

The Heavens 671

Chapter 671: Cooperation

After a few breaths of time, a look of determination filled the eyes of Saint Sun Soul. He lifted up the glass of alcohol and then tossed it down his throat.

After it went down, his body suddenly started shaking, and veins bulged out on his face. A pained expression appeared but he doggedly endured, raising his hand to rotate the full power of his Cultivation base. His wife's face flickered, and she was about to rise to her feet when Saint Sun Soul stopped her with a look.

He panted for the space of about ten breaths, then suddenly pointed out with his right index finger. A blue aura appeared, filled with an intense sharpness. It shot out through the wall of the tower, after which, a monstrous Sword Qi sped off over the horizon.

Saint Sun Soul breathed deeply, and his face was pale white. He looked over at Meng Hao.

“Does everyone in your hometown drink this type of alcohol?”

His expression the same as ever, Meng Hao lifted up the bronze alcohol flagon and took a long drink, all the while staring Saint Sun Soul in the eye.

Saint Sun Soul's face twitched again. He watched as Meng Hao had no reaction whatsoever to the alcohol, and in fact, even took another drink. He sighed.

“In all the years I've practiced Cultivation, this is the first time someone has ever threatened me with some alcohol.”

“How could treating you to some alcohol be a threat?” asked Meng Hao, sounding a bit hurt. “In my hometown, everyone really does drink this. It's just that when I left, I was in a bit of a hurry, so I didn't bring very much with me. Next time, I'll make sure to bring you a bit more.”

Saint Sun Soul sat there quietly. He wasn't quite sure what to make of Meng Hao's arrival. The Sword Qi in the alcohol was very strong, and moments ago he had actually been rocked both

physically and mentally. Then he saw Meng Hao drink it without any reaction at all. He couldn't help but think that Meng Hao was even more mysterious than he had seemed at first.

"He can attract Sea Demons to the point of driving them crazy," he thought. "He has this strange sword alcohol and a shocking fleshly body, and even canceled out my freezing Qi.... On top of that he's also a Time Cultivator. So... why exactly is he here?" He lifted up the glass with the freezing alcohol and took a drink.

"Why don't you exchange your Demon hearts with the Sun Soul Society? The exchange rate won't be incredibly high, but neither will it be very low."

Meng Hao looked back silently at Saint Sun Soul for a moment. Then he asked, "Why do the three Sects value Demon hearts so much?"

"Generally speaking, that is a secret," replied Saint Sun Soul coolly. "However, considering the level of your Cultivation base, you'll figure it eventually on your own."

"The history of the three Sects go back a long way," he continued. "As for how long exactly, even I'm not too sure. I only know that the first generation of Patriarchs of the Sects jointly summoned the Stormwind Divide. After that, this area was sealed off all the way down until this day."

"As to whether those Patriarchs are still alive or dead, nobody knows. However, they left behind a legacy treasure that requires Demon hearts to ensure that it will continue to exist. Furthermore, the cultivation techniques of the Cultivators of the three Sects are different from that of outsiders. To us, Spirit Stones are only moderately effective. Demon hearts, on the other hand, are a different story."

"Furthermore, and most importantly, every rotation of the great spell formation that protects the three Sects requires a shocking amount of Demon hearts. Without the Demon hearts, it can't be operated."

Having heard all of this, Meng Hao chuckled a bit. "I suppose there is another reason, isn't there?"

"Yes, but I can't tell you," replied Saint Sun Soul, staring at Meng Hao.

"It has something to do with the yellow springs Underworld Ship in the Stormwind Divide," said Meng Hao, smiling and eyes glittering.

Saint Sun Soul looked back at him expressionlessly. “There’s no need for you to probe for information. That matter is a secret of the three Sects, which cannot be told to outsiders. However, you know of the yellow springs Underworld Ship.... That’s a bit unexpected.”

Although his tone of voice was the same as ever, inwardly, Saint Sun Soul was shocked to hear Meng Hao mention the yellow springs Underworld Ship. Yet again, he found himself more in awe.

It was at this point that a jade slip suddenly began to glow inside Saint Sun Soul’s bag of holding. He took it out and looked it over, then placed it down onto the table.

“If you don’t want to tell me, then forget about the matter,” said Meng Hao, giving up on his efforts to probe for information. “As for the Demon hearts... as long as you give me a huge enough quantity of Spirit Stones, then of course I’ll exchange them with you!” He pulled out a bag of holding, which he loosened and then placed on the table.

Glancing at the jade slip on the table in front of Saint Sun Soul, Meng Hao smiled and said, “You most likely know exactly how many Demon hearts are inside. Name a price.”

“5,000,000,000 low-grade Spirit Stones,” replied Saint Sun Soul. He waved his hand, causing a ring to fly out which Meng Hao then snatched.

He scanned it with Divine Sense, whereupon he saw that the inside of the ring was densely packed with a vast quantity of Spirit Stones!

They were not low-grade, nor even mid-grade. No, all were high-grade Spirit Stones!

Meng Hao’s pupils constricted. According to his understanding, even great Sects and Clans would have a hard time accumulating so many high-grade Spirit Stones. And yet Saint Sun Soul’s attitude was... relatively cavalier.

Meng Hao muttered to himself inwardly about how this cold-faced man turned out to be the truly rich one. However, he still couldn’t wrap his mind about why the trifling Sun Soul Society would have so many Spirit Stones.

His eyes flickered as all of a sudden, he thought about Demon hearts.

“Could it be that there is something about the Demon hearts themselves that cause the Sun Soul Society to be so rich?” he thought.

“Our transaction is complete, you can take your leave now.” Saint Sun Soul closed his eyes and paid no more attention to Meng Hao, as if even looking at him caused him to feel somewhat annoyed.

Meng Hao smiled, clasped the ring in hand as he stood up and prepared to leave. However, after taking only two steps, he suddenly stopped and looked back.

“Considering how many Spirit Stones your Sun Soul Society has,” he said, “perhaps you would be interested in forming a cooperation.”

Saint Sun Soul opened his eyes and looked at Meng Hao.

“What sort of cooperation?”

“The two of us join forces to kill Sea Demons. I’ll help you to draw them out.”

Saint Sun Soul’s eyes glittered, and after a moment of silence, he said, “What’s the split?”

“For every ten we acquire, you keep nine and I keep one. Furthermore, when it comes to exchanging the Demon hearts for Spirit Stones, I’ll give you a ten percent discount!”

“Fifty percent!” retorted Saint Sun Soul.

“No way,” said Meng Hao, shaking his head. “It’s not easy to attract the Sea Demons, and that’s my responsibility. It’s just that with your help things will go a bit faster. Also, the Third Ring belongs to your three Sects. If it weren’t for that, I could just do it all myself.”

“Oh, so you do know what it means to be in the Third Ring after all!” shot back Saint Sun Soul. The two of them continued to negotiate the terms of their cooperation. Off to the side, Saint Sun Soul’s beautiful wife covered her smile with her hand as she watched on. She hadn’t heard Saint Sun Soul speak so much in years.

She understood her husband well. He seemed cold on the outside, but he viewed the people he approved of as close friends. As for the people he didn't approve of, even people who were incredibly powerful, they would not hear more than three sentences come out of his mouth.

She could see that although her husband and Meng Hao didn't seem to get along, in truth, they both admired each other.

Meng Hao slapped his hand down onto the table, causing the jade slip to fly up into the air. "You listen to me, swindler, I've been going easy on you so far, don't make me get serious! You've tasted my hometown alcohol, so you know that a fifty percent discount is not going to happen!"

Saint Sun Soul gave a cold snort. "For hundreds of years in the Third Ring, the Saints have controlled everything! Without my permission, will you be killing any Demons at all?"

The two of them faced off angrily. Smiling, Saint Sun Soul's wife rose to her feet to refill their glasses of alcohol. Her voice soft, she said, "There's no need to act like this, you two. Instead of sticking to fifty percent or ten percent, why don't you both back down a bit and settle on thirty percent?"

Meng Hao thought for a moment and then nodded in agreement. "Fine, thirty percent it is!" After all, this was the Third Ring, and when it came to Saint Sun Soul, unless he used some of his trump cards, he wouldn't quite be a match. Although the two of them didn't quite know how to deal with the other, Meng Hao couldn't help but think about how annoying it was to try to earn his Spirit Stones only to be interfered with by other random people.

Saint Sun Soul hesitated for a moment and then nodded.

Meng Hao rose to his feet, "Alright, swindler. Since we're in agreement, then we'll head out in a few days."

"I'm a Saint and my name is Lin Tao!" said Saint Sun Soul through gritted teeth.

"Thanks for telling me, swindler," replied Meng Hao, flicking his sleeve and preparing to leave.

It was at this point that Saint Sun Soul's eyes flickered, and he suddenly swept his sleeve across the jade slip sitting on the table, sending it flying toward Meng Hao. Meng Hao turned and grabbed it, then looked at Saint Sun Soul.

“Saint Flying Immortal and Saint Sea Divinity sent me some news. Take a look.” He took another drink of alcohol, then closed his eyes and said nothing further.

A serious expression on his face, Meng Hao sent his Divine Sense into the jade slip. After looking at the information therein, a tremor ran through him. According to the jade slip, Saint Flying Immortal and Saint Sea Divinity were currently on their way to the Third Ring, along with seventy thousand of their disciples.

In addition to that information, there was also a picture of Meng Hao, as well as an message to Saint Sun Soul, inviting him to join in the search.

Finally, there was a message indicating that the 10th Wang Clan Patriarch was coming personally to meet with Saint Sun Soul to explain the rewards he would receive for participating in the search.

Meng Hao's face was expressionless as he tossed the jade slip back, where it hovered in the air in front of Saint Sun Soul.

Saint Sun Soul took and put it away, then coolly said, “Han Feng.”

As soon as the words left his mouth, Han Feng teleported into the room to stand in front of Saint Sun Soul. He clasped hands and bowed.

His voice calm, Saint Sun Soul said, “Go out into Seahold and get rid of any information about Master's friend here. It doesn't matter how many people saw him or had dealings with him, go take care of everything. Spare no cost.

“That includes people who have left the city in the past few days. Clean it all up.”

Han Feng gaped for a moment, then bowed his head and voiced his assent. He glanced over at Meng Hao and then turned and left.

Meng Hao's eyes glittered as he watched these things happen, but he didn't speak.

“Saint Flying Immortal and Saint Sea Divinity are passing through the Stormwind Divide. Given the speed they can attain, it will take them two months to get here. As for that 10th Wang Clan Patriarch, even if he does have a Dao Seeking Cultivation base, it will also take him about two months.

“I will agree with the requests of the other Saints, as well as of the 10th Wang Clan Patriarch. That way, it will be much harder for traces of your passage to be picked up in my territory.”

Meng Hao was silent for a moment before clasping hands and bowing. “Many thanks!”

“I’m not helping you, I’m helping our business,” replied Saint Sun Soul coolly. Then he cleared his throat and looked at Meng Hao. “Eighty percent discount!”

Meng Hao gritted his teeth. Although his expression was the same as usual, he glared at Saint Sun Soul, who was beaming in self-satisfaction. “Forty percent, that’s the most you’ll get!”

Chapter 672: Duplicating the Sword Tip!

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A short while later, Meng Hao left the tower, his face grim and unsightly. In the end, he had been conned by that swindler; they ended up agreeing to a fifty percent discount.

Meng Hao had always felt as if he lived a life in which he conned others. Rarely did others con him. He especially never imagined that he would be conned by such a solemn-looking, unprincipled swindler like Saint Sun Soul. The whole matter left him feeling extremely exasperated.

“I can’t believe that swindler conned me like he did....” sighed Meng Hao. Saint Sun Soul’s apprentice led him, not to the city area, but to a private villa nearby.

That was the arrangement set up by Saint Sun Soul. By staying in this private district belonging to the Sun Soul Society, contact with outsiders could be kept to a minimum, which would make it much easier to get rid of any traces of his presence.

When Wei Li saw the look on his face, she didn’t dare to speak. Every time she looked over, he seemed to have a different expression. Sometimes he gritted his teeth, sometimes he sighed, sometimes he seemed to be in indescribable pain.

“What’s wrong with him?” she thought in astonishment. What she didn’t know was that to Meng Hao... Spirit Stones had long since become his entire life! For someone to, in one blow, reduce the number of Spirit Stones he could earn, was like a knife stabbing through his heart.

After Meng Hao left the tower, Saint Sun Soul Lin Tao began to chuckle complacently. Feeling quite happy, he raised the alcohol glass to his lips and took a long drink.

His wife sat off to the side, shaking her head. She was also very happy, not because of how much her husband had managed to take advantage of Meng Hao, but rather, the fact that a friendship was slowly developing between the two of them.

Her husband had never had any friends, and she could sense how happy he actually was.

Later that night, Meng Hao sat cross-legged in his room, thinking over his current situation. He still felt a bit of pain in his heart; the feeling of turning from the con-man into the conned left him repeatedly sighing.

“Wang Clan Patriarch, you bastard. Just you wait and see!” Meng Hao had always felt himself to be quite a reasonable person. After thinking the matter over, therefore, he came to the conclusion that the one responsible for these crimes was actually the 10th Wang Clan Patriarch.

Gritting his teeth, Meng Hao probed his Cultivation base. Currently, only three majestic portions of Cultivation base power remained, and they were in the process of fusing.

