers were enjoying life, the common people were spending time with their families, and the streets were abuzz with activity.

Street peddlers called out, people ate and drank, people argued and fought, people laughed and joked. The voices merged together into a cacophony that made the entire city seem incredibly realistic. In fact, it was almost impossible to believe that the entire place... was actually populated by an entire world of clones.

Furthermore, the name of the city was written above the city gate.

It was three characters long.

State of Clear Water!

"This Hexing magic isn't something that was passed down to me by my Master. I gained enlightenment of it myself. Not even my Junior Brother could use it. Ah, well, it doesn't matter. I'll pass it on to you to resolve this bit of Karma.

"Whether or not you can master it will depend on your luck." The young man shook his head and smiled. Paying no more attention to Meng Hao, he turned and floated up into the sky.

“I’ve already forgotten how many years have passed. Finally, I can live up to the agreement. And now... the time has come for me to leave. I’m only a stream of divine will, really nothing compared to my true form. I’ve been gone a long time, and I miss some of those old faces from the past.

“Well, I’m off then.” The young man waved his sleeve, and as he floated higher into the air, he gradually began to glow blurry. Soon he turned into countless motes of green light which spread out and then vanished.

Meng Hao looked back down at the valley, and realized that everything was becoming blurry. He immediately sat down cross-legged and focused his mind. He watched as the figures down below began to fade away. The city began to dissipate, and even the words “State of Clear Water” vanished. Soon, the only thing left behind was the valley.

“Hexing magic. Demon Sealing Hexing magic....

“With the exception of the Hexing magic I need to create, I’ve collected all of the others except for the First and the Fourth. Clearly, this isn’t the First, which means that it must be... the Fourth Hex!”

Meng Hao’s mind trembled. Based on his current cultivation base, he actually didn’t need much qi and blood, or energy of Heaven and Earth to step into the bottleneck that would come before a breakthrough. Right now, he actually had two paths available to him. One path was to completely pass through the Ancient Realm.

The other path was to collect all the Hexing magics and then turn them into Essences.

One of those paths involved cultivating the bloodline of the Allheaven Dao Immortal. The other was that of the Hexing magic of the League of Demon Sealers. They were both valid paths, although the first one would take more time, and would require more cultivation base, qi and blood. Yet what all that yielded was merely an increase in the chances of successfully extinguishing his Soul Lamps.

As far as the second path went, it required enlightenment and good fortune.

Meng Hao sat there silently, looking down at the valley. Finally, he closed his eyes, and everything which he had seen earlier appeared in his mind. As he began to analyze it, he slowly slipped into a trance.

Most people would have a difficult time understanding a Demon Sealing Hexing magic by just looking at it once. But Meng Hao was different. He was the Ninth Generation Demon Sealer, and already had command of six different Hexing magics. Furthermore, he had already successfully turned the Eighth Hex into the beginnings of Essence.

To him, as long as he had the basic elements of a Demon Sealing Hexing magic, and the right direction, then he would be able to come to an understanding of it.

Time passed. While Meng Hao analyzed the Fourth Hex, the thirty-three Chosen within the 33 Hells all reached critical points within their processes of absorbing and understanding the soul fires and the good fortune they contained.

The 33 Hells were very quiet. Simultaneously, time slowly passed by outside in the Mountain and Sea Realm. The war preparations were mostly complete, and the cultivators cherished the last bit of time they had before the rest of the 33 Heavens descended, spending time with their dearest and most loved friends and family.

Up above in the starry sky, the 17th through 33rd Heavens were gradually becoming visible, and it even seemed possible to see the apex of the starry sky.

Beyond the 33 Heavens, in the void of the Vast Expanse, were two land masses that vastly exceeded the 33 Heavens in size, which were approaching with indescribable speed.

Their goal was obviously the Mountain and Sea Realm!

By this point, they were very close....

In fact, it was possible that they might arrive... just as the war was finishing.

More time passed. Four months went by, four months of waiting beneath a sky that had no sun or moon. Four months of waiting... for the truly abysmal pitch black that was coming.

All thirty-four individuals within the 33 Hells were at critically dangerous moments of their transformations. The previous silence was broken by the occasional scream or howl.

The process of acquiring the good fortune there was a painful one for the thirty-three Chosen. After all, during the process of trying to absorb the soul fire, they also had to ward off possession attempts.

Furthermore, because of the restrictive spells in place, if they were possessed, they would be instantly killed.

The exact process was different for everyone, but regardless of how it went, it involved pain. By now, each and every one of the Chosen was bedraggled, with disheveled hair that made them look almost like ghosts. However, they clenched their teeth and continued on with bloodshot eyes.

“I can’t fail...”

“I have to succeed!”