“The more progress I make, the slower it goes,” he thought, retracting his Divine Sense. This was his path to Spirit Severing. Eventually the three portions would become two, and finally one. When that happened, he would be able to enter Spirit Severing.

“I wonder what I will Sever for the First Severing...?” He was a bit hesitant about this point. Despite having thought about the matter quite a bit recently, he still hadn’t received any sort of enlightenment. The entire matter was still somewhat blurry to him.

Lost in thought, he produced the ring of holding and looked over the Spirit Stones inside. When he saw them glittering and shining, it made him feel a little bit better.

“So, that bastardly Wang Clan Patriarch isn’t dead, and he’s working incredibly hard to track me down. It seems he really thinks he’s going to take my Dao foundation this time.” A cold glint appeared in Meng Hao’s eyes as he took out the Wooden Time Sword and the copper mirror, then began to make copies and refine them with further Time sealing marks.

“Just wait until I get a hundred Wooden Time Swords. They’ll make a huge formation that will give me the power to defend against even the Dao Seeking stage, at least to some extent!”

Now that his Spirit Stones had been completely replenished to the pinnacle, Meng Hao could immerse himself in duplication. Gradually, more and more Wooden Time Swords began to build up.

Several days later, he finally produced the one hundredth copy. All hundred of the swords contained eight sixty-year cycles of Time power.

He wanted to keep working, but there wasn’t enough time. His meeting with Saint Sun Soul was set for dawn of the following morning. He glanced over the one hundred Wooden Time Swords with their eight sixty-year cycles of Time power, and his eyes glittered. But then, he gritted his teeth and examined the vast quantities of Spirit Stones in his ring of holding.

“Spirit Stones are very, very, very important. However, if I die, they’ll end up belonging to someone else....” His eyes flickered, and he took out the Time Sword tip.

He stared at it for a moment and then began to breathe heavily.

“I don’t need many copies of this sword tip, only ten.... then, I can create the first form of the Lotus Sword Formation. The power of such a sword formation would be equivalent to 100,000 years of Time.” He looked at the sword tip, and then the ring of holding. Finally, he began to work with the copper mirror.

Before beginning to duplicate the sword tip, he braced himself mentally. He knew that once he started, he couldn’t stop until the duplication was complete. Therefore, he prepared to go all out. Spirit Stones began to pour into the copper mirror.

Ten Spirit Stones, one hundred Spirit Stones, one thousand Spirit Stones....

Meng Hao’s movements were somewhat wooden. He watched the accumulation of Spirit Stones in the ring of holding getting smaller and smaller. Two hours later, the copper mirror suddenly began

to emanate bright light in all directions. Meng Hao's eyes burned with passion as the mirror's pupil-like surface slowly seemed to turn into a watery film, from which two identical sword tips immediately appeared.

Meng Hao was panting as he picked them up. Then, he raised his head and started to laugh.

The power of Time within both sword tips was completely identical!

However, even as he laughed, he started to calculate how many Spirit Stones he had spent and he felt a sharp pain stabbing through his heart.

"I actually spent 1,000,000,000!!

"Dammit, it's ridiculously expensive!!" Pain filled him.

"Wang Clan Patriarch, you bastard, things aren't over between us!" His eyes were red and he felt deep pain, all of which transformed into rage toward the 10th Wang Clan Patriarch. Then, gritting his teeth, he began to make another duplicate.

With his original accumulation of 5,000,000,000 Spirit Stones, Meng Hao was only able to copy four Time Sword tips. Including the original, he now had five. As for the remaining Spirit Stones, he used them to duplicate medicinal pills, Wooden Time Swords and other miscellaneous objects.

Eventually, he was absolutely and completely equipped for battle. However, his bag of holding was virtually empty. The ring of holding was also empty. To Meng Hao, even though it was early morning and the sun was shining brightly in the sky, everything seemed dark.

The night before, he had been unbelievably wealthy. The next morning, he was back to normal. Other than smiling bitterly, the only thing Meng Hao could do was... well, smile bitterly.

"Perhaps I'm just not destined to be rich.... To me, Spirit Stones are just something I need to copy magical items and other things. Besides, if I chose to cultivate the Nine Heavens Treasured Body Seal, which absorbs magical items into my body, then the Spirit Stone wastage would be virtually endless." He sighed. The Nine Heavens Treasured Body Seal was the Daoist magic he had acquired in the Demon Immortal Pagoda, the one that could be used to temper his fleshly body!

It was a Daoist magic that, even in the ancient Demon Immortal Sect, could be considered a famous Dao. In fact, the only reason it was ranked behind the art of Fleshly Sanctification was because the latter was a secret art. The Nine Heavens Treasured Body Seal required cultivation year in and year out, and the sealing technique was not difficult. However, the resources that ended up being wasted was something that most Sects could not afford.

The combination of both the Daoist magic and the secret art could be used to temper the body to an ultimate level. It was only by combining them that their true power could explode out.

“Fleshly Sanctification is a secret art, which means that it most assuredly has other functions. My Cultivation base just isn’t sufficient to invoke them.

“Cultivating the Nine Heavens Treasured Body Seal... is a shortcut to improving my fleshly body. For others, it would be too difficult. However, as long as I have enough Spirit Stones, there is no end to the number of magical items I can duplicate. Therefore, I could continue to cultivate the Nine Heavens Treasured Body Seal indefinitely.” Meng Hao sighed. The entire reason he hadn’t begun to practice the Nine Heavens Treasured Body Seal was because of not only matters of enlightenment, but, more importantly, the fact that he was poor....

“Spirit Stones. I need Spirit Stones!!”

Meng Hao’s eyes were red as he lifted up his head; his thirst for Spirit Stones had reached a pinnacle. His entire person radiated a somber aura as he flew out.

When Saint Sun Soul Lin Tao arrived and saw Meng Hao, he was instantly astonished.

“Who pissed you off?” he asked.

Meng Hao didn’t say anything, but the somber air grew even more obvious. His body flashed as he flew off into the distance. Saint Sun Soul followed, even more perplexed. The two of them moved at top speed, and within the blink of an eye, were gone from Seahold.

When they were quite some distance away from Seahold, Meng Hao stopped in mid-air and then glanced down at the sea.

“Alright, swindler, are you ready?” he said, looking over at Saint Sun Soul.

“You have no respect for your superiors,” replied Saint Sun Soul, frowning. “How old are you again? Come on, stop wasting time. Let’s get started.”

Meng Hao took a deep breath. Saying nothing further, he began to suppress his Cultivation base. As for the Resurrection Lily, it had become much more active after the encounter with the Dawn Immortal. As soon as it saw an opening, it made its appearance.

When the aura appeared, Saint Sun Soul’s eyes flickered and he backed up. He looked at Meng Hao suspiciously.

“That aura....” he thought. “It’s similar to that of the Sea Devils.... However, he’s clearly a Cultivator.” It was in that moment that the sea suddenly began to churn, and great waves began to roll across the various sea districts of the Third Ring. One Sea Demon after another trembled, then began to head toward Meng Hao, eyes red.

In the time it takes half an incense stick to burn, hundreds of Sea Demons were already in the area, closing in.

“No, it’s not a Sea Devil aura,” he thought. He could sense that something about it was different. “If the aura of a Sea Devil appeared, it would cause most Sea Demons to capitulate. But in this case, they are attacking him as if they are archenemies. It looks like they want to eat him even if they destroy themselves in the process.”

RUMBLE!

Hundreds of Sea Demons burst out of the water to savagely attack Meng Hao.

He gave a cold snort, then raised his right hand. Immediately, 10,000 magical symbols appeared to sweep about the area. Even as the booms rang out, thousands more Sea Demons appeared off in the distance.

“Not very many,” mocked Saint Sun Soul.

Meng Hao didn’t reply. He sank down to the bottom of the sea and allowed the aura of the Resurrection Lily to spread out even more. The entire sea trembled as if it were on fire.

Of course, that fire was none other than countless Sea Demons, burning their own life forces in exchange for shocking speed to rush toward the aura of the Resurrection Lily. In the blink of an eye, tens of thousands of Sea Demons appeared off in the distance. Even further off were hundreds of thousands, causing the sea to swell into towering waves.

In addition, there were seven or eight especially shocking roars that echoed out from over the horizon.

Face flickering, Saint Sun Soul sank down into the water, whereupon he saw Meng Hao surrounded by one hundred wooden swords, which were formed into ten shapes like lotuses. As they swirled around Meng Hao, it became clear that each of the flowers was actually a petal, all of which formed together... into an enormous spell formation that looked like a lotus!

The formation swept about for three hundred meters around Meng Hao, and any Sea Demons that got close withered up and disappeared. It was as if in the blink of an eye, they had passed through an entire life's worth of time.

In fact, even the water in the area seemed to show signs of wastage. Apparently there was nothing that could escape the power of Time!

The scene caused Saint Sun Soul's heart to tremble.

Chapter 673: The Call of the Dawn Immortal

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“Ten swords constitute a lotus,” thought Saint Sun Soul. “Ten lotuses constitute a formation!

“One hundred swords, and an enormous formation, all filled with the power of Time. When the power ripples out, nothing remains unwithered!

“Most intriguing of all is that every sword flower contains thousands of variations. When the ten lotuses turn into the massive formation, the variations increase exponentially. There must be tens of thousands of variations hidden within!

“Such a large formation requires a shocking level of Divine Sense to control. All of that, however... is merely secondary. Most importantly, the formation requires both a physical form and an internal spirit. His Lotus Sword Formation has both of those things!” Saint Sun Soul's mind trembled. He

already had a high opinion of Meng Hao, but now, he couldn't stop his pupils from constricting as he realized that he actually had underestimated him.

“So, it turns out that he was actually only using a portion of his power in our initial fight. If he used this sword formation, then even I... would have a hard time extricating myself from it!

“Time Cultivators are inherently rare, but he is even more shocking than I expected. And then there's that flagon of alcohol.... I think there's an eighty percent likelihood it really is from his hometown. The only problem is that I don't know where exactly that is!” Having personally witnessed the power of Meng Hao's sword formation, Saint Sun Soul was inwardly shaken. Currently, hundreds of thousands of Sea Demons were now rushing toward them.

In the blink of an eye, the sea was completely thrown into chaos. Roaring sounds echoed out as Meng Hao's sword formation rotated at an incredible speed.

Meng Hao was mentally calculating how many Demon hearts were building up with each Sea Demon he killed. Seeing Saint Sun Soul standing there in a daze, he couldn't help but get annoyed. “Hey, swindler! If you don't make a move soon then I won't even give you a thirty percent discount!”

Saint Sun Soul gave a snort and then waved his right hand. Instantly, 100,000 magical symbols flew out from his sleeve, swirling around to form into ten magical symbol beasts. They roared as they charged into the surrounding Sea Demons and began to slaughter them.

Now that Meng Hao and Saint Sun Soul were working together, the speed of the massacre increased rapidly. Without the stimulus provided by the Resurrection Lily, it would be impossible to kill so many Sea Demons in the Third Ring. Right now, the Sea Demons seemed to have lost any ability to reason and were filled with madness.

Blood dyed the sea red as the slaughter continued for approximately an hour, when suddenly four earth-shattering roars echoed out from the surrounding area.

It was at that point when, shockingly, four enormous Sea Demons with Whitebone Lilies on them approached, one from each direction.

One of the four Sea Demons was a huge jellyfish. Of the other three, one was a gigantic violet sea turtle, and the other two were sea dragons that looked completely identical.

As they neared, huge waves rolled out across the sea as the aura of Spirit Severing rippled out.

“Two for each of us, huh?” Meng Hao said as quickly as he could. “You want to have a little competition to see who can kill them faster? If I win, the discount will be ten percent. If you win, I’d be willing to set it at forty percent. What do you say?”

Saint Sun Soul blinked. He had never met someone so shameless. After directly refusing Meng Hao’s offer, he waved his sleeve, causing two illusory, glowing swords to appear in front of him. They scraped against each other, causing ghost images to appear. Hundreds of swords turned into a sword rain that shot toward the two sea dragons.

Seeing that Saint Sun Soul couldn’t be easily fooled, Meng Hao said nothing more. He turned back around and then performed an incantation gesture with his right hand. Immediately, five Time Sword tips flew out, shooting with incredible speed toward the gigantic violet sea turtle. At the same time, the Time Sword Formation vanished and then reappeared, surrounding the jellyfish.

Meng Hao was located in the middle of the two formations, surrounded by a tempest of 10,000 magical symbols.

“Attack!” he growled. Instantly... the five Time Sword tips circulating around the gigantic sea turtle began to rotate and emit a shocking power of Time. The gigantic sea turtle howled, and the Whitebone Lily on its back began to sway. It was about to rush forward, but when the aura of Time power entered it, it shuddered, and then a look of astonishment appeared on its face. Without any hesitation, it retracted its head into its shell to defend itself.

Unfortunately, nothing can remain unwithered under the power of Time!

Five sword tips emanated a power of Time exceeding 100,000 years. As the power circulated out, the body of the giant sea turtle rapidly withered. A bloodcurdling shriek could be heard, then a boom. A giant sea turtle which possessed the power of Spirit Severing was instantly turned into nothing but ash and smoke....

The speed and savagery of the kill caused even Meng Hao to suddenly focus in concentration. His eyes gleamed with a brilliant light.

“My Spirit Stones were not spent in vain!” he thought.