“If I have to sacrifice my longevity, and end up with only a sixty-year-cycle of life, then I’ll do it to protect my clan...”

“I refuse to die in this place! If I’m going to die, I want to die fighting the Outsiders!!”

Explosions could be heard, as well as screams, causing the 33 Hells to be filled with tumult.

In the very depths of the place, in the 33rd Hell, Meng Hao sat cross-legged on a mountain peak, looking down into the valley. Gradually, he came to see a valley that was no longer empty. Instead, the vague outline of a city was taking shape....

However, that city was not the State of Clear Water, but Yunjie County instead. There was a mountain there, beneath which was a flowing river. People could be seen within the city, vague images without faces. However, as Meng Hao’s enlightenment deepened, the figures’ appearances gradually became more and more clear.

There were men and women, old people and young. They looked different, and yet every single one... had Meng Hao’s aura. In fact, if he wished to, he could instantly become any of those figures.

They were his clones!

The Fourth Hex, was... a Mass Cloning Hexing magic! Its name was... the Self Hex!

Massive amounts of clones, massive amounts of one's own self!

By unleashing it to the limit, any one of those clones could become the seed for a new life. With those clones, reincarnation could never be destroyed. As long as one of them existed, one's consciousness could be awoken.

Meng Hao lost track of time. Lost track of everything. He immersed himself in the Hexing magic. Eventually, more and more people appeared in the city, and he began to give all of them unique consciousnesses.

Only by possessing a unique consciousness could they truly think.

Furthermore, all of the clones possessed an invisible thread that connected them to Meng Hao. He was like the center, with countless nodes spread out to form a web. Everything within that web was an extension of him.

Gradually, the people in the city began to live their own lives, to the point where a newcomer who looked at the scene would have a hard time telling that it wasn't real. However, Meng Hao still wasn't satisfied. As he continued to analyze and gain enlightenment, as the Demon Sealing Hexing magic became more clear, more and more versions of Yunjie County appeared. Gradually, those cities all formed together to become a vast country....

By the time the tenth month arrived, there was no longer a country surrounding him, but rather, three countries.... Within each of those countries lived countless people, all of whom... were Meng Hao.

It was at this point that among the thirty-three Chosen, some died, and some... emerged!

Chapter 1378: 8-Essences Arrive!

[/expand]

The first to emerge was none other than Wang Youcai!

In the beginning, he was not among the most powerful of the group of Chosen; quite to the contrary, his cultivation base had been the lowest. He was even the worst in terms of latent talent. However, his willpower and determination was something that left even Meng Hao impressed. The entire Ninth Mountain and Sea had witnessed his vicious tactics, and were left rattled.

In order to join a powerful sect, and in order to pursue the Dao, he had dug his own eyes out, all in order to fix within his mind that final image, that final Dao projection he had seen before losing his sight.

He acted the same within his sect. However viciously he treated others, he treated himself even more so. When others in the 33 Hells had cried out in anguish because of the pain, his reaction had been to laugh.

He laughed viciously the entire time he absorbed the good fortune of the soul fire, and did not hesitate to sacrifice some of his longevity and life force Essence in exchange for an incredible advancement in cultivation base!

He completely passed beyond the Ancient Realm and stepped into the Dao Realm. He became a Dao Lord, a Dao Sovereign and finally, an Imperial Lord!

In the end, the will which existed in the soul fire was also moved by Wang Youcai's ruthlessness and relentlessness. Eventually, it too began to laugh, and almost willingly allowed its life force to merge into Wang Youcai.

After breaking through and then emerging, he transformed; his hair was white as if with age, but when he sent his cultivation base power surging out, everything went dark, and the entire world of the 33 Hells shook.

More people came out after Wang Youcai, but few had made such incredible progress. It wasn't until Li Ling'er emerged, with hair as white as Wang Youcai's, that another aura similar to an Imperial Lord's radiated out.

Li Ling'er's appearance had changed. She was no longer young; instead, she looked like an old woman. She had forsaken her youth and beauty in exchange for a shocking cultivation base. In sixty years, she would die, but that was her choice!

In contrast to what Meng Hao would have predicted, Chen Fan did not choose to sacrifice his life force. Nor did he even reach the level of a true Dao Sovereign, but rather, the 5-Essences level. He

came out slowly, a seemingly emotional expression on his face, almost as if he were hesitating about something.

Ji Yin, on the other hand, chose to make the same decision as Li Ling'er!

As the Chosen flew out, energy surging, the entire 33 Hells trembled. Of the entire group, twenty-four emerged, with the other nine... being forever interred within the 33 Hells. They had failed in their attempt to acquire good fortune, and were dead for all eternity.

As for the twenty-four Chosen who did acquire good fortune, eight of them had chosen to sacrifice some of their longevity. That group acquired cultivation base power equivalent to an Imperial Lord. Of the rest, more than half were now as strong as true Dao Sovereigns, with a few being at the 5-Essences level or so.

Regardless of the final outcome for each individual, their fates had completely changed now that they had successfully emerged. As they came out, the hells crumbled behind them, layer by layer. Then, they collectively chose to wait for Meng Hao.

During the ten months that had passed, all of these people who had obtained good fortune had been unable to sense the progress of those around them. Now, when they sent their cultivation base power out, they could tell that Meng Hao... was still in the deepest 33rd Hell.

As the various Hells collapsed, Outsider beasts emerged, but didn't dare to even get near the group which was waiting there.

Several more days passed, but Meng Hao still hadn't come out. As they waited there silently, they could tell that Meng Hao's aura was gradually fading away, which caused them to frown and look to the cultivator among them with the most powerful cultivation base, Wang Youcai.

After a long moment passed, Wang Youcai turned and headed toward the exit of the 33 Hells, simultaneously speaking to everyone behind him. "Let's go. The fighting outside will begin soon. Waiting here is pointless. The good fortune Meng Hao seeks will surely be greater than ours; naturally, he needs more time than us.

"I only have a single sixty-year-cycle of life, and I don't want to waste any of it. I want to fight!" Despite the fact that his eyes were nothing but dark pits, they somehow seemed to glitter with a strange light. Even as his words continued to echo about, he vanished through the exit.

The other Chosen looked around silently, then clasped hands and bowed to the collapsing Hells. Finally, they turned and flew out. Li Ling'er sighed inwardly and followed them. As for Chen Fan, he seemed to be in somewhat of a daze. Looking down at the Hells, it seemed as if he were peering into their deepest depths, but if one looked closely, one would see that he was actually gazing at the place where he had acquired his good fortune, the 19th Hell.

"How... should I choose what to do...?" he thought bitterly. Looking away, he concealed the confusion inside of him and flew away.

Meanwhile, out in the Mountain and Sea Realm, the final battle with the 33 Heavens was beginning!

The starry sky was shaking, and various areas were being ripped open. Soon, the land mass that was the 17th Heaven became visible in complete detail!

Above it was the 18th Heaven, the 19th Heaven... all the way to the 33rd Heaven. They were all visible now.

Massive pressure weighed down, along with shocking energy. Rumbling filled the starry sky of the Mountain and Sea Realm as the 17th Heaven... began to descend, as did all of the other Heavens, all the way to the 33rd!!

RUUUUUUMMMMBLLLLLE!

The starry sky was torn to pieces as a massive tempest sprang out in all directions. Two figures emerged from the Heavens, a man and a woman. In terms of appearance, they didn't seem to be Outsiders at all, but rather, ordinary cultivators.

However, their eyes shone with an indescribable coldness, as if all other living things were nothing more than ants to them.

Indescribable pressure radiated out along with them, and as they descended, the Mountains trembled and the Seas churned. Countless cultivators coughed up mouthfuls of blood.

It was Paragon pressure, and not that of the 7-Essences level, but... the 8-Essences level!!

These were the two strongest Paragons in the entire 33 Heavens. These were... 8-Essences Paragons!!

Behind them was a huge army of Outsiders from the 17th through 33rd Heavens. From the mere look of it, this army seemed unending, filled with tens of millions of Outsiders, all of them exceedingly powerful.

There were even some enormous magical items that flew out from the armies. There were statues, tens of thousands of meters high, there were enormous trees and freezing coffins. Even more shocking was that toward the back of the army was an enormous red sun!

In addition to all that, there were other legendary types of Outsiders. Most astonishing... were the giants, tens of thousands of meters tall. From the look of it, those giants could grow even taller than they were now. They had stars on their foreheads, and radiated intense, ancient auras.

There were other vicious-looking entities who had leathery wings, and were extremely conspicuous among the other forces.

Further off in the distance were tens of thousands of Black Dragons, and beyond that, a sea of flames.

This time, the 33 Heavens were holding nothing back. All of their power was being unleashed in their attempt to destroy the Mountain and Sea Realm. They wanted to strike fear into the hearts of the Mountain and Sea Realm cultivators, and considering the vast size of their army, and the presence of their Paragons, it really didn't seem as if the Mountain and Sea Realm had any chance of coming out on top.

Suddenly, a cold, ancient voice rang out into the starry sky. The Outsiders heard it, as did the cultivators of the Mountain and Sea Realm.

“Kill them all... leave no one alive.”

It was one of the two 8-Essences Paragons, the woman. In response to her words, the huge army of Outsiders let out a roar that could shake Heaven and Earth. Then, they poured toward the Mountain and Sea Realm like floodwaters.