At the same time, the jellyfish was trapped in the Lotus Sword Formation. It struggled, but its body was beginning to wither. After the space of about ten breaths, a bang could be heard as the sword formation transformed it into nothing more than ash drifting about in the seawater.

By this point, Saint Sun Soul had only managed to kill one of the sea dragons. He jerked his head to look over his shoulder and saw the impressive power of Meng Hao's Time treasures. His pupils constricted, and suddenly he found Meng Hao to be even more profoundly enigmatic.

Time passed. Several hours later, they were still surrounded by densely packed groups of Sea Demons, who charged at them one after another. The seawater was stained red. Even Saint Sun Soul was shocked at the level of carnage.

However, as they continued to kill and kill, his excitement only grew greater. He even summoned the three swords of Seahold; wherever they passed, they left nothing but death in their wake.

In the end, Meng Hao actually didn't need to do anything. He just stood there, maintaining the circulation of the sword formation and the magical symbols. Saint Sun Soul was in a frenzy as he slaughtered the Sea Demons. It was almost like he had turned into a different person, flying back and forth and crying out at the top of his lungs.

"DIIIIEEEE!!!!" he shouted, laughing the entire time. Despite being under the water, his Cultivation base caused his muffled laughter to fill the entire area.

Meng Hao looked at blood-soaked Saint Soul Sun and thought. "In the future, I definitely shouldn't provoke this guy..." The man's formerly somber face was twisted ferociously, and his previous taciturn personality was now deranged with madness as he continued rant and rave.

"He's gone crazy..." thought Meng Hao, blinking. "Could it be that the little swindler has just repressed himself for too long?" The more he watched, the more he got the impression that Saint Sun Soul really was a bit crazy.

At some point the parrot appeared and perched on Meng Hao's shoulder. Its eyes went wide when it saw the slaughter being carried out by Saint Sun Soul. "He really has gone crazy..." it said.

The meat jelly was off to the side, nodding vigorously. "Don't offend that lunatic, Meng Hao. I've seen people like him before, and they're all psychos!"

“Why aren’t you out there collecting the Demon hearts!?” snapped Meng Hao. The parrot and the meat jelly, eyes glittering, immediately flew out and began to make their way back and forth across the seafloor to pick up the Demon hearts.

Saint Sun Soul saw this, but didn’t pay any heed. At the moment, he was happy to be killing things.

More time passed. Saint Sun Soul was thoroughly engrossed in the slaughter. He even employed a multitude of magical items, causing the sounds of explosions to fill the air. As for Meng Hao, he was even more idle than before. He finally just sat down cross-legged inside the spell formation and closed his eyes to meditate, focusing on fusing the three portions of Cultivation base power within him.

Time passed by. The slaughtering continued for four more hours. Saint Sun Soul’s voice was getting hoarse, and yet his desire to kill had not lessened, but rather, had increased.

After a while, Meng Hao opened his eyes. The seawater that surrounded them was now thoroughly red. After glancing at Saint Sun Soul, he closed his eyes again.

After enough time passed for an incense stick to burn, a tremor ran through him. He suddenly stood up and turned his head to look at the seafloor off in the distance. A feeling of imminent disaster suddenly washed over him.

At the same time, the Resurrection Lily sprang into action, and a feeling of excitement radiated out from it, as if it desired to burst out from inside. Such an omen filled Meng Hao’s mind with a roaring sound. He suddenly strode forward toward Saint Sun Soul and then waved his hand, causing the war chariot to appear.

“This is fun!” laughed Saint Sun Soul, his eyes completely bloodshot.

“Fun my ass,” Meng Hao immediately growled in exasperation. “Let’s go!” With that, he reached out to grab Saint Sun Soul. Saint Sun Soul’s eyes went wide, but he did nothing to stop Meng Hao, allowing himself to be pulled onto the war chariot.

RUMBLE!

The war chariot shot out, smashing into countless Sea Demons. After it broke through them and charged towards the water's surface, a sinister aura rose up from deep within the sea that caused Saint Sun Soul to feel incredibly cold.

A faint voice could suddenly be heard within the cold and sinister aura. "My son.... come back... come back...."

As the voice echoed out, a huge tentacle shot out from the depths of the sea, like an enormous black shadow. In the blink of an eye, it was upon them.

It moved with such incredible speed that it seemed to be on the verge of wrapping around Meng Hao's war chariot. Meng Hao's eyes instantly went bloodshot. As fast as possible, he circulated the little bit that remained of the Qi of Immortal Shows the Way.

The power of the Qi caused Saint Sun Soul's eyes to go wide. Then he looked back at the enormous tentacle, and his scalp went numb. However, at the same time, an even stronger desire to go to battle welled up within him.

He waved his right hand, causing the three swords that circulated around him to shoot toward the tentacle.

Meng Hao looked up, and his eyes flickered with killing intent. He also waved his right hand, causing five Time Sword tips and the one hundred sword Lotus Sword Formation to appear and follow the three swords.

A huge boom could be heard. Blood sprayed from the mouths of both Saint Sun Soul and Meng Hao. However, the combined power of the two, and their shocking magical items, caused the tentacle to suddenly pause.

Even in the instant in which they called back their magical items, the war chariot started to move. It shot out of the ocean at incredible speed, and then vanished.

The Resurrection Lily branch exploded out from the red seawater, but then slowly descended back down. Red waves spread out for a while, but then the water grew calm again.

Far away, closer to Seahold, a swishing sound could be heard as the war chariot suddenly appeared. Meng Hao's face was pale, as was Saint Sun Soul. The two of them exchanged a glance.

“Dammit, what the hell was that?!” said Saint Sun Soul through clenched teeth. “And how did you manage to attract its attention? You’re simply too adept at causing trouble. First there’s the 10th Wang Clan Patriarch, and now that damned thing!?”

Meng Hao didn’t hesitate at all in responding, “I seem to remember you saying something about you controlling everything in the Third Ring. If you don’t know what it is, then how do you expect me to know?!”

The two snorted and then stared at each other angrily. For a moment, neither spoke.

Finally, Saint Sun Soul said, “How many Demon hearts did we get?”

Meng Hao did some calculations, and then his eyes began to shine. “About twice as many as last time,” he said.

When Saint Sun Soul heard this, he instantly smiled. “Let’s go back to Seahold and rest for a few days, then we’ll do it again, alright?”

Chapter 674: The Wang Patriarch Cometh

Saint Sun Soul watched enviously as Meng Hao put away the war chariot. After holding back for a long moment, he finally said, “That treasure of yours is pretty nice, want to sell it?”

“NO,” replied Meng Hao without hesitation.

“Fine, forget about it!” replied Saint Sun Soul with a cold harrumph. “Crappy thing. I wouldn’t take it if you gave it to me for free.”

“If you give me one for free, I’ll take it,” said Meng Hao, blinking.

“Screw off!” replied Saint Sun Soul angrily.

“Look, swindler, the Demon hearts are all in my bag of holding. Say ‘screw off’ one more time and see what happens!” A bright gleam appeared in his eyes, as if he looked forward to finally be on his own again.

Saint Sun Soul opened his mouth, but struggled to control himself and didn't say anything in response.

A long moment passed, and when he finally did speak again, he changed the subject. "Alright, no screwing around. What was that thing back there?"

"A damnable, accursed Resurrection Lily," replied Meng Hao frankly. "Assumably, it resides in the Second Ring."

"Resurrection Lily!" Saint Sun Soul's eyes narrowed and flickered.

Shortly thereafter, the two arrived back at Seahold, undetected. Back in the tower, they divided their spoils. Although Meng Hao frequently conned people, when he gave his word, he would never go back on it. Therefore, he wouldn't be secretly stingy. Although he was responsible for collecting the Demon hearts, he didn't hold even a single one back.

According to their previous agreement, Meng Hao got ten percent of the Demon hearts and the rest he sold to Saint Sun Soul at a fifty percent discount. A vast amount of Spirit Stones poured into his bag of holding. Meng Hao once again was struck with the realization that Saint Sun Soul... was filthy rich!

As he left the tower with his Spirit Stones, Meng Hao once again adopted Steward Zhou's manner of carrying himself. He returned to his own residence, then gritted his teeth for a long moment. Then he considered how incredible the Time Sword tip was, and finally pulled out the copper mirror to make a duplicate.

This time, he made five in one go. Altogether, he now had ten Time Sword tips, which meant that he could utilize the first form of the Lotus Sword Formation!

Now that the form was complete, its power was increased exponentially. Meng Hao sent the formation flying back and forth a bit, his expression one of excitement.

Then he retrieved his Wooden Time Swords and began to imbue them with more Time power.

Several days later, he and Saint Sun Soul once again snuck off to a distant area of the Third Ring and used the same method as before to slaughter Sea Demons. They worked together even better this time. Saint Sun Soul grew more and more excited at the killing, and Meng Hao sat there with eyes closed in meditation, remaining on guard against the Dawn Immortal.

A month passed by, during which time the two of them ran amok in the Third Ring. Other Cultivators in the Third Ring were shocked to suddenly find that there were virtually no Sea Demons around.

Furthermore, the Third Ring was so often filled with enormous waves that it made it impossible to go out.

Of course, the profits made by Meng Hao and Saint Sun Soul Li Tao were incredible. In addition, Meng Hao's Cultivation base had now been reduced from three portions to two.

The day that he could perform his Spirit Severing was just around the corner.

Furthermore, the one hundred Wooden Time Swords in his Time Sword Formation were now filled with ten sixty-year cycles. When the formation was unleashed, its power was incredible. Of course, his most deadly killing move was the ten Time Sword tips.

Even alone, they were enough to shock Saint Sun Soul. However, if he combined them with the Time Sword Formation, making them the nucleus of the lotus, then Sword Qi would fill the surrounding thousand meter area of Seahold.

Meng Hao also purchased a large amount of self-detonating magical items from Saint Sun Soul. Such items were now piled up like a mountain inside his bag of holding.

He was now armed to the teeth, and his overall strength was far more than before.

They didn't encounter the Dawn Immortal again, although Meng Hao's vigilance in keeping guard never lessened.

Currently, Meng Hao sat cross-legged within the spell formation. Countless Sea Demons filled the area around them, and Saint Sun Soul was engaged in slaughter. "Just how many Sea Demons are there in the Third Ring?" asked Meng Hao. "We've killed so many, and yet every time there are still tons of them."

Saint Sun Soul killed eight Sea Demons with a sweep of his sword and then looked back at Meng Hao. “They’re endless. Actually, there was once a legend floating around the three Sects that three Star Portals exist underneath the Milky Way Sea!

“Supposedly, the Star Portals connect to the Ninth Sea, and that’s where most of the Sea Demons come from. Of course, the Star Portals have limitations preventing any incredibly powerful Sea Demons from entering.”

A month before, Saint Sun Soul would never have told Meng Hao about the Star Portals. However, they had been working together for a whole month now, and despite their daily bickering, their bond of friendship had actually grown stronger.

“Three Star Portals?” said Meng Hao, staring in shock.

“One in the Third Ring, another in the Second Ring, and a third in the Inner Ring!” replied Saint Sun Soul.

Meng Hao sat there thoughtfully for a moment, and was just about to ask some more questions when suddenly, he sensed a cold, evil aura. Without hesitation, he rose to his feet and started walking forward, pulling out the war chariot at the same time.

When Saint Sun Soul saw this, his face flickered and he instantly headed toward Meng Hao, who grabbed him and pulled him into the war chariot.

Meng Hao was about to send the war chariot flying off, but then, his eyes flickered. He had just noticed that the reaction of the Resurrection Lily inside of him was strangely different this time.

It did not seem active and excited like before. Rather... it was trembling, as if it were terrified. It was almost like it had run into something it considered deadly; it even began to retract its own aura, not letting a scrap of it emanate out.

Meng Hao made a light “eee?” sound, and then spurred the war chariot into movement. It was in that moment that he suddenly heard an ancient voice in his ear.

“The day the Resurrection Lily blooms in seven colors, the flower blooms, Immortal Ascension, one thousand years....

“Immortal Ascension failed, and a Whitebone Lily appeared....”

When he heard the voice, Meng Hao’s mind trembled. The Resurrection Lily inside of him trembled even more violently. At the same time, the war chariot shot up out of the sea and then flew at top speed through mid-air.

“I was unable to sever the Resurrection Lily,” continued the voice, “so I could only sever myself.... From then on, the Resurrection Lily was no more, and the Whitebone Lilies bloomed from shore to shore”

Meng Hao took a deep breath and then looked down at the sea beneath him. Then the war chariot split the air as it vanished off into the distance.

When it reappeared outside of Seahold, Saint Sun Soul’s face was a bit unsightly. He had been in charge of the city for many years, besides which, the three Sects called themselves the Lords of the Milky Way Sea. However, in recent days he had come to the realization that there were secrets lurking in the depths of the water that even he wasn’t aware of.

The voice which Meng Hao had heard just now, he had also heard. Furthermore, every time he and Meng Hao came back from their journeys, he had gone to search through the ancient records. Gradually, he had come to an understanding of the Resurrection Lily.

Meng Hao and Saint Sun Soul were silent as they returned to the tower, where they sat down cross-legged on either side of a table.

After a moment of silence, Saint Sun Soul looked at Meng Hao. “That Resurrection Lily has most likely been here for many years, but has never made an appearance. Why would it suddenly emerge after you show up?”