As for the female Paragon, she turned into a beam of light, her energy sweeping about as she closed in on the shield which had been formed over the past ten months to protect the Mountain and Sea Realm.

The single swipe of a finger caused cracking sounds to emanate out from the shield, which then shattered. Countless fragments of the shield exploded out in every direction, whereupon the Paragon took a step forward... to appear on the Fifth Mountain! There, she stamped her foot, causing rumbling sounds to echo out. Then, in the blink of an eye... the mountain collapsed.

The cultivators of the Mountain and Sea Realm stared in shock at this sudden development.

However, it was in the same moment that cries rang out from different areas within the Mountain and Sea Realm. Suddenly, three temples appeared in the vicinity of the female Paragon. Within those temples were three old men. They were none other than... the Doyens!!

The three great Doyens of the Mountain and Sea Realm were no longer hiding in the shadows. They appeared all at once to suppress the female Paragon. At the same time, Meng Hao's Paragon puppet was joined by Paragon Sea Dream to also attack the same Paragon.

Further off in the distance, the Three Great Daoist Societies gathered their disciples and magical devices, drawing fully upon all of their resources to meet the army of Outsiders.

Beyond that position, Xu Qing sat in a command pavilion, constantly sending out orders into the army of Mountain and Sea cultivators, coordinating the deadly battle with the Outsiders.

The members of the Fang Clan, as well as other sects and clans, all appeared on the battlefield to fight. There were even people from the Wang Clan.

The chaotic final battle was now underway. However, up in the starry sky, there was another 8-Essences Paragon, the man. His expression remained calm as he turned his gaze to the depths of the Mountain and Sea Realm, to Planet South Heaven in the Ninth Mountain and Sea.

"So, it's you," he said softly. He took a step forward, vanishing. Unexpectedly, when he reappeared, he was in the heart of the Mountain and Sea Realm, directly outside of Planet South Heaven.

In almost the moment he appeared, Planet South Heaven's spell formation erupted with killing intent. The 8-Essences Paragon completely ignored it, though, stepping forward to appear on a certain mountain peak on Planet South Heaven.

That mountain peak was where Shui Dongliu stood. He spun around to face the 8-Essences Paragon, and when their eyes met, no words were spoken. They both vanished, and in the wake of their departure, a massive boom echoed out, which completely leveled the mountain and the lands beneath their feet, leaving behind only a huge crater!

That crater led to the core of Planet South Heaven, where a flaming sea of magma existed.

It was in this exact moment that, back in the collapsing 33 Hells, Meng Hao's eyes suddenly opened. He looked around to see all of the cities and the people in them, and suddenly, everything stopped moving. Gradually, the scene around him transformed into shimmering motes of light which floated toward Meng Hao and them merged into him. His eyes then began to glow with shining light.

Chapter 1379: Incredible Power

"The Fourth Hex... Self Hexing!" Meng Hao watched the world vanishing in front of him, and all of the various clones of himself fading away. Finally, he rose to his feet.

His cultivation base had not experienced any transformations, but now, he no longer had six Hexing magics, but seven!

"I'm now only two Hexing Magics away from the full nine. One of them is the original First Hex, and the other is my own Ninth Hex, the final one!" As Meng Hao thought back to all the different times he had acquired Hexing magics throughout his life, he sighed.

Turning, he waved his hand, causing his Soul Lamps to appear. He had a total of 33, with 10 of them being extinguished and 23 still burning.

"There are Seven Desolations, and I have already passed the first two. Now, after having consumed the power of Paragon Mythdragon, I can start the Third Desolation!" Meng Hao's eyes shone with a bright light as he focused on his 11th Soul Lamp.

"The Third Desolation, the Desolation of the heart..." After a moment of thought, Meng Hao extended his right hand and pointed at the Soul Lamp. A wind blasted out, and the flame was

extinguished, transforming into green smoke that poured into Meng Hao's eyes, ears, nose, and mouth.

As he closed his eyes and sat down quietly, there were no changes to his fleshly body or to his soul. However, his heart... felt as if an enormous hand had begun to squeeze down on it.

Thump-thump!

Meng Hao's face paled as pain stabbed into his heart. In addition to the pain afflicting the actual organ, his figurative heart also filled with pain. It was like endless grief and loss that turned into complete emptiness.

Sweat began to pour down his forehead, and he began to tremble. There were no hallucinations, but the pain made him feel as if the entire world was dead, and he was the only thing left in Heaven and Earth.

"No...." he murmured. Suddenly, he threw his head back and bellowed, a sound filled with intense pain. It was as if he could not bear such loneliness, and wished to tear apart the Heavens and everything else.

The 33 Hells were still in a state of collapse, but when his powerful cry echoed out, a blast of energy erupted out above him, smashing into the lands above him, creating a huge vortex.

Countless ruins and pieces of rubble swirled into that vortex, with Meng Hao at the very center of it. There were also dozens of Outsider beasts, all of them trembling as they looked at Meng Hao. Apparently, the pressure and emotion radiating off of him were affecting them.

"The Seven Desolations... sounds impressive, but they are truly only seven tribulations, seven torments." Meng Hao opened his eyes and then slowly reached up to rub his chest over the location of his heart.

"The Third Desolation, the Desolation of the heart...." Sighing, he stood. His cultivation base had increased by a bit. Before, he had already exceeded the level of an Imperial Lord, and yet was still a step away from the Paragon level. With this current increase, he couldn't quite complete that step, but he was immeasurably close.

As he looked around, his energy surged, encompassing all of the collapsing 33 Hells, and all of the Outsider beasts, and causing incredible pressure to weigh down.

“Acknowledge allegiance, or die!” he said, not by means of his voice, but by means of divine will. All of the surrounding Outsider beasts could immediately detect his words.

They had already been terrified by the murderous aura Meng Hao emitted, having killed a Paragon. In response to his words, they maintained silence, and eventually bowed their heads.

In that instant, Meng Hao transformed into a beam of light that shot toward the exit, followed by the roaring group of Outsider beasts from the 33 Hells.

“The ten months have passed,” he murmured. “The fighting must have already resumed outside...” He increased his speed, and moments later, shot out of the exit.

By the time that Meng Hao burst out from within the 33 Hells, fierce fighting had erupted within the Mountain and Sea Realm. Tens of millions of Outsiders were attacking viciously. Because of the numerous Dao Realm experts present, as well as the giants, the Mountain and Sea Realm was being pushed back in successive losses.

It was in that exact same moment that Wang Youcai and the others returned from the 33 Hells. Without the slightest hesitation, they waded into the fighting, finding the powerful experts among the Outsiders to do battle with.

The addition of these more than twenty Chosen, in concert with the Mountain and Sea Lords, ensured that the disparity between the two forces’ elite-level cultivators was not as great. Now, the Mountain and Sea Realm’s retreat slowed.

An 8-Essences Paragon destroyed the Fifth Mountain with the stomp of a foot, and yet that very same Paragon was now being pinned down by Sea Dream, the Paragon puppet, the three great Doyens, and others. However, they were not her match. The female Paragon snorted coldly and then performed an incantation gesture, causing an enormous vortex to sweep out in all directions.

RUUUUUUMMMMBLLLLLE!

Blood sprayed out of Sea Dream's mouth, and the same thing happened to the three great Doyens. The Paragon puppet's chest caved in. Everyone was forced to retreat, being completely incapable of standing in the way of the 8-Essences female Paragon.

"What a bunch of insects!" she said. A single step took her past the entire group into the Sixth Sea, where she reached out and pushed her hand down viciously.

Instantly, a ball of green flame appeared in her hand, which rumbled down into the water. It only took a moment for the entire Sixth Sea to begin to boil and dry up!

Countless denizens of the Sixth Sea screamed in agony as they succumbed to the heat and died.

The Sixth Sea was destroyed!

The entire battle now seemed somewhat one-sided. Although the Mountain and Sea Realm had evened the odds in terms of the elite-level cultivators, the 33 Heavens were fighting with everything they had at their disposal. The giants' skin was incredibly tough, and every stride they took forward was something the Mountain and Sea cultivators were powerless to stop. If they tried, they were crushed into pulp.

The army of tens of millions of Outsiders pushed the Mountain and Sea Realm cultivators back with deadly force. Miserable screams rang out as the Mountain and Sea cultivators were powerless to do anything except retreat. Gradually, a distinct sensation of despair began to grow within the hearts of the forces of the Mountain and Sea Realm.

Faced with this level of power, it was as if their previous preparations had all been for naught.

"This war has gone on for long enough," said the 8-Essences Paragon, her voice cool. "Today... it ends." She took another step forward, toward the Sixth Mountain. Her goal was clear; she wanted to destroy each Mountain and Sea in the Realm as quickly as possible.

When that happened, only the cultivators would remain, and they could be easily dealt with.

Sea Dream and the others watched with bloodshot eyes, and although they tried to interfere, they couldn't even get close. However, just when the 8-Essences Paragon seemed on the verge of setting foot onto the Sixth Mountain, the 17th Heaven suddenly shuddered, as though some enormous force were separating it from the other Heavens and sending it toward the Mountain and Sea Realm.

However, if you looked closely, you would see that it wasn't heading toward the Mountain and Sea Realm cultivators, but rather... the Outsider army.