“Because I have a Resurrection Lily inside of me,” replied Meng Hao coolly. He tossed a bag of holding filled with Demon hearts over to Saint Sun Soul.

Saint Sun Soul’s pupils constricted. Meng Hao’s answer to his question was a conclusion he had already speculated about.

A long moment passed, after which Saint Sun Soul took the Demon hearts and then produced Spirit Stones to give to Meng Hao.

He was just about to say something else when a jade slip began to glow inside his bag of holding. He took it out immediately and glanced it over, then frowned. He looked up at Meng Hao.

“Saint Flying Immortal, Saint Sea Divinity, the seventy thousand disciples... even the 10th Wang Clan Patriarch are all emerging from the Stormwind Divide and are on their way here!”

Moments ago, countless ships had begun to emerge from the Stormwind Divide that separated the Third and Fourth Rings. Sitting cross-legged atop the ships were crowds of Cultivators. Rumbling sounds filled the air.

They were densely packed together, and from a distance their numbers almost seemed endless.

Flying in mid-air were two middle-aged men. One wore a blue robe, the other, a white one. Their auras were bright, and their Cultivation bases were shocking enough to fill the sky with a riot of colors. Next to the two flew an old man.

That old man was none other than the 10th Wang Clan Patriarch.

As soon as they emerged, they contacted Saint Sun Soul, and then began to speed toward Seahold. Behind them, seventy thousand disciples charged along, blotting out the sky.

Back in Seahold, Meng Hao’s expression was the same as ever as he listened to Saint Sun Soul. However, deep in his eyes, a bright glow appeared. He stood up.

Saint Sun Soul muttered to himself for a moment then waved his right hand, causing a jade slip to fly out, which Meng Hao grabbed.

“I’ll do my best to help you,” said Saint Sun Soul. “This jade slip describes an area controlled by the Sun Soul Society. You can hide there temporarily with no problems. After everyone heads out to start searching for you, I’ll arrange for someone to get you out of the Third Ring.

“That will make it harder for them to track you down.”

Meng Hao looked at the jade slip, then turned to leave without saying another word. Saint Sun Soul looked at his retreating figure, a complicated expression on his face.

Just as he was about to step foot out of the tower, Meng Hao stopped.

He had suddenly thought of a question he had been contemplating for over a month. “There’s something I’ve been wondering about for a while. Is it just the Sun Soul Society that has such a shocking amount of Spirit Stones, or is it all of the three Sects?”

Saint Sun Soul gave a faint smile.

“Are you aware of what exists in the Stormwind Divide? A quarry. Inside that quarry are three astonishing veins of Spirit Stone deposits. The Sun Soul Society... doesn’t care at all about Spirit Stones!”

“That make sense,” said Meng Hao. “But, would it be possible for you to tell me why you buy so many Demon hearts? What do they do?”

This time, Saint Sun Soul hesitated for a long moment. He didn’t really need to answer the question, but after looking at Meng Hao for a long moment, he finally said, “Demon hearts have a far more important function. Actually, it would be best for you not to sell the Demon hearts that remain in your bag of holding. As for what exactly they do, even my understanding is incomplete. However, I can tell you that seventy percent of the Demon hearts collected by the three Sects... end up being sent away from the lands of South Heaven. We use a special method to deliver them to a Sect in the stars who specially collects them.

“The price we purchase them for... is actually far lower than the price we sell them for.”

Meng Hao nodded, and then his body flickered as he left the tower. Before departing, he found Wei Li and gave her a large sum of Spirit Stones. Then he took out the war chariot and disappeared over the horizon.

Not too long after Meng Hao left, the 10th Wang Clan Patriarch arrived, along with Saint Flying Immortal and Saint Sea Divinity. They moved with incredible speed; in one breath, they were far off in the distance, in the next breath, they were in Seahold.

Saint Sun Soul strode out from within the tower, his expression cold. He now looked exactly the same as he had when Meng Hao first met him as he glanced over the three approaching Cultivators.

Chapter 675: Reverend Silverlamp!

[/expand]

The next day, something completely shocking rocked the Third Ring. 100,000 disciples from the three Sects left Seahold to spread out throughout the entire Third Ring. Each one held a jade slip within which was the picture a person for whom they searched!

The entire Third Ring was shaken by the event. Even the Three Saints emerged to join the rigorous search. If that were all, it might not be a big deal. However, the next thing that happened was that notices appeared in all the shops of Seahold, offering valuable treasures to any Cultivator who joined the search.

Thus, Cultivators could be found virtually everywhere, searching on the surface of the sea. The Third Ring was in a state of complete lockdown.

The 10th Wang Clan Patriarch stayed in Seahold. He had divided his Divine Sense up into countless strands which were imbued into the jade slips. If anyone even got near Meng Hao, he would instantly be able to sense it.

The 10th Wang Clan Patriarch was even prepared for the possibility that Meng Hao had changed his appearance and aura. He would rather kill the wrong person by mistake than let Meng Hao escape.

Even as the Third Ring boiled into a frenzy, Meng Hao sat cross-legged on an island, his face grim. In his hand was the jade slip that Saint Sun Soul had given him.

“I don’t want to put someone else’s loyalty to the test,” he murmured softly, “nor do I want to place my hope in the hands of others.” He crushed the jade slip, then stood up and flew down into the sea. Since he couldn’t hide on the surface of the sea, then he would conceal himself in its depths.

In the moment that the jade slip was crushed, Saint Sun Soul was flying along in mid-air. He suddenly stopped in place, then smiled broadly. He understood Meng Hao’s decision, and that was because... he had been waiting to make his own decision.

“This way works, too,” he thought. “I have one more friend and one less enemy.” He sighed inwardly, thinking back to everything that had happened in the past month, and all of their battles with the Sea Demons.

At the same time, Meng Hao sped along at the bottom of the sea. The aura of the Resurrection Lily was completely suppressed, with not a bit emanating out. Occasionally he would look around the area; if anything abnormal appeared, he was ready to take out the war chariot the instant anything abnormal appeared.

“To leave the Third Ring would require passing through the Stormwind Divide. However, the 10th Wang Clan Patriarch is no doubt prepared for that. Going to the Stormwind Divide would be casting myself into his net.

“However, I definitely can’t stay in the Third Ring. If I do, then I’ll definitely be found eventually, and then....” His eyes flickered.

“But the Second Ring... is where the Dawn Immortal lurks.” He thought silently for a moment.

“A fiend up ahead, and an army chasing from behind. Ah, who cares!” His eyes shone with a cold gleam.

“In life, one can only hope to have freedom and independence; in life, one can only seek his own happiness! I knew all along that the 10th Wang Clan Patriarch would be coming. Therefore, what’s the point in hesitating?

“My only option is the Second Ring. That’s where the Dawn Immortal lurks, and that’s where I’ll lure the 10th Wang Clan Patriarch. It is only within ultimate danger that I can go all out to snatch a chance to survive!

“Although, for the Flying Immortal Sect and the Sea Divinity Sect to choose to help the Wang Clan Patriarch so quickly indicates that the compensation they were offered was incredible!” Killing intent flickered in his eyes. He had already had enough of hiding and fleeing.

After returning from the Demon Immortal Sect, all he had done was flee nonstop. The resentment and desire to kill had reached a peak of intensity. It was something that killing no amount of Sea Demons could resolve. He needed to kill... people!

“First sow chaos in the Third Ring, then lure the 10th Wang Clan Patriarch to me. After that... determine victory or defeat in the Second Ring!” Meng Hao was just about to carry out his plan when suddenly, he stopped in mid-stride.

A sinister, vicious aura was once again approaching him. Yet again, the Resurrection Lily was nervous and trembling with terror.

The terror of the Resurrection Lily shook Meng Hao; he took out the war chariot, but didn't immediately spur it into action. Instead, he looked down toward the bottom of the sea.

This place was actually the same location where he had heard the voice last time.

The same ancient voice once again spoke, shattering the stillness. “Immortal Ascension failed, and a Whitebone Lily appeared....”

“I was unable to sever the Resurrection Lily, so I could only sever myself.... From then on, the Resurrection Lily was no more, and the Whitebone Lilies bloomed from shore to shore....”

As he listened to the voice for a second time, Meng Hao could sense grief, indignation, and monstrous resentment in it. Others who heard the voice would be so terrified their hair would stand on end. Meng Hao, on the other hand, actually felt twinges of sympathy.

He stood there silently for a moment before determination shone in his eyes. He sent the war chariot forward in the direction of the voice. Not much time passed before Meng Hao caught sight of the nearby region on the seafloor that was the origin of the sinister and vicious voice.

It was an area filled with countless white bones. They were the bones of both Cultivators and Sea Demons, and seemed never-ending. From a distance, all of them seemed to form the shape of a lily.

A Whitebone Lily.

At the very center of the Whitebone Lily was a patch of black seaweed, within which was a skeleton, sitting there cross-legged. Its skin had long since rotted away, and it floated there gently amidst the seaweed, which curled and wrapped around it.

Meng Hao's mind trembled as he slowly neared. The closer he got, the more the Resurrection Lily trembled. In fact, it had even started to emit terrified shrieks inside of him. When he got within 300 meters of the Whitebone Lily, veins bulged out all over his body. A five-colored Resurrection Lily appeared behind him, and it appeared to be going mad.

In the exact instant in which the five-colored Resurrection Lily appeared, the skeleton swaying within the seaweed suddenly stopped moving. It looked up, staring at Meng Hao with its empty eye sockets.

Meng Hao's mind roared as what seemed to be memories from the corpse poured into him from the corpse's empty eye sockets.

He saw an old man wearing a long golden robe, sitting cross-legged at the bottom of the sea. In front of him was a silver-colored lamp that emanated a gentle glow. Even at the bottom of the sea, the lamp's flame could not be extinguished, and its light enveloped the old man.

The old man's face was twisted ferociously, and occasionally twitched as if he were struggling against something. It seemed that he was experiencing an indescribable pain. Veins bulged out on his face, and he suddenly lifted his head up and roared angrily.

"I am Reverend Silverlamp! I have practiced cultivation for a thousand years, and am at the peak of Dao Seeking! How could I possibly lose to a trifling Resurrection Lily!?!?"

"I clearly succeeded! I clearly expunged it! How could it have come back to life!?!?" As the man howled, an enormous illusory image appeared around him.

It was nearly a thousand meters tall, and shockingly, had six colors.... This was... a six-colored Resurrection Lily!!

When it appeared, the old man began to tremble, and his body started to wither. It was as if all of his life force, all of his Cultivation base, all of his memories, were all being sucked away by the Resurrection Lily.

"Immortal Ascension.... If the Resurrection Lily achieves Immortal Ascension, it sucks away the life force of the host. If I want to reach Immortal Ascension, then I must make use of the destiny of the Resurrection Lily!

“I will not yield!” As the old man howled, his eyes filled with hatred and determination.

“I shall reach Immortal Ascension!

“It is all for Immortal Ascension!

“I am destined to be Immortal, and I have my path to Immortality. I was an Immortal in my last life, how come... I cannot continue as an Immortal in this life?!?!

“If I cannot sever the Resurrection Lily, then I must sever myself! Sever my Immortal destiny, sever my path to Immortality! Use the cultivation of my past life to transform my resentment into a sea of white bones!

“Henceforth, my bones will float at the bottom of the Milky Way Sea, and my blood will stain the waters. I will use my bones to disperse the will of the Resurrection Lily, and cause countless Whitebone Lilies to bloom!” With that, the old man lifted his right hand and slapped his own chest. Blood sprayed from his mouth, and his body withered rapidly. However, his blood oozed out into the water, spreading out in the currents and attracting large numbers of Sea Demons.

“From this day on, my soul will become white bones, which will live as parasites in countless other life forms, and will be... the archfoe of the Resurrection Lily!” The old man began to laugh maniacally, and then once again spit out blood. His blood and even his flesh began to balloon outward, and at the same time, countless Sea Demons pounced on him.

The sounds of crunching and tearing could be heard, as if countless fangs and mouths were consuming the old man’s flesh and blood. Meng Hao couldn’t see the old man, but he could hear his voice, filled with enmity and hatred.

“Archfoes!!”

At the same time, the six-colored Resurrection Lily behind him began to wilt. It was one with the old man, so as the old man was consumed, it too was devoured. It struggled, but to no avail.

After a certain amount of time had passed, a rumbling boom echoed out and the Sea Demons were all driven away to reveal a white skeleton completely devoid of any flesh or blood. It slowly sank down into the seaweed below. The black seaweed encircled it, wrapped it up, and then it began to float there back and forth.

As for the Resurrection Lily, it had completely vanished. Everything in the area grew quiet. As for the Sea Demons that had consumed his flesh and blood, suddenly they began to explode. Their flesh and blood attracted more Sea Demons, which consumed the flesh and blood, and in turn, exploded.

The process repeated for a full sixty-year cycle. By this time, the Third Ring of the Milky Way Sea was filled with the aura of the old man's flesh and blood. Because of that aura, all of the Sea Demons in this part of the sea were branded with the Whitebone Lily.

Meng Hao's mind trembled as the vision faded away and everything returned to normal. He was still surrounded by countless white bones. The skeleton in the seaweed lowered its head and once again began to sway back and forth.

Meng Hao began to pant, and his face was ashen.

"The Resurrection Lily.... It seems I've underestimated it!