This sudden twist caused the Mountain and Sea Realm cultivators to stare in shock. The Outsiders were equally astonished. Even the female Paragon stopped in her tracks, spinning around to look at the land mass that was the 17th Heaven.

"I should have known that there would be sleeper agents in the 33 Heavens!" she said, her face darkening. She took another step, this time heading toward the 17th Heaven. Then, she reached out and made a violent grasping motion, causing an enormous boom to ring out as the entire 17th Heaven was shattered. The whole land mass instantly collapsed into ash.

Even still, the 8-Essences Paragon was unable to determine who it was that had done such a thing. Frowning, she scanned the battlefield, but could turn up no clues.

"It wasn't Windswept, he's under strict surveillance. If it wasn't him, then who was it?"

"Well it doesn't matter. With power like ours, we can crush anything that gets in our path." Snorting coldly, the female Paragon waved her right hand toward the sun that existed within the army of Outsiders. Instantly, that huge sun radiated boundless light, shrinking down as it shot in her direction. It then swirled around her, quickly transforming into a set of armor.

With that armor, the 8-Essences Paragon's battle prowess rose even higher. She quickly performed a double-handed incantation gesture, then waved her hand out at her army, causing the Outsiders to be stimulated by some unseen force. One by one, they threw their heads back and howled. Their eyes began to glow red as their battle prowess increased, and they then resumed fighting with increased ferocity.

Rumbling sounds could be heard as the Mountain and Sea Realm cultivators suffered instant setbacks. The casualties were severe as they were relentlessly shoved backward across the battlefield.

The female Paragon then turned and headed back toward the Mountain and Sea Realm. Once again, she appeared above the Sixth Mountain, which she struck with a palm. The Sixth Mountain began to vibrate, and moments later, its Xuanwu turtle shattered. As its agonized scream rang out, the entire Sixth Mountain... was destroyed!

The Mountain and Sea Realm cultivators were shaking and in complete despair, and some began to rave. The first to do so were powerful experts from the Three Great Daoist Societies, who unleashed all of the divine abilities they could; some even self-detonated.

However, in the moment that the Sixth Mountain collapsed, three dazzling beams of light shot out from within the rubble of the mountain. Instantly, they locked down onto the position of the female Paragon, where they transformed into a triangular sealing mark, completely trapping her!

“That’s all you’ve got?!” she laughed coldly, seemingly taking it all in stride. In her original attempt to destroy the Sixth Mountain, the sudden development had occurred with the 17th Heaven, leaving her no choice but to destroy it. At that time, she had guessed that the Mountain and Sea Realm was now resorting to calling upon sleeper agents within the 33 Heavens to try to delay her. In that case, they would most certainly have other tricks planned.

Therefore, the sudden appearance of this sealing mark from within the crumbling Sixth Mountain was nothing surprising. However, even in the moment in which she prepared to cast off the sealing mark, the three Doyens, who had only just made their appearance in the battle, suddenly blurred and disappeared from their current locations. Shockingly, when they reappeared, they were positioned at the corners of that triangle!

“I am the Sublime Spirit Doyen!”

“I am the Dao Divinity Doyen!”

“I am the Heaven Severing Doyen!”

“Our mission has been to wait until your arrival, and use our lives, use our Daos, to seal you tight!!”

Chapter 1380: Three Scriptures Seal the Almighty!

“We didn’t take action before, and even when you first made your appearance we only focused on defense!”

“Today, we three will repay our debt to the Mountain and Sea Realm!”

“Three Scriptures Seal the Almighty!” These three Doyens were extremely mysterious figures. For countless years, they had never made a single appearance. The scriptures they cultivated had been

disseminated in the world, but had not actually been created by these individuals. The Doyens were merely the guardians of the scriptures.

The three old men sat down cross-legged and closed their eyes, whereupon the magical symbols of the scriptures began to swirl around them and form a sealing mark!

They planned to use the power of their scriptures to seal this female Paragon!

“We shall sacrifice our longevity to power the three classic scriptures and seal you. It will not be an eternal seal, but it will last long enough to alter the state of this battle!”

The 8-Essences Paragon frowned and waved her right index finger. However, she was incapable of breaking open the sealing mark. Meanwhile, Paragon Sea Dream and the Paragon puppet burst back onto the battlefield, using their Paragon power to completely change the state of the battle.

“You really think you can change the tide of battle like this?” the 8-Essences Paragon said with a laugh. Even as her laughter rang out, a seemingly unremarkable Outsider inside the army suddenly began to tremble, then looked up and screamed. Then, his body began to swell, and unexpectedly, he began to absorb numerous surrounding Outsiders. Within the space of a few breaths of time, he had transformed into a huge ball of flesh fully 3,000 meters across, which hovered there in the starry sky.