"That skeleton is Reverend Silverlamp. He once traveled to the Violet Fate Sect, and Master said that he helped him dispel the Resurrection Lily!

"And yet... in the end, he died here, perishing together along with the Resurrection Lily to become its archfoe, the Whitebone Lily!

"And he... didn't have a seven-colored Resurrection Lily, but rather, a six-colored one!

"Reverend Silverlamp was unable to control a six-colored Resurrection Lily, and the Resurrection Lily inside of me already has five colors!" When he thought about this, Meng Hao's face fell.

He once again realized that he had made a serious misjudgement when it came to understanding the Resurrection Lily.

"If my Resurrection Lily blooms with six colors, then my fate will be exactly the same as Reverend Silverlamp's!" His face flickered, and his eyes flashed as he looked around.

“The Resurrection Lily inside of me is currently terrified to the extreme.... I might not be able to thoroughly dispel it using my own power, but that doesn’t necessarily mean it would be impossible if I borrowed the power of Reverend Silverlamp!” His eyes narrowed and then began to shine with a bright glow. His body flickered as he headed directly toward Reverend Silverlamp.

Allowing the Resurrection Lily inside of him to struggle madly, it was without hesitation that he crossed his legs and sat down next to the seaweed. In that instant, a faint, sinister voice could suddenly be heard drifting toward him from far off in the distance.

“Leave that place, my child....”

Chapter 676: Spirit Severing - First Severing!

[/expand]

As the voice drifted out, Meng Hao suddenly looked slightly distracted, as if he were suddenly empty inside. He slowly rose up from his cross-legged position.

“Leave that place, my child.... Come to me....

“I’ve been waiting for you for over two hundred years....

“Come. Come....

“Your blood is most suited to reach maturity, and your soul... needs to slumber....

“Come.... I’m waiting here for you....”

Meng Hao’s expression grew more blank, and he began to walk away from the seaweed. When he was about thirty meters away, the Immortal Shows the Way inside of him suddenly began exude a faint stream of Qi that bored into his Nascent Soul. Immediately, his Nascent Soul grew faint, and then suddenly, deep inside, a Flying Rain-Dragon became visible!

It was very small, and seemed to be sleeping. However, the stream of Immortal Qi found it and bored directly into the Flying Rain-Dragon.

In that instant, the Flying Rain-Dragon opened its eyes and roared.

As the roar sounded out, an enormous Flying Rain-Dragon fully 30,000 meters long appeared around Meng Hao. Shocking ripples emanated off of it as it roared.

ROOOAAARRRRR!!

The Dawn Immortal's aura vanished, and a tremor ran through Meng Hao. His eyes suddenly became clear, and looked up at the astonishing Flying Rain-Dragon.

The Flying Rain-Dragon turned its head to look at him, and in that instant, Meng Hao felt as if he were looking at himself.

Then, the Flying Rain-Dragon vanished. Meng Hao's face was pale white as he thought back to what had just happened. Then he cast his vision inside of himself, to find that the Resurrection Lily had sent countless tendrils throughout the entirety of his body.

Meng Hao's eyes flashed with killing intent, and he returned to his original spot next to the seaweed. The Resurrection Lily trembled and shrank back, and by the time Meng Hao sat down cross-legged, it had completely hidden itself.

“Right here, right now, I'm going to borrow the power of Reverend Silverlamp to thoroughly sever away the Resurrection Lily!

“The method I will use to do so... is the power of Spirit Severing! My path of Spirit Severing... my First Severing, will be of the Resurrection Lily!!

“I wish to be the master of my own life. I will not allow any outsider to control me. What I want is freedom. My path in life is a journey, and my Dao is a direction! I will continue on in that direction and pursue truth. I will exercise control over my own freedom, and live with independence!

“That is my will of Spirit Severing! I will crush all obstacles, and destroy anything that blocks my way. Whatever stumbling blocks I encounter will be trampled underfoot!

“Fearful of nothing! Freedom! Independence!

“The Heavens will not obscure my gaze, and the Earth will not shackle my feet!

“For freedom, I can pay any price!

“For independence, I will sever anything!

“The Resurrection Lily is like a mountain obstructing my way on the path of life! When I pass it, then my path will stretch out into the distance!

“The Resurrection Lily is a fetter, a cage restricting my freedom. I will sever it... and in the instant of that severing, I will have my independence, and can practice cultivation in freedom!

“This is my First Severing!

“This is my Spirit Severing Domain!

“This is my Dao of Spirit Severing!”

Meng Hao's eyes glowed with enlightenment. He had remained submerged in the great circle of the Nascent Soul stage for too many years. He had undergone the baptism of the Demon Immortal Sect and had been doggedly pursued by the 10th Wang Clan Patriarch. All of that left him feeling as if he had been reborn, purified by fire. Finally, in this moment, he reached complete understanding.

In the moment that he was enlightened, Meng Hao's Cultivation base began to rumble. The two Cultivation base portions within him that were struggling to combine, suddenly began to fuse together at high speed.

It seemed that his thinking just now had governed the rotation of his Cultivation base. In that instant of realization....

RUMBLE!!

Meng Hao's entire body began to tremble, and the two portions of Cultivation base instantly merged together. His Nascent Soul vanished, and at the same time, Meng Hao's body began to shine with brilliant, multicolored light.

The light circulated around the area, swirling about to slowly form together in front of Meng Hao, transforming into a blade as he opened his eyes.

A multi-colored blade that contained a great Dao of Heaven and Earth!

The blade contained the full power of Meng Hao's Cultivation base, which was the combination of his nine Nascent Souls, including the five elements of Heaven and Earth.

It also contained the memories and experiences of his two hundred years of cultivation. When Meng Hao looked at the blade, it was like looking at himself!

In this moment, Meng Hao's heart contained neither joy, nor sorrow. It was as if he had forgotten everything except for his thirst for freedom, and his desire to pursue independence.

The Resurrection Lily inside of him seemed to sense that it was in danger. It could hide from his Divine Sense so that Meng Hao couldn't sense it, but it could not hide even the slightest bit from this blade.

The intense sense of impending death caused the Resurrection Lily to begin to struggle, as if it wished to burst out from inside of Meng Hao. It wanted to once again wrest away the initiative, and yet, as soon as it moved, a dim light began to emanate out from the skeleton floating in the seaweed. Up above, the surface of the sea in the Third Ring began to surge.

Next, imprints of the Whitebone Lily began to shine on all of the Sea Demons in the Third Ring. The marks looked like grotesque faces, and emanated ghastly auras.

Those auras combined to suppress the Resurrection Lily.

Boom!

The Resurrection Lily struggled, and then began to shriek with a voice that no one except Meng Hao could hear.

What was more, the illusory image of a five-colored Resurrection Lily sprang up behind him. It was in a completely frenzy, and struggling madly. Meng Hao's expression was calm, although his body was withering rapidly, as if his life force and Cultivation base were being sucked away by the Resurrection Lily.

Nevertheless, he remained there motionless, staring at the blade in front of him.

The Resurrection Lily screamed and shrieked, and its struggles grew more intense. However, the suppressive power coming from the Reverend Silverlamp's Whitebone Lily rushed in. It seemed to deal a severe blow to the five-colored Resurrection Lily. Its body was on the verge of dissipating, and it had no choice but to once again attempt to absorb Meng Hao.

Some time afterwards, when Meng Hao's body had shriveled and become almost skeletal, the blade in front of him jerked slightly, then slowly rose up.

As the blade lifted up, an immeasurably powerful, heaven-shaking aura arose with it. Instantly it pierced through the surface of the sea and up into the skies, forming a connection with the vast heavens!

From a distance, the Third Ring seethed and churned as a beam of light shot up into the dark night, making it seem like daytime.

In that moment, as Saint Soul Sun hovered above the Milky Way Sea, his face flickered and he suddenly turned his head to gaze at it.

"Someone is performing Spirit Severing. But how could this Spirit Severing provoke such transformations in Heaven and Earth!?"

At the same time, Saint Flying Immortal and Saint Sea Divinity also got the same feeling. They looked at the beam of light, and how the sky was being illuminated, and their faces filled with astonishment.

The 10th Wang Clan Patriarch currently sat cross-legged in meditation in Seahold. Suddenly, his eyes snapped open and he looked off into the distance, an expression of joy appearing on his face.

"Those... are the ripples of Spirit Severing. It's him!! So he is here! He truly is exceptional! His Spirit Severing can connect with the Heavens of Ji, and provoke changes in the sky!"

“However, you dare to perform Spirit Severing in front of me? Let’s see how you escape this time!” The 10th Wang Clan Patriarch gave a cold snort and stood up. It was at this point that his face suddenly flickered with an expression of disbelief. Even with his level of willpower, what he saw left him speechless.

“Impossible!!”

The beam of light shooting up from the sea did not stop in the sky. It shot out into the starry sky, causing the heavenly bodies themselves to emanate bursts of starlight as they suddenly changed position to form an astral blade!

The blade shined down on the lands of South Heaven, and soon, everyone therein could look up into the sky and see the image of the massive blade.

It was almost as if it had shattered the sky above the lands of South Heaven and was now descending upon it.

Simultaneously, the aura of a great Dao descended from the sky toward the Milky Way Sea. It penetrated the surface of the waters and fell on the blade floating in front of Meng Hao.

“The blade of the First Severing actually provoked transformations among the stars!” exclaimed the 10th Wang Clan Patriarch. “What Dao did he gain enlightenment of?!”

“Daos have rankings, they can be great or small. This Meng Hao’s Dao... just what is it? It can cause the stars to transform into a Heavenly Blade that will assist him in Dao Severing!!”

“The Heavenly Blade is a Heavenly Dao. The blade of the First Severing is also the first Dao of Spirit Severing!”

The 10th Wang Clan Patriarch’s face filled with complete astonishment, and he stopped moving. As of this moment, he didn’t dare to get even close to Meng Hao’s location. A great Dao was coming, and with his Cultivation base, if he got near, he would die for sure.

Meanwhile, the State of Zhao floated in the Milky Way Sea on top of Patriarch Reliance. The entire island suddenly rumbled, and an enormous head stretched out from the water to look up into the sky.

“That little bastard is performing Dao Severing.... Dammit. The little bastard is an inhuman among inhumans! The Patriarch needs to get out of here! Fudge! You really piss me off, you little bastard!!”

In the lands of the Southern Domain, Xu Qing was in the midst of cultivation when suddenly a tremor ran through her, as if she had just sensed something. She rushed out of her Immortal’s cave and looked up into the sky. It seemed as if she could actually see Meng Hao.

In the Violet Fate Sect, Pill Demon was concocting pills when he suddenly froze. He looked up into the sky, and his face broke into a smile.

Next to him was Chu Yuyan, who also seemed to sense something. She looked up, and seemed to lose herself staring at the sky.

In the same moment, Fatty, Chen Fan, and all the other people in the Southern Domain who knew Meng Hao, all had different reactions. However, none came close to those of Xu Qing and Pill Demon.

With one exception.

In the Blood Demon Sect, a middle-aged man wearing a red robe was surrounded by a blood-colored glow. He stood on the peak of a mountain, looking up into the sky, a faint smile on his face.

Chapter 677: The Great Dao Resonates!

The first blade of Spirit Severing!

The first Dao of Spirit Severing!

Meng Hao sat cross-legged at the bottom of the Milky Way Sea. Around him stretched skeletal remains that formed the outline of a flower. Amongst the swaying seaweed, the skeleton pulsed with a faint light, which gradually turned into a ghastly white color, like that of bones.

It weighed down on the five-colored Resurrection Lily, suppressing it so that its struggling turned into a frenzy.

Meng Hao's body withered, continuing to look weaker and weaker, until he looked like a bag of bones. However, his eyes shined with an unprecedented life force.

It was as if he was embodying the Dao; all of his mind and heart and will were focused in his eyes, which rested on the multicolored blade in front of him.

He completely ignored everything in the outside world. His entire focus was that blade!

The blade moved!

It slowly raised up! As it did, the blade in the Heavens above, which contained innumerable constellations, also rose high, casting its light down onto the lands of South Heaven as it did.

Immediately, gigantic waves swelled up across the entirety of the Milky Way Sea, crashing and thundering far and wide. The movement of the blade even caused the Violet Sea in the Western Desert to begin to roil violently.

All of the Cultivators, and in fact, all living things, in the Outer Sea, the Fourth Ring, and the Third Ring, were all flabbergasted.

The 10th Wang Clan Patriarch's face was unsightly to the extreme as he stared up into the sky. Although his face flickered with various emotions, he didn't dare to take even a step forward toward the area where Meng Hao was performing his Spirit Severing.

He well knew that a great Dao was nearing. Were he to step foot into that area, that great Dao would exterminate him in body and spirit. The reason was that this Dao... was not his Dao.

"Dammit!" he cursed, killing intent growing with intensity in his eyes. "Well, eventually your Spirit Severing will come to an end. You absolutely must not kill yourself in the process, child, otherwise I'll never acquire your Dao foundation!"

"However... I still want to know, just what Dao did you come to understand?"

Within the Third Ring, the Three Saints' faces also flickered. In contrast to Saint Flying Immortal and Saint Sea Divinity, Saint Sun Soul's eyes glowed with a strange light. He was instantly able to determine that the Spirit Severing was being performed... by Meng Hao!

"So, it turns out you were actually only a half a step into Spirit Severing!" he thought, taking a deep breath.

Meanwhile, as the astral blade slowly rose up, the struggling, illusory image of the Resurrection Lily had reached the point of insanity. It quivered in terror because of the unprecedented feeling of deadly crisis; this was the first time it had ever truly experienced dread.

It could clearly sense that the blade in front of Meng Hao had the power to sever it away. That blade was backed by the power of a great Dao, something it was powerless to resist.

A faint voice could suddenly be heard coming from the skeleton in the seaweed, and the eyes of the long dead Reverend Silverlamp suddenly glowed with lucidity. "The Dao of freedom, of independence...."

He looked at Meng Hao sitting in front of him, and murmured, "Were it not for the fact that he was steeled by the Resurrection Lily, this kid would never have been able to comprehend such a great Dao of Heaven and Earth...."

"Sever the fetters, and achieve true independence.... The interesting thing is that it's impossible to tell whether he was tempered by the Resurrection Lily, or whether the Resurrection Lily was tempered by him.

"I can just barely sense that both he and the Resurrection Lily each have someone watching over them.... One is the Dawn Immortal of the Second Ring, mother of the Resurrection Lily who exists in the lands of South Heaven. The other... is in the Eastern Lands."

Even as Reverend Silverlamp was looking at Meng Hao, a sinister gaze shot out from the black depths of the sea in the Second Ring, bearing a boundless evil. Despite the evil, it still exhibited a trace of Immortal Will as it peered towards Meng Hao.

"I bloomed at dawn," thought the owner of the voice, "and my consciousness emerged.... On the day of vicissitudes, I achieved Immortal Ascension, and met someone I should not have met.

“Shui Mo stole away my heart, a heart... that contained all of the longing from my previous life.... It sank down into the Milky Way Sea and was sealed in a formation of stone, locked away in a copper coffin... restrained by countless chains.

“What was locked away was my goodness. Eventually, it transformed into a roc, which now weeps in the Rebirth Cave.

“The League of Demon Sealers. The Ninth is the pinnacle. Is he your hope...? I knew long ago that if I could not find you, then I would destroy the hope of the League of Demon Sealers.”

The gaze coming from the Second Ring looked at Meng Hao with complex emotions. There was coldness, confusion, hatred, and viciousness.

Meanwhile, in the Great Tang of the Eastern Lands, a woman was looking in the direction of the Milky Way Sea. Her gaze penetrated through the air, through the Milky Way Sea, all the way to Meng Hao.

It was a gaze filled with concern, worry, nervousness, and anxiety. All of that transformed into an endless love that wrapped up her heart.

She stood atop a lofty Tower of Tang, gazing far off into the distance. Next to her stood a man who silently clasped her hand. He could feel her trembling, and could feel the dampness of sweat in her palm.

“This is Hao’er’s tribulation,” he said softly. “I just wanted him to be able to live a normal, mortal life. And yet, he ended up choosing the path of cultivation.... Now there’s no looking back.

“If he fails,” he murmured, “then the both of us can go receive him when he is reincarnated. We can spend a whole life with him, walk a whole sixty-year cycle of springs and autumns....” He seemed to be speaking both to the woman, and himself.

“You know, you’re very cold-hearted,” said the woman. Tears flowed down her cheeks.

A tremor ran through the man, and he closed his eyes. Deep in his heart existed bitter pain, which spread out to fill his entire being. He seemed to be recalling the fragile child running through the fog that year, weeping as he cried out to his father and mother. He remembered how the boy limped

about trying to find him. When the boy caught sight of him, he could see the tears in the boy's eyes, and he realized how much the boy relied on him.

“Li, you don't understand....” The man did not speak these words, but rather, whispered them in his heart.

RUMBLE!

At the bottom of the Milky Way Sea, Meng Hao's eyes shined with an intensely bright glow. He slowly looked up at the blade in front of him as it rose ever higher. In the Heavens far above the sea, the astral blade also reared up simultaneously.

As they moved toward an apex, the blades seemed to be building up power. By the time they reached that apex, all living beings in the Milky Way Sea were watching on....

The astral blade then suddenly began to slash down toward the Milky Way Sea.

Rumbling filled the sky, and the sea suddenly started to split apart. The seafloor, which throughout countless ages had never been touched by sunlight... was revealed to the world for the first time.

Exposed therein was Meng Hao, as well as the Resurrection Lily, struggling in all of its madness.

Also visible was the multicolored blade hovering in front of Meng Hao.

The first blade of Spirit Severing!

“Heaven and Earth are just resting places for the myriads of living creatures,” he murmured. “Time represents the passage of hundreds of generations of passing travelers.” A glow of determination appeared in his eyes, and the blade descended.

“My life is just such a resting place. Wherever my footsteps lead, that is my direction!” His voice echoed out, softly at first, then louder and louder.

“Sever the fetters, and achieve true independence, acquire true freedom!” The sound of his voice caused everything in the area to shake and rumble. The parted sea water roared, and the glow of the astral blade increased tenfold!

It almost seemed to have formed a resonance with Meng Hao!

That resonance caused Heaven and Earth to dim. The wind whipped and the clouds churned. The glow of the astral blade spread without end, and the multicolored blade in front of Meng Hao emanated a shocking will.

This was... the resonance of a great Dao!

The glow grew more intense, transforming into ripples and then vibration. The air around Meng Hao twisted and distorted, and countless ghost images sprang up. When the 10th Wang Clan Patriarch felt it, his face fell.

“The resonance of a great Dao!”

In the Second Ring, the eyes of the mother of the Resurrection Lily went wide. As for the couple in the Great Tang of the Eastern Lands, both of them trembled.

Only great determination and incredible enlightenment could form a resonance like this!

Spirit Severing is not difficult when compared to causing a Dao.... But even more difficult is to form a resonance!

Meng Hao’s heart, will and mind all fused with the descending great Dao. They became indistinguishable!

I am the great Dao, and the great Dao is me!

In that moment, be it in the Southern Domain, the Northern Reaches, or the Eastern Lands, the Patriarchs and almighty members of all the Sects and Clans could all sense the resonance of the great Dao.

The resonance formed the first blade of Spirit Severing, a blade that would sever, not Meng Hao's life or existence, but rather... any flaws within him that did not conform to his Dao!

Use the Dao to sever the Dao. It was like a baptism that cleansed any disharmonies, that purged the self. Any nonconforming Dao was absolutely unnecessary.

And of course, the Resurrection Lily was just such a flaw, just such a disharmony, just such a nonconforming Dao. It was absolutely unnecessary!

“Free and unconstrained, at liberty to walk about anywhere in Heaven and Earth! No one can restrict me! Heaven cannot impede me and the Earth cannot restrain my heart! This is my Dao!

“Freedom! Independence!” Meng Hao's voice was like that of a god, each word cracking like thunder. The Milky Way Sea rumbled. The Dawn Immortal shook. The couple in the Eastern Lands trembled, as did the 10th Wang Clan Patriarch.

The words he had spoken just now were filled with Meng Hao's great determination!

Everything trembled as the astral blade arrived. It merged with Meng Hao's multicolored blade, transforming into a Dao blade that slashed down into the top of his head in the exact moment that he finished speaking.

The blade moved with incredible speed; no sooner had his words finished than it had pierced the top of his head into his neck, and then his heart. It passed through his dantian region, and then all the way through him, completely bisecting him!

However, Meng Hao didn't move a muscle, and his face even showed hints of a smile. In contrast, the five-colored Resurrection Lily behind him let out an unprecedentedly bloodcurdling scream. It trembled violently as any connection it had to Meng Hao... was instantly broken!

Five colorful strands were snapped, and the five-colored Resurrection Lily began to wither up rapidly. It was not willing, and it virtually exploded with resentment and madness. But unfortunately, there was nothing it could do. In that moment, its will completely vanished.

Vanished for all eternity.

Meng Hao's first blade of Spirit Severing severed the fetters, carving out his freedom. He had obtained independence!

In that moment, he erupted with a boundless, endless life force. His previously withered fleshly body was restored. Meng Hao looked up, and even as the image of the Resurrection Lily was about to completely dissipate, he reached out and grabbed it.

"You lived in me for 200 years, parasite. Do you really think the old scores could be settled so easily! From now on, you are my Spirit Severing Treasure. The day I get you to bloom with seven colors... is the day I reach Immortal Ascension!"

Chapter 678: Intrepid Meng Hao!

Spirit Severing Treasures were items that every Spirit Severing Cultivator had. They were refined in the actual moment of Spirit Severing, created from an object unique to the enlightenment of each individual.

As for Meng Hao, he chose to use the fading five-colored Resurrection Lily as the basis of his Spirit Severing Treasure, which conformed with his Dao.

The soulless Resurrection Lily was incapable of struggling. As soon as he grabbed it, it merged into his palm, transforming into the mark shaped like a flower.

He took a deep breath as he rose to his feet, his Cultivation base flaring. This was a true Spirit Severing Cultivation base, with a three thousand meter Area that belonged solely to Meng Hao.

Of course, all Spirit Severing Cultivators had their own Area.

Meng Hao was more slender, and having immersed himself in the great Dao, his fleshly body was now stronger and taller. In the blink of an eye, he reached the absolute pinnacle of the Spirit Severing fleshly body. It was actually impossible for it to progress any further. If it did, it wouldn't be a Spirit Severing fleshly body, but that of Dao Seeking!

His Cultivation base rocketed up; all the years of practicing cultivation while restricting himself to the Nascent Soul stage had created a buildup that could now explode out.

In an instant, he was at the limit of the First Severing, a breakthrough which gave him the power of a Second Severing Cultivation base. Now all he lacked was a Second Severing Domain.

Once he received enlightenment, and actually performed the Second Severing, Meng Hao was confident that he would instantly be... at the peak of Spirit Severing.

His longevity also increased under the powerful life force. His hair turned black, his physique matchless. He looked younger than before, although, his features also radiated a certain ancientness that was clearly visible.

His entire person experienced a tremendous, earthshaking transformation as he was completely and thoroughly reborn!

Some distance off in the Milky Way Sea, the 10th Wang Clan Patriarch was panting as he stared off into the distance. His eyes shone with a bizarre light and intense avarice.

“With latent talent and good fortune like that, no wonder he has a Perfect Dao Foundation. It’s mine! Definitely mine!” In that instant, he vanished.

At the same time, in the black depths of the Second Ring, the Dawn Immortal’s eyes closed. When they opened again, infinite coldness could be seen therein.

In the Great Tang of the Eastern Lands, the couple stood there. Tears streamed down the face of the woman, tears of joy.

“Without Severing the Spirit, one cannot live past one thousand. My son practiced cultivation for only two hundred years and succeeded in Spirit Severing. He even provoked the descent of a great Dao.” She turned to look at the man. “How does such latent talent compare to the people of your Clan, huh?”

The man stood there silently for a long moment before sighing. “I’m not worried about him having poor latent talent. Even if it was worse, he’s still our son. Is Immortal Ascension that difficult? What I fear... is that his latent talent will be too good. The path of cultivation is not easy to tread. How many people perish upon it? How many people are completely eradicated? How many people are destroyed in body and soul...?”

The woman shivered and didn’t say anything.

“He also has to deal with his Spirit Severing Tribulation,” continued the man softly.

The woman’s face flickered, and she took a step forward. The man grabbed her arm.

“This is his real Tribulation, and there is Karma in everything. If you help him, it will cause the sown Karma to grow greater. When the time comes to reap it... the reckoning will also be greater.

“In cultivation, you cannot build up without first tearing down. If he can transcend the Tribulation, then when his day of Immortal Ascension comes, I will take him to the lands of East Victory!” The man spoke with determination that could chop nails and sever iron. However, what the woman couldn’t see was that concealed in his hand was a medicinal pill.

It was a type of medicinal pill that was rarely seen in the lands of South Heaven, to the extent that it could be considered a precious treasure.

“Hao’er,” thought the man, “if you fail, father will come to look for you in the cycle of reincarnation. Even if you perish, this medicinal pill can bring you back to life.... However, I truly wish that you... can transcend the Tribulation on your own.”

Back in the Milky Way Sea, Meng Hao lifted his head up and roared in laughter as his Cultivation base exploded up. The sensation of the power he now grasped filled him with passion. The feeling of finally acquiring freedom made it so that his thinking was suddenly incredibly clear.

His Divine Sense spread out. It could now reach the 300,000 meter mark. Hosts of magical techniques and divine abilities flashed through his mind, many of which he instantly gained enlightenment of.

Even as he began to fly up into the air, two beams of light appeared from off in the distance. As they sped toward him, two middle-aged men could be seen, Saint Flying Immortal and Saint Sea Divinity.

As soon as they caught sight of Meng Hao, they knew that this was the person they were searching for.

In the success of his First Severing, not only was the Resurrection Lily severed, but also his false appearance, revealing his true features.

“Meng Hao!” cried Saint Flying Immortal, his voice rumbling like thunder. The sea churned in response, as if it were about to explode.

A cold radiance appeared in Meng Hao’s eyes. As soon as he looked at the two men, he knew who they were.

In the moment that Saint Flying Immortal spoke, a glittering glow covered the body of Saint Sea Divinity. Instantly, a set of armor appeared on him, and he strode forward. Even he couldn’t help but be moved by the reward promised by the 10th Wang Clan Patriarch; if he could capture Meng Hao, the greatest benefits would go to him.