That ball of flesh actually had facial features, and if you looked closely, it resembled a head. When the eyes opened, they glowed with coldness. At the same time, laughter rang out.

“Interesting. It seems that I need to make an appearance after all.” The ball of flesh then rapidly shrank down into the shape of a person.

It was a middle-aged man wearing a long red robe. He was very odd-looking, with an extremely large head that seemed disproportionate to his body. A twisted smile could be seen on his face, and a murderous aura sprang out as he took a step forward toward Sea Dream and the Paragon puppet.

As he appeared in front of them, Paragon Sea Dream’s face fell, as did the faces of all the other powerful experts. Even the three great Doyens’ eyes widened.

“This aura.... You’re not cultivators of the 33 Heavens. You’re from... those other two powers!!”

At this point, more than ten other Outsiders within the huge army began to roar, grow in size, and absorb nearby Outsiders. Soon, more than ten powerful experts had appeared on the battlefield.

Although their cultivation base fluctuations didn't put them at the Paragon level, based on their battle prowess, they were equivalent to Imperial Lords. As soon as they appeared, they began to laugh as they charged toward the Mountain and Sea Realm cultivators.

Their auras were very strange. Clearly, they weren't Mountain and Sea cultivators, nor were they cultivators from the 33 Heavens. There was even a force of expulsion pushing against them, although it was incapable of actually driving them out!

That was because they had not come as their true selves, but instead, had used their souls to perform a sort of possession, and thus force their way in.

Shockingly, one of these new arrivals possessed one of the giants, who suddenly grew far larger than before. Throwing his head back and howling, he charged forth into battle; as he did, the stars on his forehead began to spin, causing an intense murderous aura to flare up.

In the briefest of moments, the Mountain and Sea Realm once again began to suffer heavy losses.

The Seventh Sea was no more, and the Seventh Mountain... was being besieged by millions upon millions of Outsiders. It didn't take long before that same mountain began to collapse into pieces. Once again, the battle was completely out of balance.

As of this moment, there were only two Seas and two Mountains left in the entire Realm!

It was a moment of grave crisis, and seemingly impending destruction. Millions upon millions of Outsiders were now under the leadership of numerous powerful experts, who led them into the Eighth Sea. However, it was at that point that a light arrow suddenly shot out from the Eighth Mountain, which almost instantly appeared in front of the giant with the stars on his forehead.

Roaring, the giant clenched his right hand into a fist and punched out at the arrow.

A huge boom echoed out as the light arrow shattered. However, the giant let out a muffled groan as he staggered backward. Simultaneously, his right arm exploded, and much of his body was severely

damaged. Blood sprayed out of his mouth even as a second light arrow closed in. However, that arrow didn't slam into the giant, but rather, the Eighth Sea itself!

The Eighth Sea had long since been laced with restrictive spells, which were now activated by that light arrow, causing the entire Sea to begin to roar. Countless rings of light appeared on the surface of the water, which rose up and then exploded in shocking fashion.

Instantly, miserable shrieks began to ring out as countless Outsiders were shredded to pieces by the explosive restrictive spells.

Of course, those deaths didn't count much when compared to the size of the Outsider army as a whole, and couldn't even be called a serious blow. The effect on their morale was significant though.

"Who are you?!?!" bellowed the armless, seriously injured giant, throwing his head back and roaring. All of the other powerful experts who had recently appeared also turned to stare at the Eighth Mountain.

There, a bright light appeared, which shot out from the Eighth Mountain at top speed toward the battlefield.

It was none other than Meng Hao!

Shockingly, he was followed by scores of Outsider beasts. It was impossible to determine how, but he had somehow incited them to follow his orders. Roaring, they shot toward the battlefield with vicious expressions on their faces.

The tide of battle was constantly shifting in numerous unexpected ways. Of the two 8-Essences Paragons, one had begun to fight Shui Dongliu, after which the two of them had vanished. As for the other, she was temporarily sealed in place by the three Doyens.

Paragon Sea Dream and the Paragon puppet were currently fighting a desperate battle with the large-headed cultivator.

Meng Hao's appearance on the scene changed things once again. He stopped the advance of the Outsider army, and yet simultaneously, was now facing the charge of the more than ten recently arrived powerful experts, some of whom were giants.

As Meng Hao began to fight them, the army itself once again began to march into the Eighth Sea. Before long, the sea itself was vanquished, and the army proceed onward toward the Eighth Mountain.

It was at this point that a light sigh suddenly rang out, and someone flew out from the Ninth Mountain and Sea to appear in front of the Outsider army. Shockingly, behind this person could be seen an illusory world, almost as if he had come from within that world itself.