He shot with incredible speed directly toward Meng Hao, performing an incantation gesture to summon an enormous trident. Shockingly, the sea stirred, and then vast quantities of seawater shot up into the air to circulate around. As he neared, he pointed out with the trident. The seawater roared as it formed together into the shape of an enormous hand that reached out to grab Meng Hao.

“Are you looking to die?!” said Meng Hao. He was already somewhat displeased at the behavior of the Flying Immortal Sect and the Sea Divinity Sect. Now that Saint Sea Divinity was attacking, Meng Hao’s killing intent flared. He did nothing to evade, but simply took a step forward.

That step caused him to slam into the incoming seawater hand. A huge boom echoed out, and the hand collapsed. Meng Hao wasn’t harmed in the slightest, and when he emerged from the water, he was directly in front of Saint Sea Divinity. He reached out with his right hand, upon which the Mountain Consuming Incantation manifested. The wave of a hand caused a thousand mountains to appear, all of which smashed down toward Saint Sea Divinity.

Saint Sea Divinity’s face fell and he retreated, waving his arm to cause 100,000 magical symbol spirits to appear. They formed into ten symbol beasts, all of whom radiated the power of a Spirit Severing Cultivation base as they charged Meng Hao.

Meng Hao gave a cold snort, but didn’t dodge. A thousand mountains sent out shocking ripples, and the symbol beasts made from 100,000 magical symbols immediately exploded. It was as if they weren’t qualified at all to stand up to the thousand mountains, which then shot toward Saint Sea Divinity.

Everything was happening too quickly. Saint Flying Immortal had no chance to even react, and Saint Sea Divinity's mind filled with an intense feeling of deadly crisis. He suddenly shouted out, causing his trident to begin to flicker and glow. It instantly transformed into an enormous wall of black sea water in front of him.

Boom!

The wall exploded. At the same time, Meng Hao's thousand mountains also disappeared. However, the aftershock of the explosion caused Saint Sea Divinity's face to go pale. As he retreated backward, Meng Hao strode toward him.

He raised his hand, killing intent flickering in his eyes. He did not use any sort of magical technique or divine ability, but instead, punched out directly.

As the fist descended upon Saint Sea Divinity, it seemed to blot out the sky. Energy like that of Heavenly might surged, causing Saint Sea Divinity to feel intense fear. He quickly spit a glowing, blue pearl out of his mouth, which then shot toward Meng Hao. Meng Hao's fist slammed into it, and the pearl shattered; it was completely incapable of standing up to Meng Hao's fist, which continued onward to connect with Saint Sea Divinity.

BAM!

As the sound echoed out in all directions, blood sprayed from the mouth of Saint Sea Divinity. Cracking sounds could be heard as his armor shattered into pieces. His terror had now reached a pinnacle.

"Flying Immortal, help me!!"

Saint Flying Immortal's face flickered, and he took a deep breath. He had never imagined that Meng Hao, having just stepped into Spirit Severing, would be so terrifying.

"Dammit, even if his Spirit Severing caused strange phenomena in Heaven and Earth, and even if he caused a great Dao to descend, there's no explanation for him to be so inhuman!" He was still in the midst of feeling shocked when Saint Sea Divinity called for his help. Gritting his teeth, he shot forward, raising his right hand toward the sky. Instantly, a sword of light appeared, which he grasped in his hand. At the same time, his speed increased rapidly.

In the blink of an eye, he was upon Meng Hao.

“Area,” said Meng Hao coolly, not even turning back to look at Saint Flying Immortal. In that instant, a three thousand foot Area sprang up, a world that contained Meng Hao’s Dao and will.

The Area world!

Saint Flying Immortal’s speed was suddenly reduced. His mind trembled as Meng Hao once again punched out.

“Nine Heavens Destruction!” The first punch of the Nine Heavens Destruction, the First Heaven, caused a boom to rattle out. Blood poured out of Saint Sea Divinity’s mouth, and his body seemed to be on the verge of exploding. Even as he let out a bloodcurdling scream, Meng Hao stepped forward and punched out with the Second Heaven.

Then the Third Heaven, and the Fourth Heaven. Saint Sea Divinity’s body was blasted apart . His Nascent Divinity flew out, screaming miserably.

“Legacy treasure!!” he howled, instantly causing a statue to fly out from inside the Nascent Divinity. The statue was pitch black, and depicted a faceless figure.

As soon as the statue appeared, it let out a pulsating aura of Dao seeking, which transformed into a wall that expanded out to surround Saint Sea Divinity.

“Legacy treasure?” said Meng Hao. He punched out with the Fifth Heaven and the Sixth Heaven. Booms filled the area, and the statue trembled. Then the Seventh Heaven and the Eighth Heaven. The statue shook, and the wall trembled. Inside, despair filled Saint Sea Divinity’s face.

“Ninth Heaven... Destruction!” said Meng Hao calmly. He lifted his right hand, and this time, it wasn’t a fist, but a palm that softly pushed out.

BANG!

The wall collapsed, and the statue was sent tumbling back. Inside, Saint Sea Divinity’s Nascent Divinity let the last scream it ever would. He was now destroyed in body and spirit!

“How can he be so strong!?!?” thought Saint Flying Immortal. Having personally witnessed Saint Sea Divinity perishing, his scalp went numb, and his heart filled with astonishment. He quickly bit down on the tip of his tongue and spit out a mouthful of blood. He burned life force, not hesitating to waste longevity to struggle free from Meng Hao’s Area world. He transformed into a beam of light that fled at top speed.

Meng Hao turned back to look, and his eyes flickered. He raised his hand to collect up Saint Sea Divinity’s bag of holding, then waved his arm to summon the war chariot.

“Anyone who chased me along with that 10th Wang Clan bastard will have to pay the price!”

Chapter 679: Battle!

“How can he be so strong!?!?”

“A great Dao descended, making it a great Dao Spirit Severing, different from mine. But, it still doesn’t make sense for him to be so terrifying!”

“He hasn’t even used any magical techniques or items! He’s only relying on his fleshly body!!

“Dammit! Just what level is his fleshly body at? Magical items are completely ineffective, nor could it be shaken by divine abilities! What type of fleshly body is it!?” Saint Flying Immortal’s fear had reached the pinnacle. In his entire life of practicing of cultivation, he had never encountered a Cultivator of the same stage who caused him to be so terrified.

“Damn you, 10th Wang Clan Patriarch, you conned me!! If I’d known this Meng Hao was so inhuman, you couldn’t have said anything to convince me to join you....” He flew forward at top speed, fearful of being pursued. He even spit out some blood and burned more life force to go faster.

But it didn’t matter how fast he went, he couldn’t go faster than the war chariot.

Meng Hao was mounted on the war chariot, fueling it with a sliver of the Qi of Immortal Shows the Way. Thrumming, it caught up with Saint Flying Immortal in only a moment. Then it slammed violently toward him.

Saint Flying Immortal's face fell. He was incapable of evading; he only had time to wave his sword of light behind him to block. A huge boom could be heard as the sword of light shattered into pieces. Saint Flying Immortal's body then directly exploded.

His Nascent Divinity flew out, clearly in a sorry state. Meng Hao exited the war chariot and waved his hand, employing the Eighth Demon Sealing Hex. Saint Flying Immortal didn't even have a chance to move before countless invisible strands of Qi seemed to entwine his quivering Nascent Divinity.

His mind was instantly inundated with a profound sense of imminent death. His eyes bulged and he struggled violently, but he could do nothing as Meng Hao waved his hand, causing a hundred Wooden Time Swords to fly out. They circulated around Saint Flying Immortal to form a swirling Lotus Sword Formation.

A miserable shriek could be heard as Saint Flying Immortal's Nascent Divinity rapidly began to wither up. In the space of about ten breaths, it shrank, much like it would if it was being refined. Then, it withered into nothing; he was dead in body and spirit.

Meng Hao waved his hand to collect up Saint Flying Immortal's bag of holding, and then looked over the Lotus Sword Formation.

"The lotus is also like the act of refining...." he thought.

It was at this point that the crackling of thunder could be heard in the sky off in the distance. The wind whipped about, and in the blink of an eye, the sunny day turned dark. Countless pitch-black clouds surged up, forming a dense mass that looked like a gigantic face. It was none other than... the face of the 10th Wang Clan Patriarch.

The face was surrounded by crisscrossing bolts of lightning and heralded by peals of thunder; on the forehead of the face, an old man could be seen, his eyes glittering brightly.

"Meng Hao!"

The voice drowned out the thunder, like a Heavenly being's majestic roar, blasting an enormous craterous depression into the Milky Way Sea down below, which rapidly transformed into a rumbling, spinning vortex.

Meng Hao took a deep breath and looked coldly at the 10th Wang Clan Patriarch.

“Another clone,” he said. His Divine Sense was much more powerful than before, and he understood a lot more about the 10th Wang Clan Patriarch now that he had fought two of his clones before. How could he not notice that this was indeed just a clone?

Meng Hao raised his right hand into a fist, and the Mountain Consuming Incantation appeared. One thousand mountains appeared around him, then more, until tens of thousand of mountains could be seen. The mountains were not small, and appeared to contain seawater. These represented all of the underwater mountains that existed in the range of Meng Hao’s Divine Sense.

“The Mountain Consuming Incantation is divided into three aspects; the mountain, the soul, and the will!

“Along with my Cultivation base breakthrough, I was enlightened regarding the soul.

“This soul aspect more or less can be controlled by means of my Demon Sealing powers. With the art of Righteous Bestowal, I can extract the souls of mountain and insert them into my mountains. That is the complete second stage of the great art of Mountain Consuming!”

Meng Hao’s eyes shone with a strange light. As he faced up against the 10th Wang Clan Patriarch, he felt pressure bearing down on him, but at the same time, an intense desire to do battle. He raised his hand and then pushed it down toward the sea.

“Righteous Bestowal!

“Mountains of the Milky Way Sea, you are sunk beneath the waters, living in a world without daylight. Today, I, Meng Hao, will borrow your souls. I will split open the Heavens and Earth and allow you to bathe in the sunlight!

“EMERGE!”

In response to his shout, the sea began to seethe as, one by one, the mountains within the sea began to tremble. At the same time, an invisible aura began to spread up from them toward the surface.

As the sea blustered, the souls of the mountains appeared, merging into the mountains summoned by Meng Hao's divine ability. Thousands upon tens of thousands of mountains, a world-shaking sight, completely incomparable!

As the mountains spun around Meng Hao, he stretched his arms out wide. Hair flying around him, and eyes blazing with the desire to do battle, he suddenly swept his hands out in front of him. The tens of thousands of mountains all shot through the air with shocking rumbling sounds heading directly toward the gigantic face floating in mid-air.

The 10th Wang Clan Patriarch's face flickered as he performed an incantation gesture. The face that surrounded him immediately sped toward the mountains. They neared each other, and then slammed into each other, giving rise to a rumbling boom that filled the entirety of the Third Ring.

One mountain after another collapsed, and the face was riddled with gaping wounds. A moment later, amidst deafening roars, all of the mountains collapsed, and the face fell apart into pieces.

Meng Hao didn't pause for a moment. He flew up into the air, waving his arm to cause one hundred Wooden Time Swords to appear and form into the Lotus Sword Formation. Instantly, the formation shot toward the 10th Wang Clan Patriarch.

At the same time, he began to clench and unclench his fist. Every time he did this, his energy would redouble. It was none other than the Nine Heavens Destruction!

Now that his Cultivation base was truly in the Spirit Severing stage, he had gained complete enlightenment of it.

The 10th Wang Clan Patriarch's pupils constricted. He could clearly sense that Meng Hao was completely different than he remembered, and was far, far more powerful.

"And yet, you are still... an insignificant bug!" he said with a cold snort. He waved his right hand, causing a red glow to appear in the cloud-choked sky.

It was a sun! A red sun!

"Setting Sun!" he said coolly. The red glow spread out to fill Heaven and Earth, instantly causing Meng Hao's one hundred Wooden Time swords to slow down.

“Time Combustion!” growled Meng Hao.

In response to the words, the one hundred Wooden Time Swords and their ten sixty-year cycles of Time power, instantly began to burn. The combustion of Time caused their speed to increase dramatically. They pierced through the layers of redness to appear near the 10th Wang Clan Patriarch, where they spun around him slowly.

Merely a single rotation caused the 10th Wang Clan Patriarch’s face to flicker. He could sense that his clone had, in the blink of an eye, lost several thousand years of longevity.

“A trifling Time treasure? Shatter!” He gave a cold snort, and the red glow grew even more shocking. It now emanated intense heat that spread out and began to shatter the Wooden Time Swords.

Meng Hao was already moving forward. “Detonate!”

BOOOOOOMMMMMMMM!

Of the one hundred Wooden Time Swords, seventy simultaneously exploded. When the Spring and Autumn trees detonated, they unleashed an insane power of Time that turned into a Time vortex. The 10th Wang Clan Patriarch’s face fell as the rumbling echoed out. His body began to wither, and he was just about to retreat when Meng Hao shot forward as fast as lightning. His right fist had already clenched eight times in a row; now it clenched for the ninth time and then punched toward the 10th Wang Clan Patriarch.

“Nine Heavens Destruction!”

“Setting Sun, Falling Clouds!” The 10th Wang Clan Patriarch’s body emanated a monstrous red glow that billowed out.