“I’ve come to help, little brother,” said an ancient voice, filled with warmth and kindness. This person was a young man, whose expression was that of extreme loneliness. It was as if he should never have appeared in this day and age, and yet, here he was.

It was none other than... Ke Jiushi!!

He had come from the Ancient Demon Immortal Sect, which had long since faded away into history, to appear on this battlefield. As soon as he appeared, another sigh could be heard from the illusory world behind him. That sigh came from... true spirit Night!

As the sigh echoed out, Night apparently opened his eyes within that illusory world. In that very instant, fully a million Outsiders suddenly vanished. When they reappeared, they were in an era of time that no one could see. They were back in the Ancient Demon Immortal Sect, during its most flourishing and golden era. Instantly, fighting broke out!!

Ke Jiushi was not the only person to appear at this critical moment in the battle. A Daoist couple suddenly flew out from the Ninth Mountain and Sea. Behind the woman were countless cultivators who had blank expressions on their faces, and yet seemed filled with madness and insanity. As for the man, every step he took caused freezing ice to spread out through the starry sky. It was as if he was walking upon frost soil!

These two were none other than... Frost Soil Demon Emperor Han Shan and his wife!!

“Meng Hao, young friend, I’ve come.” Han Shan’s appearance on the scene caused ice to spread throughout all Heaven and Earth.

Although his cultivation base was not very high, his debut filled the cultivators of the Mountain and Sea Realm with a new desire to fight, with new braveness. After Han Shan, Lord Ji appeared, as did Grandpa Meng.

Then came the experts of the Fang Clan.

All of the various sects from the Ninth Mountain and Sea joined in. Meng Hao even saw Fatty. Although he was obviously frightened, he instantly flew into battle with the Outsiders. And then there was Meng Hao's Master... Pill Demon, who also began to fight in this final battle with the Outsiders.

There were many familiar faces who all came to the Eighth Mountain to fight....

The Eighth Mountain was the battlefield, and it was filled with Outsiders and Mountain and Sea cultivators. Bitter and deadly fighting caused rumbling explosions to echo out constantly. Faced against such an endless sea of Outsiders, everyone put everything on the line to fight.

Meng Hao was shaken, but there was no time to ponder his apprehensions. He was incapable of going to personally help the people that he knew, and was instead forced to fight these powerful experts who were clearly not from the 33 Heavens. Their divine abilities and techniques were things that he had never seen before.

That was especially true of the giants, whose formidable fleshly body power was absolutely terrifying.

Booms rang out, and people were dying left and right. Meng Hao's eyes were bloodshot as he called upon the full level of his cultivation base to levy one deadly attack after another. He used the Mountain Consuming Incantation to summon numerous mountains, and he transformed into an azure roc, with infinitely sharp talons.

The Blood Demon appeared, roaring, and the Paragon Bridge descended to crush all. Meng Hao was almost like a phantom who flickered back and forth to fight more than ten enemies at once.

A boom rang out as one of the giants coughed up blood. A look of disbelief could be seen on his face as his chest caved in under one of Meng Hao's fist strikes. His heart was shattered, and blood sprayed out everywhere, completely soaking Meng Hao.

“God blood? Not very pure, but good nonetheless.” Sensing the extraordinary nature of the God blood, Meng Hao flickered into motion, once again leaping into the fighting. Spitting some blood out of his mouth, he faced off against the dozen or so enemies and then began to laugh heartily. Waving his hand, he summoned the copper mirror, which transformed into the Battle Weapon. Then the meat jelly flew out and became a suit of armor.

“Alright, bring it on!” Meng Hao roared, laughing madly, a ferocious expression on his face. His friends and family were all fighting bitterly, how could he not stand by their side!?

Off in the distance, the Three Great Daoist Societies were fighting with all the power they could muster. The boom of self-detonation occasionally rang out, as the Mountain and Sea Realm fought with utter madness. By now, they had fought the Outsider army to a standstill, and were no longer suffering successive defeats.

The Outsiders were finally facing the true madness of the Mountain and Sea Realm!

Suddenly, a voice rang out from the collapsed ruins of the Sixth Mountain. “This is all useless. This time, you people will be completely wiped out!”

It was none other than the female Paragon. By now, the three Doyens who surrounded her were withering away into skin and bones. However, they still held on. It was at this point that their disciples flew toward them, sitting down behind them cross-legged to support them with their own longevity!

“How long can you keep me pinned down?” the Paragon asked. “Your three classic scriptures are extraordinary. Paramount Daoist scriptures from the Paragon Immortal Realm. Unfortunately, your cultivation bases are not at the Paragon level. Therefore, how could you possibly keep me sealed for any length of time? In fact, are you even capable of holding on right now? The moment that I’m free, is the moment that the Mountain and Sea Realm... will face complete and utter destruction!”