Meng Hao faced it head on, and his body ignited into flames. However, his fist still struck its target.

A huge boom rattled out, and the 10th Wang Clan Patriarch fell back, his face pale. Killing intent radiated from his eyes as he saw that Meng Hao, blood pouring from his mouth and body in flames, was actually pursuing him.

Meng Hao's hoarse voice once again rang out: "Detonate!"

The detonation from before had been that of seventy Wooden Time Swords. There were still thirty left, all of which exploded at the same time. A tempest of Time was created in the 10th Wang Clan Patriarch's path of retreat, finally managing to wound him.

Blood sprayed from his mouth, after which he lifted his head up and roared with rage. Of three clones, two had been slain. This third clone was somewhat weak, was not carrying any magical items, and was limited in the divine abilities it could use. However, it had a Dao Seeking Cultivation base! How could it be injured in this way?

To the 10th Wang Clan Patriarch, it was a humiliation!

After panting a few times, he stifled his rage and then looked at Meng Hao approaching him. "He's intentionally trying to exasperate me. I must under no circumstances come here with my true self. He may still be able to use that Immortal's sword, and the threat that could pose to me... must not be underestimated!"

Glaring at Meng Hao, he cried, "Call the Wind, Summon the Rain!"

Black clouds containing black dragons whistled around him as a deluge drenched the vicinity, each raindrop contained killing intent. The raindrops seemed to cover Heavens and Earth as they headed straight for Meng Hao.

"Even if I have to sacrifice this clone, I need to draw out that Immortal's sword. After he uses it, then my true self can come!"

Meng Hao, his body in flames, quickly retreated. A violet glow appeared in his eyes, and he burned life force to restore his flesh, which visibly healed at a rapid rate. Even as the 10th Wang Clan Patriarch neared him, Meng Hao stepped into the war chariot.

It was in that moment that the black dragons roared, and the dense rain of killing intent began to close in.

Meng Hao pushed down onto the war chariot with his hand. Even while continuing to heal himself, he sent the Qi of Immortal Shows the Way into the war chariot. Then, instead of fleeing, he shot toward the 10th Wang Clan Patriarch with all the power the war chariot could muster.

Outside of the war chariot, one vicious beast after another materialized, roaring. The sounds of their chains echoed about as they charged at top speed toward the 10th Wang Clan Patriarch, whose face immediately flickered. He hadn't sensed earlier that the war chariot was extraordinary, so seeing what was happening now left him shaken inwardly. He instantly moved to evade.

However, his speed was no match for the war chariot!

A boom could be heard as it slammed into him. Any black dragons along the way collapsed and the rainwater was destroyed. A massive energy swelled up, slamming into the 10th Wang Clan Patriarch. Blood poured from his mouth as he performed a double-handed incantation and then shoved his hands out forward. His face was twisted ferociously as he utilized the entire power of his Cultivation base.

Even still, he was shoved backward by three hundred meters. By the time he came to a stop, blood was gushing out of his mouth, but his body had not been destroyed.

“Before Spirit Severing, he was no weakling. However, I never imagined that after reaching Spirit Severing, he would be so swift and fierce.

“I must have this Perfect Dao foundation!”

Chapter 680: The True Self Arrives!

[/expand]

Meng Hao stood in the war chariot watching as the 10th Wang Clan Patriarch fell backwards swiftly. Killing intent flickered in his eyes, and he waved a hand, causing Han Shan's bronze Immortal's sword to suddenly appear.

The 10th Wang Clan Patriarch's pupils constricted, and he did nothing to dodge or evade. In fact, a cold gleam appeared in his eyes, and he fully rotated his Cultivation base, causing his aura to surge with scintillating brightness. Nascent Divinity flames even began to burn his body.

“So, he finally drew the sword,” he thought. “From the look of it, he can only use it one more time. I’ll use this clone to make him use all of its power. When he slays my clone, then my true self can teleport here!” A strange gleam appeared in his eyes.

Just when it seemed Meng Hao was going to attack with the Immortal’s sword, the sword suddenly vanished. Then, ten glowing beams flew out of his bag of holding. The power of Time roiled off of them as they sped toward the 10th Wang Clan Patriarch.

They moved with incredible speed, plus, the 10th Wang Clan Patriarch was mostly focused on the Immortal’s sword. Therefore, Meng Hao was once again able to take advantage of a critical moment. Ten Time Sword tips flew forward with shocking speed, as well as over 100,000 years of Time power.

As they neared the 10th Wang Clan Patriarch, his face flickered as his body rapidly withered, and he retreated immediately at top speed. Of course, the faster he moved, the faster the war chariot moved.

Meng Hao was racing against the clock, so he didn’t hold back any of the Qi of Immortal Shows the Way. He pushed the war chariot until it rumbled, shooting toward the 10th Wang Clan Patriarch.

The Wang Patriarch let out a furious roar, and then, all of a sudden, his right arm directly exploded. This was a type of self detonation that pushed him away violently, enabling him to sidestep the attack. As he did, Meng Hao’s eyes flickered with killing intent.

“Detonate!” One Time Sword tip, worth 1,000,000,000 Spirit Stones, exploded. It transformed into a tempest of Time Power that spiraled toward the 10th Wang Clan Patriarch, who was still in the middle of dodging away from the war chariot.

He let out a desolate roar and caused his Cultivation base to explode out with full power within the tempest. When he finally managed to completely dissipate the tempest, his body was incredibly withered, and his face ashen. He looked like nothing more than skin and bones. He let out another furious roar.

Meng Hao had no time to feel any pain in his heart because of the loss of Spirit Stones. His ability to defeat this clone of the 10th Wang Clan Patriarch depended, not just on his Cultivation base, but also... his wealth!

He had Spirit Stones, and he had the Heaven-defying Time treasures. Detonating the one hundred Wooden Time Swords was only the beginning. The Time Sword tips were his trump card.

The 10th Wang Clan Patriarch's clone was being defeated by Meng Hao's Spirit Stones!

“Detonate!”

As the words left Meng Hao's mouth, a second Time Sword tip blew up. A massive explosion ripped out, and a Time tempest surged out in all directions. The air aged, the sea dried up, in the blink of an eye, everything seemed to pass through ten thousand years.

The 10th Wang Clan Patriarch's clone exploded, and a Nascent Divinity flew out, screaming shrilly.

“Meng Hao!! You're DEAD!!” The Nascent Divinity suddenly began to spin, transforming into an enormous vortex, within which flickered countless magical symbols. As it rotated, it turned into a spell formation.

At the very center of the spell formation appeared a black hole, a passageway leading to the unknown. A pressure that Meng Hao had never experienced before then emerged from within.

It was an aura that caused cracking sounds to fill the air around the black hole as multiple fissures suddenly appeared.

When he saw the fissures, Meng Hao's pupils constricted as he watched the fissures spread out to fill what looked like an elliptical shape.

From a distance, it actually looked like an eye!

The spell formation vortex was the iris, the black hole was a pupil, and the area around it was the white of the eye. As for the fissures, they were... veins of blood!

Meng Hao's entire body went cold; the intense pressure weighing down on him made it feel like he was about to explode. What was even more shocking was that the eye seemed to be fixed on him.... He could clearly sense something inside his body, something that had long since fused with him, begin to tremble, as if it was being forcefully extracted.

Meng Hao wasn't sure how exactly to describe what it was, but he could vaguely sense it. Finally, he realized that it was his foundation. It was his stable, solid foundation, built up after two hundred years of cultivation!

"Dao foundation...." he thought, panting. He could almost hear his heart pounding; everything around him was now completely silent.

The only thing that moved was the vortex....

Meng Hao wanted to struggle, but at the moment, it felt as if his body wasn't under his own control. He couldn't move a muscle, and it felt as if his internal foundation was about to separate from him. In fact, he could even see what appeared to be white mist seeping out from his nose and mouth. Not just his nose and mouth, but also, his eyes, ears, and in fact, all of the pores that covered his body.

This was not life force, this was his Dao foundation!

"My Dao, is freedom and independence!!" Meng Hao's eyes went red as, in that very moment, his Cultivation base suddenly flared up. It was a forced eruption that caused him to cough up three successive mouthfuls of blood. His body also wasted away. But in exchange, he was now able to move again.

In that moment, though, a sigh could be heard from within the vortex. The sound of it stabbed into Meng Hao's ears, causing him to tremble. He coughed up another mouthful of blood, and his face went deathly white as he saw a coffin slowly emerging from within the vortex.

As soon as the coffin appeared, and ancient aura seeped out to fill the entire Third Ring. All of the Sea Demons underneath the water instantly went motionless. Even the Sea Devils in the Second Ring trembled.

Throughout all of the Milky Way sea, all of the Cultivators, all life forms, suddenly went still and quiet.

The sea did not move. The world was still. There was only the ancientness, roiling out to fill everything.

This was Dao Seeking!

The true peak of Dao Seeking!

Meng Hao did not need to speculate. He immediately knew that this... was the 10th Wang Clan Patriarch's true self.

The true self had finally arrived!

Meng Hao's scalp went numb, and his eyes were completely shot with blood. Without the slightest hesitation, he waved his hand, immediately causing seven of the remaining eight Time Sword tips to fly toward the vortex.

"DETONATE!" he roared, his voice hoarse. A huge boom rattled out as the seven Time Sword tips exploded, transforming into a terrifying storm of Time power.

At the same time, Meng Hao didn't hesitate for even a moment to pull out Han Shan's sword. He hefted the bronze alcohol flagon and took a drink, then spit it out. Sword Qi billowed up, and the Immortal's Sword surged with the last bit of Sword Qi that he had kept, just in case.

A tempest of Time ripped into the vortex, and even the coffin began to wither. In the blink of an eye, cracks appeared all over it. However, even as the tempest raged, a withered hand suddenly stretched out from inside the coffin. It began to clench into a fist, and the violent Time tempest immediately began to shrink down into the fist. When it was completely inside, the fist clenched tightly.

BOOM!

The tempest vanished, and an old man slowly rose up from within the coffin. He wore burial garments, and looked emaciated and frail. His face was a bit flushed, but the flush rapidly disappeared, leaving his face pale white.

His eyes were not large, but the feeling of ancientness that emanated out from him was intense to the extreme. He looked at Meng Hao and grinned. But then he noticed the Immortal's Sword that Meng Hao held, and his pupils constricted.

The grin caused Meng Hao's hair to stand on end. It was a grin that revealed no teeth whatsoever in his mouth; this man was ancient to the extreme.

Even as he smiled, Meng Hao raised up the Immortal's sword. Sword Qi raged up, filled with a song, shocking to the extreme. However, before the sword could slash down, a tremor ran through him, and he coughed up a mouthful of blood.

"Dammit!" His face was pale white as he sent Immortal Qi out of Immortal Shows the Way. The chariot rumbled and shot off into the distance. A gleam of foresight appeared in Meng Hao's eyes, and he panted. He had intentionally not struck down with the sword, purposefully making it seem like the sword was without power. He could tell from his encounter with the 10th Wang Clan Patriarch's clones that the man was wary of the sword.

Since that was the case, Meng Hao refused to believe that he wasn't prepared for it. Everyone knew that the best time to use something was when you could do so along with the element of surprise.

"This guy is a wily old fox. He's definitely prepared for the sword. If I want to use it, I have to catch him off guard. My Cultivation base isn't a match for his; if I want to transcend this Tribulation, I have to use my wits!

"Using the Immortal's sword at the right time... is the key to victory!" Meng Hao's face was grim as he thought about how this opponent had crushed the Time tempest with a single fist. That left him trembling in fear.

"This is the peak of Dao Seeking, the power of a False Immortal!" Meng Hao had personally felt the terrifying power of the 10th Wang Clan Patriarch, and he well understood the vast difference between the two of them. He was also well aware that the white mist that had begun to emanate out of him was the Perfection that was part of him. By now, it had been loosened and was being forced out of him. The thought of it was frightening.

"There's no need to run," said a hoarse voice from behind Meng Hao. "Your life has been prepared for me. It's your destiny..." The ancient voice echoed about in all directions. It seemed as if the wind was rotting, and when Meng Hao heard the voice, his entire body went as cold as ice.

He didn't turn to look back, but poured all the power of Immortal Shows the Way into the war chariot. In the blink of an eye, he had shot off into the distance with shocking, incredible speed.

“I knew about you way back when you were in Foundation Establishment. I’ve been waiting for many years for the opportunity to reach Immortal Ascension, and you are that opportunity.” The 10th Wang Clan Patriarch’s voice seemed nearer this time. Veins bulged out of Meng Hao’s pale face. He could push no more power out of Immortal Shows the Way. Immortal Qi tore through his Qi passageways as it flowed out into the war chariot.

The speed with which he moved was incredible. The seawater down below was no longer that of the Third Ring. It was black, indicating that he had entered the Second Ring.

“This is the Dao of Karma. It is a decision made by destiny. You can’t refuse.

“Do you think you can refuse the Dao of Karma? Do you think you can you refuse the choices of destiny? Since you can’t refuse, why not just willingly give me your Dao Foundation? On the day that I reach Immortal Ascension, you will be in the underworld of the Fourth Mountain. Even after you have drunk the tea of old lady Meng, and forgotten everything about your past life, you will still have a feeling of glory and honor.” This time, it sounded like the 10th Wang Clan Patriarch was right next to him.